

To Create a Warlike Feel

Sonata Arctica

They've decided to own the world tonight, create the standard, now roll the reel.
Ambush the poor, take what they have to create a warlike feel (turn the page) A vision, resolution, friends and
allies, easy come
The golden moments, our lifestyle depends on your children, we're doomed if the war is over, all is lost
Down the drain, keep fingers crossed
Hope the World forgets or the World forgives
Charm their minds and hearts, once more,
For me. Use the time in the public eye
"How we love you so"
Now people, you should know, who's your foe
Who's your friend, your enemy?
The Enemy! "Yes, you are needed, so badly wanted.
If we wish to live in peace, we need to fight, it demands a sacrifice."
New blood is gathered, donations needed.
Every day, one soul away of your fulfillment, the necessity. Unplug the damaged toys, all amputated souls
For everything is over for them, we cannot
Use a man, who's lost a hand,
The education paid in full, as planned Did you hear, they say, the ground they walk's always been holier than
mine.
- Oiling the wheels with fire
The only, the righteous, the privileged ones, the law, and the almighty power.
- Burning the fields for one flower.
A:
What was black is now blue, nothing much is really new
On the eve of Hell on Earth you walk the reddish snow.
A chain of command lacks the balls to right the wrong, you proclaim
They always only change the cadency, the song remains the same.
B:
Kaikkivoipaiselta itsevaltiaalta avaimet elmn.
Kahlehdimme ainoamme oikeudesta turvaan pysyvn.
Itsevaltiaamme ni korvissamme, lainan lunastamme,
ideillemme muiston marmoriin. You made our babies go where no parent can follow.
The song remains the same
For die we must, our heirs say. Drowning in sorrow forever left hollow... The bullets you created, shall be used
against you, by the people,
All the things you buried will be excavated and re-animated
Fear the future, fear the creed,
We all can see what's been concealed
Together we stand alone behind the lines

With our bare bones One, two, three, four, what the hell're we fighting for, now

Five, six, lucky seven,

Stripmine your private road to hell. Had we known how this ends in our defeat. I wonder

Would we still have given you all the children you would ever need. Always washed their minds, clean and white

Like papers you have signed

And people, a single mind, you feed the beast

Thus create a warlike feel

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