

## Ewigheim

### "Dragons Burning"

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The pass in silence, under light of moon,  
Ancient warriors sorrowful and grey  
In never-fading shame, yet no cries are heard  
Silently they pass  
Their one-eyed god is watching,  
As they pass through endless forests  
They came as warriors from the north,  
To claim our shores their own  
Enshrouded in lace mist,  
Shields and armour earth stained  
The blood of their wounds  
Still as crimson as the day it flowed  
They are the Norse men that failed,  
Lost to time forever  
Their thirst for war as they came  
Was unquenched at their failure  
When their dragons burned on our shores,  
They were condemned to sleep  
Beneath our starlit heavens...

[Inspired by the tale of Brian Boru (926-1014), King of Ireland, who died successfully defending his kingdom against the invading Vikings at Clontarf in 1014]

[J. Fogarty 12.12.96]

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