

Storyhill "Avalon"

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Don't wanna disappoint, don't wanna freak you out
Don't wanna resurrect all your buried doubt
but if you wanna know where we're going to
Avalon

There is a distant shore, there is an apple tree
there is a rocky cliff over a stormy sea
there is fertile ground, there you can bury me
Avalon

O, we must be near, over the the next wave's crest
You'll see the greenest greens of the Isle of the
Blessed
I believe it is, though it may not be
Avalon

Sister leave me here to breath my final breath
I leave you facing life in the face of death
there is no deeper truth, there is no truer rest
Avalon

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