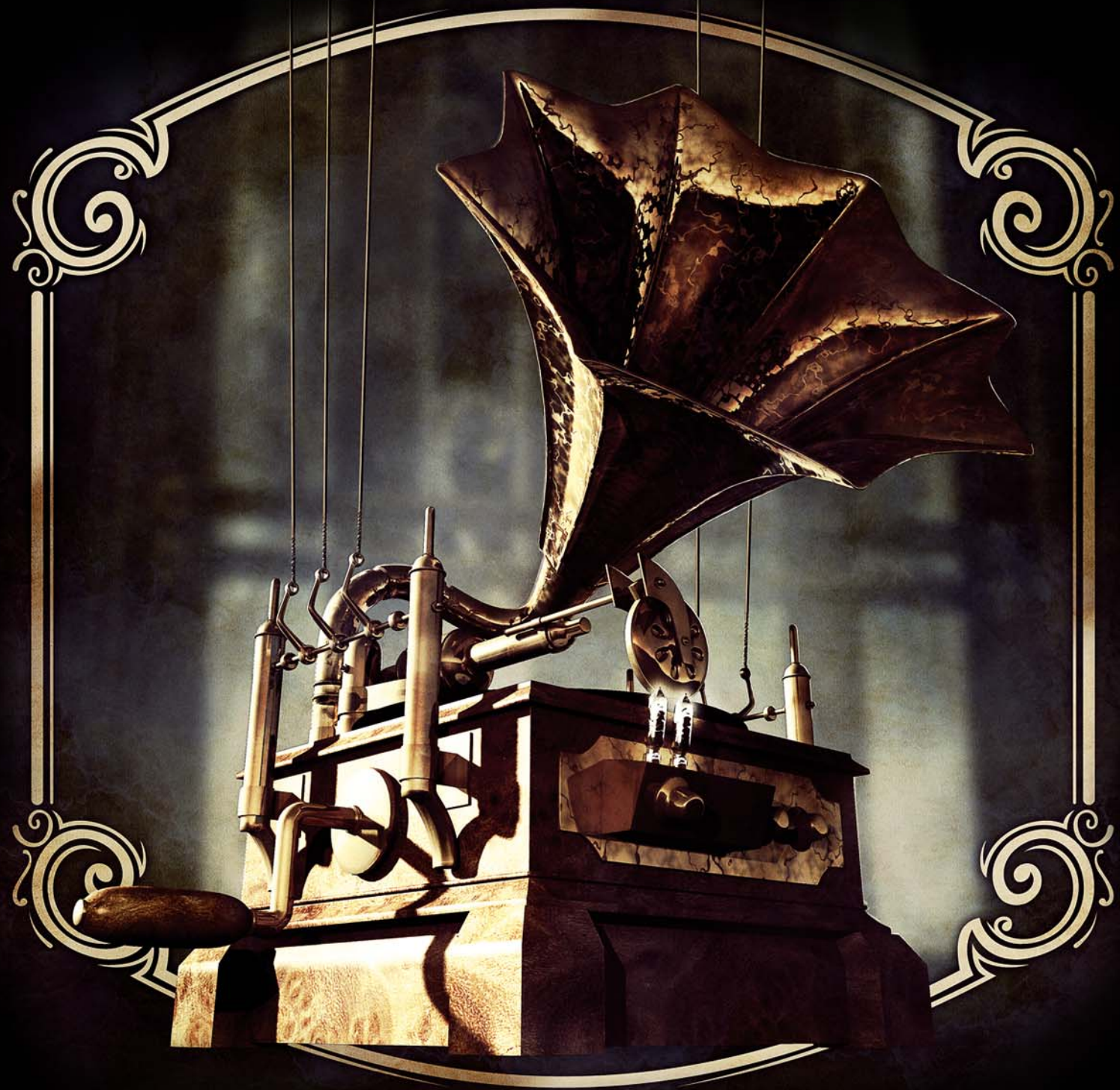


# Nightwish







# I TAIKATALVI

Lapsistain rakkain tää näyttämö on  
Mis kuutamo kujillaan kulkee  
Taipunut havu, kesä hoivassa sen  
Valkomeren niin aavan  
Joka aavekuun siivin  
Saapuu mut kotiin noutamaan

Päällä talvisen maan hetki kuin ikuisuus  
Mi pienen kissan jaloin luokseni hiipii  
Tääl tarinain lähteellä asua saan mis  
Viulu valtavan kaihon  
Ikisäveltään maalaa  
Laulullaan herättää maan

# II STORYTIME

˘Twas the night before  
When all through the world  
No words, no dreams, then one day

A writer by a fire  
Imagined all Gaia  
Took a journey into a child-man`s heart

A painter on the shore  
Imagined all the world  
Within a snowflake on his palm

Unframed by poetry  
A canvas of awe  
Planet Earth falling back into the stars

I am the voice of Never-Never-Land  
The innocence, the dreams of every man  
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan

A silent kite against the blue, blue sky  
Every chimney, every moonlit sight  
I am the story that will read you real  
Every memory that you hold dear

I am the journey  
I am the destination  
I am the home  
The tale that reads you

A way to taste the night  
The elusive high  
Follow the madness  
Alice, you know once did

Imaginarium  
A dream emporium  
Caress the tales  
And they will dream you real

A storyteller`s game  
Lips that intoxicate  
The core of all life is a  
limitless chest of tales

I am the voice of Never-Never-Land  
The innocence, the dreams of every man  
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan

A silent kite against the blue, blue sky  
Every chimney, every moonlit sight  
I am the story that will read you real  
Every memory that you hold dear

I am the voice of Never-Never-Land  
The innocence, the dreams of every man  
Searching heavens for another Earth



### III GHOST RIVER

It`s a long road down the river deep `n wild  
Every twist and turn a wonder-dale  
It`s a scary ride we`d give anything to take  
Let yourself bleed  
Leave a footprint on every island you see

Hey you, child of rape, the riverbed awaits  
Snow white, pitch-black, your life such strife  
Heavenward, deep down, I`ll show you such sights  
Believe it, we live as we dream / scream

"He will go down he will drown drown, deeper down  
The river wild will take your only child  
He will go down he will drown drown deeper down  
The mills grind slow in a riverbed ghost town  
He will go down he will drown drown, deeper down  
If you want me, then do come across"

What is it you dream of, child of mine?  
The magic ride, the mermaid cove?  
Never met a kinder heart than yours  
Let it bleed  
Leave a footprint on every island you see

"I am the painted faces, the toxic kiss  
Sowing of doubt, troll beneath the bridge  
Come across  
Death by a thousand cuts  
Believe it, we live as we dream / scream"

"I am the desert-scape, the sand inside your hourglass  
I am the fear and abuse, the leper children  
Every eye sewn shut"

"We will go down we will drown drown, deeper down  
The river wild will be our last ride  
We will go down we will drown drown, deeper down  
The mills grind slow in a riverbed ghost town"

Beautifully shy as you are  
Never lose your heart  
And do come across

### IV SLOW, LOVE, SLOW

Come and share this painting with me  
Unveiling of me, the magician that never failed

This deep sigh coiled around my chest  
Intoxicated by a major chord  
I wonder  
Do I love you or the thought of you?

Slow, love, slow  
Only the weak are not lonely

Southern blue, morning dew  
Let-down-your-guards, I-love-you`s  
Ice-cream castles, lips-to-ear rhymes  
A slumber deeper than time

Slow, love, slow  
Only the weak are not lonely



## V I WANT MY TEARS BACK

I want my tears back

The treetops, the chimneys, the snowbed stories, winter grey  
Wildflowers, those meadows of heaven, wind in the wheat

A railroad across waters, the scent of grandfatherly love  
Blue bayous, Decembers, moon through a dragonfly`s wings

Where is the wonder where`s the awe  
Where`s dear Alice knocking on the door  
Where`s the trapdoor that takes me there  
Where the real is shattered by a Mad March Hare

Where is the wonder where`s the awe  
Where are the sleepless nights I used to live for  
Before the years take me  
I wish to see  
The lost in me

I want my tears back  
I want my tears back now

A ballet on a grove, still growing young all alone  
A rag doll, a best friend, the voice of Mary Costa

## VI SCARETALE

Once upon a time in a daymare  
Dying to meet you, little child, enter enter this sideshow

Time for bed the cradle still rocks  
13 chimes on a dead man`s clock,  
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock

The bride will lure you, cook you, eat you  
Your dear innocence boiled to feed the evil in need of fear

Burning farms and squealing pigs  
A pool of snakes to swim with, oh sweet poison  
bite me bite me

*"Ladies and gentlemen  
Be heartlessly welcome!  
To Cirque De Morgue  
And what a show we have for you tonight!"*

Restless souls will put on their dancing shoes  
Mindless ghouls with lot of limbs to lose  
Illusionists, contortionist,  
Tightrope - walkers tightening the noose

Horde of spiders, closet tentacles  
Laughing harpies with their talons ripping,  
sher-chriss, per-vizzz

The pendulum still sways for you  
Such are the darks here to show you, child in a corner,  
fallen mirrors, all kingdom in cinders

## VII ARABESQUE





## VIII TURN LOOSE THE MERMAIDS

A kite above a graveyard grey  
At the end of the line far far away  
A child holding on to the magic of birth and awe

Oh, how beautiful it used to be  
Just you and me far beyond the sea  
The waters, scarce in motion  
Quivering still

At the end of the river the sundown beams  
All the relics of a life long lived  
Here, weary traveller rest your wand  
Sleep the journey from your eyes

Good journey, love, time to go  
I checked your teeth and warmed your toes  
In the horizon I see them coming for you

The mermaid grace, the forever call  
Beauty in spyglass on an old man`s porch  
The mermaids you turned loose brought back your tears

## IX REST CALM

I went to die in a seaside hotel  
Lanes of memory paved by sweet frozen moments

Deathbed memories of home  
Never let me go

Every little memory resting calm in me  
Resting in a dream  
Smiling back at me

The faces of the past keep calling me to come back home  
To caress the river with awe  
Within there`s every little memory resting calm with me  
Resting in a dream  
Smiling back at me

The faces of the past keep calling me to come back home  
Rest calm and remember me

You are the moon pulling my black waters  
You are the land in my dark closet  
Stay by my side until it all goes dark forever  
When silent the silence comes closer



## X THE CROW, THE OWL AND THE DOVE

A crow flew to me  
Kept its distance  
Such a proud creation  
I saw its soul, envied its pride  
But needed nothing it had

An owl came to me  
Old and wise  
Pierced right through my youth  
I learned its ways, envied its sense  
But needed nothing it had

Don` t give me love  
Don` t give me faith  
Wisdom nor pride  
Give innocence instead

Don` t give me love  
I` ve had my share  
Beauty nor rest  
Give me truth instead

A dove came to me  
Had no fear  
It rested on my arm  
I touched its calm, envied its love  
But needed nothing it had

A swan of white she came to me  
The lake mirrored her beauty sweet  
I kissed her neck, adored her grace  
But needed nothing she could give

Gar tuht river  
Ger te rheged

## XI LAST RIDE OF THE DAY

We live in every moment but this one  
Why don` t we recognize the faces loving us so

What` s God if not the spark that started life  
Smile of a stranger  
Sweet music, starry skies  
Wonder, mystery, wherever my road goes  
Early wake-ups in a moving home  
Scent of fresh-mown grass in the morning sun  
Open theme park gates waiting for

Riding the day, every day into sunset  
Finding the way back home

Once upon a night we` ll wake to the carnival of life  
The beauty of this ride ahead such an incredible high  
It` s hard to light a candle, easy to curse the dark instead  
This moment the dawn of humanity  
The last ride of the day

Wake up, Dead Boy  
Enter adventureland  
Tricksters, magicians will show you all that` s real  
Careless jugglers, snakecharmers by your trail  
Magic of a moment  
Abracadabra







*" But only in their dreams can men be truly free,  
'Twas always thus, and always thus will be "*  
- John Keating

## XII SONG OF MYSELF

### 1. From A Dusty Bookshelf

#### 2. All That Great Heart Lying Still

The nightingale is still locked in the cage  
The deep breath I took still poisons my lungs  
An old oak sheltering me from the blue  
Sun bathing on its dead frozen leaves

A catnap in the ghost town of my heart  
She dreams of storytime and the river ghosts  
Of mermaids, of Whitman`s and the Ride  
Raving harlequins, gigantic toys

A song of me a song in need  
Of a courageous symphony  
A verse of me a verse in need  
Of a pure-heart singing me to peace

All that great heart lying still and slowly dying  
All that great heart lying still on an angelwing

All that great heart lying still  
In silent suffering  
Smiling like a clown until the show has come to an end

What is left for encore  
Is the same old Dead Boy`s song  
Sung in silence

All that great heart lying still and slowly dying  
All that great heart lying still on an angelwing

A midnight flight into Covington Woods  
A princess and a panther by my side  
These are Territories I live for  
I`d still give my everything to love you more

### 3. Piano Black

A silent symphony  
A hollow opus #1,2,3

Sometimes the sky is piano black  
Piano black over cleansing waters

Resting pipes, verse of bore  
Rusting keys without a door

Sometimes the within is piano black  
Piano black over cleansing waters

All that great heart lying still and slowly dying  
All that great heart lying still on an angelwing

### 4. Love

I see a slow, simple youngster by a busy street,  
with a begging bowl in his shaking hand.  
Trying to smile but hurting infinitely. Nobody notices.  
I do, but walk by.

An old man gets naked and kisses a model-doll in his attic.  
It`s half-light and he`s in tears.  
When he finally comes his eyes are cascading.

I see a beaten dog in a pungent alley. He tries to bite me.  
All pride has left his wild drooling eyes.  
I wish I had my leg to spare.

A mother visits her son, smiles to him through the bars.  
She`s never loved him more.

An obese girl enters an elevator with me.  
All dressed up fancy, a green butterfly on her neck.  
Terribly sweet perfume deafens me.  
She`s going to dinner alone.  
That makes her even more beautiful.

I see a model`s face on a brick wall.  
A statue of porcelain perfection beside a violent city kill.  
A city that worships flesh.

The 1st thing I ever heard was a wandering  
man telling his story  
It was you, the grass under my bare feet  
The campfire in the dead of the night  
The heavenly black of sky and sea





It was us  
Roaming the rainy roads, combing the gilded beaches  
Waking up to a new gallery of wonders every morn  
Bathing in places no-one`s seen before  
Shipwrecked on some matt-painted island  
Clad in nothing but the surf - beauty`s finest robe

Beyond all mortality we are, swinging in the breath of nature  
In early air of the dawn of life  
A sight to silence the heavens

I want to travel where life travels,  
following its permanent lead  
Where the air tastes like snow music  
Where grass smells like fresh-born Eden  
I would pass no man, no stranger, no tragedy or rapture  
I would bathe in a world of sensation  
Love, Goodness, and Simplicity  
( While violated and imprisoned by technology )

The thought of my family`s graves was the only moment  
I used to experience true love  
That love remains infinite,  
as I`ll never be the man my father is

How can you "just be yourself"  
when you don`t know who you are?  
Stop saying "I know how you feel"  
How could anyone know how another feels?

Who am I to judge a priest, beggar,  
whore, politician, wrongdoer?  
I am, you are, all of them already

Dear child, stop working, go play  
Forget every rule  
There`s no fear in a dream

"Is there a village inside this snowflake?"  
- a child asked me  
"What`s the color of our lullaby?"

I`ve never been so close to truth as then  
I touched its silver lining

Death is the winner in any war  
Nothing noble in dying for your religion  
For your country  
For ideology, for faith  
For another man, yes

Paper is dead without words  
Ink idle without a poem  
All the world dead without stories  
Without love and disarming beauty

Careless realism costs souls

Ever seen the Lord smile?  
All the care for the world made Beautiful a sad man?  
Why do we still carry a device of torture around our necks?  
Oh, how rotten your pre-apocalypse is  
All you bible-black fools living over nightmare ground

I see all those empty cradles and wonder  
If man will ever change

I, too, wish to be a decent manboy but all I am  
Is smoke and mirrors  
Still given everything, may I be deserving

And there forever remains that change from G to Em

## XIII IMAGINAERUM











## THE IMAGINEERS:

Anette Olzon: Vocals  
Marco Hietala: Bass & Vocals  
Emppu Vuorinen: Guitars  
Jukka Nevalainen: Drums & Percussion  
Tuomas Holopainen: Keys & Piano

All music by Tuomas Holopainen

except "The Crow, The Owl And The Dove" by Marco Hietala

All lyrics by Tuomas Holopainen

Arrangements by Holopainen / Hietala / Vuorinen / Nevalainen

The "Imaginaerum" - medley was created by Pip Williams,  
adapted from the music of Tuomas Holopainen

## IMAGINAERUM was:

Produced by Tuomas Holopainen

Recorded at: Pajarin Hauta (*drums*)  
Legendary Bay Of Tube Studios (*guitars*)  
Marco's CockPit (*bass*)

Röskö (*vocals, guitars, acoustic bass*)  
Petra Studios

(*vocals, keys, piano, percussions, celtic scenarios & Pekka's violin*)

Finnvox Studios

(*vocals, keys*)

Angel Studios

(*orchestras, choirs, percussions, hardanger fiddle & sorna*)

between October 2010 - April 2011  
by Mikko Karmila & Tero "TeeCee" Kinnunen

Guitars and bass recorded by  
Emppu Vuorinen & Marco Hietala

Mixed by Mikko Karmila at Finnvox Studios, April - June 2011

Mastered by Mika Jussila at Finnvox Studios, August 2011

Artwork and layout by Janne & Gina Pitkänen  
([www.inferiart.com](http://www.inferiart.com))

Band photography by Ville Akseli Juurikkala  
([www.villeakseli.com](http://www.villeakseli.com))

## FELLOW IMAGINEERS:

Troy Donockley: *Uilleann pipes, low whistle, bodhran,  
bouzouki & Cumbrian chanting*

Dermot Crehan: *Hardanger fiddle*

Dirk Campbell: *Sorna*

Guy Barker: *Solo trumpet*

Paul Clarvis & Stephen Henderson: *Ethnic percussion*

Pekka Kuusisto: *Solo violin*

Kai Hahto: *Additional percussion*

Jussi Tegelman: *Soundscapes & music box*

The stanzas in "Love" recited by  
the loved ones & the fellowship

## THE METRO VOICES:

Abbie Osmon, Alexandra Gibson, Alice Fearn,

Ann de Renais, Catherine Bott, Claire Henry,

Elizabeth Wiesberg, Emma Brain Gabbot, Grace Davidson,

Jacqueline Barron, Jenny O'Grady, Joanna Forbes,

Lindsay Ashworth, Mary Carewe, Morag MacKay,

Nicki Kennedy, Rosemary Forbes Butler, Soophia Foroughi,

Vanessa Heine, Yona Dunsford, Andrew Busher,

Ben Fleetwood Smyth, David Porter Thomas,

Gerard O'Beirne, Lawrence Wallington, Michael Dore,

Neil Bellingham, Paul Greir, Peter Snipp,

Thomas Spencer Wortley, Tom Bullard, Tom Pearce

Choir mistress: Jenny O'Grady

## THE YOUNG MUSICIANS LONDON:

Amber Moore, Anna Gunstone, Anais Engelmann,

Ashby Mayes, Athena Koutsovasilis, Celine Marcantonis,

David Valsamidis, Dilys McCaffrey, Eleanor Grant,

Elias Christou-Hill, Eoghan McCarthy, Jacob Ramsey,

Katialin Dang, Mair Dew, Nicholas Marcantonis,

Nicholas Sabisky, Rosie Alderton, Sam Barnett,

Shifra Osorio Whewell, Vinay Ostrolenk

Choirmaster: Lynda Richardson

Choral Co-Ordinator: Jenny O'Grady

## THE LOOKING GLASS ORCHESTRA

*Orchestra Leader:* Thomas Bowes

### *Violins:*

*Leader of 2nd Violins:* Emlyn Singleton  
Patrick Kiernan, Everton Nelson, Perry Montague-Mason,  
Boguslaw Kosfecki, Maciej Rakowski, Dermot Crehan,  
Steve Morris, Julian Leaper, Rita Manning, Tom Pigott-Smith,  
Chris Tombling, Dave Woodcock, Mark Berrow, Jonathan Rees,  
Sonia Slany, Dai Emanuel, Oli Langford.

### *Violas:*

*Principal Viola:* Peter Lale  
Bruce White, Rachel Stephanie Bolt, Bill Hawkes,  
Kate Musker, Garfield Jackson.

### *Celli:*

*Principal Cello:* Anthony Pleeth  
Josephine Knight, Martin Loveday, Dave Daniels,  
Tony Lewis, Frank Schaefer

### *Basses:*

*Principal Bass:* Chris Laurence  
Leon Bosch, Paddy Lannigan, Steve Mair

### *Flutes:*

Andy Findon, Anna Noakes, Eliza Marshall

*Oboe/Cor Anglais:* David Theodore

*Clarinet:* Nicholas Bucknall

*Clarinet/Bass Clarinet:* David Fuest

*Bassoon:* Julie Andrews

### *French Horns:*

Richard Watkins, Nigel Black, David Pyatt, Michael Thompson

### *Trumpets:*

Derek Watkins, John Barclay, Andy Crowley, Kate Moore

*Tenor Trombones:* Richard Edwards, Andy Wood

*Bass Trombone:* Dave Stewart

*Tuba:* Owen Slade

*Harp:* Skaila Kanga

*Percussion:* Stephen Henderson, Frank Ricotti, Gary Kettel

Orchestra and choirs arranged,  
orchestrated and directed by *Pip Williams*

Conducted by *James Shearman*

Recorded at Angel Studios, London in February 2011

Engineered by *Steve Price*, assisted by *Mat Bartram*

With thanks to *Dee Trainor* and the Angel team.

### ORCHESTRAL CONTRACTOR:

*Isobel Griffiths*

Co-ordinated by *Lucy Whalley*

Music preparation by *Richard Ihnatowicz*

Pip Williams teaches music technology at  
The London College of Music.  
Special thanks to *Sara Raybould* and *Rosy Crehan*.

" I would like to dedicate my work on *Imaginaerum*  
to my children *Samantha* and *Joe*.  
Everything I do is for you! "  
- Pip -

*Infinite love and appreciation to our loved ones,  
families, friends, all the dead poets, the fans &  
everyone who has dared to pass through the gates of  
Imaginaerum with us. Our gratitude is eternal.*



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

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# INSTRUMENTAL

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- III. GHOST RIVER
- IV. SLOW, LOVE, SLOW
- V. I WANT MY TEARS BACK
- VI. SCARETALE
- VII. ARABESQUE
- VIII. TURN LOOSE THE MERMAIDS
- IX. REST CALM
- X. THE CROW, THE OWL AND THE DOVE
- XI. LAST RIDE OF THE DAY
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