

# The Silver Arm

Airged L'amh

I hear the chant of three spells war witches ease my pain, the  
sword of light will lead the way  
Eyes cold and cruel I am dreaming far out of space and time, th  
e Mochin' word shaking my mind

I am in trance, three days and nights in secret pain  
A great palace on the hill...

Helpless and bathed in starlight I am like a little child, anot  
her part of me is dead and gone  
The elements assemble a mixture out of sand, the cloak of starl  
ight fades away

Master of healing I praise Dian-  
Cecht soil of Eireann I grasp once again  
I am he of the silver arm

Sword of light shall guide me through the dark, long is my jour  
ney to the other world  
I return now in painful everlasting, I am he of the silver arm

Men of Eireann speak of Nuada Airged L'amh for days and nights  
I hung close  
I am the son of the Sun he of the silver arm, my name is carved  
forever

Battle cry echoed across the hills

Spells of three witches Bad's prayer to Dian-  
Cecht, Tuan my companion  
Shared and awaited my pain

L'amh, L'Aidir, Abu cried to the echoing hills, grateful to the  
sunrise  
Rode the high gold of the clouds

Call, call of Danu, call of Danu, call of Danu hear the calling  
of...