

Silent Masquerade

Tarja Turunen

Red arises in the sky of Sunday morning
Washing the face of the mountain by the sea
I am the present without knowledge, without warning
The child in me will never cease to be

Is not the future we see, endless daze of fantasies
The ocean whispering me time really doesn't exist
Now I'm drifting away, imprisoned by our memories
Love was just a word until you gave it meaning

Go on and find the prince of crime
Temptation keeps you satisfied
Distort your sight I suffocate
In your silent masquerade
Leave me as victim of your lies
Salvation cannot help you hide
Won't hear me cry I suffocate
In your silent masquerade

No one can tell the games that we play will last forever
No matter we tried, we never got a chance

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