

# The Weave

Nightwish

Light

First cry, language of the unheard  
Old ghosts dancing to a new birth  
Knit from souls vanished long gone  
Into one, a reaper's sideshow  
First step, open gates to homesteads  
Last thought innocent and unscathed  
Tenth spring, sirens knitting mind scapes  
Passion of the young, anchors aweigh

He of myriad songs  
Of a lifelong call  
Cries it's moment to the stars  
Rips a withering heart  
To fall apart  
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