

# Ciaran's Well

Tarja

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 She sings  
She dreams  
She prays  
She sings  
she plays...  
she stays... Ahh Ahhhh  
Ahh Ahhhh  
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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>