Autumn

sToa

Unbolt the wind to me!
Brag I with audacious pride.
But that first gust of him
Makes me stumble and shrink.My barque is covered up
With leaves and windfall-pears.
His heaven azures me
And his earth is cushioning.The warming of his wine
And the sighing of his fire,
His honeys bitterness
Are reviving me,Expose me to the storms
And leave me to despair.
But once his cold will die
In my ardent embrace.[K.-U. Skerra]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/