The Dark Mound

SuidAkrA

As storm-clouds gather
Above the glades
A thunder deafens my howl
Of anguish and dismay

Remaining here
In this sinister tomb
I recall the evil deeds
That led me to this place

Bresal Bó-Díbad was my name
As druid I was praised and famed
From all four corners of Erin
People came to seek my aid

For in those days of gloom and death,
A murrain fell upon the kine
And killed all cattle in the land

So into the ancient mound I went
To pray and seek advice from elder gods
And beg them for their help

But from out of the dark
Thousands of voices answered my command
Reaping knowledge from my tortured brain
The demon horde devised a wicked plan

To weave a spell so the sun would never set
They abused my sister's magical skills
And forged a day that would not end

In honour of the elder gods
Upon the ancient mound
A massive tower would be built
On sacred ground

For in those days of gloom and death,
A murrain fell upon the kine
And killed all cattle in the land

Bresal Bó-Díbad was my name
As druid I was feared, obeyed
I tricked the people to vow an oath
To work for me for but one day

As storm-clouds gather
Above the glades
A thunder deafens my howl
Of anguish and dismay

Remaining here
In this sinister tomb
I recall the evil deeds
That led me to this place

Overtaken by lust and fury

A terrible deed was done that broke the spell
The men of Erin went on their way
When the day had gone and night suddenly fell

Now storm-clouds gather
Above the glades
"Dubhadh"
Will ever be this dark mound's name