

The Flame

Arcadia

I could feel the breeze blowing chance
Blowing through my doorway
Warm and restless just as you walked by
Inside of smoky halls a circle drawn
And voices call
To raise some magic wind in my world
Strange coincidence each time you look my way
This sinking feeling scares me
Know my weakness call it dejavu
Never puy my trust in fate supprises do arrive so late
Why should I be surprised by you

Straight to the heart straight for this precious shining
How do you dare step into my flame
One from the heart, one for this precious shining
How can you steel my flame

Sometimes cards are drawn and the tables turn
The waiting game is over
Take this dealers hand and steal away the dawn
Don't give me any chance to wander back from this innocence
Don't give me any chances at all

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