

The Greatest Show on Earth (instrumental)

Nightwish

Archaean horizon

The first sunrise

On a pristine gaea

Opus perfectum

Somewhere there, us sleeping After sleeping through a hundred million centuries

We have finally opened our eyes on a sumptuous planet, sparkling with color, bountiful with life

Within decades we must close our eyes again

Isn't it a noble and enlightened way of spending our brief time in the sun

To work at understanding the universe and how we have come to wake up in it? The cosmic law of gravity

Pulled the newborns around a fire

A careless cold infinity in every vast direction

Lonely farer in the Goldilocks zone

She has a tale to tell

From the stellar nursery into a carbon feast

Enter LUCAThe tapestry of chemistry

There's a writing in the garden

Leading us to the mother of allWe are one

We are a universe

Forebears of what will be

Scions of the Devonian sea

Aeons pass

Writing the tale of us all

A day-to-day new opening

For the greatest show on EarthIon channels welcoming the outside world

To the stuff of stars

Bedding the tree of a biological holy

Enter lifeThe tapestry of chemistry

There's a writing in the garden

Leading us to the mother of allWe are one

We are a universe

Forebears of what will be

Scions of the Devonian sea

Aeons pass

Writing the tale of us all

A day-to-day new opening

For the greatest show on EarthWe are here to care for the garden

The wonder of birth

Of every form most beautiful

Every form most beautifulWe are one

We are a universe
Forebears of what will be
Scions of the Devonian sea
Aeons pass writing the tale of us all
A day-to-day new opening
For the greatest show on EarthAfter a billion years The show is still here
Not a single one of your fathers died young
The handy travelers out of Africa
Little Lucy of the AfarGave birth to fantasy
To idolatry
To self-destructive weaponry
Enter the God of gaps
Deep within the past
Atavistic dread of the huntedEnter Ionia, the cradle of thought
The architecture of understanding
The human lust to feel so exceptional
To rule the EarthHunger for shiny rocks
For giant mushroom clouds
The will to do just as you'd be done by
Enter history, the grand finale
Enter ratkindMan, he took his time in the sun
Had a dream to understand
A single grain of sand
He gave birth to poetry
But one day'll cease to be
Greet the last light of the libraryMan, he took his time in the sun
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Greet the last light of the libraryWe were here!
We were here!
We were here!
We were here!"We are going to die, and that makes us the lucky ones
Most people are never going to die because they are never going to be born
The potential people who could have been here in my place
But who will in fact never see the light of day outnumber the sand grains of Sahara
Certainly those unborn ghosts include greater poets than Keats, scientists greater than Newton
We know this because the set of possible people allowed by our DNA
So massively exceeds the set of actual people

In the teeth of those stupefying odds it is you and I, in our ordinariness, that are here
We privileged few, who won the lottery of birth against all odds
How dare we whine at our inevitable return to that prior state
From which the vast majority have never stirred?"There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers
Having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one
And that whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity
From so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been
And are being, evolved

Songwriters

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