Crimson summer sky
sundown has come
trees cloaked in shadows
what would I find beyond?
As I'm watching, thinking, waiting for the night to fall
could I only turn the time
could I stop this moment

Grey summer sky,
the trees swing softly
come summer rain
and kiss my skin
tears in my eyes mingle with the raindrops
warm winds blow my face dry
yet, still I cannot see

From the woods I hear my name passions of summer-time I follow the whisper enthralled by the magic Tell me secrets the life-blood of nature but underneath the green moss their traces disappeared Oh, what I see, what I feel Oh, could it be a memory? or is it mere fantasy? Hide away the pain, when no words could ever explain

Midsummer night
bewitched by the light
at solstice fires
the wheel burns bright
Join the dance, celebrate the peak of life
Cast away the reality that
the fall has begun.

Summer will pass but the sun shall return summer nights will be but how many more to see? While I'm watching, breathing taken by the summer air The vision may still be the moment's gone forever.