

# Isle of Avalon (2015 Remastered Version)

## 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 of Avalon  
The cauldron of the head of Annwyn laced with envy  
Dark around its edge with pearl and destiny  
All my days I've 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  
Nineteen maidens, guardians of the other world  
Mortal conflict born of Celtic legend  
That apart from seven, none returned from Avalon  
Mother Earth I can feel you  
My rebirth now completed  
Fertility mother goddess  
Celebration, sow the seeds of the born  
The fruits 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  
To 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 turn  
The 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 rebirth  
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  
The water in rivers and rhymes  
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.

Songwriters

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