

Sonata Arctica, The Worlds Forgotten, The Words

If you were my child I'd carry you away
I'd travel through time, before silence was born

No hope for the child, this world has gone bad.
When when's today, the machines say, what is a man to do

No light, only suffocating dark
deep
burning
pain
I'm losing everything I am
remember nothing of my past
Now, it is all gone,
and I fear the Game is Over.

save me, save me, save me, take me away, away from this time, back where lies my home

Where is my home...
Where is my home...
Where is my home...

my grass isn't green...
my sky isn't blue...
The river runs dry...
my flower has died...
This isn't my home

I follow the moon to find a path away from the scorching sun...
I follow the stars to my abode, it's burning...
I seize the moment to hear a story no ones telling anymore
the worlds forgotten, the words forbidden.

Cry for help...