

Zdzisława Sońnicka, Phantom of the opera

In sleep he sang to me,
In dreams he came -
That voice which calls to me
And speaks my name.
And do I dream again
For now I find
The phantom of the opera is there
Inside my mind.
Those who have seen your face
Draw back in fear ;
I am the mask you wear,
It's me they hear.
My spirit and my voice
In one combined
The phantom of the opera is there
Inside my mind.
In all my fantasy
It's clear to see
That man and mystery
Were both in me.
And in this labyrinth
Where mind is blind
The phantom of the opera is there
Inside my mind.
He's there the phantom of the opera.