

# The revenge of Grendel's mother

Joyful celebrations ring out in the cold night air  
Grendel the monster is dead and gone  
But something still lurks out there...

That night in the swamp a monster was prowling  
Another great troll, fearsome and tall  
Full of revenge for the loss of her son  
Grendel's mother approached the hall.

*Who killed my son?  
Who killed my son?  
I will thrash him and beat him!  
And crush him! Defeat him!  
Who killed my son?*

With a great roar, she entered the hall  
Killed all the soldiers asleep in her in her path  
Beowulf awoke to see her departing  
Followed her back to her home in the marsh.

*Who killed my son?  
Who killed my son?  
I will thrash him and beat him!  
And crush him! Defeat him!  
Who killed my son?*

Beowulf put on his helmet and armour  
Took a deep breath, knew he had to be brave  
Jumped into the bog of murky green water  
Fearlessly swam till he came to a cave.

*Who killed my son?  
Who killed my son?  
I will thrash him and beat him!  
And crush him! Defeat him!  
Who killed my son?*

Out of the shadows rushed Grendel's mother  
Blazing with fury she let out a cry  
Beowulf discovered his own sword was powerless  
Summoned his strength and cast it aside.

*You killed my son!*  
*You killed my son!*  
*I will thrash you and beat you!*  
*And crush you! Defeat you!*  
*You killed my son!*

Beowulf looked round, desperately searching  
Knew in a moment that he would be dead  
Grabbed the troll's sword  
Swung it round blindly  
Lifted it high...  
And cut off her head!

*You killed my son...*  
*You killed my son...*

Joyful celebrations ring out in the cold night air  
And now nothing lurks  
Out in the marsh anymore.