

## White Palace

Omnium Gatherum

Although a heart is crying for the world  
It understands the wounds well  
Keeping it open it bleeds  
Keeping it open it heals

Sometimes we are away  
Sleeping through the day

Strong is the hand  
That builds the white palace  
And the dark gardens  
Surrounding the white palace

Lay down all worry and trouble that is done  
For what is the purpose in a search for something  
That is gone  
Understand the wounds well  
Keeping it open it bleeds  
Keeping it open it heals