

Descendant

Triptykon

The days when I was young
The days when I will die
Autumn leaves lie on the ground
To wither so much like me

Unto thee
Shall all flesh come
Grant me eternal rest

Seven, seven they are
No gate will shut them out
Like snakes through grass they glide
Like wind, like wind they storm

Fall has swept the fields
The woods will come alive
Heaven and earth converge
And the stars will disappear