

Cruachan, The Middle Kingdom

We who are old yet fair of face,
Thousands of years this world did grace,
Beneath the earth away from men,
Our Middle Kingdom it lies hidden.
With sword in hand and our shields by our sides,
We march in hoards we will never subside.
Our D Danann form has passed with time,
But still we love music and still we love wine.

We are of the forest, we are of the earth,
Our heads full of knowledge our ways full of mirth.

We know all the answers to questions unasked,
We live in the light with no fear of the dark.

It must be said we have dark evil breeds,
Who plague mankind with their mischievous deeds,
The Phooka, the Merrow, the wailing Bean-shee,
Are hideous creatures as dark as can be.

Avoid the lone thorn tree that grows in the field,
Do not cut it down with the axe that you wield,
It coaxes magic from branch to root,
And woe to he who eats its fruit.
Of itself the tree did grow,
From faerie magic cast long ago,
Therefore we bid you to let it stand,
Ill fortune to those who ignore our command.

"We who are old, we are revered, born of the earth, immortal and feared"

In the dead of night see us dance on the hills,
On fiddles and flutes we play jigs and reels.
The sky is ablaze with a myriad of light,
Our faerie music is heard through the night.
We who are old yet fair of face,
Thousands of years this world did grace,
But modern man and his cynical ways,
Are bringing us to the end of our days.