

# Absurd, Colours Of Autumn

Fierly woods and golden trees are glittering beneath clear sky.  
Silver mist at every morning and lonely ravens scream up high.  
Beholding the great vast forest. I can see the colours of autumn.  
Nightly frost that made flowers withered is silent messenger of whole life's doom.

Melancholy mood within nature. I feel cool touch of upcoming snow,  
which is born somewhere in North. Northernmost at the end of the rainbow.  
The burning colours of autumn, such a beautiful garment for death!  
Last flashing of once vitality, but already I can feel dying breath.  
Not so long within further time is all what I see the grip of frost.  
That's the eternal cycle of birth and death.

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