Ciaran's Well

Tarja

Misty cold nights
You'll hear her sigh
And sing bitter
Sweet lullabiesFor years she prayed
The saints would cast
A spell for the
Forest to let her goShe sings
She dreams
She praysShe sings
She plays...
She stays...Ahh Ahhhh
Ahh AhhhhThe black old well
Holds ancient tales
And makes all wishes come true
So throw your dream
Into the dark
And Blue will come for you

Songwriters
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