

Vanden Plas, Cold Wind

I'm the keeper of the flame
I'm reliquiae of ancient times
I was banished in the heat
In a candle near "the perfect Shrine"
Patiently waiting here inside my world

And a cold wind is blowing
As the fever is rising again
And the old river sighing
Here something mysterious
Shines in your life

All your wishes may come true
I'm the master of al thousand dreams
I'm a liar but your slave
Can be anything
but I'm not what I seem to be
Patiently waiting here inside my world

And a cold wind is blowing
As the fever is rising again
And the old river sighing
Here something mysterious
Shines in your life

And zephyr touches my flame
Patiently waiting here in my world

And a cold wind is blowing
As the fever is rising again
And the old river sighing
Here something mysterious
Shines in your life
I will shine!