

Autumn "The Green Angel"

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A dark wind blows a chill in his bones
As the last wolf turns from the shore and goes
Away back home to his pack and he smiles his teeth
Blank, sharp white fangs with a drop of blood

My neck turns blue by the hands that you
Put around me while tightening the grip
The blue moonshine on these wounds of mine

I bed - and I'm sinking deeper into
I crave - the embrace of the lake to take me to you
I pray - the Gods to help me this one day
I know - forgiveness is not your way
The clouds grow thick as the mud
Below his feet that walked countless miles
The be home with child and wife and only find
Black stained walls with all love gone

My hands reach out to the love I see
Only to be denied of complete devotion
Blue moonshine on these wounds of time

The battle cries inside his head fade away
I sink deeper - return home to me
I grow weaker - You are mine
I gave you blood - and you made it die

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