

The Gathering "Heroes For Ghosts"

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Fading falling
Slow winds breaking soundscapes
And waves of velvet sweeping
Into me

You moved all that was in my world
And showed me all the new colours
In my universe where storms run

Falling, falling, falling, fall into me
I hear echoes of my speech
And I see shadows of my walk
I feel the past
I always look backwards

Fighting, floating
Tasting blood in my mouth
Ancient damp painting ruins
Feel the rising chill

I listened to the sound of your airs
We're watching stone saints fall over
While the black crows will be taking to the sky

Falling, falling, falling, fall into me
I hear echoes of my speech
And I see shadows of my walk
I feel the past
I always look backwards

My heart is drifting through all shades of green
My head is thinking through meadows of the sea
Lonely as I am

Expanding the scene where I've never (ever) been
A promise at last to call back the past
To finish off with you - I'm finishing off with you

Sliding down

