

# Tilt at Windmills

Dark Moor

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.

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