

Pendragon, The Black Knight

Damp moss like a carpet in a home
Autumn leaves like a bed on a sea of foam
Birds for friends, who could wish for more
But he gets lonely, on his own
But I'm still in the dark
Or is it just the dark ages?
What would I give to be dressed in silver again
Just turn back some pages

Look to the sunlight, black absorbs the heat
In the chain mail letters I write, male chain enzymes freak
Did you know there's a lake down there?
Where I can get a drink
But he still thinks about freedom

Look to the sunlight, black absorbs the heat
In the chain mail letters I write, male chain enzymes freak
Did you know there's a lake down there?
Where I can get a dream
But it's only a dream about freedom

Damp moss like a carpet in a home
Autumn leaves like a bed on a sea of foam
Birds for friends, who could wish for more
But he gets homely on his throne