

Auletta

"The Autumnlands"

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Above the silvery lake of a sleepers kingdome we
danced...

...in perpetual light, reaching for the waves though
never

Sharing it's warmth Enstranged from beauty we were
part of the sky.

The greeted ones were we, in the hallway of our astral
fathers.

In the dephts of the starcrossed sky...

...of aurian light we should be...

Of seasons bygone...

In fathomless dephts we fell, and I cried:

"Nail me on that cross up there...

That thou mayest repent these days...

Weep, my father weep...weep black thy heavens grace

Bleed, my father, bleed.

Bleed red my blessed surrays...

Bleed, my father, bleed

Bleed black my red surrays..."

(and the chanting arose;)

No light pervades the nightly darkness, wherein
develleth

A million souls of men. Wake me ! Pray for me !

For too long hath lasted this sunless hour, wherein all
Are born, yet blossometh none, nor the moon...

And here my friend, my dream hath ended. I leave
thee

With a golden dawn. Oh, long lost sun, For thee this
ode,

Of yesteryears unsung ! Of all autumnal joys bereaved
I rose the morrow morn...

"Light or our darksome journey here

With days deviding night from night
Loud crows, the dawn's harbinger
And wakens up, the sunbeams bright"

[music by : Brinkman / Soffner, Lyrics by : Soffner]

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