

LINDISFARNE'S SHADOW

By Richard Paul

Fate's dread-heralds struck first and struck hard,

_*__ _*__ _*__ _*__

Torrents encircled and lightning made jest,

* _*_ _*__ _*_

A famine dug deep, men's mettle to test,

* _*__ _*_ _*_

Then pagans laid claim to what God would not guard,

* _*__ _*__ _*__

And all that remained lay rotting or charred.

* _*__ _*_ _*__

CHORUS

The realms would see complacency's reward,

_*__ _*_ _*_ _*_

And centuries beneath the axe and sword,

* _*_ _*__ _*_

With Lindisfarne slain, so started an age

_*__ _*__ _*_ _*_

Of bloodshed and rage and pain.

_*__ _*__ _*__

CHORUS END

Holiness proved no shield at all,

* _*__ _*_ _*_

No priestly habit would hold back an axe,

_*__ _*_ _*__ _*_

No Saint's protection could turn longships back,

_*__ _*_ _*__ _*__

No stirring of conscience strove with such gall,

* _*_ _*__ _*__

There'd be no mercy in what would befall.

* _*_ _*__ _*_

CHORUS

Some called it God's will for man's self-wrought ills,

_*__ _*__ _*__ _*__

And perhaps in some sense they were right;

_*__ _*__ _*__

Not that it hindered the deeds of the blight,

* _*_ _*__ _*__

Nor turn back the tides of blood to be spilled,

* _*__ _*__ _*__

Nor even the odds at Senlac hill.

* _*_ _*_ _*_

(CHORUS X2)

-* = Suggested Stressed Syllables

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