

Tarja Turunen, Boy And The Ghost

The streets are empty.
Inside it's warm.
His hands are shaking.
They locked the door.
A voice is calling,
asking to get in.

All he wanted was a toy.
All he needed was a gentle heart
to lead him through the dark
when his dreams are running wild.

Boy and the ghost,
fire's not burning.
The lights went out,
the lights went out.

Big family dinner,
the untold pain.
Their eyes are sparkling
on his frozen face.
Angel's calling,
asking to get in.

All he wanted was a toy.
All he needed was a gentle heart
to lead him through the dark
when there's nowhere left to fall.

Boy and the ghost.
His eyes are burning.
The lights went out.
The dream is on.

Wake up, wake up:
there's an angel in the snow.
Look up, look up:
it's a frightened dead boy,
with so much hate,
such bad dreams.
He could have seen.
The toy's the key,
but no one saw,
no one saw.

All he wanted was a toy;
all he needed was a beating heart
to lead him through the dark.
Boy and the ghost.

"Despero, solitas, debilis, desolo.
Despero, solitas, debilis, desolo."

When there's nowhere left to fall, nowhere to hide.
The silence is hurting.
Inside it's cold.
Sleep or die.
Nowhere to go,
nowhere to hide.
His light went out.