

Kamelot, Insomnia

When the darkness brings the cold
To draw me under
I am caught between
The chapters of a dream
Something is reaching out and
My entire world is crumbling
And it whispers that I am
The chosen one...
Can you hear me...?

When the night begins to fall
I watch the shadows growing tall
Feeding my insomnia
Like a fly on the wall

I'm asleep but wide awake
A nightmare on repeat
In the haze I sense
The purpose of my soul
We are all born to leave a
Scar deep in the hearts of many
But can I really trust that I'm
The chosen one
Can you hear me...?

When the night begins to fall
I watch the shadows growing tall
Feeding my insomnia
Like a fly on the wall
When the night begins to fall
I hear a thousand voices call
Chasing my insanity
Like a fly on the wall

My wide eyed confidence
Still echoes in mind
A bright white prophecy
Protector of the light

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