

Nattvindens Grat, The Road Goes Ever On

A day of spring in ancient times
A rider so eager and proud
Riding the way the eagles fly
The road in misty shroud
In search for answers that must be there
To solve nature's mysteries
To find out why he is there
All secret to find and see

Night fell over the day
In dark woods - flames!

Four old men sat around a fire
Skyline reflected flames
Telling stories of days passing by
The rider saw their shades in haze
He rode saw to them and told his aim
The old men listened thoughtful on
"Young man listen to what they say
the road goes ever on";

The rider heard their tales
How one sees his fate by a glance
Once in a century that night comes
The night the skyfires dance

Night fell over the day
In the dark woods - flames!

Four old men sat around a fire
Skyline reflected flames
Telling stories of days passing by
The rider saw their shades in haze
He rode saw to them and told his aim
The old men listened thoughtful on
"Young man listen to what they say
the road goes ever on";

"Take thy horse and ride up to the Windhills
There is a lady who helped thee on thy way";
So the rider left to ride with the westwind
Horizon was red - there dawned a new day