

Wuthering Heights, The Bird

I feel off light; light is my source
All evil thoughts and pathful memories are washed away
By the radiance of golden spring

Standing as a flaming torch on the road of time
Past, present and future gathered in one force
Physical pleasure; summer is mine

I'm dying in the darkness
I'm living in the light

I'm but a song, a voice in the wind
And I feel like flying

The wheel has turned
The flame still burns
No more hiding under the ice
I'm but a song; the wind carries me on
The bird of light shall rise

I feed off light; light is my source
Past, present and future gathered in one force

Summer I greet thee
Thou art my time
And I feel like flying

The wheel has turned
The flame still burns
No more hiding under the ice
I'm but a song; the wind carries me on
The bird of light shall rise
As winter dies

Hot is the fire now burning
Bright are the songs they play
But when the winter spirits
Once more take the sun away
Will it be free
Will it be free
Will it be free