

## **Noumena**

# **"The Heralds Of Fall"**

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Seduced by cranes' call

When golden mildness of August nights  
Turn into desperate autumn rust  
Doth harvest rot or crop decay  
As the deeds of men trouble them once again  
I inhale the dark depths of fall  
The last glimpse of day, alas, drifts away

Swans spread their wings and head for the unknown  
Rowans side to side bleed from autumnal souls  
The glow of your eyes and the blaze of your heart  
My saviour amongst the darkest arts  
In the starry night thou possess the might over me...

Blade is forged to bleed  
Heart is made of forlorn breed  
Death wreathed to seduce  
The sons of the northern gloom  
Wrath born to be ablazed  
Soul cries after maiden's grace  
The curse cut upon the frozen stone  
On the shores of this ice-cold sea

Your tears will fall for yesterdays  
As embers become dark the sorrow shows the way  
Wear the mourning gown, hear those celebration  
chants  
Of the bride with the seven-flowered crown

I lay my head upon the doleful bed  
Under dead leaves of the sacrifice grove  
Or in oceanic grave will I forget my pains  
As I glide into night of infinity...

To embrace frost on her velvet lips  
Or hear the yearning from a silent sigh  
I must reach for the home of the restless ones  
Where paths bear neither end nor name  
Groaning rain burns my weary frame  
The last glimpse of day guides my steps astray

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