

Dead Song

Gwydion

Changed were the elements
Like night into day, irrelevant
When came the gloriously-free
Ercwlf chief of liturgy

Madawg, the joy of the wall
Madawg, before he's great fall
It was a fortress of abundance
Games and society, substance

Hear now the Song of the Dead
In the North by the torn berg-edges
They that look still to the pole
Asleep by their hide-stripped sledges

Song of the Dead in the South
In the sun by their skeleton horses
Where the warrigal whimpers
And bays through the dust of the sear
River courses

Desolate warriors, weary from battle, light fires
Warmth seeps into cold bones, yet offers no solace

The earth shaking
And the elements darkening
The baptism is tremendous
Among the hideous sub-regions

Desolate warriors, weary from battle, light fires
Warmth seeps into cold bones, yet offers no solace
Weapons lay ready; the enemy always returns at dawn
But what good is battle without hope?
Only death wins

Hear now the Song of the Dead!