

Penitent

"The Birth Of My Funeral"

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Leafs are falling, black and lifeless.
Wind of autumn, carry them away... far away.
Wandering beneath the trees.
Dancing with the cold shadows.
To the tunes of the gloomy rivers.

A melody of darkness with a song of no words.
The arcane epitaph of the long lost images.
Visions floating away to where only memories exist.
Memories of ancient kingdoms rising to the surface.
I dance and remember the moon and the stars.

As the wind sweeps my face I see the moon.
In the river with a touch of autumn.
Fog covering my feet in the first season of mist.
A crown of shadows drifting away in the rain.
Leafs of autumn, black and with no life.

This mournful play is the floating birth of desire.
Mysterious secrets arise in the absence of light.
Gloomy in a silent time life is the process of dying.
As a feast for the dark autumn is the funeral march.
This veil of sorrow is my emblem of death.

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