

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