

Dragon's Mist

Manticora

Standing at the crossroad watching men in armour fighting
The fog is lying thick, the ground is shrouded in the dark
The battle for the throne increases as it's done forever
A dragon in disguise will send a knight to make its mark

Fly away on the dragon's mist
And seek the heir of kings
I'll crave your first-born son in trade
Of one night of your dreams
Oh, give him the power
Please bless him with the strength
To pull Excalibur out of the stone

Still the battle roars in spite of finding of the king
In search for peace he puts his life into the mighty hands
Of knights who once refused to crown him as their rightful heir
At last they gather 'round the table, summoning the lands

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A dream to some
A nightmare to others
The peace will come
And Mordred will be born a bastard son

The wizard and his powers will predict the silent future
He holds the key to all success and forces it to the door
To understand the secrets of his whisperings and riddles
They die, and so the legend will live on forever more

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