

When Fairy Tales Roamed Free

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Once in your life mayb it be only for a minute, turn back to your childhood and remember those days when you believed any thing could happen.



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Lost was a time we all shared,
one we never had to hide from.
Where we roamed the streets
and let our skin shine bright,
not worrying about being found out.

The sun was a treasure,
the moon was our gold.

We faced our enemies
and got chased underground.
Hidden from the world for good,
long goes the myths of vampires
ruling the world, when werewolf's
turned to fairy tales told to make your
children stay home well you slept.

When the bridge between both worlds
was locked and the key washed from our hands.

When we stopped seeing fairies,
yet told the children they were still real.

Lost will be the day when only children could believe.

Everyone will finally see,
what I never stopped believing.

For one night and one day,
as we sleep sound the gates will be opened,

the world will be brought together

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and our fairy tales will once again roam free.

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