

The Mist In The Mourning

The Gates of Slumber

How sorry the man with no home of his own
Limping forever, sorry and stoned
Clotted up blood that hangs on the bone
And a withered dead voice that ever does moan

So sorry he cannot see his friends here today
So sorry he is gone along his way
Go down to the church, maybe you will pray
And send him some love to speed him away

How dark is it now
How lonely the day
And none can know
The that has been paid
Grim is the voice that calls you to die
He knows no one will be there to cry
Alone on his way, gone down to die
With a sad, sad soul, I have to ask why
But my soul is worried and my heart can't rest
I have too many roads and too many rests
I will see you on that cold lonely shore
And that day we will mourn, never no more