

An Epic Dream Of Desire

Mournful Congregation

Dusk has arrived and we are all lonely
Gardens stand still like stone
We look to the clouds for they form epic pictures
Meaningful to some, meaningless to others

The earth stands still, the air is silent
We all dream together, yet we are all alone
The world is a lonely place, for all to pity our existence
Our minds in a maze, we do not know where to go from here

We share the pain, we feel the sorrow
This dismal place in which we stand
Becomes our kingdom of cold stone
A place for all to dream eternally