

As the Deities Clash

Waylander

Lost within the dust of ages,
naught but Mythic mist remain.
Forsaken is the ancient wisdom,
tossed aside, extinguished flame.

The height of a hill was ablaze.
Brightest beacons shone like the Sun.
Colours, resplendent,
as Deities Clash.

Soft waves of a strong arm, imported through time.
Diverse were the Titles bestowed upon their gods.
(The) Pantheon of the Deities clash softly yet brief.

My Gods, hear my call.
My Gods, hear my cry.

On the Plain of Maigh Tuire, out to the West
An Otherworldly spiritual affray.
(The) coming of bronze new mystical arts.
Ascendance realigned, redefined.

Tara Cruachan. Emain Macha.
Beacons of an age born of Iron.
The Goddess of Battle in triumph
sating the Blood God's desire.

Primordial need for Gods in the Sky
psyche of mankind drawn to the Tribe.
Who has the magic to invoke Faith,
undiying loyalty never betrayed.