

Kamelot

"Birth Of A Hero"

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He was a young boy about to be a man
She loved him so, oh, please don't go
Down on his knees the blade passed with ease
Shoulder to shoulder as it pierces her heart

Out in the fields the boy becomes a man
Taste of blood in his throat feel of death on his hands
He shall fall on this dark, misty night
As he falls he hears his loved one cry

Birth of a hero, death of a man
She'll never understand why he left her hand

He was a young boy, she loved him so
She watched the sun set and longed for his journey
home
Flags fly low, the blade cut deep
Now she must bear the wounds that bleed memories

Birth of a hero, death of a man
She'll never understand why he left her hand

Birth of a hero, death of a man
She'll never understand why he left her hand

Birth of a hero, death of a man
She'll never understand why he left her hand

Birth of a hero, death of a man
She'll never understand why he left her hand

Birth of a hero, birth of a hero
Birth of a hero, death of a man

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