

Hosting of the Sidhe

Primordial

Shone the sunset red and solemn
Where we stood and observed
Down the corners of the column
Letter strokes of Ogham carved
'tis belike a burial pillar
Said he and those shallow lines
Hold some warriors name of valour
And will rightly show the signs
No one saw, how far I fell
And no one ever knew
That there was a heart of flesh
Deep within me
As it was, bled of the twisted horn
And the howling of the dogs
Raise on old Heroes lament
While the weeping of women
Still vexes my heart
If this is my Journey End
Then cast me to the pyre
And if all that remains
Is a blackened heart
And the stench of death
Then know my spell is cast
And sing my song
With pride once more

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