

# The Dark Mound

SuidAkra

As storm-clouds gather  
Above the glades  
A thunder deafens my howl  
Of anguish and dismay

Remaining here  
In this sinister tomb  
I recall the evil deeds  
That led me to this place

Bresal Bó-Díbad was my name  
As druid I was praised and famed  
From all four corners of Erin  
People came to seek my aid

For in those days of gloom and death,  
A murrain fell upon the kine  
And killed all cattle in the land

So into the ancient mound I went  
To pray and seek advice from elder gods  
And beg them for their help

But from out of the dark  
Thousands of voices answered my command  
Reaping knowledge from my tortured brain  
The demon horde devised a wicked plan

To weave a spell so the sun would never set  
They abused my sister's magical skills  
And forged a day that would not end

In honour of the elder gods  
Upon the ancient mound  
A massive tower would be built  
On sacred ground

For in those days of gloom and death,  
A murrain fell upon the kine  
And killed all cattle in the land

Bresal Bó-Díbad was my name  
As druid I was feared, obeyed  
I tricked the people to vow an oath  
To work for me for but one day

As storm-clouds gather  
Above the glades  
A thunder deafens my howl  
Of anguish and dismay

Remaining here  
In this sinister tomb  
I recall the evil deeds  
That led me to this place

Overtaken by lust and fury

A terrible deed was done that broke the spell  
The men of Erin went on their way  
When the day had gone and night suddenly fell

Now storm-clouds gather  
Above the glades  
"Dubhadh"  
Will ever be this dark mound's name