

A flower that got brought by his lady Maud  
He just didn't know then that the hand of a still child  
Would become his wife in a pact of a secret marriage

Battles for love  
Battles for justice  
Fighting for freedom  
Dying for his belief in love  
And his name  
Was William Wallace

As a tear drop from the princess face,  
Carrying his child

His last words were freedom  
With the deepest scar in the heart  
In the full crowd his last sight was  
Maud as a child

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As a tear drop from the princess face,  
Carrying his child

Galloping horses, shining swords  
Living ghosts on an open battlefield  
Betrayed by a friend - brought to suffer to death

As a tear drop from the princess face