

# Waylander, Morrigan's Domain

Black is the Morrigan on this plain  
Dark is her aspect, no remorse or shame  
Washer at the ford for those who can see  
The crone and the hag, goddess trinity.

Goddess of war, denizen of death  
Seeker of souls,  
She awaits your last breath...

Nightmare visions, choked with the bodies of the slain  
Rivers run red, ravens alight on mounds of lifeless forms  
Feasting horribly on carrion and broken bones,  
Once proud men, someone's sons and brothers all.

Where now is the glory in your war  
No glory in your war  
No glory in the grave

Hear the shriek of the Morrigan  
As she circles preparing to dine,  
To dine upon the slaughtered souls  
To feast on fresh dead flesh  
Triumphant scream of ecstasy  
Exultant in the misery  
Wallow in the pain

Putrid stench of entrails and emptied bowels  
Morrigan's minions glut on unseeing eyes  
A picture painted in detail so obscene  
Morrigan greets all those souls who die.

Eternal war she craves  
Battles unceasing  
Combatants increasing  
Sweet stench of blood on the wind  
Dishevelled warriors, expressions grotesque  
Dismembered bodies, expressions grotesque

Her in her glory, goddess of war  
Her in her glory, Morrigan's domain.