

Tarja, Railroads

Hard to believe in, strikes like a bad sin
Life without meaning, is no life at all
Dreaming victorious, death to be glorious

Conquering new worlds further than before

The violin player in her red gown
Cuts the strings to life while golden
Feathered keys are struggling
Through the lightning path in black and white
Frozen tiger statues round us,
Arbeit macht frei never back
Your eyes without a face chasing the medals in disguise

Come show me the love that fills your heart
You'll see this moment will redeem the past
And shine tomorrow railroads with your light

Facing the darkness, escaping that madness
I traveled a long way to find out what is near

Rings of fire, monastery,
Laurel wreath, the bells of glory
Eagle rising, camels fading,
Ancient martial arts we are floating
Spiral keeps on round and round
Deep into the swamp we are boating
Latin veritas and Ichiban sharing the sky

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