

Guardian of the Hunt

Artension

Unspoken words, mysteries of the mind
Ancient fantasy these dreams never die

Forest, you are the guardian of the hunt
Powder, wood and steel can never rust
He waits for me, fills my dreams
Ancient way of life, that will always be

Forest, you are the guardian of the hunt
Arrowhead of stone, won't turn to dust
Eternal wait and now I see, now I see
Ancient prophecies are part of me

Forest, you are the guardian of the hunt
Powder, wood and steel can never rust
Eternal wait and now I see
Ancient prophecies are part of me

Forest, you are the guardian of the hunt
Powder, wood and steel can never rust