

# The Ivory Gate Of Dreams

Fates Warning

## I. INNOCENCE

## II. COLD DAZE

The coldness of confusion  
hangs in the morning air as  
Brazen bells ring reality  
To announce the conqueror dawn

Removed from nights fleeting trance  
Plunged headlong into cold days  
Where in a circle we wander  
The barren wastes of our pasts.

## III. DAYLIGHT DREAMERS

Daylight dreamers awaken on  
Deserts of desperation  
Lonely lives learn to live on  
Islands of isolation.  
Surrounded by violent oceans  
of hate and hopeless sorrows  
Daylight dreamers envision  
tranquil seas in safe tomorrows.

Dreaming through the darkened day  
Along tempest torn strands  
Desperately grasping the grains  
of hope that flit through our hands  
As they fall we tighten our hold  
While the waves claim the final few  
taken without ceremony  
They drift out of view.

Washed away with the tides of time  
Slipped through our fingers as dreams do.

## IV. Quietus

From sleeping visions  
Daily were torn  
In waking hours  
Hopes our forlorn.  
Is all we do and all we dream  
doomed to drown in a hopeless stream?

Wishing life were made of lasting visions  
in eternal sleep  
And if that rest were filled with sorrow  
still we'd sleep.

In the madness of a silent eternity  
We'd find solace in  
False visions that protect us  
from reality.

Enter ivory gates through midnight skies

Daylight dreamers in private parades  
Perform before perpetual dawn  
As dusk engulfs the gate of horn.

Ivory towers appear beyond the gate  
Invisible fortresses of escape  
Traversed by ramparts made of hopes and fears  
Impervious to reality.

#### V. Ivory Tower

Behind sullen doors  
Untouched within  
Safe from summer storms  
and winter winds  
Relentless tempests  
Can weaken walls  
Towers falter when  
reality calls.

Untouchable by all without  
Lost in the silken web youth may weave  
Tangled threads seem a stronghold  
But illusions can deceive  
A cold daze plagues the air  
Driven by aging winds  
The walls give way to the rush  
and let reality.

#### VI. Whispers on the wind

Misty morning on windswept plain  
Embers of a fortress all that remain.

The seeds of life that burned within  
have flown like whispers on the wind.  
From the sleepers world  
I look toward darkening skies.  
Through the violet haze of summer storms  
The sun leaves tired eyes.

#### VII. Acquiescence

Betrayed by innocence  
Deceived by delusions  
Plagiarized promises  
Pale into empty hopes.

Ivory towers bow down  
In reverence to daylight  
As dreamers awaken  
In sleepers somber shade.

Ocean Waves shift leaving  
only memories.  
Final traces of hope  
are swallowed in the deep.

Despair sends a certain calm  
A vague sense of relief  
released from all our longings  
Silently we'll sleep.

Hope leads to quiet desperation  
When reality obscures the dream  
Makes the mind a grave of memories  
That wander like the lonely breeze  
Whose whispers echo through ruins rust  
of towers torn and dreams turned to dust.

VIII. Retrospect