

The Gathering

"Good"

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A Constant Run
He has a taste of anger
And it's oh so sweet
He likes to make it linger
And he pulls in every single string

We get a warm welcome wrapped in frost
He'll give her every little thing
Sings the sweetest songs to me
She is his favorite little thing

You will be wandering through some beautiful moments
I hear the bluebells ringing
With touch of cooling winds
His sore throat's screaming out of his angry mind
These melodies of softest cream heal her skin

He says we will be healing
And it's oh so neat
I shall repaint the picture
And dye it into abstract art

I need a cloud to jump on, somewhere to dream
To pick my own sparkling sun
Tunes of velvet, breaking in
Into my heart on a constant run

He can provide a safe place when thoughts get heavy
He will be carrying them, oh all of them for you
He will be poisoning her still growing mind
These melodies of softest cream will heal her skin

I'll try to catch the sun beams
They'll be for you my girl
Let shades away, be shining
You are my brightest little pearl

You will be his princess, in his land
He'll give you every little thing
Scented cherries of finest brand
He'll do it all to make her cling

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