

Nightwish, The Carpenter

Who are you?
Man condemned to shine a salvation
throughout the centuries
Why ?
Was the wine of the grail
too sour for man to drink

The carpenter
carved his anchor
on the dying souls of mankind
On the tomb of this unknown soldier
lay the tools of the one
who for us had died
Tools of the carpenter

The one they lick
The same old sick
dream of their precious saviour

Kiss them deep and

make them weep
over promises of eternal peace

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I hear you
through the symphonic voices of nature
- the purity I could never doubt
They tell me to lie on the grass
and observe my saviour
The one crucified to the chirping of birds

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