

Sonata Arctica, The Last of the Lambs

Once by the stairs
Once by the door
Once in the kitchen
Down on the floor

These are the memories
The scars on my hands
In silence
In darkness
Alone

I am the symbol, your cardinal sin
Ending a story before it begins
You cannot speak the language, the words on your skin
The symbols we have on our skins

But you get the meaning now
When you cry on your bed
Could've loved me instead
The last of the lambs have gone

But you get the meaning now
When you lay on your bed
Hear the silence in your head
The last of the lambs have gone
Last of the lambs are gone...
You get the meaning now...
The last of the lambs have gone...
Now...

When you cry on your bed
Could've loved me instead
The last of the lambs have gone

But you get the meaning now
Still awake in your bed
Hear the silence in your head
The last of the lambs have gone

Hear the silence
Hear the silence