

# The Death of the Hero

Abney Park

There was a white knight riding on his steed,  
Ready for a noble deed.  
On the roadside, a lady in distress  
With blackened eyes and (blood?) down her dress.  
A wicked villain with wicked plans  
Doing wicked things with those wicked hands.  
He looked down, stopped the villain cold  
"Mind your own" was what he was told.

And there were peasants, being murdered and raped  
By an evil man in a big black cape.  
An evil army with evil plans  
Doing evil deeds in faraway lands.  
Then he stood up for the whole kingdom  
Said, I'll need some help to get this done  
Getting bare back, look of disconcert  
That would cost most of what we earn.

Death of (light?),  
This is the death of a man.  
This is the death of humanity,  
The birth of tragedy.  
Things are wrong,  
He's long gone.  
This is the death of humanity,  
The birth of tragedy.

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This is the death of a man.  
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The birth of tragedy.  
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