

Stratovarius, Second Sight

No one really knows
Where this man comes from
Or if he has a name

He moved from town to town
And forging his own way
Without shame he played his game

No allies and no friends
He leaves no traces behind
There is no proof who's to blame

As the legend starts to rise
The night is filled with shadows
Blood and lies

Just like a phantom blends in the night
Making his way in the dark
He's realizing the end is near
Haunted by a curse

Second sight

Looking for more pain
Driving him insane
It's all that he is living for

Excitement in his veins
Burning every day
Fighting his internal war

As the legend starts to rise
The night is filled with shadows
Blood and lies

Second sight

Second sight

A phantom blends in the night
Making his way
Second sight