

Fates Warning

"The Ivory Gate Of Dreams"

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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 fortressess 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 skys
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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