

Sons Of Seasons

"Melanchorium"

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Remembering years, self-reliant times
In the wake of youth you shine.
A bit of forgetfulness
Trust in God to be benign.
Seems the distance gets less and less
For the world to be mine.

This light you seek, this salvation
All that you need.

Control - thoughts will never be the same
Keep trying
Believe in anything but know that things won't be the
same
Keep trying

The moon stirs the tide, like a subtle hand rocks the
cradle's frame.
Makes me silent and confide in this old man's tale that
has no name.
Memories so bittersweet, pleasant days' hazy sight.
Blurs my vision like summer's heat, breaks the present
like ice.

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