

# Grendel

Fish

Midnight suns bid moors farewell, retreats from charging dusk,  
Mountain echo, curfews bell, signal ending tasks  
They place their faith in oaken doors, cower in candlelight  
The panic seeps through bloodstained floors as grendel stalks the night

Earth rim walker seeks his meals  
Prepare the funeral pyres  
The shaper's song no longer heal the fear  
Within their eyes

Wooden figures, pagan gods, stare blindly cross the sea  
Appeal for help from ocean fogs, for saviour born of dreams  
They know their lives are forfeit now, priestly head they bow in shame  
They cannot face the trembling crowd that flinch in grendel's name

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Prepare the funeral pyres  
The shaper's song no longer heal the fear  
Within their eyes, (their eyes)

As grendel leaves his mossy home beneath the stagnant mere  
Along the forest path he roams to hrothgar's hall so clear  
He knows that victory is secured, his charm will testify  
His claws will drip with mortal blood as moonbeams haunt the sky

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Silken membranes span his path, fingerprints in dew  
Denizens of twilight lands humbly beg him through  
Mother nature's bastard child shunned by leaf and stream  
As alien in an alien land seeks solace within dreams  
The shaper's lies his poisoned tongue malign with mocking harp  
Beguiling queen her innocence offends his icy heart

Hounds freeze in silence bewitched by the reptile spell  
Sulphurous essence pervades round the grassy dell  
Heorot awaits him like lamb to the butcher's knife  
Stellular heavens ignore even children's cries

Screams are his music, lightning his guide  
Raping the darkness, d-d-death by his side

Chants rise in terror, free round the oaken beams  
Flickering firelight portraying the grisly scene  
Warriors advance, prepare for the nightmare foe  
Futile their sacrifice as even their hearts must know

Heroes delusion, with feet in the grave  
Lurker at the threshold, he cares not for the brave, he cares not for the br

ave

So you thought that your bolts and your locks would keep me out?  
You should have known better after all this time  
You're gonna pay in blood for all your vicious slander  
With your ugly pale skins and your putrid blue eyes  
Why should I feel pity when you kill your own and feel no shame  
God's on my side, sure as hell, I'm gonna take no blame  
I'm gonna take no blame, I'm gonna take no blame

So you say you believe in all of mother nature's laws  
You lust for gold with your sharpened knives  
Oh when your hoards are gathered and your enemies left to rot  
You pray with your bloodstained hands at the feet of our pagan gods

Then you try to place the killer's blade in my hand  
You call for justice and distort the truth  
Well I've had enough of all your pretty pretty speeches  
Receive your punishment, expose your throats to my righteous claws  
And let the blood flow, and let the blood flow, flow, flow, flow.