

Black Orchid

Avantasia

I never wanted guidance
To tell me where to find
A light in the darkness
Cause the dark I'd push aside
No time for dreaming of a distant Paradise
No time for tales of good and evil

Another correlation: as above so below
Another analysing where illusions fail to show
The face of the maker who'd leave you alone
Without a sense of comprehension

When that meadow - in front of my eyes - will have dried away
Will my senses wither like flowers on my grave
Will this wave of becoming flow into the void of time

The final hour:
When Never and Now become one
Will I find the orchid
The final hour:
Door to the garth of eternity?
Or withered orchid meadows?
Everybody's praying
But what if God is just a threat
And everybody's straying?
If only they would just forget
Everybody's craving
For a ghost light in the haze:
You'll lose your minds one after another

Everybody's craving
For what doesn't have a name or a face
So reason could fit it in the frame
In quest of the orchid:
A glimmer in the daze
Till I awake to the sound of rigour

What if that meadow in your mind is just a fantasy?
And if it wanted to be seen why must you believe?

Will this wave of becoming flow into the void of time

The final hour
When Never and Now become one

Will I find the orchid

The final hour
Door to the garth of eternity

Or withered orchid meadows

Black orchid
Strange and beautiful
Oh black orchid I must find you

I remember that morning

He had to be told
What he couldn't remember
After he'd spoken to the wall

And I gave to repression
What I must not have seen
What even believers
Must unlearn to unbelieve

The final hour
When Never and Now become one
Will I find the orchid
The final hour
Door to the garth of eternity

Or withered orchids
The final hour
When Never and Now become one