

# Fairytale

## Sonata Arctica

It's cold and we're all snowed in  
Vote yes for the global warming  
Reaping the things the poor are sowing  
What then are the polls showing?

Who'll be the superseder  
The builder of the walls; a great leader  
He'll rape us all and say surprise..  
And everything is fine

The one who traps the most monkeys in  
The maze will win  
The ballots handed did not have all names in  
You know that? I'm just saying..

The New World Order  
Keeps fishing in the troubled water  
Choose me. I will pour more fish in the sea

So, I would need a billion dollars to my name?  
But no validation, no acclaim?  
It's like a play, TV-make-up, a toupée  
The chosen one may dig one grave  
For the nation. Hooray!

Fairytale for the ones with no hope  
Human weakness gets explored  
And the end is the triumph of the poor, hey it's  
A fairytale for the ones with the dough  
And here's the happy rending news  
Told by the one you'll choose

Wait, wait, wait, there is more!

All the news your TV's sending  
The same news they're all dispensing  
One Ring to rule them all, who's paying  
Where's Waldo, Who's the Walrus?

Confuse to veil the wrong questions  
By the only ones with the answers  
"Facts are stupid things"

No, I don't need a billion dollars to my name  
I don't need a star, The Walk of Fame  
It's all a play, TV-make-up, a toupée  
The chosen one will dig my grave  
Hip, hip, hooray!

Fairytale for the ones with no hope  
Human weakness gets explored  
And the end is the triumph of the poor, hey it's  
A fairytale for the ones with the dough  
Turn the page with fingers so  
So long and beautiful

The moon is rising down

Your smile is but a frown  
Befitting like a tailor-made, upscale suit on a clown

"Things have never been more like the way they are  
Today in history"  
"Sir, you are urinating on me"  
"It's freezing and snowing in New York  
We need global warming"  
"Let's steel our wills and lose our minds"  
Let's steel our wills and lose our minds, our minds

No, I don't need a billion dollars to my name  
I don't need a star, The Walk of Fame  
It's all a play, TV-make-up, a toupee  
The chosen one will dig my grave  
Hey-yay!

Fairytale for the ones with no hope  
Human weakness gets explored  
And the end is the triumph of the poor, hey it's  
A fairytale for the ones with the dough  
Turn the page with fingers so  
So, long and beautiful

Fairytale for the ones with no hope  
Human weakness gets explored  
And the end is the triumph of the poor, hey it's  
A fairytale for the ones with the dough  
Page by page, we turn and fall asleep  
Then count the only sheep  
Too afraid to leap..  
In to a ravine