

Sonata Arctica, Land Of The Free

From the shadows of the stars
Comes a man with no face, soul of million scars
An evil Count, The End of Days
He knows our ways and

Takes full advantage when we cannot see
Makes us live in an altered reality

To get a hold of the only seed
We must make them all see bloodshed that is he
Splitting hairs is not the key
Water to fire

Takes full advantage when we cannot see
Makes us live in an altered reality

One flash of light and for good we are gone
No-one to wonder what we have done
New breed of ignorance, new circle will start
Unless we try real hard

solo

When you wake up, was it a dream
All the sick paradigms all around the world
In the mean time, Count, he leaves
His job is done

Take full advantage when we cannot see
Make us live in an altered reality
And he takes full advantage when we cannot see
Makes us live in a full time insanity