

# Heroes for Ghosts

## The Gathering

Fading falling  
Slow winds breaking soundscapes  
And waves of velvet sweeping  
Into me

You moved all that was in my world  
And showed me all the new colours  
In my universe where storms run

Falling, falling, falling, fall into me  
I hear echoes of my speech  
And I see shadows of my walk  
I feel the past  
I always look backwards

Fighting, floating  
Tasting blood in my mouth  
Ancient damp painting ruins  
Feel the rising chill

I listened to the sound of your airs  
We're watching stone saints fall over  
While the black crows will be taking to the sky

Falling, falling, falling, fall into me  
I hear echoes of my speech  
And I see shadows of my walk  
I feel the past  
I always look backwards

My heart is drifting through all shades of green  
My head is thinking through meadows of the sea  
Lonely as I am

Expanding the scene where I've never (ever) been  
A promise at last to call back the past  
To finish off with you - I'm finishing off with you

Sliding down