

Fall Of The Leafe "My Weeping Goddess"

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In these last days of summer
winds make haste as I stand on the shores
I greet the waves that bring me misery
with woeful tears of this most august agony

And the crystal sky in silence weeps
ere I fall in flight into the chambers deep,
for the season is come; snowfall upon distant shores

Winds make haste as I mourn the loss
In a million shades and in a million flames,
the forest celebrates the feast of final fates,
as the golden fields rejoice in these last days of Fall,
and the birds of the forest sing upon the oak tree tall

Soothsayer of my heart, Oracle of my mind
speak my visions, speak of the days to come!

Somewither I must fly
into the skies of crimson winter fall
Unto the infernal seas of Terminus itself
Onwards - my wanderlust has me!

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