

To the days of Avalon  
Where magic rules as king  
The moon beneath the castle walls  
As the nightingale sings...

The golden bird  
He gave to me  
What happiness he brings  
Like a star on a Christmas tree  
As the nightingale sings

And so we sat, hand in hand and watched the fireflies  
And never spoke a single word  
But lived to do or die  
We lived to do or die

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We read of tales of treason  
A soldiers legacy  
Blood beneath the crimson sky  
Fighting without reason  
But the crime of loyalty  
A tattered flag left to fly...

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