## 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

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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