

Gary Moore "Thunder Rising"

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(Gary Moore/Neil Carter)

They looked out from the fortress on the hill.
There came a single warrior returning from the kill.
The spoils of war hung from his horses mane.
The bloody heads of enemies that he had freshly
slayed.
They saw the face, the eyes so sullen,
Could only be the young CÃfÂ°chulain.
Thunder rising, thunder rising,
Thunder rising early in the morning.
Cities burning,
The world keeps turning.
Thunder rising early in the morning.
The son of Lugh MacEithleen knew no fear.
For just one blow at any foe to tell his end was near.
So many tried to mock this Celtic son.
They taunted and they teased him till
He slayed them one by one.
And so they came, and so they've fallen
At the hands of young CÃfÂ°chulain.
Thunder rising, thunder rising,
Thunder rising early in the morning.
Cities burning,
The world keeps turning.
Thunder rising early in the morning.
Long ago the legend has it,
How the mighty Ulster men
Battled with the King Of Connacht,
Fighting to the bitter end.
No one knew what foolish reason
Caused this skirmish to begin.
Was it treachery or treason,
Or just the idle threats of drunken men?
Thunder rising, thunder rising,
Thunder rising early in the morning.
Cities burning,
The world keeps turning.
Thunder rising early in the morning.
Thunder rising, thunder rising,
Thunder rising early in the morning.
Young men are dying,

The widows are crying.
Thunder rising early in the morning.

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