

## A Man of Nomadic Traits

Pendragon

I am a man of nomadic traits  
A Bedouin of wandering fate  
To cross the deserts to the sea  
Where my soul becomes the sea and me  
At times a bird at times a child  
Sometimes animal sometimes wild  
Ruled by numbers by figures and by facts  
To free the self made prison  
From the darkness and the rats  
At times a bird at times a child  
Sometimes animal sometimes wild

I am a man of nomadic traits  
And Bedouin sisters are saving me  
You reap what you sow  
And in time don't you know  
When wisdom comes to call  
If there's nobody listening at all

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And so this story has no end  
Man's search for true enlightenment  
Where others see reality  
Is a mirage that I clearly see  
I sometimes wonder who's right and who's wrong  
In this crazy world I don't belong

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I am a man of nomadic traits  
And wandering fate though people's lives  
Be strong and wise  
Look with kind and gentle eyes