

Sonata Arctica "The Vice"

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The Vice

[Tony Kakko]

0:25

Number nine out of eleven little littermates
Rotten apples, all the way...
Littermates, all with different fates...
Taught them almost all I knew

and now, the best, the primus
Number Nine of eleven little littermates,
feeling almighty,
is after my throne.

0:53

In the bright daylight, little Number Nine
Dressed to kill, much like me
Takes a look at the free world behind the gate
Of a castle and escapes.

1:03

I leave the baits, the night awaits
Snare well hidden for the littermate.
Evaded all but one, one by one.

1:11

Eleven little littermates
Annihilate.
Only Number Nine's not in sight...
Hiding, for the moonlight eats the day
Kisses burn the paperthin wings away

1:47.

Hate me, hate me, if they want you to break me
Love - is - for - the weak
And the restless, relief in the end.
A broken lock and a twisted dream

1:56

for an early tomb, destiny's overruled
Trailed it back to the Pagan Cathedral."

2:03

Don't love me, don't you dare!
I lie, I cheat and I don't care
Don't you go telling me tales about fidelity.
truth ain't safe with me

2:13

In (sane), in (pain)
Ran into a needle
Eye (love), Eye (hate)
don't need anyone
Lights (on), Lights (out)
read it loud and clear...
and hear the lion roar.

without my eyes, they failed me,
knots untied.
I turned my weakness into a
fine profession
more I hear, more I see
I can feel
the path I choose
What I did was a must,
Faced the music, away from the light, alone...
Without a view.

Someone thought to know me well
Drowned me in a wishing well...
Making mistakes, we all do,
Worst of mine was trusting in a stranger.

For now I'm feeling fine
Drank poison, liked the sign
Now touch the greatest fear
Impaired, to look sincere.

One step behind you, turn around and I am gone with
what I need.
The essence of timely death, cold and dark, Love Less
Hard.

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