

Pendragon, A Man Of Nomadic Traits

I am a man of nomadic traits
A Bedouin of wandering fate
To cross the deserts to the sea
Where my soul becomes the sea and me
At times a bird at times a child
Sometimes animal sometimes wild
Ruled by numbers by figures and by facts
To free the self made prison
From the darkness and the rats
At times a bird at times a child
Sometimes animal sometimes wild

I am a man of nomadic traits
And Bedouin sisters are saving me
You reap what you sow
And in time don't you know
When wisdom comes to call
If there's nobody listening at all

And so this story has no end
Man's search for true enlightenment
Where others see reality
Is a mirage that I clearly see
I sometimes wonder who's right and who's wrong
In this crazy world I don't belong

I am a man of nomadic traits
And Bedouin sisters are saving me
You reap what you sow
And in time don't you know
When wisdom comes to call
If there's nobody listening at all

I am a man of nomadic traits
And wandering fate though people's lives
Be strong and wise
Look with kind and gentle eyes