

## Travel

## The Gathering

Melodic stanzas  
are symphonizing their way  
through your weary head

To feed your distrust  
And fill it's mouth with the desire  
to soulfully be one with your creation

Not a subject to control  
you call upon a higer power  
for help and inspiration

The crowd waits  
and turns their faces  
towards you expectantly  
you give them what they need  
But their useless criticism  
makes you die  
a bit more inside

Not a subject to control  
you call upon a higer power  
for help and inspiration

Oh, I swoon  
while loudspeakers play soft music

Leaning  
over your fourtieth masterpiece  
You must have loved  
the colour of these violins

I wish I knew you  
Your fit of insanity makes me sad

I wish you knew  
your music was to stay forever  
And I hope....

I have no clue  
if you know how much it matters  
And i hope....