

Descendant

Triptykon

The days when I was young
The days when I will die
Autumn leaves lie on the ground
To wither so much like meUnto thee
Shall all flesh come
Grant me eternal restSeven, seven they are
No gate will shut them out
Like snakes through grass they glide
Like wind, like wind they storm
Fall has swept the fields
The woods will come alive
Heaven and earth converge
And the stars will disappear

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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