

Summer's End

Autumn

Gathering the treasures of fields, forbidden fruit
With a tangible visions inside
Consuming the dreamscapes
Burst through your fragile shields
Take you for a ride We came to the woods, to a latent feast
Dancing on moss-grown soil
Hiding away from the rational world
Dancing on moss grown-soil The odour of harvest time
The immense sky turns grey
The sun softly shines
Until it slumbers away
One with land's decay We came to the woods, to a latent feast
Dancing on moss green-soil
Hiding away from the rational world
Dancing on moss green-soil Summer's End
Soaked by perception
Summer's end
Truth and deception Witness the madness, watching the splendour
Cover your eyes to sink in the deep
Witness the madness, watching the splendour
Dreaming in a dream in your sleep And smother the sun for a while
Touching your own beauty and vile
Embrace the gloom that stares in your eyes
On the edge where reality dies Summer's End

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