

# Even the Spirits Are Afraid

## The Gathering

You think you were earning  
Burning the church of your god  
You were yearning  
Learning the birth of your dirt  
Did you think you earned it  
Burning your god  
That you thought messed up your life? You spill red  
On my cloudy carpet You think you were earning  
Burning the church of your god  
You were yearning  
Learning the birth of your dirt  
Did you think you earned it  
Burning your god  
That you thought messed up your life? You spill red  
On my cloudy carpet Your skin turns dust  
On my cloudy carpet You think  
You were earning  
Burning  
Your skin turns dust  
No more you were yearning  
Burning  
Burning  
Your skin turns dust Your skin turns to dust  
When holding it close to the sun  
And it burns the skin from you're your precious sun  
It burns the skin  
It burns the skin  
It burns the skin [Anneke van Giersbergen]

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