



CHRISTINE—In sleep he sang to me, in dreams he came ...that voice which calls to me and speaks my name ...

And do I dream again? For now I find the Phantom of the Opera is there -inside my mind ...

PHANTOM—Sing once again with me our strange duet ...My power over you grows stronger yet ...

And though you turn from me, to glance behind, the Phantom of the Opera is there -inside your mind ...

CHRISTINE—Those who have seen your face draw back in fear ...I am the mask you wear ...

PHANTOM—It's me they hear ...

BOTH—Your/My spirit and your/my voice, in one combined: the Phantom of the Opera is there -inside your/my mind ...

CHORUS—He's there, the Phantom of the Opera ...Beware the Phantom of the Opera ...

PHANTOM—In all your fantasies, you always knew that man and mystery ...

CHRISTINE—... were both in you ...

BOTH—And in this labyrinth, where night is blind, the Phantom of the Opera is there/here -inside your/my mind ...

PHANTOM—Sing, my Angel of Music!

CHRISTINE—He's there, the Phantom of the Opera ...

