

The Rotting Horse On the Deadly Ground

Summoning

Wars of great kings and clash of armouries
Whose swords no man could tell, whose spears
Were numerous as wheat field's ears
Rolled over all the great lands, and seas
Were loud with navies, their devouring fires
Behind the armies burned both fields and towns
And sacked and crumbled or to flaming pyres
Were cities made, where treasures and crowns
Kings and their folk, their wives and tender maids
Were all consumed. Now silent are those courts
Ruined the towers, whose old shape slowly fades
And no feet pass beneath their broken ports
I need no call of clamant bell that rings
Iron tongued in the towers of earthly kings
Take a ride on, ride on,
on your rotting horse
on that deadly ground
Take a ride, ride on,
on your rotting horse
with a pounding sound.

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