

# Picturing the Past

## Sonata Arctica

In a house where no one never sleeps,  
lays a man who sees more with his eyes  
Picturing the past before him,  
in a bed, alone, with clothes on  
Paying for a service he doesn't really need  
With his eyes, he sees more love and lust  
more tears, far too much to handle  
Can't tell a soul, not this time, they'd lock him right up  
Too much of burning bushes too much for his weak soul  
In his mind, oh so jaded, he's gone too far behind  
Of all the visions seen, this one makes him scream  
He cannot live neither die in this world  
Burning sensation inside, you know how that hurts?  
Making up for the crimes of your life  
With scythe as your sword,  
you must fight 'till the end of time  
Don't look behind, or you will fall through the time  
Only time can make you see behind of the curtain hiding  
the secret. Your time is up when you see the light  
You can live as a noble man but when time,  
You won't be left behind  
With the sound of time ringing in his head,  
He leaves the house where no-one sleeps  
So well done knowing that at least one will be pleased  
Hiding is always useless, pictures will fade with  
time  
Seeking for winner of the day, prize of life is here  
Of all the visions seen this one makes him scream  
He cannot live neither die in this world  
Burning sensation inside, you know how that hurts?  
Making up for the crimes of your life  
With scythe as your sword,  
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