

Hostile Alliance

Gwydion

A hundred servants surrounded
A hundred kings made vows
A hundred they are that went
A hundred they are that came
A hundred minstrels sang
And he foretold of them

A river follows the flow
I know its length
I know when it fades
I know when it refills
I know when it spills
I know when it wanes
I know which foundation
There is under the sea

This is the weird of a world old folk
That not 'til, the last link breaks
Not 'til the night is blackest
The blood of Hengist awakes

When the sun is black in heaven
The moon as blood above
And the earth is full of hatred
This People tell its love

Deep grows the hate of kindred
Its roots take hold on hell;
No peace or praise can heal it
But a stranger heals it well

Seas shall be red as sunsets
And kings' bones float as foam
And heaven be dark with vultures
The night our son comes home

I know the figure
Between heaven and earth;
When an opposite hill is echoing
When devastation urges onward
When the silvery is shining
When the deli shall be gloomy
The breath when it is black
When it's best that has been

In the deep it will cease from ire;
It will be excessively angry;
In the deep, below the earth;
In the sky, above the earth

In change, eclipse and peril
Under the whole world's scorn
By blood and death and darkness
The Saxon peace is sworn;

That all our fruit be gathered
And all our race take hands

And the sea be a Saxon river
That runs through Saxon lands

Lo! Not in vain we bore him;
Behold it! Not in vain
Four centuries dooms of torture
Choked in the throat, restraint