

Longing For The Woods - Part II: The Ring Of Fire

Wuthering Heights

In my veins still runs the blood of the wild
Deep within my heart the earliest of songs
In my eyes the light of the first of days
But the road is hidden
And I'm so far, so far away

Turning another page in the book
I'm beginning to wonder
Does it get any better or worse than this

Searching for a motive to stop me from screaming
Don't know when I awoke
Just know I was better off dreaming

I am the Wanderer
I've seen many a shore
But the road I long the most to go
Is closed for evermore

Now the wind calls
A storm from the past
Night falls
And I'm longing for the woods

I believe if I found the lost road back
I would see myself in that ring of fire
Maybe that's what I fear the most
For then I am now only a ghost

Now the wind calls...

I left my heart in the woods
Will it ever be found again

Happy was I then and hopeful
Trusted in the morning light
Now the sun warms me no longer
Though painfully bright

Roaming am I now and lost
And buried down in the fire
Could it be lit just one more time
Then let it be my pyre

Now the wind calls...