

Pray For The Soul of Betty

"Bael Na Mblath"

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moonlight shines upon the
gallows of men stretched by
their necks
by british crown they suffer so,
swinging in the winter air
centuries of terror follow
centuries of blood
the red ride through the
countryside bringing forceful rule
mothers bury sons and
daughters, into irish soil they rot

in the realm of summer stars,
patriots do march
saint patrick sheds a tear for
martyrs who will die
red eyes gleam, white lips twitch,
the devil draws a smile nearby
fog dresses corpses at night,
and dusk brings safe escape
slaves of wind from northern land
drive angels from their homes
a pilgrimage of stars leads right
to hell's own gates

followed by demons' shadows,
our homeland isn't safe
tyranny the bitter friend to those
with evil in their souls
prisoners will not make amends,
for bloodshed is fate
as coffins line cobbled streets the
bastards still watch o'er
no savior comes to aid the saints
the funerals still proceed
black clouds mark the end of
english rule, of english law

the queen has shut her eyes to
the torment of common man
the queen will have a pauper's

grave for stealing irish land
apparitions rise up from the mist
and appear on easter morn
from the sea the dead arise
and to the castle they storm
hail mary full of grace,
rebel hearts have won today
heaven's doors swing open wide
as terrorists enter free

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