

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