

Salamandra, Dreams of the Fair

What is it like keeping silent falling feared behind
You cannot help running with innate fear on your mind
Scream in your sleep it may be the ghost of former times
Salvage doesn't always come with new day as you wish

Can't buy vain dreams of the fair
Don't say you don't really care

What is it like wandering and changing mind with wind
You think you've got many friends but who knows what's inside
You keep lying spitting empty words again and again
You don't care to look around show it to all who're there

Can't buy vain dreams of the fair
Wanted by forces of the hell

They will set a mask right over your head
So that they don't have to look at your face
They will tie you up so you can't defend
Allow you to scream but nobody will care

It will perhaps be lon day of your life
Despite very few moments it may take
When all of your life runs trough in your head
It will cross your mind that this is the end

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