

Goresleeps

"Gwin, King Of Norway"

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Come, kings, and listen to my song:
When Gwin, the son of North,
Over the nations of the North
His cruel sceptre bore;

The nobles of the land did feed
Upon the hungry poor;
They tear the poor man's lamb, and drive
They needy from their door...

Mordred the giant roused himself
From sleeping in his cave;
He shook the hills, and in the clouds
The troubled banners wave.

Beneath them rolled, like tempests black,
The numerous sons of blood;
Like lion's whelp, roaring abroad,
Seeking their nightly food...

From tower to tower the watchmen cry,
'O Gwin, the son of North,
Arouse thyself! the nations black
Like clouds, come rolling o'er!

And now the raging armies rushed
Like warring mighty seas;
The heavens are shook with roaring war,
The dust ascends the skies!

Earth smokes with blood, and groan and snakes
To drink her children's gore,
A sea of blood; nor can the eye
See to the trembling shore!...

Now death is sick, and riven men
Labour and toil for life;
Steed rolls on steed, and shield on shield,
Sunk in this sea of strife!

The god of war drunk with blood;
The earth doth faint and fail;

The stench of blood makes sick the heavens;
Ghosts glut the throat of hell!

O what have kings to answer for
Before that awful throne;
When thousand deaths for vengeance cry,
And ghosts accusing groan!

Like blazing comets in the sky
That shake the stars of light,
Which drop like fruit unto the earth
Throe the fierce burning night;

Like these did Gwin and Mordred meet,
And the first blow decides;
Down from the brow unto the breast
Mordred his head divides!

Gwin fell: the songs of Norway fled.
All that remained alive;
The rest did fill the vale of death,
For them the eagles strive...

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