

# Waking Hour

## The Gathering

The eyes are made to see  
They see the paths of our livesThe heart is there to feel  
It feels the energy of our timeI can see it  
I can feel itThis is my waking hour  
This is my place  
I can hear it  
I feel the power in my heart  
And is my moment  
It is right there  
And it's staring me in the faceDisguise and make-believe  
I see the end of all demise  
The only way to heal  
Is in the honesty of your eyesThe fight is done  
And who are we to judge  
What will become  
All the iron armor  
Is laid down away  
Followed by the heroes  
Who belong on rested earth, we pray  
We feel the rescue coming near  
Within the woken soul to hear  
we sense the calm all wrapped in fear  
And all the while we heed  
The senses way too vast to see  
We beg of you to not let go  
Our names will provide us with a soulFalling down  
Start again  
Life can bring you down  
The monumental truth  
Of elegance in youFalling for  
A part of who you are  
Makes you shine inside

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