Sacrament Of Wilderness

Nightwish

Naked in midwinter magic
Lies an angel in the snow
The frozen ficure crossed by tracks of wolves
An encounter, symbolic, yet truthfull
With a hungry choir of woods
An agreement immemorial to be born
Dulcet elvenharps from a dryad forest
Accompany all charming tunes
of a sacrament by a campfire
A promise between the tameless
and the one with a tool
Tonight the journey from the cave begins
I want to hunt with the tameless world

I want to learn the wisdom of mountains afar
we will honor the angel in the snow
We will make the streams for allour children flow
Wrapped in furs beneath the nothern lights
From my cave I watch the land untamed
And wonder is some becoming season
will make the angel melt in shame
I want to hunt with the tameless world
I want to learn the wisdom of mountains afar
I want to hunt with the tameless world
I want to learn the wisdom of mountains afar
we will honor the angel in the snow
We will make the streams for all our children flow

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