

Iron Maiden "The Duellists"

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He threw down a glove, you made the mistake
Of picking it up, now you're gone
The choosing of guns or fighting with swords
The choice of weapons is done
He'll tear you apart, as soon as you start
You know you don't have a chance

Oh, oh, fight for the honor
Fight for the splendor
Fight for the pleasure
Oh, oh, fight for the honor
Fight for the splendor
Fight for your life

Ready to start, the duel begins
The best man wins in the end
A lunge and a feint, a parry too late
A cut to the chest, and you're down
Seeing the stain, then feeling the pain
Feeling the sweat on your brow

Oh, oh, fight for the honor
Fight for the splendor
Fight for the pleasure
Oh, oh, fight for the honor
Fight for the splendor
Fight for your life

The fighting resumes, a silence looms
The swordsmen move 'gainst each other
A cut and a thrust, a parry, a blow
A stab to the heart and you're down
The Angel of Death hears your last breath
Meanwhile, the reaper looks on

Oh, oh, fought for the honor
Fought for the splendor
Fought for the pleasure
Oh, oh, fought for the honor
Fought for the splendor
Fought to the death

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