

Blood on the Black Robe

Cruachan

Chieftains and Elders hear my words,
As I tell of my deeds from last night.
Druids sit with me, warriors too,
Whilst I recount my unholy fight.

It was late in the day when I walked with my men,
We were hunting wild boar and deer.
A lone figure approached, we readied our swords,
I stood poised and readied my spear.

As he approached I noticed his staff,
And the cross that hung from a chain.
Beneath his robe were the marks of the church,
"There is no Norsemen or Dane!"

"Blessed be" were his words to me,
Inside me a fury did grow.
He spoke once more of the trinity of lies,
And the peace that his church could bestow.

"Enough!" I barked at this waste of flesh,
As I forced him down to the ground.
"I know who you are and why you are here,
And this holy deceit you propound."

"You are here to destroy our trinity,
And to spread your catholic lies,
To rape our Goddess Eriu
And to darken our Pagan skies!"

"You are sent by our enemy Victricius,
In the name of Jesus - The Christ.
To spread the falsehood of Constantine,
Who remained Pagan all his life."

"Speak ye not of the church nor of Rome,
Show me not the light that you follow.
Poison me not with your biblical tome,
Your teachings are empty and hollow."

"No chariots nor lions have presented here,
Nor Inquisitions to torture and maim.
Hear my words when I say you will die,
And my lands shall remain unchanged."

I laughed as I pierced his wicked heart,
And snuffed out his life so irrelevant.
Another holy man dead on a cross,
Come ye men of the cloth to your end.