

# Wuthering Heights, Longing For The Woods - Part II

In my veins still runs the blood of the wild  
Deep within my heart the earliest of songs  
In my eyes the light of the first of days  
But the road is hidden  
And I'm so far, so far away  
Turning another page in the book  
I'm beginning to wonder  
Does it get any better or worse than this  
Searching for a motive to stop me from screaming  
Don't know when I awoke  
Just know I was better off dreaming  
I am the Wanderer  
I've seen many a shore  
But the road I long the most to go  
Is closed for evermore  
Now the wind calls  
A storm from the past  
Night falls  
And I'm longing for the woods  
I believe if I found the lost road back  
I would see myself in that ring of fire  
Maybe that's what I fear the most  
For then I am now only a ghost  
Now the wind calls...  
I left my heart in the woods  
Will it ever be found again  
Happy was I then and hopeful  
Trusted in the morning light  
Now the sun warms me no longer  
Though painfully bright  
Roaming am I now and lost  
And buried down in the fire  
Could it be lit just one more time  
Then let it be my pyre  
Now the wind calls...