

## Dragon's Mist

Manticora

Standing at the crossroad watching men in armour fighting  
The fog is lying thick, the ground is shrouded in the dark  
The battle for the throne increases as it's done forever  
A dragon in disguise will send a knight to make its mark

Fly away on the dragon's mist  
And seek the heir of kings  
I'll crave your first-born son in trade  
Of one night of your dreams  
Oh, give him the power  
Please bless him with the strength  
To pull Excalibur out of the stone

Still the battle roars in spite of finding of the king  
In search for peace he puts his life into the mighty hands  
Of knights who once refused to crown him as their rightful heir  
At last they gather 'round the table, summoning the lands

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A dream to some  
A nightmare to others  
The peace will come  
And Mordred will be born a bastard son

The wizard and his powers will predict the silent future  
He holds the key to all success and forces it to the door  
To understand the secrets of his whisperings and riddles  
They die, and so the legend will live on forever more

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