

# Sonata Arctica, The Last of the Lambs

Once by the stairs  
Once by the door  
Once in the kitchen  
Down on the floor

These are the memories  
The scars on my hands  
In silence  
In darkness  
Alone

I am the symbol, your cardinal sin  
Ending a story before it begins  
You cannot speak the language, the words on your skin  
The symbols we have on our skins

But you get the meaning now  
When you cry on your bed  
Could've loved me instead  
The last of the lambs have gone

But you get the meaning now  
When you lay on your bed  
Hear the silence in your head  
The last of the lambs have gone  
Last of the lambs are gone...  
You get the meaning now...  
The last of the lambs have gone...  
Now...

When you cry on your bed  
Could've loved me instead  
The last of the lambs have gone

But you get the meaning now  
Still awake in your bed  
Hear the silence in your head  
The last of the lambs have gone

Hear the silence  
Hear the silence