

# Nightwish, Meadows Of Heaven

I close my eyes  
The lantern dies  
The scent of awakening  
Wildhoney 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 5-year-old winterheart  
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

Dreambound for life

Flowers wither, treasures stay hidden  
Until I see the 1st star of fall

I fall asleep  
And see it all:  
Mother's care  
And color of the kites

Meadows of heaven