

Primitive Radio Gods

"Autumn's Ablaze"

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And so it seems
I am unbound in my misery
I am drunk in my sobriety
...and twisted animosity
The private moments of man
Are rarely ever seen
Yet, autumn gathers me up
And sheds me in her leaves

Falling takes forever
From the grace of man
I fell so far
No one ever saw
How far I fell
From the grace of man

She is dressed in golden brown for me
Sheds her leaves like a second skin

There is fire, in your eyes tonight
No brighter sun, no darker moon

Sister Morrighu
This way comes,
And so it seems it is

Another passionless night
Another hopeless fight
And another battle that I've lost

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