

Sons of the Morrigan

Primordial

Shone the sunset red and solemn
Where we stood and observed
Down the corners of the column
Letter strokes of Ogham carved 'Tis be like a burial pillar
Said he and those shallow lines
Hold some warrior's name of valor
And will rightly smell the signs
smell the signs
smell 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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