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