Crom
"The Wanderers House"

And he still wanders on
From days long since gone
And he still wanders on

Through the dark at the endless hills
Through the grey mists of dawn
Through the dreams of faded history
A sprit of ancient days is still travelling on...

Behold his face in the twillight hours
A story that's his to tell
Of a word given blindly, and honor that binds
Of a home long lost in the shades of time

Distance forgotten, a dreamlike face
Painted on the insides of his eyes
He who had stared into the eye of the cyclops
He who had conquered the fortress of dawn

Once enthroned this king of the slain
Now betrothed to the starlight above
A silent seeker adrift in the mists
The wanderer's specrte will never reach illeas...

And he still wanders on
From days long since gone
And he still wanders on

A dream that is not his own
Leads him through times unknown
And he still wanders on

Through the dark the ocean seems endless
Navigator under the stars alone
Leathery skin, his hair's been bleached by the sun
He who had been king in another life

"I might have had a son, but what was his name?
Have I laid with my wife, was she beautiful?
Did this weary head once wear a crown?

On my Island home, mountains so high

Did they pierce the clouds overhead?
Who am I? Who is she? Why am I lost?

A sleepwalking mind in the arms of poseidon
Forever lost on the dancing waves
Longing for summer's days upon
The shores of distant illeas

As the ages come and go the wanderer does not return
And the silence still remains, the wanderer does not
return
And she weaves, awaits her man, but the wanderer
does not return

And he still wanders on
From days long since gone
And he still wanders on

And still he's lost alone
Seeking the way back home
And he still wanders on

And he still wanders on
From days long since gone
And he still wanders on...