

# The Power Of One

Sonata Arctica

("My father's land,  
My mother's tongue  
Misleading me,  
So shamelessly  
For many years,  
I misbelieved  
The hatred is the path for me.")

Father I have killed many angels,  
I think.  
I will now walk to the sea.  
I hope I will someday forgive me  
Please moor  
My empty boat on a pier

I can blame for the blue blood that runs in my veins.  
But I seem to forget that we are all the same.

In your own blaze of hate you've spawn a fear in many lives  
You've taken action thinking it was all said on the signs.  
You cannot heal the feeling burning deep inside your spine  
You now collapse, cave in revealing scabby marks of life

Mother I've seen too much, I hate to live my life.  
Forgot every word you told me, stubborn little child, (angel of your life)  
I have to find my Eden now, the gates I left behind.  
But the pain will remain.  
No power to gain.

Now I have time to dwell on, self-awareness, dreadful crime.  
I saw colors too bright, not knowing that I was blind.  
I slayed a man who took a chance and drank the forbidden wine.  
The map I draw reveals that I have been complete, machine, in team.

Father I've seen too much, I hate to live my life.  
Forgot every word you told me, stubborn little child, (angel of your life)  
I have to find my Eden now, the gates I left behind.  
The pain will remain.  
No power to gain.

Mother where's your son.  
When has this begun'  
Who has been the fool'

No one was born to be a servant or a slave.  
Who can tell me the color of the rain'  
In the world that we live in, the things said and done  
They can well overrun  
The power of one.

No one was born to be a servant etc.

To leave and let die  
To give hope and take life  
Is that what you're here for'

To think you are right

To make sure it won't fly  
Is a making of a hate crime

In the homes of the brave,  
In the homes of the land slaves,  
We are all the same

I need to believe.  
There's more than the eye can see  
All colors of rainbow.

No one was born to be a slave  
Seek the past and place the blame  
Tell me the color of the rain  
No one was born to be a master

In the land we live, we die  
Praise the oneness, praise the lie  
To bind a web around the faker  
We will need a true  
Rainmaker

"Children of Abel, Children of Cain  
Can live in harmony, without shame  
The keys that I grant thee, The Sacred Land  
Are dry desert sand on the palm of your hand  
Without the water, the wisdom of past  
Will run through your fingers, forgotten so fast  
Thus now when I leave you, I'm truly blind  
This blindness, this blessing, the hope of mankind..."