

Enslavement Of Beauty, Tangled In Grand Affection

Winter and autumn drove hand in hand
dazzled by the light of a perplexed moon
all tangled in bohemian supremacy
and the tingly ambience of a deceitful noon

...tangled in grand affection

Autumn's cold hand craving in a tight and comforting response
while their bizarre passionate music tore fainthearted souls apart
the narrow minded seasons did violently collide
when they beheld autumn hellishly situated on winter astride

...tangled in grand affection

There were few lucid moments in the subsequent madness
both winter and autumn withdrew from joy to abided sadness
wasting their dark passion and wasting their complexion
reluctancy turned to nonchalance
and this denouement is the grand reflection

Daunting the timidity of shallow waters,
the hands of the beast wrote some touching rhymes
sadly they drifted apart like trees denuded of leaves,
and thus the dialogue was dead by springtime