

Abandoned, Pleased, Brainwashed, Exploited

Sonata Arctica

Wake up my child, hope is here.
With the vengeance, we have no time to bleed.
My only world filled with fear.
I never saw the sower of the seed.

Where is the world we had. Who can ever save you and your little lives.
A child guides a child guided child.
A child is never guilty. But you should not run free...

The grave is open, let us pray without remorse.
Empty the cradle with fire for them once again.
Why not look through your fingers what they've done.
Your own blood will clean the blood, for now the glory days are gone.
...

Time has come for everyone, to think what we have done.
Open your eyes and see, it's not a dream.
You aim for a common goal, you are one with your foe.
If only we could wake up soon and scream.

Abandoned, pleased, brainwashed, exploited, madness has a reason.
Throw money at the problem and it will remain.
Your life has no value for them, "violate me and this never ends.
My children will then hate you too."
The grave is open, let us pray without remorse.
Empty the cradle with fire for them once again, tonight.
Why not look through your fingers what they've done.
Your own blood will clean the blood, for now the glory days are gone.
...

Now, when it seems that we have nothing to believe in.
Maybe we should be waiting for the rock to come.
For our children soon have nothing they should learn.

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