

Savatage, Turns To Me

Stands all alone
Looks in the mirror
And sees what she wanted to be

Safely unknown
To anyone near her
She sees what she wanted to see
And turns to me
And turns to me
And turns to...

She was prophesied
For an early slide
Followed it to the letter

Well kept beauty queen
If there, always seen
Still you thought she'd know better

No erasing
The time you're wasting
But when you're wasting
You don't care

All those pieces
In short term leases
But when you need them
They're not there

For all those moments of yesterday
She's traded every tomorrow
And now all those moments are so far away
Ghosts haunt each word she would say
As she walks among the decay

She had Oscar Wilde's
Timeless sense of style
As had been her intention

Still she was afraid
Time must be repaid
And there'd be no redemption

Youth and time collide
She could not decide
On a certain direction

Time was catching up
Carefully made up
She avoided detection

For all those moments of yesterday
She's traded every tomorrow
And now all those moments are so far away
I saw it too
Closer than you
What else is there left to say

Wait for me now
I will be there for you
This I will vow
If you still want me to

But it won't be

This I have always known
And in the dark
There's no one to pray for me now

I don't understand what I'm feeling tonight
I don't understand but I'm waiting
Searching the shadows that fade in the light
But I'm feeling alive
Trying to survive
Float with the tide
Till you arrive and I....