

Dark Moor

"Tilt At Windmills"

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Searching the glory
In a territory
Whose name I don't recall;
You fight for rightness,
For honour's brightness
As you were mad at all.

Tilt at windmills,
As you were mad at all.

Tilt at windmills,
Enter with them in brawl.

You must protect
The flame which burns in your chest.
You can elect
The purest cause from the rest.
You must defend
Innocence which never kneels.
You can amend
This sane world with your ideals.

Tilt at windmills, come on!
Never fall back, go on!
Tilt at windmills, come on!
Never fall back, always on!

Fighting the evil
In a medieval
World created by your mind;
A knight who is guiding
The men who are hiding
That they, as well, are blind.

You must protect
The flame which burns in your chest.
You can elect
The purest cause from the rest.
You must defend
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You can amend

This sane world with your ideals.

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