

## Cavite

Baroness

Four seed forest, laurels fade.  
Thrice fed famine, balance made.  
The cycle has begun.  
Closure of an age  
Becomes the season of the spirit  
When the air is rent in two,  
And bone and blood have forgotten.  
C'est le temps de la  
Saison rouge de la terre.  
The fire of night blinds the seed unchained.  
The will to rise is out of turn.  
Electric storm will strip it clean.  
It is a boiling and dripping burn  
To taste the solar flare and see.  
You will never see this season burn.  
Then. now. ever. again.