

Towards an empty land we sailed  
Nemed, our father, led the way  
Towards the home of the brave and free  
Towards our isle of destiny

We raised two forts and cleared twelve plains  
We worked the land and claimed our place  
Four lakes burst up out of the ground  
We sacrificed on sacred mounds

But gods envy the delights of men!

A terrible evil swarmed ashore  
And with them came disease and war  
Their runed flesh was foul and black  
In battle their two kings were met

Threethousand Nemedians fell that day  
A pillar of stone was raised for each man slain  
Three thousand pillars on the plain

Nemed himself soon died of plague  
Two thirds of all we had, they claimed  
One last assault on Conand's tower  
One final attempt to end the terror

Through mists of time  
Sound bloody chimes  
Of clashing shields  
Of arrows soaring  
Of battle-horns  
And stones roaring

Score sixty thousand fought that day  
Conand and his heirs were slain  
The Fomorian tower of strength lay waste  
More pillars on the plains were raised

Yet Morc returned from across the waves  
Countless demons retaliate  
On rhythms of rage he wrote our fate  
Thirty Nemedians survived that day

In utter defeat we sailed away  
Leaving behind our sacred ground  
Where naught of us remained...  
But battle-pillars on the plains