

Blackmores Night "Avalon"

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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 castle walls
As the nightingale sings...
We read of tales of treason
A soldiers legacy
Blood beneath 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...
The branches bent
Like an archers bow
As he spread his wings
And flew beneath the gentle snow
As the nightingale sings...
Back to the days of Avalon
Where magic rules as king
The moon beneath the castle walls
As the nightingale sings...
As the nightingale sings...

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