

# Kamelot, The Gleeman

My entrance purely pleasure  
For your riches I ask you not  
For I am the gleeman  
Who loves to sing  
And strike upon my golden harp

So I bow before you o mighty king  
In the hopes you hear my song  
These feet have traveled far and wide  
In a life lived FOR THE song

I claim no land my home  
For I know not where I'm from  
Traveled mountain peaks  
And valleys low  
In a life for the son of a bard

Raise your harp my friend  
For the song that burns  
In your heart  
Sing of the heroes  
And the days that time forgot  
Sing of the days of the Earls and  
The Kings and the Knights  
That conquered great feats  
For these are the things  
That we all dream  
But only your eyes have seen

A life for a lyric  
I've traveled these war lands deep  
Raging the knights in shining armor  
Surely death awaits the weak  
I've sailed the viking vessels  
Plunging the northern seas  
Crossing the blue horizon  
No land for the eye to see  
For the eye to see

Raise your harp my friend  
For the song that burns  
In your heart  
Sing of the heroes  
And the days that time forgot  
Sing of the days of the Earls  
And the Kings and the Knights  
That conquered great feats  
For these are the things  
That we all dream  
But only your eyes have seen