

Celtica (Voice of the Morrigan)

Cruachan

On the ground he lays,
His lifeblood drains from him,
The battle has been fought,
And the fighting now stopped.
He scans the battlefield,
Oh the bloodshed he can see,
So many that have died,
And so few who survived. His brother's men at arms,
Who he's known since he was a lad,
Lie silent by his side no longer alive. Lying by a tree
Is a broken shattered man,
Killed by the sword in my warrior's hand.
But in his heart
He does not hate this man,
He fought for a case,
He could not understand. His brother's men at arms,
Who he's known since he was a lad,
Lie silent by his side no longer alive. A thousand years have passed
And mankind has stayed the same,
They fight against each other for political gain,
A politic state rule - the government tool,
People live in fear under madman rule. His brother's men at arms,
Who've been with him since he was a lad,
Will fight by his side for the right to survive. A thousand years more
And the world may not exist,
The cause will be greed and an iron fist
The spirits will rejoice,
Mankind will not be missed.
It's up to you
It cannot come to this. His brother's men at arms,
Who've been with him since he was a lad,
Will fight by his side for the right to survive.

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