

The Last Sled

Tuomas Holopainen

There's gold and it's haunting and haunting
It's luring me on as of old
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting so much
as just finding the gold
It's the great big, broad land, 'way up yonder

The great big, broad land, 'way up yonder
Haunting him as of old
Yet, it ain't the gold itself
so much as finding the gold
Farewell, white agony creek
Farewell, the three long years
Can't leave behind what's in the sled

Things we lost
The things we couldn't share
Another rainbow's end
Another memory
Fortuna, favet fortibus
Hold on to all that's dear to you
As the last sled to Dawson finally arrives

It's the forests
where silence has lease
It's the beauty
that fills me with wonder
It's the stillness
that fills me with peace

The stillness that fills him with peace
The beauty of the wild
Rainbow's end with golden dreams
Starlit sky and coffee and beans
Farewell, white agony creek
Farewell, the three spring thaws
One day I will return to you

Things we lost
The things we couldn't share
Another rainbow's end
Another memory
Fortuna, favet fortibus
Hold on to all that's dear to you
As the last sled to Dawson finally arrives