

## Nightwish "Song Of Myself"

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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 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 it everything to love you more

A song of me a song in need  
Of a courageous symphony  
A verse of me 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

Now 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

### 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 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 ask me  
What's the colour 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 he 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 never 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 the change from G to Em

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