

Wuthering Heights, Land Of Olden Glory

Once a young boy he set out
Upon the road to fame and fortune
Full of hope for all looks bright in daylight
But the young boy he must learn
That the road is twisted and turned
And dangerous to travel after midnight

Born out of the fire
One night out in the wild
When the dawn broke free
I seemed only a helpless child

When from the dying embers
A sapling seemed to grow
O, could it be it showed to me
The way to go

Stumbling onto shaky ground
Not knowing what was to be found
Set sails for the future
Or dwell in realms long lost

A neverending battle
Where the dark outshines the bold
A mounting cost of dreamers lost
And growing old

Yet ever striding onwards
The quest will never rest
A hunter in the dark
And you will never catch me again

I'm growing stronger now
With every wound I get somehow
You can't take nothing from me
Anymore, because I

Left the land of olden glory
Journeyed through the night
Leave a light for me my friend
And I will come inside

Life is a road that is twisted and turned
Children of the sun grow up and get burned
We should treasure our past but still travel light
And beware on whose doors we knock in the night
I know I have friends, I am never alone
But I am a wanderer, the road is my home

And in the light of the moon
You may hear me singing

Left the land of olden glory...

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