

Hortus Animae, Springtime Deaths

Refreshing winds from distant skies, a dying love from distant eyes. Another cruelty brought to me. before it withers wind's whispers are blowing it away... Falling leaves from trees that died, a growing it's not time for leaves to fall and it's not time for dying at all... Clouds are sick of being dark, when s last rain drops, but stay... Is lone the path to walk among the green, as with melancholy of the grey melancholy remained... I cannot... regret... In springtime the grey has the due to fade away but the season of grief in bloom cause in springtime the deaths are two.