

Autumn Grey Views

Empyrium

Lifeless they fall apart
Golden as our precious art
My love sinks into a thick grey veil of mist
Trees, leafless trees, the epitaph of the sun
What once was green presents now grey and trist
A gloomy grave, a foreseen death, a symbol for our pain
Drowned in a flood of autumn rain
Sillouettes of light astray somewhere in the clouds
Ravens traverse, involving withering shrouds

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