

The West Pole

The Gathering

As the late evening sun
Slides her way through copper clouds
Golden leaves from autumn
Play over a dusty breeze
I slide my way through the empty park
Weary eyes

Your memory fades
Like dust wake the shades
The still night comes breaking in
Dry raindrops on summer wind

As the late evening sun
Shines her way through aging sky
Closing in on autumn

As I watch the miracle
Of seasons changing
I saw the leaves die

Your memory fades
Like dust wake the shades
The still night comes breaking in
Dry raindrops on summer wind

But I can still see you and I can still hear you
You're spinning around in my head

I can still hear you and I can still see you

Tide is down
I thought I heard the perfect note
I thought I heard you call my name

Your memory fades
Like dust wake the shades
The still night comes breaking in
Dry raindrops on summer wind