

## Fergus Mac Roich

### The Lord Weird Slough Feg

"Long live Fergus!", they scream from the valley  
Searching the ranks for a king  
Moments of glory are all but forgotten  
They wait for tomorrow to bring

Outcast and lonely since Connor was smitter  
The tribes of the Sesair lament  
Chaos abounds in the Land of the Young  
As the dark one prepares his descent

(Chorus)

Chaos abounding on the breeze  
Tangled and twisted in the trees  
Dark runes painted on his brow  
As the wretched scream out loud

Passing the test of a tribesman and warrior  
Fergus Mac Roich stands alone  
Paintings that tell of his future misfortune  
Are cast on a canvas of stone

Bathed in the Cauldron of Blood  
As the ritual knowledge is passed through the gates  
Unholy secrets lie under the surface  
As silently father awaits

(Chorus)