With Trees

Korpiklaani

Far, far away, where the birch wouldn't grow
Far, far away and where the wind freezes your face
There you won't be aloneI would rather fly with eagles, to the snow hills
I would rather run with wolves, between the trees
I would rather be with trees, than in the middle of noisy streetsSo far away, My mind flies to the moon
Far, far away, I can see what happens soon
And what's most important

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