

# The Gathering "Travel"

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Melodic stanzas  
are symphonizing their way  
through your weary head

To feed your distrust  
And fill it's mouth with the desire  
to soulfully be one with your creation

Not a subject to control  
you call upon a higer power  
for help and inspiration

The crowd waits  
and turns their faces  
towards you expectantly  
you give them what they need  
But their useless criticism  
makes you die  
a bit more inside

Not a subject to control  
you call upon a higer power  
for help and inspiration  
Oh, I swoon  
while loudspeakers play soft music

Leaning  
over your fortieth masterpiece  
You must have loved  
the colour of these violins

I wish I knew you  
Your fit of insanity makes me sad

I wish you knew  
your music was to stay forever  
And I hope...

I have no clue  
if you know how much it matters  
And I hope...

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