

Sonata Arctica, Under Your Tree

The leaves they fall
upon the day that makes a memory
those pleading eyes,
echoing, silently in me

the final nights
I guard her sleep, I can do without
the fear's down deep
There's nothing good in this morning...

Oh, and I know...
invested feelings in the one I would outlast
My little friend is getting tired, fading fast...

Did not want to see the signs of the dimming flame
I thought we had more time

No, I don't want to let you go
Tonight I fear I'll say goodbye to my little friend
Don't want to let you go...

the warmest heart I've found
I lower into the ground
my tears, forever with you
resting under your tree

you have always liked this place
it now belongs to you...
I need to set you free
and go on alone

one day in my feeble timeline
You gave me your heart and stole mine
tomorrows came too fast for me
to hear your slow, silent goodbye...

the kindest heart I've found
I lowered into the ground
your smile kept me alive
back when the skies were still

you always liked this place
now sleep under the tree
I planted here the day
when you were born

I should've been ready, seen the nearing end
my little old friend, a child.
That day I had to say goodbye and turn the bend
but I'll never let go