

## Sonata Arctica "Black Sheep"

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In love with the maiden, the flower of winter  
Lowbrow children in grove of the inland  
How many times heart's gone through the grinder  
Wherever you look there's a painful reminder

Singing a love song, words of a stranger  
The howling miller, never to face her

Temple of the evil, temple of the weak  
Mo one knows how bad he feels  
Late-night innuendo, temptation of the key  
Live with the Black Sheep, live with me

Insanity, blessing for those born to hate you  
Burned by the embers of love, it is so cruel  
Howling the night for sun of the midnight  
Serving the people, condemned you in the eternal  
night

Of the lost song, words of the stranger  
The howling miller, never to face her

Temple of the evil, temple of the weak  
Mo one knows how bad he feels  
Late-night innuendo, temptation of the key  
Live with the Black Sheep, live with me

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