

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
The unwrapping has begun

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