

Oi Polloi, Clachan Chalanais

As a black night fast approaches dawn
We gather in mist by the gnomon
As the stones are struck by the sun's first rays
We feel the Earthpower in our veins
The awesome power that fills the stone
We feel it in our minds and bones
And as we dance around the ring
Joy fills our souls - We start to sing
Old power awakened and growing fast
An awesome force from deep in the past
But there are those who do not understand
And the stones are desecrated
By their hands.

One such group of stones facing desecration at the hands of these people is the standing stone co