

# The Wicked Symphony

Avantasia

You'll be running out of miracles  
Like I'm running out of dreams  
Madness lurking into my left  
Angels faint in front of me

And I see eyes to the right  
I hear a promise resound  
Gold and diamonds, love and fame  
And music meant to remain

You've been dying for glory  
You've been looking for love  
Why don't we read the signs  
When we're about to get lost

A seeker enthralled by a flame  
Eventually home to his pain  
The Great Unbeloved  
You reach for the final stage

Hey man in your hideaway  
Where do we go from here  
Heroes in the tragedy  
Down-home just a memory  
Where do we go  
When the world gets in the way

Way down to the hide away  
Afflatus divine! Your hands  
And a wicked symphony  
Hey now to the hideaway  
Lock up the rain for a wicked symphony

Don't you give up on your emotions  
Don't you abandon your despair  
If you deny what you desire  
This will have been just a mystery play

There'll be nowhere to go  
Just oblivion, we're so close to reach out  
Close to fall, make up or break up or crawl

You are striving for beauty  
For a song to remain  
A final touch and the spirit you have cited  
Holds on to the reins

I feel how I'm losing my ground  
A dancer enthralled by a sound  
The smoke clears away  
I'll reach for the final stage

Hey man in your hideaway  
Where do we go from here  
Heroes in the tragedy  
Down-home just a memory  
Where do we go

When the world gets in the way

Way down to the hide away, afflatus Divine!  
Your hands and a wicked symphony  
Hey now to the hideaway  
Lock up the rain for a wicked symphony

Oh I can hear it, I can hear it  
Oh I can hear it, I, I, I, I...  
I can hear it, yeah  
I'm dying for a sign

You can turn your face away  
can pretend you don't hear it  
How long have you been begging on your knees  
And now that you're near it  
Won't you be damned if you defy what you're given  
Mercury of salvation  
The colors for the eyes of the world  
We'll be kings for generations

Hey man in your hideaway  
Where do we go from here  
Heroes in the tragedy  
Down-home just a memory  
Where do we go  
When the world gets in the way

Way down to the hide away  
Afflatus divine!  
Your hands and a wicked symphony  
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