

Elvenking, The Wanderer

A slight call afar is tempting me
Like a whisper sweet or an awful scream
I cannot ignore what I've always been
I am leaving again - one last time?
Laid on the pale scythe of the Moon
I play with stars around me
The elvendom is now calling out my name
My fairy and I are wandering through times
And stories forgotten, some old fairytales
Of wizards of Oz, of lost keys and gardens
Hiding secret doors that lead to a dream
For those who believe there's always a door to get in
A slight call afar is tempting me
Like a whisper sweet or an awful scream
I cannot ignore what I've always been
I am leaving again - one last time?
In my little kingdom I can be what I really
Wanted to be - The wanderer
I'm hearing scratches at my door
Somebody wants me again
Some little creatures will be my fellows
My demon and I are playing some
Wicked games I should not play, not fair to be played
Don't tell anyone the place where I'm going
'cause they won't believe - This time I don't know
If I'll ever return, say goodbye for me to my home
A slight call afar is tempting me
Like a whisper sweet or an awful scream
I cannot ignore what I've always been
I am leaving again - one last time?
In my little kingdom I can be what I really
Wanted to be - The wanderer