

# Stories

Jon Oliva's Pain

Stories told through your life  
So many meanings held inside  
There for you to see

Beyond the doors of broken dreams  
Are they real or fantasy  
You may never know

Tales on your TV... in papers, magazines  
All you see is pain, to spike right through your brain

Stories, Stories, Stories...

Now inside this living hell  
The fires burn... the violence swells  
Is it destiny

Time to face judgment day  
On your knees, time to pray  
To the lord above

Sure he's heard the lies  
The twisted truths... the cries  
They fall on his deaf ear  
His punishment we fear

Stories, stories... They will somehow find you  
Stories, stories... There to remind you  
Stories, stories... Beware which ones you follow  
Stories, stories... Here today, gone tomorrow  
Stories, stories... True-false, we always listen  
Stories, stories... They truly are unforgiven