

Early Snow

Sword

The days are getting short again
Leaves fall from the trees
Nights are haunted by howling winds
Harbingers of the freeze
But sometimes there's no way to know
Until it's
Too late and
You wake up to an early snow
Eyes have become cold again
Like distant lights in the trees
Waiting for winter to begin
Before it's up to your knees
But some things you can never know
Until it's
Too late and
You're buried under an early snow
Brace yourself against the cold
Wish you could have stayed in bed
Falling leaves of red and gold
A nascent nexus lies ahead
When the days become warm again
Mountains covered with green
Flowers bloom as the clouds roll by
There ain't a better sight to be seen
Brace yourselves against the cold
There is a road we all must tread
Falling leaves of red and gold
A nascent nexus lies ahead