

It Will Come "Mute Witnesses"

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Now evening
Takes it's hold
Frost caressing the leaves
Sound of morning far away
Cold feelings
And hard winds
Leaving nature numb
Autumn fills the air

Mist swirling round
Fondeling the ground
A tree falls down
No one is around
Does it make a sound?
The trees are silent, awaiting a response
Will we let them be?

At night they moan softly
Crying out in wordless pain
Relieved to be left alone

Mist swirling round
Fondeling the ground
A tree falls down
No one is around
Does it makes a sound?

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