

## **Iron Maiden "Isle Of Avalon"**

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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 Avalon

The cauldron of the head of Annwyn  
laced with envy  
Dark around its edge with  
pearl and destiny

All my days Ive 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  
Neineteen 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 rhynnes  
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

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