

# Kamelot, Birth Of A Hero

He Was A Young Boy  
About To Be A Man  
She Loved Him So  
Oh Please Don't Go  
Down On His Knees  
The Blade Passed With Ease  
Shoulder To Shoulder  
As It Pierces Her Heart  
Out In The Fields  
The Boy Becomes A Man  
Taste Of Blood In His Throat  
Feel Of Death On His Hands  
He Shall Fall On This Dark, Misty Night  
As He Falls He Hears His Loved One Cry  
Birth Of A Hero  
Death Of A Man  
She'll Never Understand  
Why He Left Her Hand  
He Was A Young Boy  
She Loved Him So  
She Watched The Sun Set  
And Longed For His Journey Home  
Flags Fly Low  
The Blade Cut Deep  
Now She Must Bear The Wounds  
That Bleed Memories