

Innocents are all the children
Rubbing their lamps, planting their beans
Hoping that one day, miracles will happen
Never knowing what it means, what it means

When the sun goes down, mysteries begin
The fullmoon brings monsters around
Vampires and werewolves could now come in
And all the shelters could be found

Pride in their heart when heroes win
Sadness comes when they fail
Eyes wide open, hope within
Victory's like wind in the sail

Where have gone those wonderful stories
They made us fear, laugh and cry
We want our dreams and fantasies
Give us back our fairytales, our fairytales

Tales of hope, tales of misery
Tell us now, tell us the moral
Is there really one in every story?
No matters if it's good or evil

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