Page & Plant "The Battle Of Evermore"

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The queen of light took her bow And then she turned to go The prince of peace embraced the gloom And walked the night alone

Oh, dance in the dark of night
The dark lord rides in force tonight
And time will tell us all

Oh, throw down your plow and hoe Side by side we wait the night The darkest of them all

I hear the horses thunder Down in the valley below I'm waiting for the angels of Avalon Waiting for the eastern glow

The apples of the valley hold
The seeds of happiness
The ground is rich from tender care
Repay, do not forget

The apples turn to brown and black The tyrant's face is red

Oh, war is the common cry
The sky is filled with good and bad
That mortals never know

Oh, well, the night is long The beads of time pass slow Tired eyes on the sunrise Waiting for the eastern glow

The pain of war cannot exceed
The woe of aftermath
The drums will shake the castle wall
The ring wraiths ride in black

Sing as you raise your bow No comfort has the fire at night That lights the face so cold

Oh, dance in the dark of night The magic runes are writ in gold To bring the balance back Bring it back

At last the sun is shining
The clouds of blue roll by
With flames from the dragon of darkness
The sunlight blinds his eyes

Bring it back Bring it back Bring it back

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