

Death Of The Celts

Iron Maiden

The road it winds uphill all the way
Ride to glory on this day
Remember now to do him so proud
In God we trust, cry it out loud

Redeem my salve of winning ways
Remember all the darkest days
Of that I know will see me tread
Walketh upon the field of the dead

The burden of blood, the breaketh of bone
The battlefield now I make it my own
The glory of the morning we make
Praying the rose is still awake

Lord above, my spirit says
Death is not proud, no more, no less
Power of my soul will be free
Deliver us on to victory

Wither a pain that's almost a joy
Wander there, my heart will destroy
Dreaming of days of our youth again
Strangely, no wonder memories remain
Pour thy scorn upon the realm
Pity me none at the gates of our hell
For I am but a messenger one
Sent to do reckoning, what must be done

Praying to our wretched doom
Liberty, freedom, maybe death looms
Wishing upon a fair display
Hoping our cause done, faithfully

Wayward thunder over rain
Giving me time to think again
Send to their graves on this day
Silent where the battle dead lay

Vengeance is for all who lay dead
I have no fear, my body has bled
I will live on in rebirth again
Come to me now, embrace it my friend

Spirits cry for a god from the grave
In darkness, fortune favours the brave

Dying, a warrior Celt has no fear
Immortal, for he will live evermore

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Think I am, that I'm almost there
Following now the depths of despair
Beyond the light, darkness will fall
Coming to take the life from us all

Following now where god can't explain
Bidding farewell, the life I'd have gained
Following those who came from hell
Came to witness the death of the Celts