

**Cockburn Bruce****"Fall 258"**

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cloud pillars clinging like vines to the sky  
don't cry  
we'll walk down the meadow with sunrise inside  
so dry your eyes  
the winds of all kingdoms meet where we stand  
the gray forest people cast off their old clothes  
good-bye  
everything's sleeping as winter draws near  
so close your eyes  
the mists of all twilights dance close at hand  
the rust-coloured river is now slowing down  
going dry  
harvest has lifted the crown from the ground  
but don't you cry  
the song of the seasons brings life to the land

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