

Holy Blood

"The Wanderer"

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The wind sings as it touches his face,
My soul searches You,
Your house is far away from this land,
But Your kindom is in the heart of my soul.

You call me to the way,
Where the sun rises,
To the way, where truth is a life for me,
I am running through a dream polluted by ill
Spreading through the distance
where a dream, can be a reality.

Your kindom is in my soul,
I am the wanderer on this land.

My soul flies far away,
Rejoicing in heaven,
Far away I strive to live my dream
I am the wanderer on this land

I am the wanderer on this land,
I am the wanderer on this land,
I am the wanderer.

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