

## Reaping Song

### Tribulation

It was just that golden time of the year  
I knew I heard your voice  
You requested me to follow  
That way we all must go  
I recalled the words you've written  
The last time you held the quill  
I wanted the winds to take me  
But something held my will

I can feel you roam  
When the seeds are grown  
I hear you cry along  
To the reaping song

You had left before the winter  
With the last of fallen leaves  
Our universe had splintered  
I could not blur the grief  
But when the birds fly south  
And apples fall from trees  
You're granting me a sprout  
Of times that used to be

Within this time of year  
I can feel you near  
I hear you cry along  
To the reaping song

It was the rising of the fall  
And again I heard your call  
Your presence would increase  
With the last October breeze  
You invited me your way  
This time I could not stay  
And in that golden time of the year  
I walked with you my dear

Now the maples sigh  
And the birches cry  
When I sing along  
To the reaping song