

# 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