

## In Sickness and Health

### The Gathering

The cruelty of this world persists  
The cold wind speaks for our lost  
Whispering words, weaving worlds  
Her time has come, alas

A man with opened eyes  
One stopped out of a dream  
With a view held within his mind  
The tears for his bride redeem

Watching this world falling apart  
Like the dreams in a shallow sleep  
Countless are the nights they shared  
The mourning in his tears

But morning still has broken  
A light in his world of dawn  
All beauty turned to rot  
His flowers, all are gone

Close the eyes of eternal love  
Buries his face in his hands  
Her face looks so alive  
In the morning sun

But morning still has broken  
A light in his world of dawn  
All beauty turned to rot  
His flowers, all are gone

Dreams are nothing but illusions  
Illusions for one to see  
It's the visual projection of our inside  
And as empty as the heart in me

As the heart in me...