

Avalon

Blackmore's Night

To the days of Avalon
Where magic rules as king
The moon beneath the castle walls
As the nightingale sings...

The golden bird
He gave to me
What happiness he brings
Like a star on a Christmas tree
As the nightingale sings

And so we sat, hand in hand and watched the fireflies
And never spoke a single word
But lived to do or die
We lived to do or die

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We read of tales of treason
A soldiers legacy
Blood beneath the crimson sky
Fighting without reason
But the crime of loyalty
A tattered flag left to fly...

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