

Astral Doors, The Flame

(Johansson / Nordlund / Lindstedt)

Well, I know I was born with a crown made of troll
Faking a smile and I try to move on
Calling the shots like the king of the flies
Hiding myself, but my art's gonna take me higher
So much higher again

Love, hate and fury coming my way
Cry out in anger, got nothing to say
Cool, rich and famous, smoking cigars
The hole in my brain, won't stop me to ride the flame

Ride the flame

And the flames go higher and higher
Away from love and hate; tales of fate
Lord, I cry out in anger

(Solo: Nordlund / Haglund)

I take you all higher, so much higher again

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