

# 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