

# The Moors

Jag Panzer

On the fields of our fathers land  
Marsh green pride of ENGLAND  
On the moors our fathers rest  
Their tales are not forgotten  
In the days of kings and honor  
knights defended pure hearts  
On the fields where our fathers rest  
Their tales are boldly spoken (LISTEN)

Bend your ear in amazement  
Hear this tale from long ago  
Of magic and of madmen  
loves tangled web of woe  
One shining knight in silver  
Intentions pure as gold  
One maiden fair as moonlight  
Dressed in royal robes

On the fields of our fathers land  
Marsh green pride of ENGLAND  
On the moors our fathers rest  
Their tales are not forgotten  
On these fields pure love is sought  
Yet vengeance has it's cruelty  
The search for truth and honor  
Is blinded by a beauty

The lady of the lake holds the power of a nation  
A sword of valor held high above all else  
A royal maiden cries out her song of longing  
Longing for her shining knight to take her to the stars

On these fields of green they lay  
Entwined in lovers union  
A brave knight knowing nothing more  
Than following his heart  
When the MOORS sing out their story  
A kings heart will be broken  
Broken by a lifelong friend  
And his bride they call the queen of wales

Hold true to your heart  
Hold true to your soul  
Hold true to your country men  
Hold true and never falter  
Love will conquer all  
History has proved  
Kings and kingdoms crumble  
On the soft green MOORS of ENGLAND

O'er the kings round table  
Jealousy rears its head  
Honor has no place this night  
The kings heart is filled with dread  
Excaliber the sword of truth  
Penetrates the soul  
It leaves a wound that never heals

Now the queen will pay with her very soul

A gallant knight will fight this day  
For queen and for honor  
Gladly ending all the strife  
Between a queen and king  
Once Morgana's spell is broken  
By this shining knight in silver  
Trading life's blood for his honor  
Is a brave Knights highest deed