

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 ..

