...Of Celtic Fire We Are Born

Absu

Outside the winter zephyr,
When fables of sabers were strong.
"...For thou hast said in our hearts..."
"...From Celtic flames, we are born."
The Sky Clad flocks a carnal war,
So invoke their heartless cries.
"Crom Croich's at our side."
"He's made of gold, so shall we ride?"From the mounts of Antrim,
Towards the glens of Visnech.
"...For thou has said in our hearts..."
"...From Celtic flames, we are born."
Any who live alone,
Long onlt for mercy.
"Proud, young men will die!"
"Fir Bolg rides the half light!""We Have Arrived At The Stone Of Destiny (Tara)."
"We Have Reached The Perdition Of Ibid (Cythraul).""We comprehend the Lar of the Folk."
"Chuaigh muid ar na canai areir."
"We solemnize the last of the Druids."
"Chuaigh muid ar na canai areir."Falias!
Murias!The passage is clear when Epona rides
She reaps through cloudbursts of rain that sighs
The course is laid when Sky Clad rides
Ler is watching -
"Proud, young men will die!""We apprehend these thoughts: {Fea Nemon}."
"Chuaigh muid ar na canai areir."
"We shall live forever in the land of Inisfail."
"Chuaigh muid ar na canai areir."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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