

Blind Guardian, To France

Taking on water,
Sailing a restless sea
From a memory,
A fantasy.
The wind carries
Into white water,
Far from the islands.
Don't you know you're

Never going to get to France
Mary, Queen of Chance, will they find you?
Never going to get to France
Could a new romance ever bind you?

Walking on foreign ground,
Like a shadow,
Roaming in far off
Territory.
Over your shoulder,
Stories unfold, you're
Searching for sanctuary.
You know you're

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I see your picture
By the lamp's flicker.
Isn't it strange how
Dreams fade and shimmer?

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