

Tarja, Ciarans Well

Misty cold nights.
You'll hear her sigh
and sing bittersweet lullabies.
For years she prayed
the saints would cast
a spell for the forest to let her go.

She sings,
she dreams,
she prays.

The black old well
holds ancient tales
and makes all wishes come true.
So throw your dream
into the dark
and Blue will come for you.

She sings,
she dreams,
she prays,

she sings,
she plays,
she stays...

"You're safe with me,
come to me and bathe in these sacred, holy waters.
Cleanse your soul and mind;
I will take your grief away. I will release you from your pain,
the saints will watch over you.
Salvations near, breathe in life my dear."