

Isle of Avalon

Iron Maiden

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 court of Avalon.
The cauldron of the head of Annwyn laced with envy,
dark around its edge with pearl and destiny.

All my days I've waited for the sign,
the one that brings me closer to 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 of 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,
nineteen maidens, guardians of the otherworld.
Mortal conflict born of Celtic legend
that apart from seven, non-returned from Avalon.

Mother Earth I can feel you,
my rebirth now completed.

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 of 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 rhymes 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.