



Nightwish
Dark Passion Play

Collector's Edition

The Poet And The Pendulum

I. "WHITE LANDS OF EMPATHICA"

The end.

The songwriter`s dead.
The blade fell upon him
Taking him to the white lands
Of Empathica
Of Innocence
Empathica
Innocence

II. "HOME"

The dreamer and the wine
Poet without a rhyme
A widowed writer torn apart by chains of hell

One last perfect verse
Is still the same old song
Oh Christ how I hate what I have become

Take me home

Getaway, runaway, fly away
Lead me astray to dreamer`s hideaway
I cannot cry `cause the shoulder cries more
I cannot die, I, a whore for the cold world
Forgive me
I have but two faces
One for the world
One for God
Save me
I cannot cry `cause the shoulder cries more
I cannot die, I, a whore for the cold world

My home was there `n then
Those meadows of heaven
Adventure-filled days
One with every smiling face

Please, no more words
Thoughts from a severed head
No more praise
Tell me once my heart goes right

Take me home

Getaway, runaway, fly away
Lead me astray to dreamer`s hideaway
I cannot cry `cause the shoulder cries more
I cannot die, I, a whore for the cold world
Forgive me
I have but two faces
One for the world
One for God
Save me
I cannot cry `cause the shoulder cries more
I cannot die, I, a whore for the cold world

III. "THE PACIFIC"

Sparkle my scenery
With turquoise waterfall
With beauty underneath
The Ever Free

Tuck me in beneath the blue
Beneath the pain, beneath the rain
Goodnight kiss for a child in time
Swaying blade my lullaby

On the shore we sat and hoped
Under the same pale moon
Whose guiding light chose you
Chose you all

*"I`m afraid. I`m so afraid.
Being raped again, and again, and again
I know I will die alone.
But loved.*

*You live long enough to hear the sound of guns,
long enough to find yourself screaming every night,
long enough to see your friends betray you.*

*For years I`ve been strapped unto this altar.
Now I only have 3 minutes and counting.
I just wish the tide would catch me first and give
me a death I always longed for "*

IV. "DARK PASSION PLAY"

2nd robber to the right of Christ
Cut in half - infanticide
The world will rejoice today
As the crows feast on the rotting poet

Everyone must bury their own
No pack to bury the heart of stone
Now he`s home in hell, serves him well
Slain by the bell, tolling for his farewell

The morning dawned, upon his altar
Remains of the dark passion play
Performed by his friends without shame
Spitting on his grave as they came

Getaway, runaway, fly away
Lead me astray to dreamer`s hideaway
I cannot cry `cause the shoulder cries more
I cannot die, I, a whore for the cold world
Forgive me
I have but two faces
One for the world
One for God
Save me
I cannot cry `cause the shoulder cries more
I cannot die, I, a whore for the cold world

*"Today, in the year of our Lord 2005,
Tuomas was called from the cares of the world.
He stopped crying at the end of each beautiful day.
The music he wrote had too long been
without silence.*

*He was found naked and dead,
With a smile in his face, a pen and
1000 pages of erased text."*

Save me

V. "MOTHER & FATHER"

Be still, my son
You`re home
Oh when did you become so cold?
The blade will keep on descending
All you need is to feel my love

Search for beauty, find your shore
Try to save them all, bleed no more
You have such oceans within
In the end
I will always love you

The beginning.



Amaranth

Baptised with a perfect name
The doubting one by heart
Alone without himself

War between him and the day
Need someone to blame
In the end, little he can do alone

You believe but what you see
You receive but what you give

Caress the one, the Never-Fading
Rain in your heart - the tears of snow-white sorrow
Caress the one, the hiding amaranth
In a land of the daybreak

Apart from the wandering pack
In this brief flight of time we reach
For the ones, whoever dare

You believe but what you see
You receive but what you give

Caress the one, the Never-Fading
Rain in your heart - the tears of snow-white sorrow
Caress the one, the hiding amaranth
In a land of the daybreak

Reaching, searching for something untouched
Hearing voices of the Never-Fading calling

Caress the one, the Never-Fading
Rain in your heart - the tears of snow-white sorrow
Caress the one, the hiding amaranth
In a land of the daybreak



Cadence Of Her Last Breath

Running for her life
The dark rain from her eyes still falls
Breathtaking butterfly
Chose a dark day to live

Save one breath for me

A Loner longing for
The cadence of her last breath

Why do I miss someone
I never met, with bated breath I lay
Seawinds brought her to me
A butterfly, mere one-day miracle of life
And all the poetry in the world
Finally makes sense to me

Save one death for me

A Loner longing for
The cadence of her last breath

Put to rest all that's not life
Drink for beauty and fill my blank page

Sometimes a dream turns into a dream

A Loner longing for
The cadence of her last breath

Master Passion Greed

*"I will let no man drag me down so low, as to make me hate him."
Booker T. Washington*

Who the hell are you to tell me
What to do, why to do, why bother
Leech in a mask of virtue
Such waste, to ever think of you again

Hey Judas, your Christess was our love
Hit and run, your will be done
Never sorry, never wrong
More more more more more

Master passion greed

*"Hello. How are you?
Let me explain one thing.
All for her and more for me
Why is it so hard to see?
I see no sense in doing this
Not enough for me
I fuck up everything but let me explain."*

Some day you shall flee,
Panting and weak

Master passion greed

All within me gone but pain and hope
Hoping that the pain would fade away

Greed, your master passion
I feed the mouth that bites me
Mammon, opiate of the masses
The reek of your lies draws flies

Seek her
Seduce her
Tame her
Blame her
Have her
Kill her
Feast on it all

With awakening the tears will begin
To my everlasting shame silence took me





Eva

6.30 winter morn
Snow keeps falling, silent dawn
A rose by any other name
Eva leaves her Swanbrook home
A kindest heart which always made
Me ashamed of my own
She walks alone but not without her name

Eva flies away
Dreams the world far away
In this cruel children`s game
There`s no friend to call her name
Eva sails away
Dreams the world far away
The Good in her will be my sunflower field

Mocked by man to depths of shame
Little girl with life ahead
For a memory of one kind word
She would stay among the beasts
Time for one more daring dream
Before her escape, edenbeam
We kill with her own loving heart

Eva flies away
Dreams the world far away
In this cruel children`s game
There`s no friend to call her name
Eva sails away
Dreams the world far away
The Good in her will be my sunflower field



Sahara

A ballad of dark queen echoes through night
As he flees the curse of gods, the pharaoh's wrath

1001 nights unseen
The philosopher and the queen

Ancient mariner in a sea of sand
The burning beauty his tomb to die for

1001 nights unseen
The philosopher and the queen
Horizon's swarming with death
Run!

Heaven has a darkened face
Dunes are soaring, as on a chase
Caravan of the cursed
Chasing him across the waves

May he now rest under aegis of mirage
As the sands slowly turn to Elysian fields

1001 nights unseen
The philosopher and the queen



Whoever Brings The Night

We seduce the dark with pain and rapture
Like two ships that pass in the night
You and I, a whore and a bashful sailor
Welcome to a sunrise of a dirty mind

All you love is a lie
You one-night butterfly
Hurt me, be the one
Whoever brings the night

The Dark, created to hide the innocent white, the lust of night
Eyes so bright, seductive lies
Crimson masquerade where I merely played my part
Poison dart of desire

All you love is a lie
You one-night butterfly
Hurt me, be the one
Whoever brings the night

Choose a bride
Tonight a fantasy for a zombie
Hurt me, I love to suffer
Your harem's a dream for free

Enter
Suck from us and live forever
Rotten beauty
Will haunt you for a lifetime

Come with me underwater
And drown to despise me no more
Unholy, unworthy
My night is a dream for free

All you love is a lie
You one-night butterfly
Hurt me, be the one
Whoever brings the night



For The Heart I Once Had

Heaven today is but a way
To a place I once called home
Heart of a child, one final sigh
As another love goes cold

Once my heart beat to the rhythm of the falling snow
Blackened below, the river now flows
A stream of molten virgin snow

For the heart I'll never have
For the child forever gone
The music flows, because it longs
For the heart I once had

Living today without a way
To understand the weight of the world
Faded and torn, old and forlorn
My weak and hoping heart

For the child, for the light
For the heart I once had
I'll believe and foresee
Everything I could ever be

For the heart I'll never have
For the child forever gone
The music flows, because it longs
For the heart I once had

Time will not heal a Dead Boy's scars
Time will kill

For the heart I'll never have
For the child forever gone
The music flows, because it longs
For the heart I once had



Jukka Nevalainen
drums

Anette Olzon
vocals

Tuomas Holopainen
keys & piano

Marco Hietala
bass & vocals

Empu Vuorinen
guitars



The Islander

An old man by a seashore
At the end of day
Gazes the horizon
With seawinds in his face
Tempest-tossed island
Seasons all the same
Anchorage unpainted
And a ship without a name

Sea without a shore for the banished one unheard
He lightens the beacon, light at the end of world
Showing the way lighting hope in their hearts
The ones on their travels homeward from afar

This is for long-forgotten
Light at the end of the world
Horizon crying
The tears he left behind long ago

The albatross is flying
Making him daydream
The time before he became
One of the world's unseen
Princess in the tower
Children in the fields
Life gave him it all:
An island of the universe

Now his love's a memory
A ghost in the fog
He sets the sails one last time
Saying farewell to the world
Anchor to the water
Seabed far below
Grass still in his feet
And a smile beneath his brow

This is for long-forgotten
Light at the end of the world
Horizon crying
The tears he left behind so long ago



Last of The Wilds
(Instrumental)



7 Days To The Wolves

The wolves, my love, will come
Taking us home where dust once was a man

Is there Life before a Death?
Do we long too much and never let in?

Howl
7 days to the wolves
Where will we be when they come
7 days to the poison
And a place in heaven
Time drawing near as they come to take us

This is my church of choice
Love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice

For the rest, I have to say to you
I will dream like the God
And suffer like all the dead children

Howl
7 days to the wolves
Where will we be when they come
7 days to the poison
And a place in heaven
Time drawing near as they come to take us

This is
Where heroes
And cowards
Part ways

Light the fire, feast
Chase the ghost, give in
Take the road less traveled by
Leave the city of fools
Turn every poet loose

Heroes, cowards, no more

Meadows Of Heaven

I close my eyes
The lantern dies
The scent of awakening
Wildhoney and dew

Childhood games
Woods and lakes
Streams of silver
Toys of olden days

Meadows of heaven

The flowers of wonder
And the hidden treasures
In the meadow of life
My acre of heaven
A 5-year-old winterheart
In a place called home
Sailing the waves of past

Meadows of heaven

Rocking chair without a dreamer
A wooden swing without laughter
Sandbox without toy soldiers
Yuletide without the Flight

Dreambound for life

Flowers wither, treasures stay hidden
Until I see the 1st star of fall

I fall asleep
And see it all:
Mother`s care
And color of the kites

Meadows of heaven



All music by Tuomas Holopainen, except:

“Whoever Brings The Night” by Emppu Vuorinen

“The Islander” by Marco Hietala

“7 Days To The Wolves” by Tuomas Holopainen / Marco Hietala

All lyrics by Tuomas Holopainen

Arrangements by Hietala / Holopainen / Nevalainen / Vuorinen / Kinnunen

DARK PASSION PLAY was:

Produced by T. Holopainen

Co-produced by T. Kinnunen and M. Karmila

Recorded at:

Petrax Studios / Hollola

Legendary E-Major Studios / Kerava

Finnvox Studios / Helsinki

Abbey Road Studios / London

Between September `06 – March `07

Engineered by Karmila / Kinnunen / Vuorinen

Mixed by Mikko Karmila at Finnvox, April – May `07

Mastered by Mika Jussila at Finnvox, May `07

Artwork and layout by Janne & Gina Pitkänen (www.inferiart.com)

Band photography by Ville Akseli (www.villeakseli.com)

Art direction by Tuomas Holopainen

Acoustic guitars by Emppu Vuorinen & Marco Hietala

Electric kantele by Senni Eskelinen

Soundscapes created by Jussi Tegelman

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The Dark Passion Slay Orchestra

Violins

Gavyn Wright	Perry Montague-Mason
Chris Tombling	Sonia Slay
Warren Zielinski	Thomas Bowes
Dave Woodcock	Liz Edwards
Jackie Shave	Patrick Kiernan
Boguslaw Kostecki	Julian Leaper
Cathy Thompson	Mark Berrow
Pete Hanson	Everton Nelson
Jonathan Rees	Rita Manning
Steve Morris	Jim McLeod
Simon Fischer	Mike McMenemy
Dermot Crehan	Emlyn Singleton
Tom Pigott-Smith	Gaby Lester

Violas

Peter Lale	Bruce White
Garfield Jackson	Katie Wilkinson
Rachel Bolt	Jon Thorne
Tim Grant	Chris Pitsillides
Don McVay	Gustav Clarkson
Kate Musker	Andy Parker
Chris Pitsillides	

Celli

Martin Loveday	Dave Daniels
John Heley	Ben Chappell
Caroline Dearnley	Jonathan Williams
Anthony Lewis	Frank Schaefer
Anthony Pleeth	

Bass

Chris Laurence	Patrick Lannigan
Mary Scully	Steve Williams
Allen Walley	

Flute

Andy Findon

Flute/Piccolo

Helen Keen

Oboe/Cor Anglais

David Theodore

Clarinet

Nicholas Bucknall
Dave Fuest

Clarinet/Bass Clarinet

Anthony Pike

Bassoon/Contrabassoon

Julie Andrews

French Horns

Richard Watkins	Mike Thompson
Richard Berry	Laurence Davies

Trumpets

Maurice Murphy	Derek Watkins
John Barclay	Andy Crowley
Ian Balmain	

Trombones

Peter Beachill
Andy Wood
Richard Edwards

Bass Trombone

Dave Stewart

Tuba

Owen Slade

Percussion

Stephen Henderson	Frank Ricotti
Gary Kettel	

Harp

Skaila Kanga

The Metro Voices

Jenny O'Grady	Rosemary Forbes-Butler
Cherith Millburn-Fryer	Sarah Ryan
Tom Pearce	Gerard Bentall
Anne Marie Cullum	Helen Meyerhoff
Jonathan Williams	Charlie Baker
Claire Henry	Bob J. Harms
Helen Brookes	Nicki Kennedy
Simon Preece	Andrew Tinkler
Sam Burkey	Catriana Sandison
Steve Trowell	Joanna Forbes
Lindsay Wagstaff	Jeremy Avis
Samantha Shaw	Michael Dore
Matthew White	Eliza Lumley
Jude Sim	Susan Flannery
Helen Parker	Andrew Busher
Ann De Renais	Heather Cairncross
Sarah Eyden	Catherine Bott
Morag MacKay	Yona Dunsford
Mary Carewe	Lawrence Wallington
Michael Clarke	David Porter-Thomas
Matthew Hargreaves	Alison Jear

The Metro Voices Gospel Choir

Jenny O'Grady
Beverley Skeete (soloist)
Tommy Blaize (soloist)
Sara Jane Skeete
Bryan Chambers
Lance Ellington
Fay Simpson
Ricci P. Washington
Derek Green
Janet Ramus
Carol Kenyon
Tom Pearce

Orchestra and choirs arranged, orchestrated and directed by Pip Williams
Conducted by James Shearman

Orchestra leaders: Gavyn Wright (Dec '06) and Perry Montague-Mason (Feb '07)
Choirmaster: Jenny O'Grady

Orchestra, choirs and additional overdubs recorded at
Abbey Road Studios London, during December 2006 and February 2007
Engineer: Haydn Bendall

Assisted by: Sam Okell, Richard Lancaster, Andrew Kitchen and Robin Baynton.
Thanks to Collette Barber at Abbey Road.

Orchestral Contractor: Isobel Griffiths
Co-ordination: Leila Stacey
Music Preparation: Richard Ihnatowicz

Lead boy soprano: Guy Elliott
2nd boy soprano & voice: Tom Williams
(Courtesy of the Reigate St. Mary's Choir School, Choirmaster: John Tobin)
Celtic fiddle: Nollaig Casey
Uilleann pipes, low whistles & bodhran: Troy Donockley
Cymbalom: Greg Knowles

Solo cello: Anthony Pleeth
Solo cello: Martin Loveday (in "The Poet And The Pendulum")
Solo whistle: Andy Findon (in "For The Heart I Once Had")
Solo violin: Gavin Wright (in "The Islander")

Pip Williams lectures in Music Technology at the
Faculty of the Arts, Thames Valley University, London.
Special thanks to Chris O'Neil and Chris Batchelor.

He would like to dedicate his work on this album to his
beloved brother, Mick Williams, who died February 7th 2007.

Thanks also to Nightwish and Ewo, for inviting
me to work on such a wonderful, monumental project
-the greatest musical event of my career!

Our gratitude goes to our families, mates, loved ones, fans & everybody involved in creating this album.
Thank you for having the faith!

w w w . n i g h t w i s h . c o m

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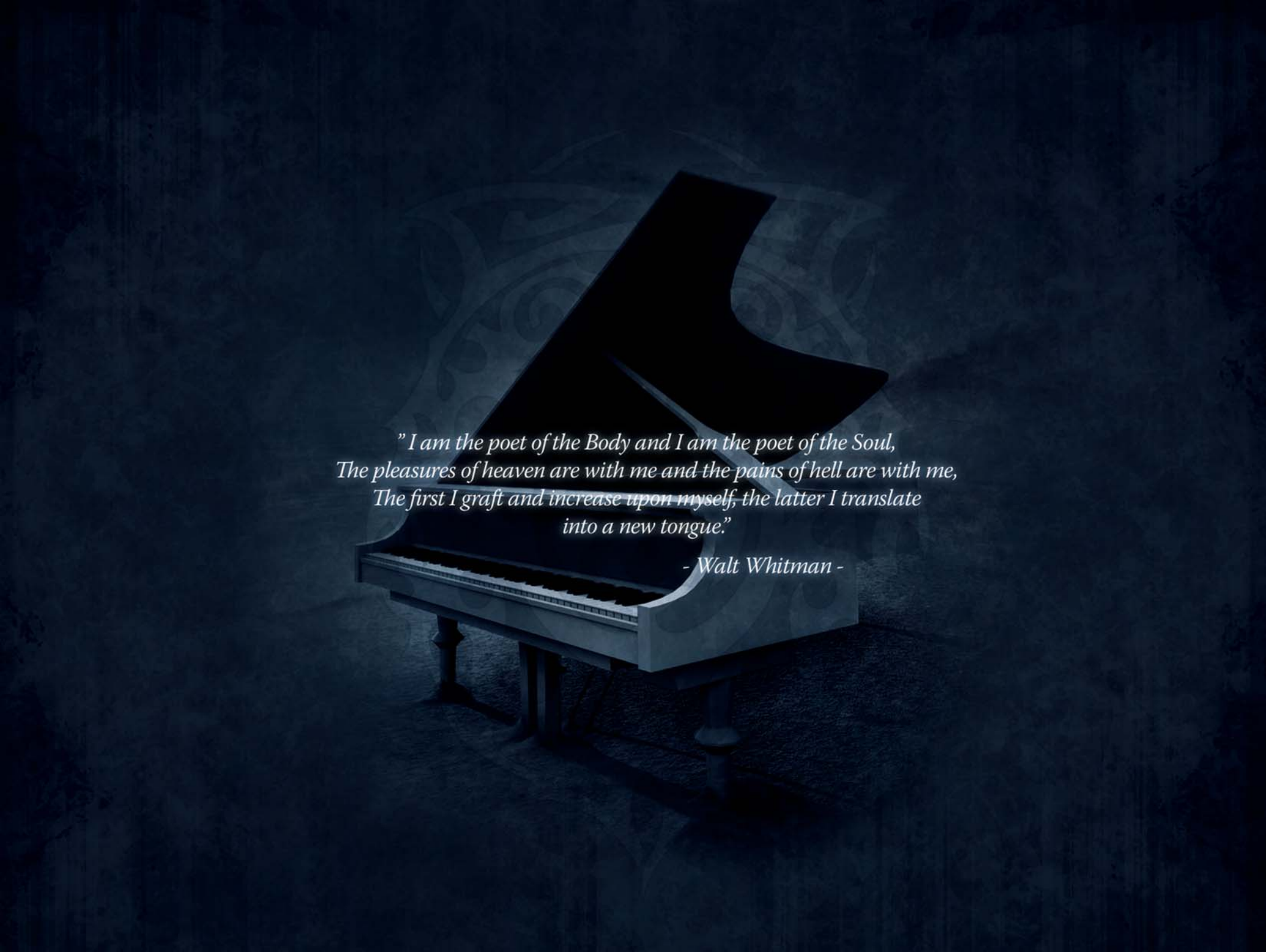
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*" I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me,
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate
into a new tongue."*

- Walt Whitman -

Disc 1

The Poet and The Pendulum
Bye Bye Beautiful
Amaranth
Cadence of Her Last Breath
Master Passion Greed
Eva
Sahara
Whoever Brings the Night
For The Heart I Once Had
The Islander
Last of the Wilds
Seven Days To The Wolves
Meadows of Heaven
Reach (Amaranth Demo Version)

Disc 2

Orchestral Versions:
The Poet and The Pendulum
Bye Bye Beautiful
Amaranth
Cadence of Her Last Breath
Master Passion Greed
Eva
Sahara
Whoever Brings the Night
For The Heart I Once Had
The Islander
Last of the Wilds
Seven Days To The Wolves
Meadows of Heaven

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