

## Havoc on Holy Island

Forefather

In placid halls beside the tide  
The tiresome scrape of quill on hide  
Passes every plodding hour  
In the care of a hollow power  
Lying alone, treasures abound  
Spells sent forth throughout the lands  
But stubborn hearts are not beguiled  
Beyond the waves a wrath is riled

Longships break the waters  
Dragonfire paints the sky  
Anger rends the silence  
Harried by a wild warcry  
Relics through ravaged altars  
White Christ servants flee  
Havoc on Holy Island  
Punishment from the sea

A lonesome life they embrace  
Walled within this hallowed space  
Toiling for a higher cause  
Loyal slaves to heavenly laws  
Macabre rites with rag and bone  
Praise to corporal idols shown  
But empty words cannot resist  
Whirlwinds wreck the fragile bliss

Solo: Wulfstan

So he bade them go, carry forth  
To the daunting halls of the north  
Promise of salvation they brought  
Pilgrims in a distant domain  
Wily words spreading like a plague  
So was a land led astray

'Her wæron reðe forebecna cumene ofer Norðhymbra land,...ormete þoden  
as and ligrescas, and fyrenne dracan wæron gesewene on þam lifte fleo  
gende. Ðam tacnum sona fyligde mycel hunger,...[and] earmlice hæpenra  
manna hergunc adilegode Godes cyrican in Lindisfarnaee...' - AS Chro  
nicle 793

(Here came dreadful forewarnings over the land of the Northumbrians:  
huge whirlwinds and flashes of light, and firey dragons flying in the  
sky. After these tokens soon followed much hunger, and the harrying  
of wretched heathen men destroyed God's church on Lindisfarne.)

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