

# Storm the Armada

Sonata Arctica

The spark of life had found the harbour  
Sailing the void  
The waters rise, storm the armada  
Of heedless souls

Days prior, when the fallen signed their I Owe Yous  
They would gaze upon the sky to see the last day of the moon  
Once again they'd gone and sold what isn't theirs to sell  
Who's the one who goes to hell  
When the seas are rising  
And their sales go down, go down  
Go down and when their sales go down  
They will be there to push you down

Hope they never find another world  
Consuming what really wasn't conferred

The sun will rise while the moon will fall  
Howling at the one that is no more

Found a letter from yourself today  
Hoping we could all send letters to guide them, someday  
To save the world today...

But when we kings have lost our crowns  
And when our thrones have burned  
We all will burn until the seas  
Rise to take us where we once belonged  
On that day we kill the one who has wronged  
We The Beast

Read a letter from my future self  
Do not sell what isn't yours to sell anyway  
I hope you leave behind a better place  
Write the runes on the face of the moon, lest we forget

Write a letter to your future self  
Read the one your children would like to write you one day  
We regret, forever, many things  
All apologies, we're sorry for breaking your moon

Breaking your moon  
Killing your seas  
Cutting your trees  
Killing your bees