

# Autumn, Gallery Of Reality

The temperature sank below zero  
And the seas became giant mirrors  
And trees formed a crystal splendour  
The world is frozen to the core

Take my hand and walk with me  
Through the corridors of snow and ice  
Through a gallery of reality  
History unfolds before your eyes

There, between the exhibited bodies  
Framed by frozen blood  
Her skin scabrous, once so soft  
That must be the one, the one I once loved