Savatage, Chance

He was standing all alone Trying to find the words to say When every prayer he ever prayed was gone And the dreams he's never owned Are still safely tucked away Until tomorrow he just carries on Carries on Carries on Carries on

See the devil on the streets at night See him running in the pouring rain See him grinning 'neath a twisted light I'll be back again See the people standing in a row See them nodding like a field of grain No one sees the sickle though Coming 'cross the plain

And this he knows, if nothing more That waiting in the dark like destiny Are those who kiss the dogs of war And there is no tomorrow, no tomorrow Take a chance Take a, take a chance yeah

See the devil he is so intense See the devil go and change his name What's the going price of innocence It can't be the same Is it dark when the moon is down Is it dark with a single flame If there's glass falling all around I am not to blame

And this he knows, if nothing more That waiting in the dark like destiny Are those who kiss the dogs of war And there is no tomorrow, no tomorrow Take a chance Take a, take a chance yeah Take a, take a chance oh yeah

Burn the night away Burn the night away Burn the night...

Pictures at an exhibition Played as he stood In his trance Staring at his inhibitions All the time believing That it now came down to nothing but this chance Chance Chance Chance

I fear you Your silence Your blindness See what you want to see In darkness One kindness One moment Tell me what you believe

I believe in nothing Never really had to In regards to your life Rumors that are not true Who's defending evil Surely never I Who would be the witness Should you chance to die

Father can you hear me This is not how it was meant to be I am safe and so are you As for the other's destiny

Father can you hear me This is not how it was meant to be I am safe and so are you As for the other's destiny

I believe that situations All depend on circumstance

Look away Look away

Pictures at an exhibition Played as he stood In his trace Staring at his inhabitions All the time believing That it now came down to Nothing but this chance