

And Oceans, September (Nur Hjartat Bloder)

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The first burning candle
Like a newborn in a cradle
Forgotten at days
For autumnal landscapes
The slowly falling leaves
Like a man's heavy tear
Alone in the forest
Yearning for the sunset
The last growing flower
Like last september
In silence heard
Only one singing bird
The first cold wind blows
Like the rain in mist
Blows its tearful song
In the horizon
The first appearing star
Like a letter from afar
For the ones alone
With hearts of stone
The last autumn sight
Like a lonesome sigh
In the forest deep
Into wintry sleep