

# Autumn, Mirrors Magic Sights

And she's dreaming about  
The view over the castle down below  
There is no doubt  
A curse came upon her  
As she knows...

The voices of reapers  
Shading off into sounds of the night  
Becomes visible in a mirror  
The mirror with its magic sights

The cause of the inner row  
Is the promise of horror and strife  
If she keeps looking at the beauty below  
Despair will take over her life

Her eyes , her deep blue eyes  
She averts them from the casement  
And she is weaving  
While the loom obeys her hands  
Weaving...

Lustful groaning by moonlight  
A luscious mistress and her paramours  
Making love in the brewing night  
Till dawn they enjoy each other  
While being a mirrors magic sight

And when someone dies  
A threnody sounds from the towers  
So she weaving in her web  
Also weaving a funeral  
Under sunbeam showers