

Jon Oliva's Pain "Festival"

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Welcome to the festival,
Full of decadence and sins.
I tell you all, it's incredible,
You're all invited in...

We begin with this collection,
Just look at this display.
The lunatics, the sycophant's,
What a colorful parade.

Oh festival
Oh festival

There's many strange exhibits,
For all to hear and see.
Tortured souls, corrupted worlds,
A feast fit for a king.

Make you way around the grounds,
See all the twisted freaks.
A total rush of insanity,
Now rises to it's peak.

Oh festival
Oh festival

(Guitarsolo)

The climax of the show you see,
Meant to cause you agony.
Confusion, disillusion... and despair.

Spirits flow, blood will spill,
The silence right before the kill.
All apart of this evil open-air.

Oh festival
Oh festival

Yeah festival
Yeah festival...

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