

Morrigan

"Plague Waste And Death"

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A livid heaven scatter his light
And dense clouds gatter the stars from the sky
The sea strikes deep valleys in hell did welcome
And the cold black ocean extinguish the fire of the sun
Oh hear my cry.. plague, waste and death
A deep black shadow, an old oak tree
A burning fire in front of me
A fire-ship on the open sea and flying elves rescue me
Oh my gods, hear my cries
Frozen rain is silent falling, crickets grow damp
Birds put in the calling and annihilate thunder tears the sky
A wretched whimper get out of the sky and the cold autumn breeze
Move over the water as I die
Burning villages, the brooks carry blood, and the death take us in care
And when the sun tomorrow go to rise, we are even never here
Plague, waste and death
Vicious rivers of fire and fog, hopeless await the dark the awakening sunrise
Hear the horse trampling through fern and wood
An age where the axe will prevail
A slight doubt conquered thee, an axe-brandished rider in front of me
A horse, a mane of gold, enchant and bright and horseman blacker than the night
Frozen rain is silent falling, crickets grow damp
Birds put in the calling and annihilate thunder tears the sky
A wretched whimper get out of the sky and the cold autumn breeze
Move over the water as I die
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And when the sun tomorrow go to rise, we are even never here
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