

Grendel (Live At the Marquee 30/12/82)

Marillion

Midnight suns bid moors farewell, retreats from charging dusk
Mountain echo, curfews bell, signal ending tasks
They place their faith in oaken doors, cower in candlelight
The panic seeps through bloodstained floors as Grendel stalks the night
Earth rim walker seeks his meals
Prepare the funeral pyres
The shaper's songs no longer heal the fear
Within their eyes, their eyes
Wooden figures, pagan gods, stare blindly cross the sea
Appeal for help from ocean fogs, for saviour born of dreams
They know their lives are forfeit now, priestly head they bow in shame
They cannot face the trembling crowd that flinch in Grendel's name
Earth rim walker seeks his meals
Prepare the funeral pyres
The shaper's songs no longer heal the fear
Within their eyes, their eyes
As Grendel leaves his mossy home beneath the stagnant mere
Along the forest path he roams to Hrothgar's hall so clear
He knows that victory is secured, his charm will testify
His claws will drip with mortal blood as moonbeams haunt the sky
Earth rim walker seeks his meals
Prepare the funeral pyres
The shaper's songs no longer heal the fear
Within their eyes, their eyes
Silken membranes span his path, fingerprints in dew
Denizens of twilight lands humbly beg him through
Mother nature's bastard child shunned by leaf and stream
An alien in an alien land seeks solace within dreams
The shaper's lies his poisoned tongue malign with mocking harp
Beguiling queen her innocence offends his icy heart
Hounds freeze in silence bewitched by the reptile spell
Sulphurous essence pervades round the grassy dell
Heorot awaits him like lamb to the butcher's knife
Stellar heavens ignore even children's cries
Screams are his music, lightning his guide
Raping the darkness, death by his side
Chants rise in terror, free round the oaken beams
Flickering firelight portraying the grisly scene
Warriors advance, prepare for the nightmare foe
Futile their sacrifice as even their hearts must know
Heroes delusion, with feet in the grave
Lurker at the threshold, he cares not for the brave, he cares not for the brave
So you thought that your bolts and
your locks would keep me out
You should have known better after all this time
You're gonna pay in blood for all your vicious slander
With your ugly pale skins and your putrid blue eyes
Why should I feel pity when you kill your own and feel no shame
God's on my side, sure as hell, I'm gonna take no blame
I'm gonna take no blame, I'm gonna take no blame
So you say you believe in all of Mother Nature's laws

You lust for gold with your sharpened knives
Oh when your hoards are gathered and your enemies left to rot
You pray with your bloodstained hands at the feet of your pagan gods
Then you try to place the killer's blade in
my hand

You call for justice and distort the truth
Well I've had enough of all your pretty pretty speeches
Receive your punishment, Expose your throats to my righteous claws
And let the blood flow, and let the blood flow, flow, flow, flow.

Songwriters

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