

# The Gathering "These Good People"

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He worries no more than he  
Necessarily needs to fill his void  
As big as space never ending thrill  
He meets his will by choosing hate

Why choosing?  
Need us to smile too?  
Alright

Struggling to prevail

Foretaste  
The aftermath  
Which will be black  
As black as waste

We'll throw in an extra dance  
For just a little over 5 pence  
Need us to smile too?  
You'll turn our limo into a hearse  
Weighing just enough to run it over your curse  
Need us to smile too?

You lie, you lie, you lie

[Anneke van Giersbergen]

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