

# Dragonheart, Battlefield Requiem

Excalibur is living  
Camelot's always here  
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Camelot's always here

The woods of Britain hear the druid call  
Arthur Pendragon needs the Holy Grail

The magic parchment  
Reveal for the wizard Merlin  
Said that Camelot  
Will fall down by your own blood

Sir Mordred, the evil knight  
Rides in the shadows with pain  
Sir Mordred, the evil knight  
His misery is sad like the rain  
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In the mists of Avalon  
The lady of the lake is dancing  
In the mists of Avalon  
Old knowledge is hiding  
In the mists of Avalon  
There are rituals of godness  
In the mists of Avalon  
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh

On the round table  
Your brave knight is tired

But the search is over  
and the kingdom remains strong

So the Mordred Armies  
With hate and swords attack  
In the edge of the lake  
Father and son die for the crown

King Arthur, The Britain cry  
Four fairy queens have taken your soul  
King Arthur, The Britain cry  
The holy sings vanishes of this world  
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Four fairy queens have taken your soul  
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The lady of the lake is dancing  
In the mists of Avalon  
Old knowledge are hiding  
In the mists of Avalon  
There are rituals of godness  
In the mists of Avalon  
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh

The king rises again  
From the Island of the Dragon

The king, rises again  
To help us in the dark ages of our Kingdom  
The king will rise again  
From the island of the Dragon  
To help us in the dark ages of our Kindom