Unsummoned

Atrox

Now is the third season
The season I don't long
Cause it is here
And you are goneYou were the Incubus
Who raped my sleeping mindAwake - pain was the master
I crawled in a chasmBut now
Unsown seeds germinate
Unplanted trees bear fruitsThe spell is broken
Unsummoned reveries gather
Unwinged thoughts flyWind rapidly swings its arms
Takes fruits from the trees
And flings them awayBut what's ripe falls
Nevertheless
To the ground

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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