

# Meadows Of Heaven

## Nightwish

I close my eyes, the lantern dies  
The scent of awakening, wild honey and dew  
Childhood games, woods and lakes  
Streams of silver, toys of olden days  
Meadows of Heaven  
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Lands of wonder and of hidden treasures  
In the meadow of life, my acre of Heaven  
A five year old winter heart in a place called home  
Sailing the waves of past  
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Rocking chair without a dreamer  
A wood and a spring without laughter?  
Sandbox without toy soldiers  
Yuletide without the flight, dreambound for life  
Flowers wither, treasures stay hidden  
Until I see the first star fall  
I fall asleep and see it all  
Mother's care and color of the kites  
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