

Sonata Arctica, Champagne Bath

Spare me your tiny talk, kneel down and wash my feet
Could someone, please, fly you away, out from your misery
Suck it all in, go ahead and take your daily overdose
Only do not come and demonstrate me how your mind explodes

Build yourself a Trojan horse, to stand out in the mass
Tuck it here before our eyes, then see what comes to pass
Well-cut version of the turmoil you have caused is on the news
To present a biased view, for our elevated pastimes due

The sun wont rise behind you anymore
Neglected, disconnected
You seem to need their power even more
One time more, to die for...

If you- take one step back, you will see what they stuck in your eye
All the rights for your life are always implied
If I care what you say there, impersonated form of life
On your Lilo, limp and oily, list your wishes for the night

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Im covered with gauze-like steel
My mind youve rotten to the core
High Apparitor, hear my appeal
This Thing is not to be allowed to breed

You must be deaf, dumb and blind
I loath you and your kind. Die.

You keep good company in a Champagne bath and smile with all your faces

Our day you grace by showing up in evry place
Speed-dial one, call them, they come and make us see how once again
They mistreated you, this fame it sure must be a royal pain

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One time more, to die for...

I see the sun behind you yet once more