

# Tuatha De Danann, Brazuzan

The old man told me a story about a tall man  
Brazuzan the man high as a hill  
He was so big, that when he walked through the old village  
People went back home and start to pray

Each step of him all the ground shakes and it sounds  
Like a hurricane, but no one knows how good was his good heart

Since he was a little kid he never had a friend  
Only Grinch the fox and Lix the tree  
And he cried too much, was so sad, so sad, always felt alone  
His tears became flood to the people

But one day Grinch came to know that Guilart  
the evil giant - would come to the village bringing his evil horde

Coming the day on the hill of the wise  
The meeting has succeed  
The both seems like two walls colliding  
Blood in everywhere  
Hammers hitting - Swords screaming  
Giants falling down  
Guiliart headless - Bleeding Brazuzan  
ground

On that day the unique who cried was the tree and the fox  
And for short minutes the cry of the land was listened to everyone  
The people felt band and they were full of blame -they loose a grandious man  
And all the faery beings sung magical hymns for him

Crying people coming from the village to his grave  
Tears felt down on his tomb  
Praying from a possible return of the man

So Brazuzan came to rise up and with love of all the people  
Became the great village guardian

A fantastic party begins