

# In Sickness And Health

## The Gathering

The cruelty of this world persists  
The cold wind speaks for our lost  
Whispering words, weaving worlds  
    Her time has come, alas  
A man of stone with opened eyes  
    One stepped out of a dream  
With a view held within his mind  
    The tears for his bride redeem  
    Watching his world falling apart  
Like the dreams in a shallow sleep  
Countless are the nights they shared  
    The mourning in his tears  
    But morning still has broken  
    A light in his world of dawn  
    All beauty turned to rot  
    His flowers, all are gone  
Close the eyes of eternal love  
    Buries his face in his hands  
    Her face looks so alive  
    In the morning sun  
But morning still has broken  
    A light in his world of dawn  
    All beauty turned to rot  
    His flowers, all are gone  
Dreams are only but illusions  
    Illusions for one to see  
It's the visual projection of our inside  
    And as empty as the heart in me

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