

Korozy, Within the Soul of Autumn

Grey, pale essence is falling to pieces in front of my
eyes

The majestic trees uncovering their bodies
Stretching hands towards the merciless sky of dark

...
/There in the dark are flying black crows
Performing heady funeral ritual/

Spells uproar deadly silence
Wind is dancing alone in the tangle of woods
Withered flowers whisper my name, whisper my name...

, ,
...
/Praying for life, moaning but they don't know
How beautiful they are in these black garments/

The Sun has just gone down the silent calm lake
And the Dark called for the mournful Moon
My heart is bound in melancholy forever lost in the
wood
Within the deserted gloomy soul of Fall