

Nightwish, My Walden

Sain y niwl,
Gaunt y goydwig fwsog,
Gwenithfaen, cen y coed, a'r lleuad,
Un gway f'adenydd I dapestri bywyd

Light shines bright beyond all the cities of gold
On a road of birdsong and chocolate shops
Of buskers, jugglers, innkeeper`s welcoming call
The sound of mist, smell of moss-grown woods

Weaving my wings from many-colored yarns
Flying higher, higher, higher
Into the wild
Weaving my world into tapestry of life
Its fire golden

In my Walden

I will taste the manna in every tree
Liquid honey and wine from the distant hills
An early morning greenwood concerto
Greets my Walden with its eternal voice

I do not wish to evade the world
Yet I will forever build my own
Forever build my own
Forever my home