

Travel (Semi-Acoustic)

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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