

Doomsword

"The Youth Of Finn Mac Cool"

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We were roaming through the Black head
Hungry and tired looking for food,
When we saw an old and thin deer
And we dreamt cooked flesh with beer,
We held in tight in our hand the spear,
Like the mind it fled with it's fear.
Nine warriors were at my side,
Everyone incarnation of pride
Together with my two hounds for that day,
Still no food we had found,
With our usual defiance
The hunt carried on for more preys
Thirsty spears shone.
Warrior and bard poetry
Runs through your heart
Enchant and dazes you
Lower your blade.
On our path we boldly walked forth
When a red braded deer
From the north swiftly stood
Before eager eyes,
To attack we all mobilized,
But even the hounds stood still at my cry:
"Leave that deer for he should die!"
Baffled eyes turned towards me
All admired my pure ecstasy,
With calm I sang my poetry
For it's beauty my will should let be,
With my words all hearts were bestowed,
Poetry's power I mystically showed.

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