

Dream Theater

"Achilles Last Stand"

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It was an April morning
When they told us we should go.
And as I turned to you you smiled at me
How could we say no?
Whoa the fun to have,
To live the dreams we've always had.
Whoa the songs to sing,
When we at last return again.

We swept New York a glancing kiss,
To those who claim they know.
Under the streets the steam and hiss,
The devil's in his hold.
Whoa to sail away,
Sandy lands and holidays.
Whoa to touch the dream,
Eyes inside have never seen yeah.

And to the sun the south the north,
Flocks of birds have flown.
The shackles of commitment fell,
In pieces on the ground.
Whoa to ride the wind,
To tread the air above the din.
Whoa to laugh aloud,
Dancing eyes above the crowd yeah.

Seek a man whose pointing hand,
A giant step unfolds.
Guide us from the curving path,
That churns up into stone.
If one bell should ring,
In celebration for a king.
So fast the heart should beat,
As proud for him [?he can't be beat?] yeah.

Days went by when you and I,
Bathed in eternal summer's glow.
It's far away and distant,
A mutual time to grow.
Whoa the sweet refrain,

Soothes the soul and calms the pain.
Oh I'll here remain,
Sleeping now to rise again.

Wandering and wandering,
One place to rest the search.
Where the mighty arms of Atlas,
Hold the heavens from the Earth.
Where the mighty arms of Atlas,
Hold the heavens from the earth.
From the earth.

I'm gonna reign, gonna reign, gonna reign.
I'm gonna reign, gonna reign, gonna reign.

Where the mighty arms of Atlas,
Hold the heavens from the earth.

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