

Sit very still you can hear distant marching,  
over on Alderley hill.  
Half close your eyes and imagine procession,  
drums beating on feel a chill.

Legend foretold of a king and his army,  
honour to rise on the day.  
England has need in it's greatest of peril,  
fire frost is lost so they say.

Someone turned the sun around,  
someone pulled the curtain down.

No knights in Avalon,  
they were here but now it's gone.

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Here as a boy I remember a wizard,  
tapped on the rock made a sign.  
The earth moved a door stood,  
and gates opened slowly.  
Gemstones sparkled and shined.

Gathered within each room a treasure,  
but the greatest of all in my mind.  
The army eternal who sleep silent waiting,  
seek them but you'll never find.

Someone called the moon to ground,  
someone stilled the trumpet sound.

No knights in Avalon,  
they were here but now it's gone.

Witches in the fire glow,  
twisting shadows moving too and fro.  
Can't believe your eyes,  
nightmare creatures they are true.

Feeling sorry but you're scared,  
should of stopped them there,  
but no one dared.  
Morrigan is here,  
now her finger points at you.

Holy rider,  
can't you find a  
spell that can  
take me home?  
oh yeah!  
oh yeah!

Holy rider I need you,  
please come take me away.  
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