

# Stratovarius, Second Sight

No one really knows  
Where this man comes from  
Or if he has a name

He moved from town to town  
And forging his own way  
Without shame he played his game

No allies and no friends  
He leaves no traces behind  
There is no proof who's to blame

As the legend starts to rise  
The night is filled with shadows  
Blood and lies

Just like a phantom blends in the night  
Making his way in the dark  
He's realizing the end is near  
Haunted by a curse

Second sight

Looking for more pain  
Driving him insane  
It's all that he is living for

Excitement in his veins  
Burning every day  
Fighting his internal war

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The night is filled with shadows  
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Second sight

Second sight

A phantom blends in the night  
Making his way  
Second sight