

# Élan – Nightwish

Leave the sleep and let the springtime talk  
In tongues from the time before man  
Listen to the daffodil tell her tale  
Let the guest in, walk out,  
Be the first to greet the morn

The meadows of heaven await harvest  
The cliffs unjumped,  
Cold waters untouched  
The elsewhere creatures yet unseen  
Finally your number came up,  
Free fall awaits the brave

Come, Taste the wine  
Race the Blind  
They will guide you from the light  
Writing noughts till the end of time

Come, Surf the clouds  
Race the dark  
It feeds from the runs undone  
Meet me where the cliff greets the sea

The answer to the riddle before your eyes  
Is in dead leaves and fleeting skies  
Returning swans and sedulous mice  
Writings on the gardens book,  
In the minute of a lover's look

Building a sandcastle close to the shore  
A house of cards from a worn out deck  
A home from the fellowship,  
Poise and calm  
Write a lyric for the song  
Only you can understand

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Riding hard every shooting star  
Come to life, open mind,  
Have a laugh at the orthodox  
Come, drink deep let the dam of mind seep  
Travel with great Elan,  
Dance a jig at the funeral

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Come!



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych