

Meadows of Heaven (Orchestral)

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
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Lands 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 past
Meadows of Heaven
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Meadows of Heaven
Rocking chair without a dreamer
A wood and a spring without laughter?
Sandbox without toy soldiers
Yuletide without the flight
Dream down for her
Flowers wither, treasures stay hidden
Until I see the first star-fall
I fall asleep and see it all
Mother care and colour of the kites
Meadows of Heaven
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