Blood For The Blood God

Cruachan

Prepare the first born child, cleanse the infant's skin
Wrap the child in linen let the sacrifice begin
To the plain of adoration to our idol covered in gold
The mighty God Crom Cruach, his power we behold.

Surrounded by a circle, of standing stones so tall
Crom Cruach reaches to the sky, we hear his ancient call
Oh old and powerful deity, we are yours to command
Guide us in our struggles, and bless this ancient land.

We offer you our first born
This innocent life so pure
Sacrifice in your name
So we may long endure.

We offer you our first born
A blood offering will ensue
Protect us Oh Crom Cruach
We offer this life to you.

Bring the blade to the infants neck, slowly cut the skin
Tear open the veins of life - blood flowing from within
The child begins to flail, and tries in vein to cry
Then calms and becomes silent, soon the child will die.

At the feet of Crom Cruach, we leave the infant corpse
A vital sacrifice for our land, we offer no remorse
We pour the blood on our idol, we smear it on our skin
We hear the sound of chanting, from our sacred holy men.

We leave the sacred site, as the blood begins to dry
Returning to our village, under a blood red sky
A prosperous time awaits us, Crom Cruach is appeased
No more fear of famine, nor worry of disease.

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