

# Rivers of Avren

MC Lars

At Avren's edge, I held you in my hands  
And on that windy morning you were buried in the sand  
Though the Horned King was defeated, the pain still lingers  
Fflewddur wrote a ballad but there's blood on our fingers  
Hen Wen saw it coming, Great Belin's vision  
The plight of the dreamer, now you're gone, and I've been fishing  
For a reason to keep fighting for the fans I've since betrayed  
Heartbreaking like a string when I tell them I'm okay

Yeah, I first befriended death when I jumped in the cauldron  
And I was resurrected, those adventures were awesome  
From Morva to Strongholds, back home to Caer Dallben  
But now this pig keeper's saying he sees autumn in my coffin?  
Tasting sleep again, I wasn't ready, wasn't sorry  
And by the damp embankment I was early to the party  
With this friend who kindly shared his last apple  
So why we sinking to the bottom like two statues?

In the Rivers of Avren, the Rivers of Avren  
I'm sinking to the bottom of the Rivers of Avren  
In the Rivers of Avren, the Rivers of Avren  
It's where I say goodbye because it's where my path ends  
In the Rivers of Avren, the Rivers of Avren  
I'm sinking to the bottom of the Rivers of Avren  
In the Rivers of Avren, the Rivers of Avren  
It's where I will say goodbye

I still remember how the Horned King explained it  
Post-traumatic pain, we sustained it, I retained it  
A Gwythaint nest in my mind, I was buried  
Posing for the portraits in the legacy we carried  
And as the future heroes dream about the magic  
Prydain finds its saviors while they're scheming in its attics  
Here the name they once chanted is now whispered in the halls  
Taran's been a ghost for years behind these gilded startled walls

Then step in and don't stall though the cauldron's so black  
Every fear, every fall to the void, no going back  
Woken kiln of the night, raising armies from the grave  
No rivals in your sight when you're sleeping bold and brave  
Captured and cast into the water's cold embrace  
Leave your gloried past behind as you see Annuvin's face  
And when you're ready to dive in where the river flows forever  
I'll find you down in Annwn where our coil's never severed

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Not dishing up all this gossip on everything I've been missing  
In Prydain the mission's finished it's been sick 'cause how I'm living

Is dismissing possibilities for quitting all this slipping?

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