

Winterfall

Khors

Casting shadows, looking fake,
On the smooth of frozen lake
Trees are tossing yellow leaves
Having shut their tired eaves
They keep listening to the bray
Of the birds that fly away.

Having changed their purple cloths
For the icy armor shields
Ancient forest falls asleep
And the wolves, they gently weep
Doleful songs to lonely moon
And the winter's coming soon