# My Dream's But A Drop Of Fuel For A Nightmare

## Sonata Arctica

My painted face, I'm a clown,
and I'm laughing while my dream turns into a nightmare,
fade away, I'm asleep,
not too deep...
The walls of night have left me scarred
the broken glass I stepped on, twice.
the ardent spirits' rusty edge, decapitate me...
I can't sleep, fear darkness
go through the motions, did I fall asleep?
I'm bowling, the old nine pin, a sign unwanted...
Now I'm a target, I'm hot and frozen,
stormy rain I'm stuck in an elevator
wet from the muddy water,
breathing hot air, winds convey me...
babababababaaaa...
the number talks and I cry in my own Hell....
babababababaaaa...
Wide awake, I'm asleep, see a friend as a ghost
I'm skating with a seal,
the tarantula, the fly, the broken ring
the dusty little flea
an ugly giant, a disappointed child
here comes a rabid snake

the broken violin, a wild ballet
Shakespeare and company
refuse to kill the kitten scratching me...
I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling... - awake
You know, if you believe the dreams, the nightly visions, worlds entwined
then you also fear your shadow, paranoia, part two...
All the good things in my life dwell in my mind
Took a wrong lane, every day, I hear myself say
Sickening's this feeling, my life, my hopes, my dream's but a drop of fuel for a nightmare
they all turn out the same
My destiny, my flame
believing is control?
no.
the painting comes alive,
takes me inside a world without a name, a place beyond compare

Believe the dreams that let you sleep
the broken glass you need to sweep
The book you read; if you found an explanation
to help you in any way,
you are your own prison.
Woke up today,
the good and the bad and the ugly dreams are gone
...jumped off the carousel

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