

Breeze In The Leaves (epilogue)

Anthropia

It's a whistling breeze through the willow trees
It can take you high, tangled up with the sky
Diverting passions in our mansions
Flying like a bird twirling round far from Earth
And when it lands down, leaves and tears are gone

It's a whistling breeze through the willow trees
Spirit of forest never leaves the nest
Back on a big bough, the swallow stamps from joy
Then strikes up the whistle, feel the sound which heals
Which runs up the slopes, which made real our hope

Magnificent scene on the path to ruin
Some thoughtful knew that shadows would fly soon
Scanning dark aces, in skies they saw faces
Of crying sad men, letting fall inheritance
And when it lands down, leaves and tears are gone

Magnificent view soon lead to its tomb
Shivering, trembling, the painting is fading
Earth starts to rumble souls fly like bubble
Then explode and die, the whistle fades with cries
And runs down the slopes, it made real our hopes...