

Sonata Arctica, Abandoned, Pleased, Brainwashed

Wake up my child, hope is here, With the vengeance,
we have no time to bleed, My only world filled with fear.
I never saw the sower of the seed.

Where is the world we had, Who can ever save you and
your little lives, A Child guides a child guided child
A Child is never guilty, But you should not run free

The Grave is open, let us pray without remorse
Empty the cradle with fire for them once again
Why not look through your fingers what theyve done
Your own blood will clean the blood, for now the glory days are gone

Time has come for everyone, to think what we have done
Open your eyes and see, its not a dream
You aim for a common goal, you are one with your foe
If only we could wake up soon and scream

Abandoned, pleased, brainwashed, exploited, madness has a reason
Throw money at the problem and it will remain
Your life has no value for them, violate me(and) this never ends
My child, I know, will then hate you too

The Grave is open, let us pray without remorse
Empty the cradle with fire for them once again, tonight
Why not look through your fingers what theyve done
Your own blood will clean the blood, for now the glory days are gone

Now, when it seems that we have nothing to believe in
Maybe we should be waiting for the rock to come
For our children soon have nothing they should learn

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