

# Empyrium, Autumn Grey Views

Lifeless they fall apart  
Golden as our precious art  
My love sinks into a thick grey veil of mist  
Trees, leafless trees, the epitaph of the sun  
What once was green presents now grey and trist  
A gloomy grave, a foreseen death, a symbol for our pain  
Drowned in a flood of autumn rain  
Sillouettes of light astray somewhere in the clouds  
Ravens traverse, involving withering shrouds