

## Tangled In Grand Affection

### Enslavement of Beauty

Winter and autumn drove hand in hand  
Dazzled by the light of a perplexed moon  
All tangled in bohemian supremacy  
And the tingly ambience of a deceitful noon

...Tangled in grand affection

Autumn's cold hand craving in a tight and comforting response  
While their bizarre passionate music tore fainthearted souls apart  
The narrow minded seasons did violently collide  
When they beheld autumn hellishly situated on winter astride

...Tangled in grand affection

There were few lucid moments in the subsequent madness  
Both winter and autumn withdrew from joy to abided sadness  
Wasting their dark passion and wasting their complexion  
Reluctancy turned to nonchalance  
And this denouement is the grand reflection

Daunting the timidity of shallow waters,  
The hands of the beast wrote some touching rhymes  
Sadly they drifted apart like trees denuded of leaves,  
And thus the dialogue was dead by springtime