

Bael Na Mblath (mouth Of Flowers)

Prayer For Cleansing

Moonlight shines upon the gallows of men stretched by their necks

By British crown they suffer so, swinging in the winter air
Centuries of terror follow centuries of blood

The red ride through the countryside bringing forceful rule
Mothers bury sons and daughters, into Irish soil they rot

In the realm of summer stars, patriots do march
Saint Patrick sheds a tear for martyrs who will die
Red eyes gleam, white lips twitch, the devil draws a smile nearby

Fog dresses corpses at night, and dusk brings safe escape
Slaves of wind from northern land drive angels from their homes
A pilgrimage of stars leads right to hell's own gates

Followed by demons' shadows, our homeland isn't safe
Tyranny the bitter friend to those with evil in their souls
Prisoners will not make amends, for bloodshed is fate,
As coffins line cobbled streets the bastards still watch o'er
No savior comes to aid the saints the funerals still proceed
Black clouds mark the end of English rule, of English law

The queen has shut her eyes to the torment of common man
The queen will have a pauper's grave for stealing Irish land
Apparitions rise up from the mist and appear on Easter morn
From the sea the dead arise and to the castle they storm
Hail Mary full of grace, rebel hearts have won today
Heaven's doors swing open wide as terrorists enter free