

## **Tobias Sammet's Avantasia**

### **"Spectres"**

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Through the shimmer on this cold alley paving  
See the moonshine painting the ground  
Cobble stones keeping tales that remain untold  
More than ages old

Brewing mist like a shroud on the damp floor  
Hear it whisper lucidity away  
Ornate cold is the king of these streets tonight  
The void is taking hold

Make haste as the wind's getting colder  
Chasing the dreamer away...

Wide open minds, will divine without reason  
Cold is the night as you're braving the gale  
Wide open eyes  
A spectre is breezing through a moonlit sky

See them guises on the prow, what a show!  
Feel them shadows drag you into a nightmare  
To the melody of which you don't know  
If it's really there

Dance in the gloom, dance in the gloom  
Every move is a step to your tomb  
We're the machine that's gonna make you dream  
Phantasmagoria

Time flies from the space of an hour  
Telling tales in the poorhouse  
They say...

Wide open minds, will divine without reason  
Cold is the night as you're braving the gale  
Wide open eyes  
A spectre is breezing through a moonlit sky

Wide open minds, will divine without reason  
Cold is the night as you're braving the gale  
Wide open eyes and a spectre is breezing  
Cold is the night as you're braving the gale

Wide open minds  
Once upon a moonlit night...

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