Doomsword, The Youth Of Finn MacCool

We were roaming through the Black head Hungry and tired looking for food, When we saw an old and thin deer And we dreamt cooked flesh with beer. We held in tight in our hand the spear. Like the mind it fled with its fear. Nine warriors were at my side, Everyone incarnation of pride Together with my two hounds for that day, Still no food we had found, With our usual defiance The hunt carried on for more preys Thirsty spears shone. Warrior and bard poetry Runs through your heart Enchant and dazes you Lower your blade. On our path we boldly walked forth When a red braded deer From the north swiftly stood Before eager eyes, To attack we all mobilized, But even the hounds stood still at my cry: "Leave that deer for he should die!" Baffled eyes turned towards me All admired my pure ecstasy, With calm I sang my poetry For its beauty my will should let be, With my words all hearts were bestowed, Poetry's power I mystically showed.