

## Ode To My Forthcoming Winter Pt. 3 Autumn

### Autumn Tears

The dying leaves soundlessly fall  
The withering trees whisper of winter dreams  
Thus... she shamelessly unveils herself  
The silence is forever broken

Behold her blanket of darkness  
Enshrouding the solemn tranquility  
She becomes the earth with her kisses

The winds play their autumnal melodies  
Her children sing the song of her coming  
Dark formations gather in her mirth  
To storm the gates of earthly bliss