

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At went on a journey withdrawn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