

Korpiklaani, With Trees

Far, far away, where the birch wouldn't grow
Far, far away and where the wind freezes your face
There you won't be alone

I would rather fly with eagles, to the snow hills
I would rather run with wolves, between the trees
I would rather be with trees, than in the middle of noisy streets

So far away, My mind flies to the moon
Far, far away, I can see what happens soon
And what's most important