

Eirinn

Runrig

What makes me walk through Ireland's shrines
And Ireland's holy shores
To see a country crucified
Your beauty crowned in thorns And as I watch that wonderous cross
That's been hewn down and severed in two
There's something here
That draws me near To wear the green for you
To see you there blood brother Gael
The face, the tongue my own
Many places in my own country Could not make me feel more at home
Laughter and music through the night
Your freedom in the dark
Tonight I swear I'd gladly wear The green next to ma heart
From the long and rolling Antrim hills
Through the wilds of Donegal
The songs of history are sung Every stone on every wall
But here in our land how can we stand
And wash our hands of shame
When the sins of generations fall Across the green like rain
Here one world window opens wide
And demons they show face
Some of your men have taken seeds of truth And planted fields of hate
This way has never won a war
And I fear that when the harvest comes
You'll see your freedom fall on stoney ground
And the green overgrown

Songwriters

CALUM MACDONALD, RORY MCDONALD Published by

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