

Phantom Of The Opera, Why Have You Brought

Raoul:
Why have you brought me here?

Christine:
We can't go back there!

Raoul:
We must return!

Christine:
He'll kill you!
His eyes will find us there!

Raoul:
Christine, don't say that

Christine:
Those eyes that burn!

Raoul:
Don't even think it

Christine:
And if he has to kill a thousand men

Raoul:
Forget this waking nightmare

Christine:
The Phantom of the Opera will kill

Raoul:
This phantom is a fable
Believe me

Christine:
...and kill again!

Raoul:
There is no Phantom of the Opera

Christine:
My God, who is this man

Raoul:
My God, who is this man

Christine:
...who hunts to kill?

Raoul:
...this mask of death?

Christine:
I can't escape from him

Raoul:
Whose is this voice you hear

Christine:
...I never will!

Raoul:
...with every breath?

Both:
And in this labyrinth,
where light is blind
the Phantom of the Opera
is here/there
inside your/my mind

Raoul:
There is no Phantom of the Opera

Christine:
Raoul, I've been there, to his world of
unending night
To a world where the daylight dissolves
into darkness, darkness
Raoul, I've seen him!
Can I ever forget that sight?
Can I ever escape from that face?
So distorted, deformed, it was hardly a face,
in the darkness, darkness
But his voice filled my spirit
with a strange, sweet sound
In that night there was music in my mind
And through music my soul began to soar!
And I heard as I'd never heard before

Raoul:
What you heard was a dream and nothing more

Christine:
Yet in his eyes all the sadness of the world
Those pleading eyes, that both threaten and adore

Raoul:
Christine, Christine

Phantom:
Christine