Red Baron-Blue Max

Iced Earth

The son of a major, Prussian nobleman
His name bestowed by a holy Roman
The war broke out, so he looked to the air
24 hours of training and he was there100 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 learnRed Baron, Blue Max
The albatross flies high
Red Baron, Blue Max
He's got you in his sightsThe Red Battle Flyer, Red like fire
He sees' no faces, he's the ace of acesHis 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 flier diedRed Baron, Blue Max
The albatross flies high
Red Baron, Blue Max
He's got you in his sights

Songwriters
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