

Wanderer

Ensiferum

In time bleeding wounds will heal
Unlike some which are too deep to see
Like scars in the Nomads soul
Their mending is so slow
Not a shout of a hundred enemies
Can make him feel fear inside him
But when sunsets and the cold arrives
With crushing solitude in the darkness of night
He will ride across land and time
To find a way through this endless night
There s a storm in his heart
And the fire burns his soul
But the wanderers part is to ride alone
With bare hands he has taken many lives
He has had a hundred women by his side
From enchanted woods to the freezing North
He is known at every sea and far beyond
As the moon grows and the circle is complete
He lies down and waits for sleep
But there's always a scenery in his mind.
Of all that beauty he once left behind

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