

# Autumn Tears, The Intermission

Autumn, the Beautiful:

-Is it raining, dear child,  
where dost thou wander now?  
Is it raining once again, or is it only thy tears?  
Sweet innocence,  
no longer a passion within their eyes  
Ablaze with thy fury  
of denial and tainted dreams.

Now see what lies beneath this mask.

Benevolence Unmasked:

Why do these gentle teardrops endlessly mock me?  
The pureness of simplicity  
as my only true companion.  
For it shall be there for me always;  
even when I am no more.  
This, a paradise for fools,  
stained black with tears of blood.  
from mine eyes so empty  
Their glimmer hath faded with the sullen  
kiss and piercing caress of a century.  
Oh, how this mirror lies to me!

Autumn, the Beautiful:

The voices that haunt us evermore only this euphoria of  
suffering remains.

Wisdom:

In silence I scream out for one existence; faithless wanderers  
as my children take not from me this image of frailty, but give  
unto a glimpse of the beauty lost beneath the scars upon my  
faith and my freedom, my passion, my pain.