

Aura, (An Ode To) The Autumnlands

Above the silvery lake of a sleepers kingdom we danced...

...in perpetual light, reaching for the waves though never
sharing it's warmth Enstranged from beauty we were part of the sky.
The greeted ones were we, in the hallway of our astral fathers.
In the depths of the starcrossed sky...
...of aurian light we should be...

Of seasons bygone...

In fathomless depths we fell, and I cried:

"Nail me on that cross up there...
That thou mayest repent these days...
Weep, my father weep...weep black thy heavens grace

Bleed, my father, bleed.
Bleed red my blessed surrays...
Bleed, my father, bleed
Bleed black my red surrays..."

(and the chanting arose;)

No light pervades the nightly darkness, wherein dwell
a million souls of men. Wake me ! Pray for me !
For too long hath lasted this sunless hour, wherein all
are born, yet blossometh none, nor the moon...

And here my friend, my dream hath ended. I leave thee
with a golden dawn. Oh, long lost sun, For thee this ode,
of yesteryears unsung ! Of all autumnal joys bereaved
I rose the morrow morn...

"Light or our darksome journey here
with days deviding night from night
loud crows, the dawn's harbinger
and wakens up, the sunbeams bright"

(music by : Brinkman / Soffner, Lyrics by : Soffner)