

Avalon

Blackmore's Night

To the days of Avalon
Where magic rules as king
The moon beneath the castle walls
As the nightingale sings...
 The golden bird
 He gave to me
 What happiness he brings
 Like a star on a Christmas tree
 As the nightingale sings
And so we sat, hand in hand and watched the fireflies
 And never spoke a single word
 But lived to do or die
 We lived to do or die

Back to the days of Avalon
Where magic ruled as king
The moon beneath the castles walls
As the nightingale sings...
 We read of tales of treason
 A soldiers legacy
 Blood beneth the crimson sky
 Fighting without reason
 But the crime of loyalty
 A tattered flag left to fly...
Back to the days of Avalon
Where magic ruled as king
The moon beneath the castles walls
 as the nightingale sings...

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