

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...