Wyrd, Autumn

Summer bleeds its last shades of green To the darkened pool of dead emotions Pond of decayed dreams and withered love Why should I carry on, when all hope is gone?

Come the autumn, come the rain Wash away all the bitterness and hate

Fall - Come the autumn Fall - Come the rain

Carve it to the firs, carve it to the oaks Scream it to the stars, shout it at the world Dwelling in self-pity, in self-caused pain All bridges burnt, the only way is down

Come the autumn, come the rain Come the nightfall, welcome death

Fall - Come the autumn Fall - Come the rain

Fall - Come the end.