

# April

## Chapterhouse

Days bathed in red  
I saw her standing  
By the riverbed  
Weeping willow

I should have been more careful  
Waxing hope in cruelest April  
I thought that we were there  
Somehow I'll always love her

Shedding, golden leaved September  
I thought that we were there

Dazed, she never smiles  
Like she used to  
All the while  
Weeping willow

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