

Grimspound

Damh the Bard

Deep in the wildland,
Stones placed by a cold hand,
A tribe of the heartland,
A world far away.
The forest surrounds them,
And Spirits have found them,
They drink from the fountain,
On the noon of the day.

The wind and the rain,
They still whistper its name,
And the name that they whisper,
Grimspound

I hear voices singing,
And fires they are burning,
The young they are learning,
From the Elders of the Tribe,
The brands they are lifted,
The names they are gifted,
And the initiated,
Are welcomed inside.

The trees they have fallen,
Ravens' lamentation,
The ghosts they still wander,
Within these fallen walls,
I feel your eyes on me,
Your spirit will still be,
Here for all to see,
Through the circles of time.