

Ciarán's Well

Tarja Turunen

Misty cold nights
You'll hear her sigh
And sing bitter
Sweet lullabies

For years she prayed
The saints would cast
A spell for the
Forest to let her go, go, go, gooo

She sings
She dreams
She prays

The black old well
Holds ancient tales
And makes all wishes come true
So throw your dream
Into the dark
And Blue will come for you, you, you, youuu

She sings
She dreams
She prays

She sings
She plays
She stays