

Autumn, Closest Friends Conspire

Sometimes darkness is my sole companion
and the shadows seem my closest friends
Immersed in pitch black contemplations
I shy away from the slightest hint of sunshine
but doubt is never far away
and fear is never closer
A hint of irony cannot help
but course through my veins

How to recognize the signals,
The features of dishonesty
The eye of the tornado
In the eyes of our companions?
Like serpents in the shadows, my closest friends conspire

There's simply no way of telling
In which shadow you might bind me
There's no predicting
which of your hopes will eventually blind me
When doubt is never far away
And fear is never closer,
A hint of irony at play,
coursing through my veins

Like serpents in the shadows,
my closest friends conspire