

## Sonata Arctica "Wildfire"

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Wildfire

[Music and lyrics by Tony Kakko]

[SPOKEN:]

Oh why are we so sad?  
Are we feeling hurt by their evil eyes and all those  
empty words?  
We are thirsty for payback?  
What would we like to do with the town?  
Wouldn't we like to make it dance (Ha ha ha ha) with  
the animal?  
Would we? Would we?  
Tell us, what we would like to do.  
Burn it. Burn it all...

Burn honey, burn, let the fire eat away  
I never liked the look of this town  
Burn it down now  
I'll run, they all know what I've done  
I fetch my gear and take my leave from this mountain

I never had a chance to prove I wasn't guilty,  
I always seemed to get blamed for  
Every little crime, I didn't even have a name for...

Still running, still defeated in my mind  
I never even tried to defend my own pride  
The father ain't always like the son  
They claim we've purloined, I'm not the one...

The story always goes, when the anger within  
Builds up for too long...  
Takes us over...  
And we all are forced to obey, hey...

It was a match made in Hell,  
Now the whole mountain burns  
And every man gets what no man deserves

Our beloved kin never learned to fit in  
Now I pay for my name, live my life in sin

How much less can I ask from you people?

This town stays in disarray  
'Til the rules are the same for us all, hey...

[SOLO]

I've ran on this mountain, with no guilt of my own  
The trees and the rocks, every cave, every hole  
I dropped them a line, "Beware, this mountain will  
blow in your face. My last saving grace..."

Bells toll all over town, burn, burn until it's all gone  
Game over, what was a bad joke is now a reality show...

Oh, we all are forced to obey... oh, we ALL are forced to  
obey...

I climbed up the mountain,  
And dug a grave for each day of pain,  
It's in the past, this moment's so frail...  
I am what you made me  
With years of abuse, so burn!!!! (Burn, burn, burn)

It was a match made in Hell,  
Now the whole mountain burns  
And every man gets what no man deserves

Our beloved kin never learned to fit in  
Now I pay for my name, live my life in sin  
How much less can I ask from you people?  
This town stays in disarray  
'Til the rules are the same for us all

Our beloved kin never learned to fit in  
Now I pay for my name, live my life in sin  
How much less can I ask from you people?  
I hereby declare a martial law  
And you all, we all are forced to obey... hey!

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