

A Druids Passing

Cruachan

See the stone circle on the hilltop,
Shining in the light of the moon,
See the druid kneel in prayer,
Praying because his life will end soon.

For fifty years he has walked this earth,
For fifty years he has known no shame,
Now he knows it's time to return,
Back to the earth from whence he came.

See the stone circle on the hilltop,
Shining in the break of day,
See the druid lying in silence,
See the druid who died today.