

Morrigan's Domain

Waylander

Black id the Morrigan on this plain
Dark is her aspect, no remorse or shame
Washer at the ford for those who can see
The crone and the hag, goddess trinity.

Goddess of war, denizen of death
Seeker of souls,
She awaits your last breath...

Nightmare visions, choked with the bodies of the slain
Rivers run red, ravens alight on mounds of lifeless forms
Feasting horribly on carrion and broken bones,
Once proud men, someone's sons and brothers all.

Where now is the glory in your war
No glory in your war
No glory in the grave

Hear the shriek of the Morrigan
As she circles preparing to dine,
To dine upon the slaughtered souls
To feast on fresh dead flesh
Triumphant scream of ecstasy
Exultant in the misery
Wallow in the pain

Putrid stench of entrails and emptied bowels
Morrigan's minions glut on unseeing eyes
A picture painted in detail so obscene
Morrigan greets all those souls who die.

Eternal war she craves
Battles unceasing
Combatants increasing
Sweet stench of blood on the wind
Dishevelled warriors, expressions grotesque
Dismembered bodies, expressions grotesque

Her in her glory, goddess of war
Her in her glory, Morrigan's domain.