

The Delight Of Autumn Passion

Nox Aurea

The beautiful odour of October winds
Gently caress me with it's benevolent hands,
Yet so dark and gloomy in it's soul
It permeates my intense heart with silent delight
How I do love the passion of fading away

The passion of dying...

For it is Death herself who sweeps the landscape,
Embracing a lost world in shades and vapour

I will never forget the dread of November,
Her grievance and stillness of lonely nights
The desire of heart, in minor adorned,
Dancing so gently as dim northern lights

How I do love this pleasant seclusion,
This old bitter-sweet feeling,
The passion of solitude

O' my frozen Queen of December nights
Let me transcend into a sleep without dreams,
Let me wither in your cold white arms...