

Absu

"Feis Mor Tir Na N'og"

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Across the northern seas, we travel
The cold freezing winds will arouse us
Spells from a woman have sent us to the seas of
avagon
Transformed by our mother, we are
I am CuChulainn, the warrior of Ulster
We'll search the lands to discover the Tir Na N'og
The sea god guides our ship to Ireland
The storms push us to the palace of Visnech
Our swords with fire are rising
Our axes with fire have risen

The call from the silver horn to Visnech splits the air
Warriors answered the horn behind the western lands
Hoofs and steel hammered past the cries beyond the
thorned hills
Acknowledging the commands from the king
Our play lies north to the path of Nite
And brings us upon the fortress walls where battles
raged

Raise the magick hammer of Mjollnir
Your underworld of Annwyn draws us through
Emer, thy lucious woman, I shall sleep with you
I kiss the naked skin of white

I lust your black hair, my woman divine
I see a holocaust in your eyes
(You are my princess of live)
(You are my princess of life)

Feis Mor Tir Na N'Og

In the land of Visnech, the darkness never sinks away
All will fall upon the southern steel, yet behind the
burning fires
Now, we bathe at the bleeding coast,
while women laugh with the Gailant knights

How sad is it to see my father's fallen halls?
Can I feel the pure blast from the frigid winds?
I awake the gods Epona, Cernunnos, and Lugh

Yes, I'm CuChulainn, warrior fo Ulster

In order to worship with fire and sword
The storms shall force us to the palace of Visnech
Cold, cold, how cold are the plains of Lugh?
You should ask thy Emer to reply
We've finally found the last paradise
It remains in the light of Tir Na N'Og
With the hand of Ler, Irish Sea god
We shall complete our long excursion

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