

## **Korpiklaani** **"Misty Fields"**

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I can remember the horses of the pasture  
Misty mornings and cool of the evenings.  
I can remember when the wind whistles  
In the corners of the house.

I can feel the fear of the dark  
When shaking under  
My little bed trying to squeeze  
The pillow to my safety

Riding to the grain fields  
Days of childhood in my memories  
Flying over the hills unforgettable  
Over and over again.

In my dreams I live again  
My childhood life from night to night.  
I could wake with the smell of new-mown hay.  
I could wake and taste the blood in my mouth.

I can feel the fear of the dark  
When shaking under  
My little bed trying to squeeze  
The pillow to my safety

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