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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