

The Phantom of the Opera

Michael Crawford

In sleep he sang to me
In dreams he came
That voice which calls to me and speaks my name
And do I dream again for now I find
The Phantom of the Opera is there
Inside my mind

Sing once again with me
Our strange duet
My power over you grows stronger yet
And though you turn from me to glance behind
The Phantom of the Opera is there
Inside your mind

Those who have seen your face
Draw back in fear
I am the mask you wear

It's me they hear...

Your/My spirit and my/your voice in one combined
The Phantom of the Opera is there
Inside my/your mind

He's there, the phantom of the opera!
He's there, the phantom of the opera

Sing, my Angel of Music
Sing, my Angel
Sing for me
Sing, my Angel!
Sing for me!

I have brought you
to the seat of sweet music's throne
to this kingdom where all must pay homage to music
music
You have come here,
for one purpose, and one alone
Since the moment I first heard you sing,
I have needed you with me,
to serve me, to sing,
for my music...
my music...