

# Keeper Of The Flame

Blackmore's Night

Once was a legend of old  
In the time of days long ago  
The clattering beat of a horse on the street  
He appeared from the fog like a ghost

I could feel him heading this way  
A storm was filling the air  
If the truth be told, when the winds blow cold  
They are warning you to beware

No, the wild cannot be tamed  
Keeper of the flame

We wondered what devil is this  
Who appears from out of the mist  
With a crack of a whip, and a wave of his fist  
He was cursed and I was bewitched

Haunted by seeing his face  
Through the mirror the smoke and the haze  
So hard to see, through the dark mystery  
The illusion was part of the game

Be careful of what you wish for  
And make sure when it knocks at your door  
It's what you need, not some fantasy  
That will haunt you forever more

Let it be what you need, not some fantasy  
That will haunt you forever more