

Four Seasons

Wardrum

The summer lives in the shores of distant islands
Your face unlined in memories unperished
And through misleading delusions long cherished
Your voice will flicker once again on my lit candle
The fall came early your destiny was written
It seemed you saw fate looming at a distance
There was no tragedy occurred, no other instance
Only your eyes descended into darkness

The winter starts to melt but deep inside
It seems no faith will spring above this sorrow
The nights are long, the days are grey
No signs of hope shall reign

The spring felt strange as the days grew slightly longer
The sharpest contrast was me, it's more than certain
As I stood watching alone behind the curtain
The heartache deep into my chest was growing stronger

The winter starts to melt but deep inside
It seems no faith will spring above this sorrow
The nights are long, the days are grey
No signs of hope shall reign

The morning breeze blows into my hair
Tall trees towering over me
And life once more she wears
That weary smile on her face

The winter starts to melt but deep inside
It seems no faith will spring above this sorrow
The nights are long, the days are grey
No signs of hope shall reign

And as the years go by, I realize
No faith will ever spring above this sorrow
The nights are long, the days are grey
No signs of hope shall reign