

Sonata Arctica, The Boy Who Wanted To Be A R

So many years ago, many more than I'd
Even care to bear in my mind
From the darkest of all places I found you

All the limbs in their right places
and a heart made of real gold
Sell me your little doll, oh sir, I ask you kind

Every night I returned to watch them
The master and the puppet in the show
He said: "oh, no, I cannot sell him...
Priceless he is, masterpiece of mine."

Please, sell me your puppet, sir.
Name your price, oh please,
Whatever you may ask,
tenfold the price I pay

"Did I not make it clear?
This debate is over.
I will never part from this puppet, my son..."

With hungry eyes I followed them all night
The blind master and the puppet he had made
"No, sir, to sell is not my will!"
the doll is mine, even if I have to kill...

So it shall be... if this is what it takes
"Oh, greed's truly blinder than me..."
"Heart of gold is what you wish for?"
"So, this little boy... wants to be... a puppet, for real..."

So I have the golden heart
Now only needing the voice of the master
Never feel hunger, never grow older
My dream was to be a star in a real puppet show

It's so hard to remember my life
The times before the show
can I ever cut off the strings?
"take a bow, now dance and sing..."

Would you turn to a child again?
"No, never, I am your Guide."
You can see a small grin on the face
of the master, when the puppet's in his place

Be careful what you wish for
Wishes might come alive
The twines are pulling me every day and night...
The show, the glitter and all the fame
I'd give away for a life
Some things can end with a word, they say
This only ends with a sharp knife.