

The yellow leaves fly with the wind  
Covering the graves below the willow  
The old man stands in the doorway  
Wiping his eyes with soiled sleeve

He kneels at the foot of the graves  
And touches the time-worn epitaph  
Blessed are the pure in heart,  
for they shall see God

The grief of loss claws at his bleak soul  
The wind carries the first freezing rain

With the rain appears a light  
The bright ray of the cold autumn day  
It illuminates the cliffs beyond the field  
And casts vast shades upon the soaked grass

The man recoils from his distant thoughts  
The rain flows along his furrowed cheeks  
He stares at the warmth of caressing light  
And weeps the unseen tears with the rain

He touches the grass with the palm of his hand  
And lets the wind sway him towards the past  
He follows the path of forgotten oblivion  
And vanishes in the rain on his dying day