

Mushroomz

Crywank

The summer is waning
The frost coats the floor
Eager to greet you
I am once more
Running my cheeks
Wetting my clothes
My friend through the winter
I fall to my woes

So slight and so mighty
A breath to begin
Humble to my core
My ego [?]

There's flowers by the stairwell
And there's flowers by the [?]
And there other blooms have perished
These ones, they have thrived

Purple and golden
Shining bright in the sun
I'll [?] them all day
Till the evening that's cold