

## Troika

### Blackmore's Night

There's a place in my heart  
The shadows call their home  
Cold as the winds through Siberia  
Where the snow lies so deep  
You can't even see the sun  
Run, my Troika, run

Let the horses run free  
So dark against the white  
Over the field till they're out of sight  
And I am swept away  
The journey has just begun  
Run, my Troika, run

Oh, my mother Russia  
Land of fairytales  
Captured like the wind  
In her silken sails

And the time rushes by  
A thief in the night  
Stealing my memory  
Fading out the light  
But I cannot forget where it is  
That I come from  
Run, my Troika, run

I can still see your face  
The years have been kind  
Dust on the pictures  
Clouding up my mind  
Remember me now  
Not for what I may become  
Run, my Troika, run