

The Waking Hour

The Phantom of the Opera
Lives in a tortured world of make believe and love
Uncovers a truth that hurts so much to her - A prisoner...

The lost survivor of the human race
Search in despair for another soul
To face this empty kind of loneliness

There's a photo on your wall - I wonder why it's there
A well-protected message - A secret world affair
A traveler has rested from his journey here before
You might have known me then, but you can't be sure

I see you lying naked in the sun
I watch your body burn into the dust
I stand, alone, with nothing left to see
As the anger of the dawn
It starts pouring over me
I'm drowning in the blood red sea
Can't touch your skin - No longer feeling anything
Fading fast - Nothing lasts
Beyond the waking hour...

A victim of suspicion
Sentenced to eternity with no defense or trust
Wanders through the self-inflicted halls of pain - Lost again
I can follow you across these dreams
Reaching out to hidden doorways
All I need is time
To guide you through to me

There's a meaning in your smile
And a force behind your touch
I try to understand - But there's never quite enough
A traveler has rested from his journey here before
You might have known me then, but you can't be sure

I see you lying naked in the sun... etc

There's a letter in your hand - I wonder why it's there
A private invitation - A secret world affair
A traveler has rested from his journey here before
You might have known me then, but you can't be sure

I see you lying naked in the sun... etc
Drowning in the blood red sea
Losing my grip - No longer holding anything
Fading fast - Nothing lasts
Beyond the waking hour...