

Gary Moore, Thunder Rising

They looked out from the
Fortress on the hill
There came a single warrior
Returning from the kill
The spoils of war hung
From his horses mane
The bloody heads of enemies
That he had freshly slayed

They saw the face
The eyes so sullen
Could only be the
Young C Chullain

Thunder rising
Thunder rising
Thunder rising
Early in the morning
Cities burning
The world keeps turning
Thunder rising
Early in the morning

The son of Lugh MacEithleen knew no fear
For just one blow at any foe
To tell his end was near
So many tried to mock this Celtic son
They taunted and they teased him till
He slayed them one by one

And so they came
And so they've fallen
at the hands of
Young C Chullain

Thunder rising
Thunder rising
Thunder rising
Early in the morning
Cities burning
The world keeps turning
Thunder rising
Early in the morning

Long ago the legend has it
How the mighty Ulster men
Battled with the King Of Connacht
Fighting to the bitter end
No one knew what foolish reason
Caused this skirmish to begin
Was it treachery or treason
Or just the idle threats of drunken men?

Thunder rising
Thunder rising
Thunder rising
Early in the morning
Cities burning
The world keeps turning
Thunder rising
Early in the morning

Thunder rising
Thunder rising

Thunder rising
Early in the morning
Young men are dying
The widows are crying
Thunder rising
Early in the morning