

# Sonata Arctica, X Marks The Spot

You are a man of impeccable taste  
And you know when the X marks the spot

We all need a map for the trail of your thought  
Where to go, well, the X marks the spot

You seem to have a misgiving  
Hell yeah, you make a living  
Don't add bricks to what we're heaving  
We would so much  
Rather enjoy the beach, beer and a fire

You think something somewhere  
Has a copyright for the world  
And you've signed where the X marks the spot

You join a cult, fill the void that you've got  
Deep within where the X marks the spot

There you stand, talk and holler  
How dark were, in your colors  
When you paint another sunrise  
You leave off the sun

Birds like you fly straight to heaven, heaven  
Or they slowly float away ...

How well do you know those you're calling your own ?  
I mean ..., come on dude !

Your starving veal in your house of skin and bone  
You're an island, the X marks the spot

There you stand, talk and holler  
How dark were, in your colors  
When you paint another sunrise  
You leave off the sun

Birds like you fly straight to heaven, heaven  
Or they slowly float away ...

Birds like you fly straight to heaven, heaven  
Or they slowly float away ..

You are a circus, but where is the clown  
There's no map, still the X marks the spot

There you stand, talk and holler  
How dark were, in your colors  
When you paint another sunrise  
You leave off the sun

Birds like you fly straight to heaven, heaven  
Or they slowly float down  
Into the night with senior John Barleycorn

Heaven, heaven  
Or they float slowly away ...

Birds like you fly straight to heaven, heaven  
Or they slowly float away ..

Birds like you fly straight to heaven, heaven  
Or they slowly float away ..

