

Carved In Stone "Longing For Home"

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It is time for me to leave,
Hand me my wooden bow;
Iâ€™m crying bitter tears,
So Iâ€™m better leaving now,
Because I live in a wrong world
And I must find my way,
I need the smell of fires and horses;
Nothing here can make me stay.

My home is far in the distance,
Far on the other side.
My friends are hunters and warriors,
With them I want to ride.
I just canâ€™t stand the world around me
Because itâ€™s not a part of me;
The endless woods and snowy mountains,

There I feel warm and I feel free.

So donâ€™t try to keep me
Cause my soul will travel on
Until it reaches what my body canâ€™t reach:
The silver land behind the sun.
And there Iâ€™ll join the huntersâ€™ ride
And there my heart will always be;
Donâ€™t try to keep me in your world
Cause your worldâ€™s not a part of me.

It is time for me to leave,
Hand me my wooden bow;
Iâ€™m crying bitter tears,
So Iâ€™m better leaving now...

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