

# Savatage, Paragons Of Innocence

Day

Into night

Into day

Into I don't know you anymore

But I stand

Where you say

Thinking all the time you planned it

You've been gone away too long

Leaving us to carry on

Though in truth you never tried

Just stepped back and watched the slide

Paragons of innocence

Questioning of your intent

Never quite sure what you meant

From the other side

Moments on the carousel

Must admit we ride it well

And the horses never tell

All throughout the ride

That no one leaves

No one leaves

No one leaves...

Alive

Time

On my hands

Slips away

Till I just don't feel it anymore

Thinking back

When I can

To the time when it began with

Bits of dreams all in a line

And somehow we missed the signs

That it all was never real

And in truth a fatal deal

Paragons of innocence

Questioning of your intent

Never quite sure what you meant

From the other side

Moments on the carousel

Must admit we ride it well

And the horses never tell

All throughout the ride

No one leaves

No one leaves

No one leaves...

Alive

There always comes a time  
When you do what you want to do  
You know you shouldn't do it  
But you do it anyway  
And when he had that time  
When he knew what he wanted to  
He quickly placed his order  
Though he never thought he'd pay

But the lines turned to lies  
And the lies turned to tangles  
And you're pale as a cadaver  
Though you think it doesn't show  
So you live with the lies  
And the friends that it gathers  
But somewhere in your heart you know you  
Got to let it  
Got to let it  
Go

Paragons of innocence  
Questioning of your intent  
Never quite sure what you meant  
From the other side

Moments on the carousel

Must admit we ride it well  
And the horses never tell  
All throughout the ride

No one leaves

No one leaves  
No one leaves...  
Alive

Then the sailor picked a coat up  
That had been laying there  
And placed it over the body  
And then he said a little prayer

And the ocean brought in on a wave

An old waterlogged wreath  
And pushed it up along the sand  
Till it touched the dead man's feet

And written on that wreath

In letters of gold foil  
Was the name veronica guerin  
But the letters were bent and soiled

The sailor said I see these flowers  
That you so kindly gave  
Are obviously from far away  
And from another's grave

And I cannot help but to think  
The sailor gently said  
That it's unwise in god eyes  
To steal flowers from the dead

The ocean said please trust me friend  
This gift will cause no pain  
And the person to whom they once belonged  
Would surely say the same

You see this wreath was from the funeral  
Of a woman who showed no fear  
Of men who lived in mansions  
Bought with other people's tears

Of men who lived in mansions  
Bought with bits of others lives  
Who at night still hugged their children  
And brought gifts home to their wives

With money made from heroin  
And packets of cocaine  
And if a buyer overdosed  
They never felt the pain

There were many flowers at her funeral  
But none for this boy I fear  
So the wind has blown this wreath to me  
And I have brought it here

She gave her life to stop the spread  
Of drugs among her kind  
And if we leave these flowers for this boy

I'm sure she wouldn't mind