

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 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 otherworld
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 rhynes 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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