

The Battered Ornaments, Then I Must Go

When the wind brings the death of autumn
to the summer [that] spent its fortune
Then I must go and can I keep
these memories from uneasy sleep?

Bright [...] from the [.....]
A paddle of love from the deep
Bright [...] from the [.....]
A paddle of love from the deep

When the sea brings a shining necklace
to the shore where the rats are reckless
Then I must go and can I keep
these souvenirs from uneasy chairs?

Bright smiles from the battlefield
A beam of sun from your hair
Bright smiles from the battlefield
A beam of sun from your hair

Bright smiles from the battlefield
A beam of sun from your hair
Bright smiles from the battlefield
A beam of sun from your hair

Now when the sky brings a burning seabird
to the fortress where songs are not heard
Then I must go and can I keep
these reminders of uneasy dreams?

Bright embers from the city's end
A flash of light from the streams
Bright embers from the city's end
A flash of light from the streams