

# Fates Warning, Misfit

He was the sun of champion,  
a proud Olympian.  
Taught his boy all the tricks  
he'd ever need to win.  
The games were fierce as battle,  
not for ordinary man.  
A man born of royal blood  
must live by sword in hand.  
This one not so lucky,  
as he fell to his knees.  
Suddenly inflicted,  
deranged with disease.  
His father act with fury,  
you must not scorn his name.  
Cast him to the forest,  
return never again.

The nights cold and darkened  
as the boy turned into man.  
Took shelter in the jackyl's den,  
the cave Tartarean.  
Confronted by the serpent  
now your soul belongs to me.  
For your health and strength,  
sell your soul and you'll go free.  
Eager to accept the bribe,  
for revenge in his mind.  
Dawn reflect from the blade,  
the forest left behind.  
His strength grew with every stride,  
he was healthy as an ox.  
No one would stop him.

You live by the sword,  
and die by the sword.  
Avenge everyone in your way.  
Condemning a Misfit  
for innocence his sin.  
His blade will avenge you someday.  
He's a Misfit.  
He's a Misfit.

Defeating every wild beast  
and swordsman in the ring.  
Victor of the main event  
wed daughter of the king.  
He glances to the throne  
where sits the royal regime.

The king who cast the misfit died,  
his father reigned supreme.  
The charge begins, first pass is made  
the serpent's face revealed.  
Time has come to meet his fate,  
The bribe kept concealed.  
He casts his blade with vengeance  
and pierced his father's soul.  
Satan would take him.

You live by the sword,  
and die by the sword.  
Avenge everyone in your way.  
Condemning a Misfit  
for innocence his sin.

His blade will avenge you someday, oh no.  
He's a Misfit.  
Misfit, Misfit, he's a Misfit.