

# Grendel

Marillion

Midnight sun bids Mars farewell  
Retreats from charging dusk  
Mountain's echo curfew's bells  
Signal ending tasks.  
They place their faith in oaken doors

cover in candle light.  
The panic seeps through bloodstained floors  
As Grendel stalks the night.

As the walker seeks his meals

Prepare the funeral pyres.  
The shapeless songs no longer heal the fear

Within their eyes  
their eyes...

Wooden figures - pagan gods -  
Stare blindly across the sea.  
Appeal for help from ocean fogs

For saviours born of dreams.  
They know their lives are forfeit now

Priestly heads they bow in shame.  
They cannot face the trembling crowd

That flinch in Grendel's name.

As Grendel leaves his mossy home

Beneath the stagnant air

Along the forest path he roams

To Hrothgar's Hall so fair.  
He knows that victory is secure

His jaw will testify.  
His claws will drip with martial blood

As moonbeams of the sky.

Silken membranes span his path

Fingerprints  
Elegy  
Denizens of twilight lands

Humbly beg him through.  
Mother nature's bastard child

Slunned by leaf and stream  
An Alien in an alien land  
Seeks solace within dreams  
The shaper's lies his poisoned tongue

Maligen with marking hawk.  
Beguiling Queen her innocence

Offends his icy heart.

... in silence  
bewitched by the reptile's spell.  
Sulphurous essence  
peroads round the grassy dell.  
Heroes awaits him  
like lamb to the butcher's knife.  
Stellular heavens  
ignore even children's cries.  
Screams are his music  
lightning his guide.  
Wrapped in the darkness  
death by his side.  
Chants rise in terror  
free round the oaken beams.  
Flickering firelights  
portraying the grisly scene.  
Warriors advance  
prepared for the nightmare foe.  
Kids are the sacrifices  
even their hearts must know.  
Heroes illusions  
with feet in the grave.  
Lurker at the threshold  
he cares not for the brave

He cares not for the brave

'So you thought that your bolts and locks would keep me out.  
You should have known better after all this time.  
You're gonna pay in blood for all you vicious slander.  
With your ugly pale skins and your nutrid blue eyes.  
What you're gonna feel pity  
when you kill your own  
you feel  
no shame  
God's of my's sure 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 your Mother nater's laws.  
You last your goal with your sharpened knives  
You when you're all together and your enemies left for rest.  
You pray with your bloodstained hands at the feet of your  
pagan gods.  
Then you try to place the killer's blame in my hands  
You call for justice  
distort the truth  
Well  
I've had enough of all you pretty  
pretty speeches  
Receive your punishment...  
Let the blood flow  
oh let the blood flow...'