

## Sonata Arctica

### "Vice"

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Number nine out of eleven 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

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

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

Eleven little litter mates, annihilate  
only number nine's not in sight.  
Hiding for the moonlight, eats the day  
Kisses burn the paper-thin wings away

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

For an early tomb, destiny's overruled  
Trailed it back to the Pagan Cathedral

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

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

Someone got 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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