

# Michael Kiske, Neverland

[Bishop:]

Cought in neverland, no purpose to be seen  
There's no point of destination  
Neverending wastelands, such a wicked odyssey  
Don't know what we have done wrong  
Lead us back to Rome to follow you again  
Bring you the power, get salvation  
I know less than all but more  
than many who know less  
I know it's keeping us strong

[Gabriel:]

And while they are pulling strings  
While they are in command  
They're hanging on strings  
And fate they do commend into another hand

Cought in neverland, heat and fire, snow and ice  
They call nether world what we call a paradise  
Cought in neverland and their spirits cannot rise  
From the nether world, they can't see a paradise

And the Roman whore, the masters and the slaves  
Raging on without they don't know  
Good intentions on their minds  
Can't ask for why they bow out

[Bishop:]

Lead us to Eden, judge those who bite off more  
than they can chew to serve, without they ask  
Or call in doubt the ask

[Gabriel:]

Cought in neverland, heat and fire, snow and ice  
They call nether world what we call a paradise  
Cought in neverland and their spirits cannot rise  
From the nether world, they can't see a paradise

[Solo: Henjo Richter]

Cought in neverland in the place of many eyes  
Make it be what they are allowed to realize

Cought in neverland, heat and fire, snow and ice...