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 chance
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
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