

Staffan Hellstrand

"Dancing In The Mist Of The Night"

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Under the red sky of a baked half moon
The grass was covered in morning dew
The village streets, they looked tragic
Filled with magic from the last three nights

It's pretty hard to resist it the carnival
And the barroom eyes
You stare into all the faces and
Listen to dingy lullabyes

Checked in your ticket near Brussels
The train took you to a hilltop range
Stripping all inhibition
Hoping to see the world inside out

You all went up to the castles
The music blaring countless rhymes
The tapestry it looked plastic
With crushed velvet drapes hung real high

The stone creatures were staring
Through your soul with their daughtned eyes
Something stops men from caring
Traped in the wicked endless night

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And the barroom eyes
You stare into all the faces and
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