

# Sonata Arctica, Caleb

There is a man in this world  
who has never smiled  
You may know his tragedy,  
the later years, by heart  
In the beginning  
there was a mother, father and a child  
A troubled little silent boy  
whose life they were to destroy  
Known to us from this day  
on like his father, Caleb

His mother came up with such a clever way to save the day with a little white lie.  
He thinks he missed the point back then, but now he's grown to understand it, in a way.

"Father said "I'm sorry" only once, as I remember"  
"The words were not meant to hurt, only destroy you, my stupid son..."  
One person can make a difference, sometimes...  
Just turn his head when the kid is still and has a weak neck.

Smiled at his funeral, "happy you're dead."

All his solutions, it seemed, were only problems in disguise  
Glueing on his drinkin face, got ready to erase another day...

Mother was yet confident, although they had it tight, taught her son  
At the end of every tunnel's a little light.  
It wasn't a lie, it was her hope, that everything would be fine one day  
"He can fulfill his every dream, I'm happy as long as he's not."

"I hate it and fear can't face it  
the child is not right, he's my greatest shame

Go out, create thunder, and stand right under  
That old apple tree  
Where dead snakes let him feed on those

Lost hopes, all those kind words could hurt him even more, now  
Somehow, lost one more way back home

Out on the lake, he rows towards a monster he should've been running away from, years ago.  
The past had made him blind to the way he'd turned the pain into a way of life.

Followed his father, tucked him in, Caleb knows the trade.  
He's the portrait of a man his mother drew to hate forever.  
She was a beast, a deadly saint, wrong in many ways  
Wanted to keep up the charade, until the end waltzing together

Over the hills, under the sea,  
Fighting the will, whole Universe  
Why does a man driving a hearse  
Live in fear, Gift and a Curse

Taking em out, taking em all,  
Shooting the wall, over and out  
When nothing moves, all's well,  
A decision he can find a way to live with

...and dried up flowers are so beautiful.  
And it applies to all things living, and dead.  
For that I serve my time... in my suite in Hell.

"Now I ring the bell to tell the world,  
I'm ready when they bring out the soon to be dead against the wall ..."  
00-00-000

This necessary evil has no heart  
000-00-000  
Flowers and people he will now enlase  
A price he must pay serving a cold  
...whatevergod.