

Stories

Jon Oliva's Pain

Stories told through your life
So many meanings held inside
There for you to see

Beyond the doors of broken dreams
Are they real or fantasy
You may never know

Tales on your TV... in papers, magazines
All you see is pain, to spike right through your brain

Stories, Stories, Stories...

Now inside this living hell
The fires burn... the violence swells
Is it destiny

Time to face judgment day
On your knees, time to pray
To the lord above

Sure he's heard the lies
The twisted truths... the cries
They fall on his deaf ear
His punishment we fear

Stories, stories... They will somehow find you
Stories, stories... There to remind you
Stories, stories... Beware which ones you follow
Stories, stories... Here today, gone tomorrow
Stories, stories... True-false, we always listen
Stories, stories... They truly are unforgiven