

# Where the Runes Still Speak

Candlemass

Rain and thunder, fire and wind  
Come with me, I leave with the tide  
I wrap my cloak closer 'round my shoulders  
To keep me warm from the raging storm

The spirits are here to guide my journey  
Over the edge of the world  
A thousand wounds cry in my soul  
Love and pain, a bleeding heart

Where the runes still speak  
I 'm coming home  
Where the runes still speak

Alone I stand on this stony coast  
Winds of spring whisper through the trees  
The grey horizon gives me life again  
Tee, and stone, the voices of the gods

No woman can show me where the fire burns  
No preacher can tell me who I am  
My blood is calling me from Asaland  
I'm on my way home in the end

A homeward son will claim his heritage  
walk the soil of this earth  
The pen will be his mighty sword  
And the truth his defence

I've travelled roads that lead to wonder  
I've seen cities rise and fall  
The burden, the cross of a pilgrim  
I bear no more, the son is coming home

You closed the door, but I won't give  
Somewhere my new life will begin  
Countless treasures I shared with you  
The only one left is my solitude