

## **Bruce Dickinson**

### **"The Wicker Man"**

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When the dying western sun dips low  
And the raincloud rises in the east  
Between the lines of truth and the words of faith  
Lie the fiery duties of the priest

Stir the blood of ancient things  
Drawing down the moon

From the hill of Tarna see the Beltane fires  
And the silent Celtic kings await  
From the midnight hour to the light of dawn  
Feel the mountain tremble and your heart will shake

Stir the memories of the stones  
We are drawing down the moon  
In the circle of the old ways  
Of the wicker man

Wicker man, wicker man  
From the beacon hill  
cast your fire on this land  
Wicker man, wicker man  
From the beacon hill  
throw your ashes on our hands

Let the pendulum go  
Let it sway away  
Let the chimes ring out  
On this solstice day

When the earth renews  
When the seed reveals  
When we are reborn  
Every waking dream

When the earth renews itself  
When the seed reveals itself  
When the earth renews itself  
When the seed reveals itself

When we are reborn

In every waking dream  
Every tree and leaf  
Every frozen stream  
When the earth renews itself  
When the seed reveals itself

When we are reborn  
In every waking dream  
Every tree and leaf  
Every frozen stream  
When the earth renews itself  
When the seed reveals itself

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