

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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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