

A silent awe, a thrill of joy  
All eyes upon the eager boy  
An eerie hush, they let it in  
Released the beast and let the games begin  
While prancing to the overture  
He knew what he was meant to do  
And so he stabbed it in the back  
And realized, his tragic friend was dead

Utopia, utopia, where a hero's meant to shine  
But a beggar's left behind  
Utopia, utopia, where the frantic quest for peace  
Only leads into disease  
Oh...

With time the boy became a man  
And there was blood upon his hands  
By day adored as demigod  
But nights, his inner demons walked abroad  
The deadly dance of man and beast  
Demoralized him piece by piece  
He fear the day he'd be remiss  
When finally he'd meet his nemesis

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He knew his life was built on sand  
When it all got out of hand  
And the crowd, they showed no mercy  
And so he tried to suit their needs  
Stumbling, wholly drugged with sleep  
On the road, the road to ruin  
Now there he lay, so frail and weak  
Recalled a life, so bittersweet  
And as his foe eclipsed hie skies  
He saw a touch of goodness in its eyes

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But a beggar's left behind  
Utopia, utopia, where the frantic quest for peace  
Only leads into disease  
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Utopia, utopia, where a beggar died alone  
Now a hero's coming home  
Utopia, utopia, and the cheering fades away  
And a silence comes to stay