

Ordo Draconis

"A Crimson Dawn"

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[I: (The harbinger Morrigan)]

BLEAR with dew came the morrow
And winds rustled aloud.
Down by the rill where purred the flow
The Washer¹ washed the shrouds
And Nemain² sang of woe and sorrow.

"O black-feathered Morrigan"

[II: (O'er bleak winds of death)]

A raven, Morrigan yclept, loomed awaiting burial.
On wings o'er rueful winds, she stalked along.

A storm-blast of blazonry chased the sands
And left the drift seen afar.
A breeze brought the scattered grains,
That flung 'gainst the dewy scars.

Her frenzied squawks exhorted the ravage
And the hewing of sheen blades.
And blood suffused the barren earth,
'Pon which the crimson dawn glowered.

A Crimson Dawn Awakened!

[III: (Hoarse cries and clanging steel)]

The brash and bray heartened the noble souls
To defy the singeing fervour of battle.
The carmine sky was brimming with sore shrieks,
As they rose high above the flourish of brazen
trumpets.

[IV: (The beacon glare)]

When, dark by smoke and red by fire,
Aurora had won the day,
The sun, in beacon glare, rose higher
And sweltered drouthy fey.

[V: (The ascent of warlike fever)]

The fervour seared the sanguine plain
And the sour scent of cold damp
Did linger no more. Undaunted or felled,
Shrieks resounded to where their lot was cast.

"O black-feathered Morrigan"

"Thrilled by rankling fury, as I hearkened direful
voices,
The red blaze of death aroused my vengeful moods."

"The glorious grandeur of battle, at this blood-tinged
dawn,
Made boil my ebon ichor, glinstering as steel whirled."

The carmine sky in ashen stains flecked
Brimmed with husky moans.
Thus the sabre-rattling swoll
Into drear timbres of ire
(The empty words sceptred).

[VI: (On the brink of ruin)]

"Wounds of savage thrusts
Shifted me to the brink of ruin
And the grave burden borne
Struggled tho' I strained life."

[VII: (A draught of immortality)]

A raven, Morrigan yclept, loomed watching the
battlefield.
On wings o'er rueful winds, she stalked along.

"Thrilled by rankling fury, as I hearkened direful
voices,
The roan blaze of death aroused my vengeful moods."

"In awe of ancestral victories won
I unsheathed and brandished my sword
Once more. Dreadful countenances fell
Until the baleful knell rang triste."

After the dismal rise of the sullen sun,
Ravens reap the rich morning harvest,
As the drenched earth is sated by thousands
And splendid glory has been gained.

The ardent ashes that flare

Smoulder with more afterglow
Than a midsummer fever would leave
And now the embers are fanned.

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