

Sentenced, We Are But Falling Leaves

Think of your lifetime as one day
It's fading away
The shadows are growing long
Think of existence as a flame and death as rain
Storm clouds - they ride along

At life's eve our flames will cease
Eternally, unavoidably
Eventually all paths will lead
To the cemetery

We are but falling leaves in the air hovering down
On our way we are spinning around
Scattered fragments of time
Like beams of the light we are
That's all we are

Think of your lifetime as one year
Look autumn is here
Getting colder, the winter's impending
Your conclusion's drawing near-certain, austere
Yet is only the circles unending

At life's eve our flames will cease
Eternally, unavoidably
Eventually, all paths will lead to the cemetery
To the prior deceased

We are but falling leaves in the air hovering down
On our way we will hit the ground
Scattered fragments of time
Like beams of the light we are

Just when we realize that we are alive, we die