

The Ivory Gate of Dreams

Fates Warning

I. Innocence (instrumental)

II. Cold Daze

The coldness of confusion
Hangs in the morning air as
Brazen bells ring reality
To announce the conquerer dawn
Removed from nights fleeting trance
Plunged headlong into cold days
Where in a circle we wander
The barren wastes of our pasts

III. Daylight Dreamers

Daylight dreamers awaken on
Deserts of desperation
Lonely lives learn to live on
islands of isolation
Surrounded by violent oceans
of hate and hopeless sorrows
Daylight dreamers envision
tranquil seas in save tomorrows
Dreaming through the darkened day
Along tempest torn strands
Desperately grasping the grains
of hope that flit through our hands
As they fall we tighten our hold
While the waves claim the final few
taken without ceremony
They drift out of view
Washed away with the tides of time
Slipped through our fingers as dreams do

IV. Quietus

From sleeping visions
Daily were torn
In waking hours
Hopes are forlorn
Is all we do and all we dream
doomed to drown in a hopeless stream?
Wishing life were made of lasting visions
in eternal sleep
And if that rest were filled with sorrow

still we'd sleep
In the madness of a silent eternity
We'd find solace in
False visions that protect us
from reality
Enter ivory gates through midnite skies
Daylight dreamers in private parades
Perform before perpetual dawn
As dusk engulfs the gate of horn.
Ivory towers appear beyond the gate
Invisible fortresses of escape
Traversed by ramparts made of hopes and fears

Impervious to reality

V. Ivory Tower

Behind sullen doors

Untouched within

Safe from summer storms

and winter winds

Relentless tempests

Can weaken walls

Towers falter when

reality calls

Untouchable by all without

Lost in the silken web youth may weave

Tangled threads seem a stronghold

But illusions can deceive

A cold daze plagues the air

Driven by aging winds

The walls give way to the rush

and let reality in

VI. Whispers on the wind

Misty morning on a windswept plain

Embers of a fortress all that remain

The seeds of life that burned within

have flown like whispers on the wind

From the sleepers world

I look towards darkening skies

Through the violet haze of summer storms

The sun leaves tired eyes

VII. Acquiescence

Betrayed by innocence

Deceived by delusions

Plagiarized promises

Pale into empty hopes

Ivory towers bow down

In reverence to daylight
As dreamers awaken
In sleepers somber shade
Ocean waves shift leaving
only memories
Final traces of hope
are swallowed in the deep
Despair sends a certain calm
A vague sense of relief
Released from all our longings
Silently we'll sleep
Hope leads to quiet desperation
When reality obscures the dream
Makes the mind a grave of memories
That wander like the lonely breeze
Whose whispers echo through ruins rust
of towers torn and dreams turned to dust

VIII. Retrospect (instrumental)

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