

# Atrox, Unsummoned

Now is the third season  
The season I don't long  
Cause it is here  
And you are gone

You were the Incubus  
Who raped my sleeping mind

Awake - pain was the master  
I crawled in a chasm

But now  
Unsown seeds germinate  
Unplanted trees bear fruits

The spell is broken  
Unsummoned reveries gather  
Unwinged thoughts fly

Wind rapidly swings its arms  
Takes fruits from the trees  
And flings them away

But what's ripe falls  
Nevertheless  
To the ground