

Keeper Of The Flame

Blackmore's Night

Once was a legend of old
In the time of days long ago
The clattering beat of a horse on the street
He appeared from the fog like a ghost

I could feel him heading this way
A storm was filling the air
If the truth be told, when the winds blow cold
They are warning you to beware

No, the wild cannot be tamed
Keeper of the flame

We wondered what devil is this
Who appears from out of the mist
With a crack of a whip, and a wave of his fist
He was cursed and I was bewitched

Haunted by seeing his face
Through the mirror the smoke and the haze
So hard to see, through the dark mystery
The illusion was part of the game

Be careful of what you wish for
And make sure when it knocks at your door
It's what you need, not some fantasy
That will haunt you forever more

Let it be what you need, not some fantasy
That will haunt you forever more