

## **Cruachan**

# **"To Hell Or To Connaught"**

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We fled for our lives on a winter's eve,  
Cold but unheeded, we left with speed.  
The roundheads they had come this night,  
Our gallant people ? But blood in sight.

If we were to barter for our lives,  
We would wind up dead.  
This is the land where I was born and bred,  
Am I a coward to avoid being dead ?

These are the words of our forefathers,  
Long ago, in a time of fear.  
They say "what giveth returns time thee"  
Now in this age, we will wait and see.

Condemn what you will in this war of worlds,  
Shout if you want amid peaceful slurs.  
But how do you stop a charging bull,  
With horns of steel and a desire to cull ?

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