

# Kamelot, Red Sands

Shrill of the horn screams my name  
Pounding the ground  
the games begin  
The crowd they roar  
The blood it boils inside me  
I fear not you, You fear not me  
The swords are drawn  
And shimmering  
The time has come again  
To honor our king

The gods have blessed  
This wicked game  
Fight we must and show no shame  
For the time has come again  
To feed our blood-thirsty king

I look into your eyes  
Reflections of the sky  
A whisper on the wind  
As your soul says goodbye

Red sands underneath my feet  
Stained by the blood  
I draw from thee  
Red sands as far as I can see  
Tainted these lands  
Stained by history

What once was a whisper  
Now is an echo in my head  
The look on their faces  
As I stand in this sea of red  
I feel the evil rising  
Hear the mesmerizing  
Voice from hell  
Feel the evil rising  
Hear the mesmerizing  
Voice from hell