

To France

Blind Guardian

Taking on water,
Sailing a restless sea
From a memory,
A fantasy
The wind carries
Into white water,
Far from the islands
Don't you know you're

Never going to get to France
Mary, Queen of Chance, will they find you?
Never going to get to France
Could a new romance ever bind you?

Walking on foreign grounds,
Like a shadow,
Roaming in far off territory
Over your shoulder,
Stories unfold, you're
Searching for sanctuary
You know you're

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I see a picture
By the lamp's flicker
Isn't it strange how
Dreams fade and shimmer?

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