

# 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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