

Arabesque

Avantasia

Wandering the low lands and high plains
Been crossing the mountains
Sailing the sea
Anxiety-free

Been craving for rain in the desert
Saw bleak nights devour
The day's blazing heat - oh

A light burning out
Tied to the canon's apron
Hie in obedience to the scantiness of time
Meant to astound
Entangled in adornment
An ornament sublime

Dreams allayed
No weakness gets betrayed

Right on
Swaying to the sacred fanfares
Don't you stop to run
From paradise to despair
Yeah, strident voices
Now why don't you?
Why do you slow down? Right on!
Don't speak, don't wonder!
That way! This way! Don't walk astray!
Welcome to the arabesque

Oh
Oh

You beat up against the wind and the flow
Concealing your tears
With the sweat from your brow
No one see's them, they're next to you
Deride them, despite they're the faithful
The only, the true, oh

Got a navigation map and aspiration
If only that good old chart
Would show the seas ya gonna sail
Run up and down
Until you stand to reason
Faithfully you break

Dreams aligned
Stalwartly confined

Right on
Swaying to the sacred fanfares
Don't you stop to run
To the promised land in despair
Voices screaming
Now why don't you?
Why do you slow down?

Right on! Don't speak, don't wonder!
That way! This way! Don't walk astray!
Welcome to the arabesque

Toss and turn all night
Got to get it right
Is it just a dream
Or runaway fantasy?
Reverie out of kilter?
Got to carry on
Go on, play along
Don't you let them down
As they help you drown
Your feelings in a philtre

I want the turmoil to go away
And slowly I'd trouble no more
Like a grain the wild wind blows away
From a whispering, blistering shore
If you'd look back at the shore through my eyes
Having sailed just a mile in my shell
Hold to think and maybe feel what it's like
At the deep end of slightly unwell

Got to carry on
Must be going strong
Wipe away the tears
Put your vizard on
Welcome to the creep show
Welcome to the freakshow!

And I'm dreaming of mother love
And colouring outside the lines like a child
Beyond growing up
And the pain that goes along with it
To escape these confines

Ooooh, no breath for pretence
Refuse to make sense

Right on
Swaying to the sacred fanfares
Don't you stop to run
From paradise to despair
Searing voices
Now why don't you?
Why do you slow down?
Right on! Don't speak, don't wonder!
That way, this way, don't walk astray
Welcome to the arabesque

Right on
Swaying to the sacred fanfares
Don't you stop to run
Right on, right on
Through the pain and the fire
Through the wind and the rain
Walking a long way from home
Right on