

# **This Final Charade**

## **"You're What The Spaniards Call 'El Terrible'"**

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I Know where this path leads.  
It marks disaster.

Too many times have I traded this road  
Knowing what lays ahead.  
Lined with lies and deceit  
And the souls of hopeless victims.  
The souls of hopeless victims.

There has got to be more then the ordinary  
Something inside to get us through the darkness  
I promised I wouldn't fall x2  
But it's so hard when you can't spread your wings.

Everyday is a battle not to fall into hoplessness  
But how can you stay so strong??  
What fuels you to carry on while you harness your  
hope.

There has got to be more then the ordinary  
Something inside to get us through the darkness  
I promised I wouldn't fall x2  
But it's so hard when you can't spread your wings. x4

I promised I wouldn't fall x4

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