

Marillion "Grendel"

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Midnight sun bids Mars farewell
Retreats from charging dusk
Mountain's echo curfew's bells
Signal ending tasks.
They place their faith in oaken doors

cover in candle light.
The panic seeps through bloodstained floors
As Grendel stalks the night.

As the walker seeks his meals

Prepare the funeral pyres.
The shapeless songs no longer heal the fear

Within their eyes
their eyes...

Wooden figures - pagan gods -
Stare blindly across the sea.
Appeal for help from ocean fogs

For saviours born of dreams.
They know their lives are forfeit now

Priestly heads they bow in shame.
They cannot face the trembling crowd

That flinch in Grendel's name.

As Grendel leaves his mossy home

Beneath the stagnant air

Along the forest path he roams

To Hrothgar's Hall so fair.
He knows that victory is secure

His jaw will testify.
His claws will drip with martial blood

As moonbeams of the sky.

Silken membranes span his path

Fingerprints

Elegy

Denizens of twilight lands

Humbly beg him through.

Mother nature's bastard child

Slunned by leaf and stream

An Alien in an alien land

Seeks solace within dreams

The shaper's lies his poisoned tongue

Maligen with marking hawk.

Beguiling Queen her innocence

Offends his icy heart.

... in silence

bewitched by the reptile's spell.

Sulphurous essence

peroads round the grassy dell.

Heroes awaits him

like lamb to the butcher's knife.

Stellular heavens

ignore even children's cries.

Screams are his music

lightning his guide.

Wrapped in the darkness

death by his side.

Chants rise in terror

free round the oaken beams.

Flickering firelights

portraying the grisly scene.

Warriors advance

prepared for the nightmare foe.

Kids are the sacrifices

even their hearts must know.

Heroes illusions

with feet in the grave.

Lurker at the threshold

he cares not for the brave

He cares not for the brave

'So you thought that your bolts and locks would keep
me out.

You should have known better after all this time.
You're gonna pay in blood for all you vicious slander.
With your ugly pale skins and your nutrid blue eyes.
What you're gonna feel pity
when you kill your own
you feel
no shame
God's of my's sure I'm gonna take no blame.
I'm gonna take no blame
I'M gonna take no blame.
So you say you believe in all of your Mother natere's
laws.
You last your goal with your sharpened knives
You when you're all together and your enemies left for
rest.
You pray with your bloodstained hands at the feet of
your
pagan gods.
Then you try to place the killer's blame in my hands
You call for justice
distort the truth
Well
I've had enough of all you pretty
pretty speeches
Receive your punishment...
Let the blood flow
oh let the blood flow...'

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