

# Gravenimage

## Sonata Arctica

We met that night, when the sea ran high.  
And I craved for more of that nearlove experience.  
Those who the music hath then joined together, are now put asunder....Remember me, when I lit the fire.  
To keep us warm.  
On a cold winter morning. Now I pass through the moment.  
Can I still recognize a beautiful melody...I play a note, but hear no sound. Have I lost my love or the wings I  
found.  
When I was young,,,  
...and eager to please anyone who had time...Needed to sing, the very notes I heard.  
Had to stay in the shadows and seek for the loneliness.  
Nevertheless, the price was higher than I realized.  
I was to live alone, ready to make the sacrifice.  
Was I in love with you...My old heart, little harder again. One the light goes out, everything ends.  
It is time...ready to cause a scene, ready to make the sacrifice.  
Ready to play the note, ready to end the final show.  
The only thing I know.The pain is here. To stay I fear. In my eyes. I can change one note and make you cry.  
In this state of mind. Silence is a crime.How can life be so feigned and cold. I've answered the call of every  
melody, lovingly.  
Did I find the answers to all my questions.Or a gravenimage of me...If I found the hidden fountain. Drank the  
wisdom from it's deep.  
Would I have the time to save me. Would I have them both to keep.

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