

# Unsummoned

## Atrox

Now is the third season  
The season I don't long  
Cause it is here  
And you are gone You were the Incubus  
Who raped my sleeping mind Awake - pain was the master  
I crawled in a chasm But now  
Unsown seeds germinate  
Unplanted trees bear fruits The spell is broken  
Unsummoned reveries gather  
Unwinged thoughts fly Wind rapidly swings its arms  
Takes fruits from the trees  
And flings them away But what's ripe falls  
Nevertheless  
To the ground

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