

Tuatha De Danaan

SuidAkrA

close all doors
each eve when night descends
never call their names
there might be one attend

Like changelings
in the cradle of mundane reason
they still roam at night
so sure as the change of seasons

Each morn silken mist asphyxiates
this green deserted land
the sea calls my name with its imperious voice
each eve the roaring wind howls : you won't resist my sway
this meagre soil derides me day by day

Where is it , this sweet Mag Mell with its luscious laughter
the sidhe in their hills sing of and embitters my life
each story which gone astray on the wings of the wind
rips my soul and my mind slowly apart

Still there's a silver throne standing
under each hill of the land
it reigns over the realm of the night
the kingdom in my mind