

## Descendant

Triptykon

The days when I was young  
The days when I will die  
Autumn leaves lie on the ground  
To wither so much like me

Unto thee  
Shall all flesh come  
Grant me eternal rest

Seven, seven they are  
No gate will shut them out  
Like snakes through grass they glide  
Like wind, like wind they storm

Fall has swept the fields  
The woods will come alive  
Heaven and earth converge  
And the stars will disappear