

Grendel

I. Heorot's Plea and Grendel's Awakening

Midnight sun bids moors farewell, retreats from charging dusk
Mountains echo curfew's bell, signal ending tasks
They place their faith in oaken doors, cower in candlelight
The panic seeps through bloodstained floors as Grendel stalks the night

Earth-rim walker seeks his meals, prepare the funeral pyres
The shaper's songs no longer heal the fear within their eyes,
Their eyes, their eyes, their eyes, their eyes

Wooden figures, pagan gods stare blindly cross the sea
Appeal for help from ocean fogs, for saviors born of dreams
They know their lives are forfeit now, priestly heads they bow in shame
They cannot face the trembling crowd that flinch in Grendel's name

Earth-rim walker seeks his meals, prepare the funeral pyres
The shaper's songs no longer heal the fear within their eyes,
Their eyes, their eyes, their eyes, their eyes

As Grendel leaves his mossy home beneath the stagnant air
Along the forest path he roams to Hrothgar's hall so fair
He knows that victory is secured, his charm will testify
His claws will drip with mortal blood as moonbeams haunt the sky
As Grendel leaves his mossy home beneath the stagnant air
Along the forest path he roams to Hrothgar's house so fair
He knows that victory is secured, his charm will testify
His claws will drip with mortal blood as moonbeams haunt the sky

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II. Grendel's Journey

Silken membranes, span his path, fingerprints in dew
Denizens of twilight lands, humbly beg him through
Mother Nature's bastard child, shunned by leaf and stream
An alien in an alien land seeks solace within dreams
The shaper's lies, his poison tongue maligned with mocking harp

Beguiling queen, her innocence offends his icy heart

III. Lurker at the Threshold

Hounds freeze in silence, bewitched by the reptile's spell
Sulphurous essence pervades round the grassy dell

Hero awaits him like lamb to the butcher's knife
Stellar heavens ignore even children's cries
Screams are his music, lightning his guide
Raping the darkness, d- d- d- death by his side

Chants rise in terror, pray round the oaken beam
Flickering firelight portraying the grisly scene
Warriors advance, prepare for the nightmare foe
Futile the sacrifices even the hearts must know
Heroes' delusions with feet in the grave
Lurker at the threshold, he cares not for the brave,
he cares not for the brave

IV.

So you thought that your bolts and your locks would keep me out
You should have known better after all this time
You're gonna pay in blood for all your viscious slander
With your ugly pale skins and your putrid blue eyes
Why should I feel pity when you kill your own and feel no shame?
God's on my side, sure as hell I'm gonna take no blame,
I'm gonna take no blame,
I'm going to take no blame

So you say you believe in all of Mother Nature's laws
You lust for gold with your sharpened knives
Ooh, when your hordes are gathered and your enemies left to rot
You pray with your bloodstained hands at the feet of your pagan gods
And you try to place the killer's blade in my hands
You call for justice, distort the truth
Well I've had enough of all your pretty, pretty speeches
Receive your punishment expose your throats to my righteous claws
and let the blood flow,
let the blood flow, let the blood flow, let the blood flow, flow, flow, flow, flow,
flow, flow, flow, flow, let the blood flow, let the blood flow, let the blood flow, let
the blood flow, let the blood flow, flow, let the blood flow, let the blood flow, let
the blood flow, let the blood flow, flow, flow, let the blood flow, let the blood, let
the blood, let the blood, let the blood, let the blood, let the blood, let the blood, let
the blood, blood flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow

[Marillion FISH 1982 -- (12 EMI 5351 B)]

from Bill Capossere The British group Marillion has an 18 minute song entitled
"Grendel". Told from the monster's point-of-view, it is based more on
Gardner's vision than the original tale
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