

Hortus Animae "Springtime Deaths"

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Refreshing winds from distant skies, a dying love from
distant eyes. Another cruelty brought to me. And again
a flower born and

Before it withers wind's whispers are blowing it away...
Falling leaves from trees that died, a growing sadness
becoming mine, but

It's not time for leaves to fall and it's not time for dying
at all... Clouds are sick of being dark, when sorrows
must follow the

Last rain drops, but stay... Is lone the path to walk
among the green, as with melancholy of the grey
something faded away, but

Melancholy remained... I cannot... regret... In springtime
the grey has the due to fade away but the days come
grey again, with the

Season of grief in bloom cause in springtime the
deaths are two.

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