

TUOMAS HOLOPAINEN, A LIFETIME OF ADVENTURE

To be rich is to still remember
To treasure your first dime
To have a chance to say farewell

Story of your life
Time of solitude and strife
Freedom of the northern road
Hoping many miles to go

Promises to keep
Countless gold fields to reap
To be rich is to seek
To relive the memory

Far off lands, quests of old
Self respect, true grit
Never care, my fortune, my wife
To seek is to be rich

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All the strangers on your path
Crossroads that lead us from home
The cooling hymn for soulful Yuletide heart
All the songs of wilderness
The truth in which you fall
They're your lost treasures, but that's what you recall

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