

Nightwish, Storytime

It was the night before,
When all through the world,
No words, no dreams
Then one day,
A writer by a fire
Imagined all of Gaia
Took a journey into a child-man's heart...

A painter on the shore
Imagined all the world
Within a snowflake on his palm
Unframed by poetry
A canvas of awe
Planet Earth falling back into the stars

I am the voice of Never, Never Land
The innocence, the dreams of every man
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan,
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky,
Every chimney, every moonlit sight
I am the story that will read you real,
Every memory that you hold dear

I am the journey,
I am the destination,
I am the home
The tale that reads you
A way to taste the night,
The elusive high
Follow the madness,
Alice you know once did

Imaginarium, a dream emporium!
Caress the tales
And they will dream you real
A storyteller's game,
Lips that intoxicate
The core of all life
Is a limitless chest of tales...

I am the voice of Never, Never Land
The innocence, the dreams of every man
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan,
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky,
Every chimney, every moonlit sight
I am the story that will read you real,
Every memory that you hold dear

I am the voice of Never, Never Land
The innocence, the dreams of every man
Searching heavens for another earth...

I am the voice of Never, Never Land
The innocence, the dreams of every man
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan,
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky,
Every chimney, every moonlit sight
I am the story that will read you real,
Every memory that you hold dear