

The King's Sword

Dark Moor

There was (an) ancient age, of the warrior, of the sage
In a remote time, when bards sang their epic rhymes
There is a gloomy land, where no lord or king stands
Where misery reigns, peace and justice are in vain
A king must arrive, the most valiant knights strive
(To) draw Excalibur from its dream in (the) stone's core
It's Merlin's command be removed by a young hand
Before the knight's ring, a boy becomes Arthus the king
Arthur knew greed in kingdom, pain and sorrow he will feel
After the war his former foes kneel
Honour, fairness and wisdom on the Round Table are the rule
In Camelot, are free lords and fools
The search for the Grail, just the purest of the males
To see it has the right among all Arthur's knights
Endless was the quest because no one passed the test
And the treason came, Loyal Lancelot was his name
Arthur knew (the) lie in Camelot, pain and sorrow in his soul
Culprits must pay for playing so foul
But the king's heart is crying
His kingdom and dream are blown away
But his sword will live, forever will stay
The king's sword... from the stone
The king's sword... he is alone
With it he'll be lord... it rules again
The king's sword... it's all in vain