

# On the Shoulders of Giants

Damh the Bard

Ancient stone, shadows of firelight, conspire to conceal,

This was my home, I sheltered from the night, now every brush reveals,

How I ran with the wild,

I ran with my brothers, with arrow and with spear,

I left you this gift, for 10, 000 years.

Romans came, a mighty army,

to the shores of Ynys Mon,

I've heard it said,

I've heard the story,

how the Druids had all gone.

But what stays in our hearts,

remains in our memory,

of story and of song,

And they have been here, all along.

For the Ancients opened the door,

We're the same as ever before,

We will hear you forevermore,

Evermore.

So by peace and love we stand,

Heart to heart and hand in hand,

On the shoulders of giants we stand.

Is the way lost, is it broken,

fallen from our hands,

Like shards of glass,

worn by the ocean,

into grains of sand.

But they're raised by the wind,

and scattered like ashes,

all across the land,

And we won't forget,

we understand.

For the Ancients opened the door,

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We will hear you forevermore,

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By Damh the Bard | August 4th, 2014