

## A Constant Run

### The Gathering

He has a taste of anger  
And it's oh so sweet  
He likes to make it linger  
And he pulls in every single string

We get a warm welcome wrapped in frost  
He'll give her every little thing  
Sings the sweetest songs to me  
She is his favourite little thing

You will be wandering through some beautiful moments  
I hear the bluebells ringing  
With touch of cooling winds  
His sore throat's screaming out of his angry mind  
These melodies of softest cream heal her skin

He says we will be healing  
And it's oh so neat  
I shall repaint the picture  
And dye it into abstract art

I need a cloud to jump on, somewhere to dream  
to pick my own sparkling sun  
Tunes of velvet, breaking in  
Into my heart on a constant run

He can provide a safe place when thoughts get heavy  
He will be carrying them, oh all of them for you  
He will be poisoning her still growing mind  
These melodies of softest cream will heal her skin

I'll try to catch the sun beams  
They'll be for you my girl  
Let shades away, be shining  
You are my brightest little pearl  
You will be his princess, in his land  
He'll give you every little thing  
Scented cherries of finest brand  
He'll do it all to make her cling