

## 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