

## Black Sheep

### Sonata Arctica

In love with the maiden, The flower of winter  
Lowbrow children, in grove of the inland  
How many times heart's gone through the grinder  
Wherever you look there's a painful reminder

Singing a love song, words of a stranger  
The howling miller, never to face her

Temple of the evil, Temple of the weak  
No one knows how bad he feels  
Late-night innuendo, temptation of the key  
"Live with the Blacksheep, live with me"

Insanity, blessing for those born to hate you  
Burned by the embers of love, it is so cruel  
Howling the night, for sun of the midnight  
Serving the people, condemned you in the eternal night

Of the lost song, words of the stranger  
The howling miller, never to face her