

Paragons of Innocence

Savatage

Day

Into night

Into day

Into I don't know you anymore

But I stand

Where you say

Thinking all the time you planned it

You've been gone away too long

Leaving us to carry on

Though in truth you never tried

Just stepped back and watched the slide

Paragons of innocence

Questioning of your intent

Never quite sure what you meant

From the other side

Moments on the carousel

Must admit we ride it well

And the horses never tell

All throughout the ride

That no one leaves

No one leaves

No one leaves...

Alive

Time

On my hands

Slips away

Till I just don't feel it anymore

Thinking back

When I can

To the time when it began with

Bits of dreams all in a line

And somehow we missed the signs

That it all was never real

And in truth a fatal deal

Paragons of innocence

Questioning of your intent

Never quite sure what you meant

From the other side

Moments on the carousel

Must admit we ride it well

And the horses never tell

All throughout the ride

No one leaves

No one leaves
No one leaves...
Alive

There always comes a time
When you do what you want to do
You know you shouldn't do it
But you do it anyway
And when he had that time
When he knew what he wanted to
He quickly placed his order
Though he never thought he'd pay

But the lines turned to lies
And the lies turned to tangles
And you're pale as a cadaver
Though you think it doesn't show
So you live with the lies
And the friends that it gathers
But somewhere in your heart you know you
Got to let it
Got to let it
Go

Paragons of innocence
Questioning of your intent
Never quite sure what you meant
From the other side

Moments on the carousel

Must admit we ride it well
And the horses never tell
All throughout the ride

No one leaves

No one leaves
No one leaves...
Alive

THEN THE SAILOR PICKED A COAT UP
THAT HAD BEEN LAYING THERE
AND PLACED IT OVER THE BODY
AND THEN HE SAID A LITTLE PRAYER

AND THE OCEAN BROUGHT IN ON A WAVE

AN OLD WATERLOGGED WREATH
AND PUSHED IT UP ALONG THE SAND
TILL IT TOUCHED THE DEAD MAN'S FEET

AND WRITTEN ON THAT WREATH

IN LETTERS OF GOLD FOIL
WAS THE NAME VERONICA GUERIN
BUT THE LETTERS WERE BENT AND SOILED

THE SAILOR SAID I SEE THESE FLOWERS
THAT YOU SO KINDLY GAVE

ARE OBVIOUSLY FROM FAR AWAY
AND FROM ANOTHER'S GRAVE

AND I CANNOT HELP BUT TO THINK
THE SAILOR GENTLY SAID
THAT IT'S UNWISE IN GOD EYES
TO STEAL FLOWERS FROM THE DEAD

THE OCEAN SAID PLEASE TRUST ME FRIEND
THIS GIFT WILL CAUSE NO PAIN
AND THE PERSON TO WHOM THEY ONCE BELONGED
WOULD SURELY SAY THE SAME

YOU SEE THIS WREATH WAS FROM THE FUNERAL
OF A WOMAN WHO SHOWED NO FEAR
OF MEN WHO LIVED IN MANSIONS
BOUGHT WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S TEARS

OF MEN WHO LIVED IN MANSIONS
BOUGHT WITH BITS OF OTHERS LIVES
WHO AT NIGHT STILL HUGGED THEIR CHILDREN
AND BROUGHT GIFTS HOME TO THEIR WIVES

WITH MONEY MADE FROM HEROIN
AND PACKETS OF COCAINE
AND IF A BUYER OVERDOSED
THEY NEVER FELT THE PAIN

THERE WERE MANY FLOWERS AT HER FUNERAL
BUT NONE FOR THIS BOY I FEAR
SO THE WIND HAS BLOWN THIS WREATH TO ME
AND I HAVE BROUGHT IT HERE

SHE GAVE HER LIFE TO STOP THE SPREAD
OF DRUGS AMONG HER KIND
AND IF WE LEAVE THESE FLOWERS FOR THIS BOY

I'M SURE SHE WOULDN'T MIND