

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