

## Insite

### "At The Gates Of Sleep"

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Listen to the night, hearken to the silence  
The wind sings in fir-trees, forest's music rings  
Rueful is the tune, wailful the souging  
Soothing is the choir, murmur of the trees

Time to forget all the heartache and pain  
Time to leave behind all the toil and travail  
Here where the water mirrors a still sky  
Here a fair place for a child to lie

Under the woeful sky, moss-grown our bed tonight

Here we sprawl in mellow darkness  
In warm caress of the night  
Far away from world's betrayals  
Afar from all the Heaven's might

Better to dream, far sweeter to slumber  
Than face the cold days, bear the grim longing  
Time to rest a while, close the drowsy eyes  
Sleep till the dawn, till the bleak morning

Heed not the rustle or hoots of the owl  
Heed not the ghosts that still dwell in the soul  
Night brings us solace and serenity deep  
Night brings at last neverending sleep

Better it would be to sleep forever  
In silent shades of the evernight  
Sweet are the dreams in the groves of death  
Far away from the earthly woes

Sound is the sleep under spruce's boughs  
Serene are the dreams in the darkling shade  
Gone are the cares of the waking world  
Forgotten the sorrows of the weary heart

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