

Pagan Altar

"Dance Of The Druids"

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Like ghostly phantoms on the wind, they glide across
the mire.

Their white hair flows like silver webs, framing eyes of
fire.

The gentle throb of an ancient drum, no human ever
made.

Music only gods should hear, no human ever played.

This ritual of the druids has been, the saviour of
mankind.

Unknown to them the price was paid by personal
sacrifice.

For all the wrongs that man has done, the piper must
be paid.

So he can sleep eternally peacefully in his grave.

From where they come and where they go, or why they
have to be.

Mans mind can't hope to comprehend the sheer
complexity.

Stonehenge has been their meeting place, as far as
man can tell.

Birth of myths and legends, the gateway to Hell.

Man has always thought of them as priests or holy
men,

Mortal beings that live and die never to rise again

Unknown to man their astral form still haunt the ancient
ruins

No one ever understood the power of the druids.

I'm standing by the Altar stone, standing here all-alone.

Who can I turn to where can I run to.

I watch them slowly walk away as night turns into
another day.

No one to turn back, no one will come back for me

Take me if you want to, take me if you need to,

Take me if you have to, take me.

Dawns light on the altar marks, the end of another rite.

Their spaceship glistening in the sun slips slowly out of
sight.

Mans fate assured his conscience clear in the eyes of
other men.
His slate is clean the bill was paid by the death of one
of them.
Guide me and lead me help me through this night,
Take me and show them but let them see some light!

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