

## Folkearth

# "Kingdom Of The Shades"

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I see the wolves gathered on the hill  
And the carrion birds that fly  
Etched against the (witching) moon...  
I was a string in Apollo's lyre  
I was the sword in a warrior's hand  
I was the crown on an emperor's brow  
I was the seal on a sorcerer's heart...  
I saw the glory of Atlantis fall—the jeweled spires that  
would gleam no more...  
I saw the grandeur that once was Greece—its  
crumbling walls I now call my home...

I see a woman crying on my mound—she has been  
lover and homeland to me:  
Alas! I know I will not see her again—the kingdom of  
the shades is my home...  
Where the Sidhe play mournful tunes  
Where the sea is black, without a shore  
Where meadows are strewn with ash

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