

The Intermission

Autumn Tears

Autumn, the Beautiful:

- Is it raining, dear child,
where dost thou wander now?

Is it raining once again, or is it only thy tears?

Sweet innocence,

no longer a passion within their eyes...

Ablaze with thy fury

of denial and tainted dreams.

Chorus:

...now see what lies beneath this mask.

Benevolence Unmasked:

Why do these gentle teardrops endlessly mock me?

The pureness of simplicity

as my only true companion.

For it shall be there for me always;

even when I am no more.

This, a paradise for fools,

stained black with tears of blood.

from mine eyes so empty

Their glimmer hath faded with the sullen

kiss and piercing caress of a century.

Oh, how this mirror lies to me!...

Autumn, the Beautiful:

...the voices that haunt us evermore only this euphoria of
suffering remains.

Wisdom:

In silence I scream out for one existence; faithless wanderers
as my children take not from me this image of frailty, but give
unto a glimpse of the beauty lost beneath the scars upon my
faith and my freedom, my passion, my pain.

...and there is but one last chapter left to be written...