

Fairytale

Sonata Arctica

It's cold and we're all snowed in
Vote yes for the global warming
Reaping the things the poor are sowing
What then are the polls showing? Who'll be the superseder,
The builder of the walls; a great leader
He'll rape us all and say surprise....
and everything is fine. The one who traps the most monkeys in
The maze will win
The ballots handed did not have all names in
You know that? I'm just saying... The New World Order
Keeps fishing in the troubled water"
Choose me. I will pour more fish in the sea "So, I would need a billion dollars to my name?
But no validation, no acclaim?
It's like a play, TV-make-up, a toupÃ©e,
The chosen one may dig one grave.
For the nation. Hooray! Fairytale for the ones with no hope
Human weakness gets explored
And the end is the triumph of the poor, hey it's
A fairytale for the ones with the dough
And here's the happy rending news
Told by the one you'll choose Wait, wait, wait, there is more! All the news your TV's sending,
The same news they Ìre all dispensing
One Ring to rule them all, who's paying,
Where's Waldo, Who's the Walrus? Confuse to veil the wrong questions
By the only ones with the answers
"Facts are stupid things" No, I don't need a billion dollars to my name
I don't need a star, The Walk of Fame
It's all a play, TV-make-up, a toupÃ©e,
The chosen one will dig my grave.
Hip, hip, hooray! Fairytale for the ones with no hope
Human weakness gets explored
And the end is the triumph of the poor, hey it's
A fairytale for the ones with the dough
Turn the page with fingers so,
So long and beautiful The moon is rising down
Your smile is but a frown
Befitting like a tailor-made, upscale suit on a clown "Things have never been more like the way they are
Today in history"
"Sir, you are urinating on me"

"It's freezing and snowing in New York.
 We need global warming"
 "Let's steel our wills and lose our minds"
 Let's steel our wills and lose our minds, our minds
 No, I don't need a billion dollars to my name
 I don't need a star, The Walk of Fame
 It's all a play, TV-make-up, a toupee,
 The chosen one will dig my grave.
 Hey-yay! Fairytale for the ones with no hope
 Human weakness gets explored
 And the end is the triumph of the poor, hey it's
 A fairytale for the ones with the dough
 Turn the page with fingers so,
 So, long an beautiful Fairytale for the ones with no hope
 Human weakness gets explored
 And the end is the triumph of the poor, hey it's
 A fairytale for the ones with the dough
 Page by page, we turn and fall asleep
 Then count the only sheep,
 too afraid to leap...
 in to a ravine. "It's not how many people vote
 and how they vote.
 It's who counts the votes."
 -Josif Vissarionovitġ Dġ¾ugaġvili

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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