

# Sonata Arctica, My Dream's But A Drop Of Fuel For

My painted face, I'm a clown,  
and I'm laughing while my dream turns into a nightmare,  
fade away, I'm asleep,  
not too deep...

The walls of night have left me scarred  
the broken glass I stepped on, twice.  
the ardent spirits' rusty edge, decapitate me...

I can't sleep, fear darkness  
go through the motions, did I fall asleep?  
I'm bowling, the old nine pin, a sign unwanted...

Now I'm a target, I'm hot and frozen,  
stormy rain I'm stuck in an elevator  
wet from the muddy water,  
breathing hot air, winds convey me...

bababababaaaa...  
the number talks and I cry in my own Hell...  
bababababaaaa...  
Wide awake, I'm asleep, see a friend as a ghost

I'm skating with a seal,  
the tarantula, the fly, the broken ring  
the dusty little flea  
an ugly giant, a disappointed child

here comes a rabid snake  
the broken violin, a wild ballet  
Shakespeare and company  
refuse to kill the kitten scratching me...

I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling... - awake

You know, if you believe the dreams, the nightly visions, worlds entwined  
then you also fear your shadow, paranoia, part two...

All the good things in my life dwell in my mind  
Took a wrong lane, every day, I hear myself say  
Sickening's this feeling, my life, my hopes, my dream's but a drop of fuel for a nightmare

they all turn out the same  
My destiny, my flame  
believing is control?  
no.  
the painting comes alive,  
takes me inside a world without a name, a place beyond compare

Believe the dreams that let you sleep  
the broken glass you need to sweep  
The book you read; if you found an explanation  
to help you in any way,  
you are your own prison.

Woke up today,  
the good and the bad and the ugly dreams are gone  
...jumped off the carousel