

# 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