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