

It comes to line the road with scarlet flowers
Creatures begin to stir in a rush
Through summer days that last a thousand hours
'Til nighttime drops down in a hush

A choir brightly sing
Shine like an heirloom ring

Within the tomb that has the light interred
In time will she release her prisoner
No sound at all the cold is swallowing
The rise and fall of some black hooded thing

A solitary bird
Hides beneath its wing

'Til ivy paints the wall with green again
And all God's creatures start to crawl
From when the harvest moon is vanishing
A lonely crow begins to call

A solitary sun
Sleeps above it all