

Red Baron/Blue Max

Iced Earth

The son of a major Prussian nobleman
His name bestowed by a holy Roman
The war broke out, and looked to the air
Twenty-four hours of training he was there
One hundred miles an hour, top speed his plane would fly
And if he flew behind you, you know you're sure to die
Eighty kills that are confirmed
While other pilots have so much more to learn
Red baron, blue max
The albatross flies high
Red baron, blue max
He's got you in his sights
The red battle flyer
Red like fire
He sees no faces
The ace of aces
His British quarry flew a reckless flight
A shot from the ground took the red baron's life
He flew with honor, he flew with pride
In 1918 the battle flyer died
Red baron, blue max
The albatross flies high
Red baron, blue max
He's got you in his sights

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