

White Willow

Elvenking

At night I heard the owls say find the truth beneath the stars
You'll have to travel back to heaths of green
The entrance to the oak woods will be revealed to you A king will tell you to ride until
The leaves on the trees from black color turn to green
There to find the oak woods I seek where the old oaks still speak At night I heard the old king say, to find your
journey
Through the dark you'll have to travel on a field of green
Through time dark landscapes leave their place
To grasslands of joy, bestowed to ancient oak woods Here I stand astonished by green, light of power covers me
To understand the nature of man, I have now to speak with the trees
Speak with the trees In my life I've always prayed, the ancients acting with pure honesty
This is time to face the truth, so here I go
Running through the woods, I question every plant and every tree Searching for the answer that was promised to
me
Then the full moon comes out and the wind whispers in my ear
Ask for white willow near the silver lake The fire in my heart was burning like the flames of ancient times
White willow with his knowledge opened up my eyes
The vision of the world I had before was based upon the lies
White willow taught me how to live my life with truth And there it stands the only white willow tree
He embraced me and he told me to gaze at the stars The wise old tree, twice spoke to me and he said
Bring truth to the ones that you trust
And make them believe that I still exist
So he closed his eyes and we traveled back home Back to my world, home I return
The birds cry out, the old king has died
With tears in my eyes, I follow my heritage
Now I am to be new Elvenking The fire in my heart was burning like the flames of ancient times
White willow with his knowledge opened up my eyes
The vision of the world I had before was based upon the lies
White willow taught me how to live my life with truth Green power light was flowing down my eyes like waters
from the falls
White willow filled my heart with lore, I now recall, recall
The black horizons once I saw, now turn to white as I pass by
And now I know why man can't bear to know the nature of the truth And there it stands, the only white willow
tree
With golden leaves and a sweet old voice
He embraced me, hard as rock
And he told me, gaze at the stars In the light I still see, the only willow tree
I'm living on, the dream he shared with me
Sometimes I can still see, the good old speaking tree

His voice like ambrosia's flowing deep in me

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