

Meadows of Heaven (Orchestral Version)

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
The flowers of wonder and the 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
Meadows of Heaven
Rocking chair without a dreamer
A wooden swing without laughter?
Sandbox without toy soldiers
Yuletide without the flight, dream-bound for life
Flowers wither, treasures stay hidden
Until I see the first star of fall
I fall asleep and see it all:
Mother's care and color of the kites
Meadows of Heaven
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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