

Isle of Avalon

Iron Maiden

I can hear them floating
on the wind
Immortal souls their weeping
Saddens me
Mother Earth you know your
time is near
Awaken lust the seed is sown
and reaped Through the western isle
I hear the dead awaken
Rising slowly to the call Avalon The cauldron of the head of Annwyn
laced with envy
Dark around its edge with
pearl and destiny All my days Ive waited
For the sign
The one that brings me closer
To the Isle of Avalon
I can feel the power flowing through
my veins
My heart is beating louder
Close to Avalon I can hear you can you hear me
I can feel you can't you feel me Fertility Mother Goddess
Celebration sow the seeds
Of the born
The fruit of her body laden
Through the corn doll You will pray for them all The image of Mother Goddess
Lying dormant
In the eyes of the dead
The sheaf of the corn is broken
End the harvest
Throw the dead on the pyre I hear her crying the tears of an
Angel
The voices i hear in my head
Blessed the fruits are the corn
Of the earth
Mother earth holy blood
of the dead Mother Earth I can hear you
Sacrifice now united Rising levels of the tidal lakes
protect them
Keepers of the Goddess in

the underworld
Holding powers of the mystics
Deep inside them
Neineteen maidens guardians
Of the otherworldMortal conflict born of Celtic
Legend
That apart from seven none
returned from AvalonMother Earth I can feel you
My rebirth now completedFertility Mother Goddess
Celebration sow the seeds
Of the born
The fruits of her body laden
Through the corn dollYou will pray for them allThe image of Mother Goddess
Lying dormant
In the eyes of the dead
The sheaf of the corn is broken
End the harvest
Throw the dead on the pyreTo have the belief of others
Looking for the Isle to
Show them a sign
Fertility of all mothers
Stood in silence
Waiting now for their turnThe gateway to Avalon
The island where the souls
Of dead are reborn
Brought here to die and be
Transferred into the earth
And then for rebirthI hear her crying the tears of an Angel
The voices I hear in my head
Blessed the fruits are the corn
Of the earth
Mother earth holy blood
of the dead
The water in rivers and rhynnes
Rises quickly
Are flowing and flooding the land
The sea shall return once again
Just to hide them
Lost souls on the Isle of the dead

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