

Kamelot, Under Grey Skies

In the ruins of madness
A ghost of a chance
There is new hope reborn in every tragedy
And the world I see bares
A mystery waiting to be revealed

And don't you know that
Every cloud has a silver lining

You may call me a dreamer
Call me a fool
Just a blue eyed believer in you

In the age of confusion
Tears and despair
Let me sell you a dream of prosperity
In this great illusion
Our humble intentions are well concealed

'Cause don't you know that
Every cloud has a silver lining

You may call me a dreamer
Call me a fool
Just a blue eyed believer in you
But I'll die for that someone
In the blink of an eye
So tell me... please tell me
Just what kind of fool am I...

When I drown in my fears
In the darkness of sorrow
There's a promise of grace
Under silver grey skies
And I'm drying my tears
In the blaze of the sunlight
A reviere sealed with a kiss

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What kind of fool am I....?