

# Autumn Leaves, On The Verge Of Tears

Once at night I sat among mortals  
Afraid of what the future would bring  
Drowning dreams in polluted visions  
As I heard the mourning angel sing

A bloody wing came in sight on the ground  
Bestially slaughtered by the hordes of those  
Who didn't see the light

The prophecy of a spiritual deed  
Seems to increase in moments  
Where the morbid mental activity comes into force

You will ride through the dark meadow

Once at dawn I sat among mortals  
Weeping over the loss of a shadow  
At went on a journey withdrawn  
Skywards you'll met the silver-tongued

Memories will clean the hoofs  
And contain the falling stone from your heart