**The Faerie Dead**

--Music and lyrics © 2003 by Ernest Clark

As **Si**gurd **walked** a **Dane**law **trail** one **ha**zy **sum**mer **day**

A **dull** dis**qui**et **tinged** his **thoughts** and **drew** his **eyes** a**stray**

To **mea**dow **poor**ly **seen** as **though** the **haze** were **in** his **head**.

In**tent**, he **willed** that **he** might **see**… and **saw** the **Fae**rie **Dead**!

The **elves** and **trolls** lay **in**ter**mixed** yet **scat**tered **where** they **fell**

And **who** had **beat**en **whom** that **day** the **corp**ses **did** not **tell**.

And **things** that **were** not **vult**ures **picked** at **gut** and **eye** and **shred**, **Grue**some **strewn** the **bat**tle**field** **with** the **Fae**rie **Dead**.

The **soul**less **ones** of **Fae**rie **live** for**ev**er **'til** they **die**,

Con**cealed** by **spell** of **mis**di**rect** per**sist**ing **where** they **lie**.

And **crum**ble **in**to **dust** do **they** be**fore** the **spell** has **fled**.

And **rare** in**deed** the **mor**tal **who** has **seen** the **Fae**rie **Dead**.

**What** he **saw** that **day** did **Si**gurd **not** a **sen**tence **tell**.

But **peace** for**sook** him **ev**er**more** **when** he **shook** the **spell**.

**Dai**ly **on** their **eld**rich **horns** blow **scouts** who **skir**mish **red,**

And **Si**gurd **fears** the **day** they **learn**… that **he** has **seen** their **Dead**.