

# Nightwish, Weak Fantasy

These stories given to us all  
Are filled with sacrifice and robes of lust  
Dissonant choirs and downcast eyes  
Selfhood of a condescending ape

Behold the crown of a heavenly spy  
Forged in blood of those who defy  
Kiss the ring, praise and sing  
He loves you dwelling in fear and sin

Fear is a choice you embrace

Your only truth  
Tribal poetry  
Witchcraft filling your void  
Lust for fantasy  
Male necrocracy  
Every child worthy of a better tale

Pick your author from à la carte fantasy  
Filled with suffering and slavery  
You live only for the days to come  
Shoveling trash of the upper caste

Smiling mouth in a rotting head  
Sucking dry the teat of the scared  
A storytelling breed we are  
A starving crew with show-off toys

Fear is a choice you embrace

From words into war of the worlds  
This one we forsake with scorn  
From lies the strength of our love  
Mother's milk laced with poison for this newborn

Wake up child, I have a story to tell  
Once upon a time