

Crom, Restless King

The wind calls his name
Recounting a story of truth
A restless heart is fading away
Long forgotten is his youth

The trees sway in the whispering wind
- A flicker in his eyes
As he remembers times of vengeance and hate. Love and pride.

Once a king, now a fool
The strength in his body is gone
A mighty man remembering the time of his glorious past
Ascending a hill for the last time,
The wind blows through his hair
a tear of pain runs down his face
the old king fades away!

Oh, master of the wind
Take away my soul
Tell this story of mine
And remember the restless king

The restless King

But at the top of the hill
- near to the stars
a shout will rend the night
His sword will end his life

Oh father of nature, of place and of time
Let my ashes float away
Grant to me the eagles wings
To bear me to the Halls of Fame

A flash of light
A mighty sound
the heavens open wide
the wind has gone and his soul rises
in an eternal shining light!!

Oh, master of the wind
Take away my soul
Tell this story of mine
And remember the restless king