

## To France

Blind Guardian

Taking on water,  
Sailing a restless sea  
From a memory,  
A fantasy  
The wind carries  
Into white water,  
Far from the islands  
Don't you know you're

Never going to get to France  
Mary, Queen of Chance, will they find you?  
Never going to get to France  
Could a new romance ever bind you?

Walking on foreign grounds,  
Like a shadow,  
Roaming in far off territory  
Over your shoulder,  
Stories unfold, you're  
Searching for sanctuary  
You know you're

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I see a picture  
By the lamp's flicker  
Isn't it strange how  
Dreams fade and shimmer?

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