

# Beast in Black

Ignitor

Let the legends tell of the day  
A virgin warrior  
Knight of Templar

Chasted was he  
In every way  
Pure as driven snow

Hear had he a tale of old  
A lady waiting  
For her savior

She would be  
The prize for eyes  
That lust, that lust had never known

The legend told that only those  
Pure of heart could prevail  
Men with darkness in their souls  
Would face a beast so vile

A Prize in White  
Or Beast in Black

He was not afraid  
He walked in footsteps  
Of the righteous  
The infidels had crashed like waves  
Against his mighty shield

He was sure and brave  
Faith has neither  
Doubt nor waiver  
His mantle soaked  
With blood and tears of those,  
Of those who would not yield

The legend told that only those  
Pure of heart could prevail  
Men with darkness in their soul  
Would face a beast so vile

In a labyrinth of lost and blind  
Their Minds twisted  
Will rot and ruin  
Search your heart before you find  
The verdict of your trial

A Prize in White or Beast in Black

War had become his home  
A champion of the crusade  
He trod upon the bloody road  
Of souls he could not save

Destiny approaches  
Still she's waiting for her savior

Martyrs cheered him as he strode  
From afar, far beyond the grave

The legend told that only those  
Pure of heart could prevail  
Men with darkness in their soul  
Would face a beast so vile

To ask is not to know  
Truth does not arise from reason  
The virgin warrior charged ahead  
Not be denied

A Prize in White  
Or Beast in Black