

Noumena, The Heralds Of Fall

Seduced by cranes' call

When golden mildness of August nights
Turn into desperate autumn rust
Doth harvest rot or crop decay
As the deeds of men trouble them once again
I inhale the dark depths of fall
The last glimpse of day, alas, drifts away

Swans spread their wings and head for the unknown
Rowans side to side bleed from autumnal souls
The glow of your eyes and the blaze of your heart
My saviour amongst the darkest arts
In the starry night thou possess the might over me...

Blade is forged to bleed
Heart is made of forlorn breed
Death wreathed to seduce
The sons of the northern gloom
Wrath born to be ablazed
Soul cries after maiden's grace
The curse cut upon the frozen stone
On the shores of this ice-cold sea

Your tears will fall for yesterdays
As embers become dark the sorrow shows the way
Wear the mourning gown, hear those celebration chants
Of the bride with the seven-flowered crown

I lay my head upon the doleful bed
Under dead leaves of the sacrifice grove
Or in oceanic grave will I forget my pains
As I glide into night of infinity...

To embrace frost on her velvet lips
Or hear the yearning from a silent sigh
I must reach for the home of the restless ones
Where paths bear neither end nor name
Groaning rain burns my weary frame
The last glimpse of day guides my steps astray