

## Canticle

### Autumn Tears

And here we gather to bid ou farewell, forging smiles from with  
in

Mask of sculpted skin white as oleander,

Raveged by the winter tapestry of snow

From a raging fire down to a flicker... nuturing the silence

Echoing farwell melodies... the sweetest note carried to you

Nurting the silence, echoing farewell melodies

Sweetest note carried to...