

Pain (American Band) "Excalibur"

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You drew me from this stone,
You pulled me out and up
And now, I'm yours to wield
But please don't use me for your hate,
or you'll cause me to break
See a lake-lady take me away
Don't fear the hands of men,
I'll swing and steal their skin and their blood.
Just keep your hand on the hilt
When you are cold let my gleam keep you warm.
It's a gleam that's reflected
From strength inside you
Round table time again
Confer with your secret selves,
Your heart is in search of grails,
Grails I can't give to you,
No sword can help you to.
Cut Guinevere-like desires away,
When you want more than a crown,
When you want a sword that sings
I'm wrapped up in a shroud
And tucked into a box
But my edge is getting dull
And my polish growing thin
When you want more than a crown,
When you want a sword that sings
I'm wrapped up in a shroud
And tucked into a box
But my edge is getting dull
And my polish growing thin
For me there is no war to win
And though I felt good in your hands
And though I understand
See a lake-lady take me away...

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