

Havoc on Holy Island

Forefather

In placid halls beside the tide
The tiresome scrape of quill on hide
Passes every plodding hour
In the care of a hollow power
Lying alone, treasures abound
Spells sent forth throughout the lands
But stubborn hearts are not beguiled
Beyond the waves a wrath is riled

Longships break the waters
Dragonfire paints the sky
Anger rends the silence
Harried by a wild warcry
Relics through ravaged altars
White Christ servants flee
Havoc on Holy Island
Punishment from the sea

A lonesome life they embrace
Walled within this hallowed space
Toiling for a higher cause
Loyal slaves to heavenly laws
Macabre rites with rag and bone
Praise to corporal idols shown
But empty words cannot resist
Whirlwinds wreck the fragile bliss

Solo: Wulfstan

So he bade them go, carry forth
To the daunting halls of the north
Promise of salvation they brought
Pilgrims in a distant domain
Wily words spreading like a plague
So was a land led astray

'Her wæron reðe forebecna cumene ofer Norðhymbra land, ...ormete þoden as and ligrescas, and fyrenne dracan wæron gesewene on þam lifte fleo gende. Ðam tacnum sona fyligde mycel hunger, ...[and] earmlice hæpenra manna hergunc adilegode Godes cyrican in Lindisfarnæe...' - AS Chronicle 793

(Here came dreadful forewarnings over the land of the Northumbrians: huge whirlwinds and flashes of light, and firey dragons flying in the sky. After these tokens soon followed much hunger, and the harrying of wretched heathen men destroyed God's church on Lindisfarne.)

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