

# 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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