

## The Youth Of Finn Maccool

DoomSword

We were roaming through the Black head  
Hungry and tired looking for food,  
When we saw an old and thin deer  
And we dreamt cooked flesh with beer,  
We held in tight in our hand the spear,  
Like the mind it fled with it's fear.  
Nine warriors were at my side,  
Everyone incarnation of pride  
Together with my two hounds for that day,  
Still no food we had found,  
With our usual defiance  
The hunt carried on for more preys  
Thirsty spears shone.  
Warrior and bard poetry  
Runs through your heart  
Enchant and dazes you  
Lower your blade.  
On our path we boldly walked forth  
When a red braded deer  
From the north swiftly stood  
Before eager eyes,  
To attack we all mobilized,  
But even the hounds stood still at my cry:  
"Leave that deer for he should die!"  
Baffled eyes turned towards me  
All admired my pure ecstasy,  
With calm I sang my poetry  
For it's beauty my will should let be,  
With my words all hearts were bestowed,  
Poetry's power I mystically showed.