

Ode To My Forthcoming Winter Pt. 3 Autumn

Autumn Tears

The dying leaves soundlessly fall
The withering trees whisper of winter dreams
Thus... she shamelessly unveils herself
The silence is forever broken

Behold her blanket of darkness
Enshrouding the solemn tranquility
She becomes the earth with her kisses

The winds play their autumnal melodies
Her children sing the song of her coming
Dark formations gather in her mirth
To storm the gates of earthly bliss