

# Sonata Arctica, Letter To Dana

Dana, my darling, I'm writing to you.  
Cause your father passed away, it was a beautiful day  
And I don't want to bother You anymore,  
I used to hope you'd come back  
But not anymore Dana.

My eyes might have betrayed me, but I have seen  
Your picture on the cover of a filthy magazine  
And I think my heart just cannot handle that  
Dana, my darling, would be so bad.

Dana my darling I'm writing to you  
Your mother passed away it was a really rainy day  
And I didn't mean to bother you anymore  
Your mother wished: Come visit your fathers grave, Dana

Your father disowned you because you have sinned  
But he did forgive you in condition he was in  
And I hope you won't do those things anymore  
Dana My darling I'm waiting for

Dana O'Hara oh, Dana my dear,  
How I wish that my Dana was here  
Little Dana O'Hara decided one day  
to travel away, faraway

No, you can't surprise me anymore  
I have seen it all before  
But it seems I cannot let you go  
Anyhow, Dana, Dana, Dana, Dana

And I think that I told you, I'd wait for you forever  
Now I know someone else's holding you,  
so, for the first time in my life - I must lie  
Lie's a sin, mess that I am in,  
Love is not the thing I feel know  
I promise you: I won't write again 'til the sun sets  
behind your grave

Dana, oh, Dana I'm writing to you, I heard you passed  
away it was a beautiful day  
I'm old and I feel time will come for me, my diary's  
pages are full of thee

Dana O'Hara oh, Dana my dear,  
How I wish that my Dana was here  
Little Dana O'Hara decided one day  
to travel away, faraway