Spock's Beard, Ghosts Of Autumn

Listen to the whisper of the rain
Voices in the mist
Beyond your window
And you remember
Days of love she spun a web of chains
That wrapped around your heart
And when you held her
You held forever

Green to grey
As forever slipped away
And down through the years
The seasons changed
Still a cold wind blows today
No sun to melt the frost
Because she's lost among the
GHOSTS OF AUTUMN

Fate's a quiet river at your feet
It rose up slow and dark
Without a warning
And pulled you under
Now she's gone but haunting every dream
Scattered on the wind
And in the rolling
Of distant thunder

Green to grey
As forever slipped away
And down through the years
The seasons changed
Still a cold wind blows today
No sun to melt the frost
Because she's lost among the
GHOSTS OF AUTUMN