

Stroll Thru A Wicked Age

betrayal

To him oh shame, they're children, piteous babes
They slay their blood, they poured out in his name
With wailing cries and tears and rue
Called sadness need as pain they knew

The land of old centuries past has a story to be told
From a time known as the iron age to the present secrets they do hold
Scotland, Denmark, Ireland and the British isle shores
Home the history of Druid worship and the Celtic tales unfold

Darkening themselves with grim understandings of mystic Celtic gods
Blood thirsty for their ritualistic slaughter they commit human life
To death they fall in wasted form to appease the earth and gods
Burned and slashed and drained of blood they're given in vain with ease

With grim grappling they reared this wind worm
Rain racked ring of late
Someone digging found a drift of white pebbles
A bronze knife and children's fire charred bones

Circular stones erected as a place of sacredness
Arranged for their temple of dedicatory offerings
Monumentarily built thousands of years before the Lord's birth
These stones cradled little children to their incinerated death

Beltain fires burned a blaze atop the hills
Waiting for offerings they kill for the sake of the living
The fear of sickness and famine compel to dance this ceremony
The sun and the moon is for them death and life as they pass
Their fateful tears through this wicked age

Intervening the church witness the need for reform on their Godless pagan da
y
Yeilding to these calendar high points but people yearn for these festive ti
mes
They change the name of their holiday to assume Christian status
Will they forsake ceremonies of old, do the religions of the seasons fade aw
ay?

Now a day given much feeding as children dress
For trick or treat but under false lying pretense
Is the Autumn festival of Samhain
Funny how we celebrate the innocent slain

Through wars and age the practice seems to have passed away
But traces of that dark culture still surface today
Our culture plagued with fear and superstition as true evil
Burns it's way through the age, will it's never ending
Destructive touch find a place in your life?

Our ancestry to these spirits
Life was given so life could be sustained
And forthright season by season, death by death
Through that brief generation
Of that departed age
Brings us now to the present
And much can be explained