

Autumn, Quiet Friend

He accompanies me through wind and rain
When I'm in agony and pain
He warns me for the change, the change of tide
And tells me when and where to hide

When I was born along came he
When I arose he came alive in me
But only I was recognized
Vivid in their dream
No one saw him gleam

How selective they wish to perceive
In the lie, they want to believe
The trees blossom acknowledged
The roots denied
Because if he'd be noticed
They'd tremble, terrified

Why not speak of him freely?
Of the one hushed so ruthlessly?
He who offers the ultimate escape
Out of this treacherous world full rape

To me, a friend
Guardian of my final breath
To them, their greatest fear
They call him "DEATH";