

It comes to line the road with scarlet flowers  
Creatures begin to stir in a rush  
Through summer days that last a thousand hours  
'Til nighttime drops down in a hush

A choir brightly sing  
Shine like an heirloom ring

Within the tomb that has the light interred  
In time will she release her prisoner  
No sound at all the cold is swallowing  
The rise and fall of some black hooded thing

A solitary bird  
Hides beneath its wing

'Til ivy paints the wall with green again  
And all God's creatures start to crawl  
From when the harvest moon is vanishing  
A lonely crow begins to call

A solitary sun  
Sleeps above it all