

## Elvenking "White Willow"

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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..."

Bridge:  
... the leaves on the trees from black colour 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 ...

Bridge2:  
... stand astonished by green, light of power covers me  
To understand the nature of man I have now to speak  
with the trees.

In my life I 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"...

Chorus:  
-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 on

thousand 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 I traveled back home

Back to my world, home I return :  
And 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!

Chorus2:

-Green power light was flowing down my eyes like

waters from the falls

White Willow filled my heart with lore I now recall (lore I  
now 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

End:

Narrator:

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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