

Autumn, Summer's End

Gathering the treasures of fields, forbidden fruit
With a tangible visions inside
Consuming the dreamscapes
Burst trough your fragile shields
Take you for a ride

We came to the woods, to a latent feast
Dancing on moss-grown soil
Hiding away from the rational world
Dancing on moss grown-soil

The odour of harvest time
The immense sky turns grey
The sun softly shines
Until it slumbers away
One with land's decay

We came to the woods, to a latent feast
Dancing on moss green-soil
Hiding away from the rational world
Dancing on moss green-soil

Summer's End
Soaked by perception
Summer's end
Truth and deception

Witness the madness, watching the splendour
Cover your eyes to sink in the deep
Witness the madness, watching the splendour
Dreaming in a dream in your sleep

And smother the sun for a while
Touching your own beauty and vile
Embrace the gloom that stares in your eyes
On the edge where reality dies

Summer's End