

The Battle Of Evermore - Led Zeppelin

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,
Sing to the morning light.

The dark Lord rides in force tonight,
And time will tell us all.

Oh, throw down your plow and hoe,
Rest not to lock your homes.

Side by side we wait the might
of the darkest of them all.

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 seeds of happiness,
The ground is rich from tender care,
Repay, do not forget, no, no.

Dance in the dark of night,
sing to the morning light.

The apples turn to brown and black,
The tyrant's face is red.

Oh war is the common cry,
Pick up your swords and fly.

The sky is filled with good and bad
that mortals never know.

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, Ride on.

Sing as you raise your bow,
shoot straighter than before.

No comfort has the fire at night
that lights the face so cold.

Oh dance in the dark of night,
Sing to the morning light.

The magic runes are writ in gold

to bring the balance back. Bring it back.

At last the sun is shining,
The clouds of blue roll by,
With flames from the dragon of darkness,
the sunlight blinds his eyes.