

Call of The Wild

Astral Doors

Here's a song I will sing, you're a clown, I'm a king; I'm still alive
You're a fake, a disgrace, wipe that smile off your face; I'll take you down
Because some day there may be a cure for this burning
The rage in my soul, I'll be coming back for more

[Chorus:]

I'll return to the call of the wild
Cold case or a son of a gun
On my way to the place where I'll meet my maker
Won't rest 'til I die; I'll return to the call of the wild

Well I read it myself in a book by the shelf, became mesmerized
It was all about me and my wish to be free from the fools around
It's no joyride to be on the top of the mountain
The best of the art; there are enemies everywhere

[Chorus:]

I'll return to the call of the wild
Cold case or a son of a gun
On my way to the place where I'll meet my maker
Won't rest 'til I die; I'll return to the call of the wild

[Solo]

You must go, you're no good
I'm so tired of the creatures only here to ruin my world
Shut your mouth, nobody cares; this is the call of the wild
...and I'm still alive

[Chorus:]

I'll return to the call of the wild
Cold case or a son of a gun
On my way to the place where I'll meet my maker
Won't rest 'til I die; I'll return to the call of the wild
(call of the wild)
(call of the wild)
I'll return to the call of the wild
(call of the wild)
(call of the wild)
And I'll never return to you again