

# This Isn't What We Meant

Savatage

We dared to ask for more  
But that was long before the nights began to burn  
You would have thought we'd learned  
You can't make promises all based upon tomorrow  
Happiness, security are words we only borrowed  
For is this the answer to our prayers, is this was God has sent  
?  
Please understand this isn't what we meant

The future couldn't last, we nailed it to the past  
With every word a trap that no one can take  
Back from all the architects who find their towers leaning  
And every prayer we pray at night has somehow lost its meaning  
For is this the answer to our prayers, is this was God has sent  
?  
Please understand this isn't what we meant

A long time ago when the world was pretty  
Standing right here in a different city  
They're not coming back any more  
They're not coming back any...

Is this the answer to our prayers, is this was God has sent?  
Please understand this isn't what we meant

THEN HE CLIMBED ATOP THE RUBBLE  
OF THE FOUNTAIN IN THE SQUARE  
AND HE TOOK HIS CELLO OUT  
IN THE COLD NOVEMBER AIR

AND AS THE TWILIGHT STARTED SETTING  
ON THE REMNANTS OF THIS DAY  
AS THE SHELLS BEGAN TO FALL  
THE OLD MAN BEGAN TO PLAY

AND IN THE DARKNESS OF THAT NIGHT  
EACH ON THEIR OWN RESPECTIVE SIDES  
THE MUSLIM AND THE SERB  
WOULD WATCH THEIR COUNTRY'S SUICIDE

BUT NOW INSIDE EACH EVENING  
THEY HAD FOUND A MOMENT'S CALM  
WHEN THEY'D HEAR THE THOUGHTS OF MOZART  
AS THEY FILTERED THROUGH THE BOMBS