

# Kamelot, Warbird

His own war  
It an aerial assault  
It's the war of the bird  
Strapped to his forearm  
Awaiting flight,  
He's blind as the night  
Set his mask free  
Piercing eyes point towards the sea  
A waiting white gull  
So swift in flight  
Flowing like the sea  
Shadowed by his wing spread  
As the bird takes to flight  
He is bound in ecstasy  
As the claws sink in deep  
He hears the bird start to scream  
As his life is taken from him  
Another trophy retrieved  
Warbird: Champion your King  
Warbird: Warriors on wings  
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Warbird: Warriors on wings  
Sheltered eyes hide the deep blue sky  
Shackles hold the arching wings  
Until tomorrow imprisoned  
For tomorrow he will be free  
Taking time out to create  
His own war  
It an aerial assault  
It's the war of the bird  
Strapped to his forearm  
Awaiting flight  
He's blind as the night  
Set his mask free  
Piercing eyes point  
Towards the sea