

Stratovarius, Magic Carpet Ride

Let me take you to the faraway places,
where you've never been. To the orient lands.
Soon you will notice the mountains and forests.
We're flying over them now.

Don't you be afraid, just take my hand
as we race with four winds.

Welcome to the land of mystery,
welcome to the land of secrets.
This is no ancient history.
We are flying through the gates of Babylon.

Allah is speaking us all with his mighty voice,
Bowing his power as we go down.
This magic carpet ride is not a dream to us,
it's really happening now.

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