

Tarja Turunen, Ciar

Misty cold nights
You'll hear her sigh
And sing bitter
Sweet 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...

"Your 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 the life

Ahh Ahhhh
Ahh Ahhhh