

White Palace

Omnium Gatherum

Although a heart is crying for the world
It understands the wounds well
Keeping it open it bleeds
Keeping it open it heals

Sometimes we are away
Sleeping through the day

Strong is the hand
That builds the white palace
And the dark gardens
Surrounding the white palace

Lay down all worry and trouble that is done
For what is the purpose in a search for something
That is gone
Understand the wounds well
Keeping it open it bleeds
Keeping it open it heals