

Cru

"Tain Bo Cuailgne"

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I see a battle-A blonde man,
With much blood about his belt,
And a hero-halo 'Round his head,
Whole hosts he will destroy.

His jaws are settled in a snarl,
He wears a looped, red tunic,
In thousands you will yield your heads,
His form dragonish in the fray.

A giant on the plain I see,
Doing battle with the host,
Holding in each of his two hands
Four gore laden battle-axes.

I see him hurling against that host,
Two Gae-bolga and a spear,
He towers on the battle field,
In breastplate and red cloak.

Across the bladed chariot wheel,
The warped warrior deals death,
That fair from I first beheld,
Melted to a mis-shape.
I see him moving into the fray,
Take warning, watch him well,
Cuchulainn, Suaitim's son!
Making dense massacre.

The blood starts from warriors wounds,
-total ruin, at his touch,
Torn corpses, women wailing,
Because of him-The Forge Hound

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