The Death of the Hero

Abney Park

There was a white knight riding on his steed,
Ready for a noble deed.
On the roadside, a lady in distress
With blackened eyes and (blood?) down her dress.
A wicked villain with wicked plans
Doing wicked things with those wicked hands.
He looked down, stopped the villain cold
"Mind your own" was what he was told.

And there were peasants, being murdered and raped
By an evil man in a big black cape.
An evil army with evil plans
Doing evil deeds in faraway lands.
Then he stood up for the whole kingdom
Said, I'll need some help to get this done
Getting bare back, look of disconcern
That would cost most of what we earn.

Death of (light?),
This is the death of a man.
This is the death of humanity,
The birth of tragedy.
Things are wrong,
He's long gone.
This is the death of humanity,
The birth of tragedy.

There was a white knight riding on his steed,
Ready for a noble deed.
On the roadside, a lady in distress
With blackened eyes and (blood?) down her dress.
A wicked villain with wicked plans
Doing wicked things with those wicked hands.
He looked down, stopped the villain cold
"Mind your own" was what he was told.

This is the death of light,
This is the death of a man.
This is the death of humanity,
The birth of tragedy.
Things are wrong,
He's long gone.
This is the death of humanity,
The birth of tragedy.