

The Greatest Show on Earth (Instrumental)

Nightwish

I. Four Point Six
Archaean horizon
The first sunrise
On a pristine Gaea
Opus perfectum

Somewhere there, us sleeping" After sleeping through a hundred million centuries

We have finally opened our eyes on a sumptuous planet

Sparkling with color, bountiful with life

Within decades we must close our eyes again

Isn't it a noble, an enlightened way of spending our brief

Time in the sun, to work at understanding the universe

And how we have come to wake up in it?" II. Life

The cosmic law of gravity

Pulled the newborns around a fire

A careless, cold infinity

In every vast direction

Lonely farer in the Goldilocks zone

She has a tale to tell

From the stellar nursery into a carbon feast

Enter LUCAThe tapestry of chemistry

There's a writing in the garden

Leading us to the mother of allWe are one

We are the universe

Forbears of what will be scions of the Devonian sea

Aeons pass, writing the tale of us all

A day-to-day new opening

For the greatest show on EarthIon channels

Welcoming the outside world to the stuff of stars

Bedding the tree of a biological holy

Enter lifeThe tapestry of chemistry

There's a writing in the garden

Leading us to the mother of allWe are one

We are the universe

Forbears of what will be scions of the Devonian sea

Aeons pass, writing the tale of us all

A day-to-day new opening

For the greatest show on EarthWe are here to care for the garden

The wonder of, birth of, every form most beautiful

Every form most beautifulWe are one

We are the universe
 Forbears of what will be scions of the Devonian sea
 Aeons pass, writing the tale of us all
 A day-to-day new opening
 For the greatest show on EarthIII. The Toolmaker
 After a billion years
 The show is still here
 Not a single one of your fathers died young
 The handy travelers out of Africa
 Little Lucy of the AfarGave birth to fantasy
 To idolatry
 To self destructive weaponryEnter the god of gaps
 Deep within the past
 Atavistic dread of the huntedEnter Ionia
 The cradle of thought
 The architecture of understanding
 The human lust to feel so exceptional
 To rule the EarthHunger for shiny rocks
 For giant mushroom clouds
 The will to do just as you'd be done by
 Enter history
 The grand finale
 Enter ratkindMan, he took his time in the sun
 Had a dream to understand
 A single grain of sand
 He gave birth to poetry
 But one day'll cease to be
 Greet the last light of the libraryMan, he took his time in the sun
 Had a dream to understand
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 Greet the last light of the libraryMan, he took his time in the sun
 Had a dream to understand
 A single grain of sand
 He gave birth to poetry
 But one day'll cease to be
 Greet the last light of the libraryWe were here!
 We were here!
 We were here!
 We were here!IV. The Understanding

"We are going to die, and that makes us the lucky ones. Most people are never going to die because they are never going to be born. The potential people who could have been here in my place but who will in fact never see the light of day outnumber the sand grains of Sahara. Certainly those unborn ghosts include greater poets than Keats, scientists greater than Newton. We know this because the set of possible people allowed by our

DNA so massively exceeds the set of actual people. In the teeth of these stupefying odds it is you and I, in our ordinariness, that are here. We privileged few, who won the lottery of birth against all odds, how dare we whine at our inevitable return to that prior state from which the vast majority have never stirred?" "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one. And that whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved." V. Sea-Worn Driftwood
(Instrumental)

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