

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 daysMeadows of Heaven
Meadows of HeavenLands 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 pastMeadows of Heaven
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Meadows of HeavenRocking chair without a dreamer
A wood and a spring without laughter?
Sandbox without toy soldiers
Yuletide without the flight, dreambound for lifeFlowers wither, treasures stay hidden
Until I see the first star fall
I fall asleep and see it all
Mothers care and color of the kitesMeadows of Heaven
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