

# Pain, Excalibur

You drew me from this stone,  
You pulled me out and up  
And now, I'm yours to wield  
But please don't use me for your hate,  
or you'll cause me to break  
See a lake-lady take me away  
Don't fear the hands of men,  
I'll swing and steal their skin and their blood.  
Just keep your hand on the hilt  
When you are cold let my gleam keep you warm.  
It's a gleam that's reflected  
From strength inside you  
Round table time again  
Confer with your secret selves,  
Your heart is in search of grails,  
Grails I can't give to you,  
No sword can help you to.  
Cut Guinevere-like desires away,  
When you want more than a crown,  
When you want a sword that sings  
I'm wrapped up in a shroud  
And tucked into a box  
But my edge is getting dull  
And my polish growing thin  
When you want more than a crown,  
When you want a sword that sings  
I'm wrapped up in a shroud  
And tucked into a box  
But my edge is getting dull  
And my polish growing thin  
For me there is no war to win  
And though I felt good in your hands  
And though I understand  
See a lake-lady take me away...