

Autumn

Demether

If you try to follow her footsteps,
You will find that she doesn't leave a single one...
She's so light,
As the sound of
Her sister Syrinx's flute...

Tapping with the leaves and dancing, she flirts with the wind,
and then her song sounds like piccolo...

Is innocent the rain that's falling on her face,
Washing little sins of summer,
Where water-fairy runs, when summer dance's done,
Where will she hide?

When the nature sings the swan song
And the autumn gives the final cut,
Like a painter, with her sorrow
She fades all colours to gray...