

Eclipse

Autumn Tears

Gleaming rays foreshadow the eclipse
The boy in the box and the girl in the maze
Moonlit puppets cast no shadows
The invisible water flows down their cheeks
You call them teardrops. I call them wounds

You call them teardrops, oh, but I call them wounds
Shivering echoes of paradise
A lifetime stolen away, a fragment lost in eternity
Gleaming rays foreshadow the eclipse.