

An Bean Sidhe

Cruachan

In the dead of night you will hear me cry,
I will come to earth and you will die.
You cannot escape this terrible fate,
Your time has come and the hour is late.

In the robes and veils of grey,
In peaceful rest I cannot lay.
I come to your home to warn of death,
I walk the land but draw no breath.

I take the form of a hooded crow,
And gaze at the carnage of battle below.
Or on land, in the guise of a Hare,
Paralyzing victims with my piercing stare.

I am the Goddess of sword and spear,
A sorrowful mourn, means I am near.
My presence will fill all men with dread,
I wash the blood from the cloths of the dead.