

Birth Of A Hero

Kamelot

He was a young boy about to be a man
She loved him so, oh, please don't go
Down on his knees the blade passed with ease
Shoulder to shoulder as it pierces her heart
Out in the fields the boy becomes a man
Taste of blood in his oath feel of death on his hands
He shall fall on this dark, mystic Knight
As he falls he hears his loved one cry
Birth of a hero, death of a man
She'll never understand why he left her hand
He was a young boy, and she loved him so
She watched the sun set and longed for his journey home
Flags fly low, the blade cut deep
Now she must bear the wounds that bleed memories
Birth of a hero, death of a man
She'll never understand why he left her hand
Birth of a hero, death of a man
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Birth of a hero, death of a man
She'll never understand why he left her hand
Birth of a hero, birth of a hero
Birth of a hero, death of a man

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