

Travel - 1/1

Interprété par The Gathering.

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....