

# Autumn, The Green Angel

A dark wind blows a chill in his bones  
As the last wolf turns from the shore and goes  
Away back home to his pack and he smiles his teeth  
Blank, sharp white fangs with a drop of blood

My neck turns blue by the hands that you  
Put around me while tightening the grip  
The blue moonshine on these wounds of mine

I bed - and I'm sinking deeper into  
I crave - the embrace of the lake to take me to you  
I pray - the Gods to help me this one day  
I know - forgiveness is not your way

The clouds grow thick as the mud  
Below his feet that walked countless miles  
The be home with child and wife and only find  
Black stained walls with all love gone

My hands reach out to the love I see  
Only to be denied of complete devotion  
Blue moonshine on these wounds of time

The battle cries inside his head fade away  
I sink deeper - return home to me  
I grow weaker - You are mine  
I gave you blood - and you made it die