

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