

Dance Of The Druids

Pagan Altar

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 the
m.
Guide me and lead me help me through this night,
Take me and show them but let them see some light!