

Yngwie Malmsteen, End Of My Rope

What an enemy
You became to me
Lived a fantasy
An illusion

Built scenery
Played to the gallery
like so many we
Never could agree

All the pain that I
Had to hide inside
Made me realize
I was starved

Tried so hard to be
Anyone but me
Everyone could see
So, I've opened my eyes

I'm no longer waiting for a miracle
Hold my head up high, the future's now

Though I was colorblind
I read the warning signs
And put the past behind
Down the gutter

Now I finally see
That the enemy
is both in you and me
Yeah, I've opened my eyes
I'm no longer waiting for a miracle
Both feet on the ground, my future's now
No use in waiting for a miracle
Hold my head up high, my future's now