

# Kamelot, Insomnia

When the darkness brings the cold  
To draw me under  
I am caught between  
The chapters of a dream  
Something is reaching out and  
My entire world is crumbling  
And it whispers that I am  
The chosen one...  
Can you hear me...?

When the night begins to fall  
I watch the shadows growing tall  
Feeding my insomnia  
Like a fly on the wall

I'm asleep but wide awake  
A nightmare on repeat  
In the haze I sense  
The purpose of my soul  
We are all born to leave a  
Scar deep in the hearts of many  
But can I really trust that I'm  
The chosen one  
Can you hear me...?

When the night begins to fall  
I watch the shadows growing tall  
Feeding my insomnia  
Like a fly on the wall  
When the night begins to fall  
I hear a thousand voices call  
Chasing my insanity  
Like a fly on the wall

My wide eyed confidence  
Still echoes in mind  
A bright white prophecy  
Protector of the light

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