

## Primitive Radio Gods

### "Hosting Of The Sidhe"

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Shone the sunset red and solemn  
Where we stood and observed  
Down the corners of the column  
Letter strokes of Ogham carved  
'tis belike a burial pillar  
Said he and those shallow lines  
Hold some warriors name of valour  
And will rightly show the signs

No one saw, how far I fell  
And no one ever knew  
That there was a heart of flesh  
Deep within me  
As it was, bled of the twisted horn  
And the howling of the dogs  
Raise on old Heroes lament  
While the weeping of women  
Still vexes my heart

If this is my Journey End  
Then cast me to the pyre  
And if all that remains  
Is a blackened heart  
And the stench of death  
Then know my spell is cast  
And sing my song  
With pride once more

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