

# 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