

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