

Kiuas

"Summer's End"

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Feasts of harvest held
Midsummer sun done her spell
The crow sings his song
Quite ruggedly, slightly out of key
The swallow flies on
But the Northman only waits

Staring calmly, silently and thoughtfully
As the rising north wind cunningly invades

Soon the leaves will fall again
And be gone just like her smile
Hearts can turn with the autumn winds
And the winds sometimes feel vile

Last warm rays absorbed
The mist soon whispers its lore
Now wait for the cold
Be prepared for the falling
Of the new winter's snow
And the changes that will come

Then I'll hold on to the memory
It was you and me
That I felt on those nights so vividly

The time for a feast will soon be around
Join, ye lads, and make a sound
A sound of joy in the winter's embrace
With laughter the longing
Now be replaced
With laughter the longing
Now be replaced
With laughter the longing
Now be replaced

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