

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, The Dark

(THE MUSES)

Feel the darkness smiling
Every note is dying
Silence is refining
Every thought in his heart
Thought in his heart

Still the fates are weaving
Every note that's bleeding
As he sits there seething
All alone in the dark
Alone in the dark
Alone in the ...

But in the night
The darkness breathes
If he wills it to be

Before his eyes
The music dies
But he will always hear me

He sits alone
The cards are shown
As he embraces the dark

The only sound
That he will hear
Is there in his heart

Someone is whispering softly to me
Shadows of things that no one can see
They are there for you if you want them to be
You want them to be
You want them to ...

But in the night
The darkness breathes
If he wills it to be

Before his eyes
The music dies
But he will always hear me

He sits alone
The cards are shown
As he embraces the dark

The only sound
That he will hear
Is there in his heart