

# The Boy Who Wanted to Be a Real Puppet

Sonata Arctica

So many years ago, many more than I'd  
Even care to bear in my mind  
From the darkest of all places I found you

All the limbs in their right places  
And a heart made of real gold  
Sell me your little doll, oh sir, I ask you kind

Every night I returned to watch them  
The master and the puppet in the show  
He said: "Oh, no, I cannot sell him...  
Priceless he is, masterpiece of mine"

Please, sell me your puppet, sir  
Name your price, oh please,  
Whatever you may ask,  
Tenfold the price I pay

"Did I not make it clear?  
This debate is over  
I will never part from this puppet, my son..."

With hungry eyes I followed them all night  
The blind master and the puppet he had made  
"No, sir, to sell is not my will!"  
The doll is mine, even if I have to kill...

So it shall be... if this is what it takes  
"Greed is truly blinder than me..."  
"Heart of gold is what you wish for?"  
"So, this little boy... wants to be... a puppet, for real..."

So I have the golden heart  
Now only needing the voice of the master  
Never feel hunger, never grow older  
My dream was to be a star in a real puppet show

It's so hard to remember my life  
The times before the show  
Can I ever cut off the strings?  
"Take a bow, now dance and sing..." (Sing!)

Would you turn me to a child again?  
"No, never, I am your Guide"  
You can see a small grin on the face  
Of the master, when the puppet's in his place

Be careful what you wish for  
Wishes might come alive  
The twines are pulling me every day and night...  
The show, the glitter and all the fame  
I'd give away for a life  
Some things can end with a word, they say  
This only ends with a sharp knife (Knife!)