

And the Druids Turn to Stone

Ayreon

"It is 2800 B.C. I quietly witness the astounding secret behind the creation of a
mysterious monument in Wiltshire, England." [Damian Wilson] The moon sheds no light on Salisbury plain
The day turns to night and the bonfires cease burning The druids gather round and the chants fill the air
Their echoes resound and the living world stops turning The magic words are spoken
As we leave the plain in silence
Now the circle stands alone
And the druids turn to stone The dawn shines its light on Salisbury plain
The day floods the night with gilded rays of sunshine The magic words were spoken
As we left the plain in silence
Then the circle stood alone
And the druids turned to stone The rising sun is dancing on the edges of the stones
Casting shadows, creeping down the Avenue
Into the heart of the sarsen trilithons I marvel at this mystery, beholder of the stars
A holy temple, a sacred burial ground
Guarding well its secrets from us all

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