

In time bleeding wounds will heal
Unlike some which are too deep to see
Like scars in a nomad's soul
Their mending is so slow

Not the shout of a hundred enemies
Can make me feel fear inside me
But when sun sets and the cold arrives
With crushing solitude in the darkness of night

He will ride across land and time
To find a way through this endless night
There's a storm in his heart and the fire burns his soul
But the wanderer's part is to ride alone

With bare hands he has taken many lives
He's had a hundred women by his side
From tending woods through the freezing north
He's known on every sea and far beyond

As the moon grows and the circle is complete
He lies down and waits for sleep
But there's always a scenery in his mind
Of all the beauty he once left behind

He will ride across land and time
To find a way through this endless night
There's a storm in his heart and the fire burns his soul
But the wanderer's part is to ride alone