Wanderer

Fukuyama

A slight call afar is tempting me
Like a whisper sweet or an awful scream
I cannot ignore what I've always been
I am leaving again one last time?

Laid on the pale scythe of the Moon
I play with stars around me
The elvendom is now calling out my name

My fairy and I are wandering through times
And stories forgotten, some old fairy tales
Of wizards of Oz, of lost keys and gardens
Hiding secret doors that lead to a dream
For those who believe there's always a door to get in

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In my little kingdom I can be what I really
Wanted to be, the wanderer

I'm hearing scratches at my door
Somebody wants me again
Some little creatures will be my fellows tonight

My demon and I are playing some
Wicked games I should not play, not fair to be played
Don't tell anyone the place where I'm going
'Cause they won't believe - This time I don't know
If I'll ever return, say goodbye for me to my home

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written by F, AYDAN / F, AYDAN
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