

Bruce Dickinson

"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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