

## Longing For The Woods - Part I: The Wild Children

Wuthering Heights

In their veins still runs the blood of the wild  
Deep within their hearts the earliest of songs  
In their eyes the light of the first of days  
But the road is hidden  
And they are so far, so far away

Staring into darkness... Something stirs inside  
A longing for something left long ago  
Delving into darkness... Cannot stay inside  
The moon is young and clear  
And the fire is drawing them near

Now the wind calls  
A storm from the past  
Night falls  
And they're longing for the woods  
They gather in the shadows  
In their eyes a fire light  
Warriors and maidens fair  
Binded by a love implied

Now the wind calls...

In the shade i stand and watch them  
Like a scene from an ancient dream  
Trying hard to awaken the Gods  
In the hour of the fall  
But it was long ago and it was far away  
Will anyone hear the wild children's call