

The Walking Shadow

Dream Theater

What have you done?
(You murderer!)
My father is dead
(Your day will come!) Don't hold your breath
The night's still young
Confront your death
Like father, like son Who's this I see,
Approaching me?
The Chosen One. Drawing closer, pace by pace
The walking shadow hides its face
Never aware of a looming attack
Like stepping right into a trap
As his weapon
Finds its victim
Mortified, he's shocked to find
The shadow is Faythe

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>