

## 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.