

Misty Fields

Korpiklaani

I can remember the horses of the pasture
misty mornings and cool of the evenings.
I can remember when the wind whistles
in the corners of the house.

I can feel the fear of the dark
when shaking under
my little bed trying to squeeze
the pillow to my safety

Riding to the grain fields
days of childhood in my memories
flying over the hills unforgettable
over and over again.

In my dreams i live again
my childhood life from night to night.
I could wake with the smell of new-mown hay.
I could wake and taste the blood in my mouth.

I can feel the fear of the dark
when shaking under
my little bed trying to squeeze
the pillow to my safety