

Maddy Prior, The Masts Of Morrigan

I fear that bead black eye
That pierces me to the bone
The cruel stare
The glassy glare
That fingers me alone.

Too cunning for a bird
Her mind is warped and crooked
Again and worse
Her voice is harsh
And grates course and wicked.

And the masts of Morrigan
Are strung across the world
See the masts of Morrigan
□An omen sour as gall
She revels in our gore
My skull her cup
Drinks my blood up
The one-eyed gimpy whore.

She deals in the black arts
Runs with the soldier and wolf
The battle sounds
Death rattle mourns
She steals our eyes for herself.