

# Travel

## The Gathering

Melodic stanzas  
are symphonizing their way  
through your weary headTo feed your distrust  
And fill it's mouth with the desire  
to soulfully be one with your creationNot a subject to control  
you call upon a higer power  
for help and inspirationThe crowd waits  
and turns their faces  
towards you expectantly  
you give them what they need  
But their useless criticism  
makes you die  
a bit more insideNot a subject to control  
you call upon a higer power  
for help and inspirationOh, I swoon  
while loudspeakers play soft musicLeaning  
over your fourtieth masterpiece  
You must have loved  
the colour of these violinsI wish I knew you  
Your fit of insanity makes me sadI wish you knew  
your music was to stay forever  
And I hope...I have no clue  
if you know how much it matters  
And I hope...

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