

The Walking Shadow

Dream Theater

What have you done?
(You murderer)
My father's dead
(Your day will come) Don't hold your breath
The night's still young
Confront your death
Like father, like son Who's this I see
Approaching me?
The chosen one Drawing closer, pace by pace
The walking shadow hides its face
Never aware of a looming attack
Like stepping right into a trap

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