

Page & Plant, The Battle Of Evermore

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

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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 seas 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, ohhhh

Oh, war is the common cry

The sky is filled with good and bad
That mortals never know, ohhh

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

At last the sun is shining
The clouds of blue roll by

With flames from the dragon of darkness
The sunlight blinds his eyes

Ohhh ohhh Ohhhh, ahh ahh ahh ahh

Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Ohhhhhh
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Bring it back,
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Oh now,
Oh now,
Oh now,
Oh now,
Oh now,
Oh now,
Oh now,
Oh now,
Oh now,
Bring it,
Bring it,
Bring it,
Bring it,
Bring it,
Bring it,
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Huh huh huh (X28)