

Meadows Of Heaven – Nightwish

I close my eyes
The lantern dies
The scent of awakening
Wildhoney and dew

Childhood games
Woods and lakes
Streams of silver
Toys of olden days

Meadows of heaven

The flowers of wonder
And the hidden treasures
In the meadow of life
My acre of heaven
A 5-year-old winterheart
In a place called home
Sailing the waves of past

Meadows of heaven

Rocking chair without a dreamer
A wooden swing without laughter
Sandbox without toy soldiers
Yuletide without the Flight

Dreambound for life

Flowers wither, treasures stay hidden
Until I see the 1st star of fall

I fall asleep
And see it all:
Mother's care
And color of the kites

Meadows of heaven



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych