

# Airged L'amh, The Silver Arm

[Nuada's soul takes its trip to space and time. His spirit is almost on the other side. Dian Cecht, the  
I hear the chant of three spells  
War witches ease my pain  
The sword of light will lead the way  
Eyes cold and cruel I am dreaming  
Far out of space and time  
The Mochin' word shaking my mind  
I am in trance  
Three days and nights in secret pain  
A great palace on the hill...  
Helpless and bathed in starlight  
I am like a little child  
Another part of me is dead and gone  
The elements assemble  
A mixture out of sand  
The cloak of starlight fades away  
Master of healing I praise Dian-Cecht  
Soil of Eireann I grasp once again  
I am he of the silver arm  
Master of healing I praise Dian-Cecht  
Soil of Eireann I grasp once again  
I am he of the silver arm  
Sword of light shall guide me through the dark  
Long is my journey to the other world  
I return now in painful everlasting  
I am he of the silver arm  
Men of Eireann speak of  
Nuada Airged L'amh for days and nights I hung close  
I am the son of the Sun  
He of the silver arm  
My name is carved forever  
Battle cry echoed across the hills  
Spells of three witches  
Bad's prayer to Dian-Cecht  
Tuan my companion  
Shared and awaited my pain  
L'amh, L'Aidir, Abu cried to the echoing hills  
Grateful to the sunrise  
Rode the high gold of the clouds  
Call, call of Danu, call of Danu, call of Danu hear the calling of... [x4]  
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