

## The Dream is Dead

Type O Negative

Champagne glass of blood and wine  
On chocolate hearts alone I dine  
Candles weeping waxing tears  
Ten for roses each one a year - disappear

Arrows fester in my heart  
Each memory another dart  
Love and death both colored red  
Showing my past, the dream is dead

Another lonely Valentine's Day  
I can't believe that things turned out this way  
And though I hate to see you go  
I know it must be so  
Another lonely Valentine's Day

Nobody will break your fall  
All for none, yeah, none for all  
Nothing's so cruel as the truth  
Join the Festival of Fools

Nobody will break your fall  
All for one, yeah, none for all  
Nothing's so cruel as the truth  
Join the festival, my fools

Another lonely Valentine's Day  
I can't believe things turned out this way  
And though I hate to see you go  
I know it must be so  
Another lonely Valentine's Day

The dream is dead