

Delacroix

"Summer Dies Of Age"

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Summer dies of age
Dark red meadow thirst
She falls down sad and drunk in withered sage
Spreads her breath of hopeless beauty
Smothers ambition, just wants you to sit there and..

Wait as waving hands as clear as ever, say good bye
To places I have been, you are not aware of all your
sins
So I wait til sympathy for you is a mere memory
of places I have been, a fragile hope

Folktale dreams disrupted
By autumns relentless pride
Honesty weakens when days grow dark and short
Oh, I'd go away
If you gave me cold farewell
Cause this empty darkness will always stay
When my weakest moments bleed
on ideas and ideals, I used to cherish..

I wait as waving hands as clear as ever, say good bye
To places I have been, you are not aware of all your
sins
So I wait til sympathy for you is a mere memory
of places I have been, a fragile hope

Wet and threatening pines surround me
As I'm running through the night
I'm escaping from darker sides of me
But I don't know where to go.

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