

## Thunder Rising (Gary Moore Cover)

Pythia

They looked out from the  
Fortress on the hill  
There came a single warrior  
Returning from the kill  
The spoils of war hung  
From his horses mane  
The bloody heads of enemies  
That he had freshly slayed

They saw the face  
The eyes so sullen  
Could only be the  
Young Cú Chullain

Thunder rising  
Thunder rising  
Thunder rising  
Early in the morning  
Cities burning  
The world keeps turning  
Thunder rising  
Early in the morning

The son of Lugh MacEithleen knew no fear  
For just one blow at any foe  
To tell his end was near  
So many tried to mock this Celtic son  
They taunted and they teased him till  
He slayed them one by one

And so they came  
And so they've fallen  
at the hands of  
Young Cú Chullain

Thunder rising  
Thunder rising  
Thunder rising  
Early in the morning  
Cities burning  
The world keeps turning  
Thunder rising  
Early in the morning

Long ago the legend has it  
How the mighty Ulster men  
Battled with the King Of Connacht  
Fighting to the bitter end  
No one knew what foolish reason  
Caused this skirmish to begin  
Was it treachery or treason  
Or just the idle threats of drunken men?

Thunder rising  
Thunder rising  
Thunder rising  
Early in the morning

Cities burning  
The world keeps turning  
Thunder rising  
Early in the morning

Thunder rising  
Thunder rising  
Thunder rising  
Early in the morning  
Young men are dying  
The widows are crying  
Thunder rising  
Early in the morning