

Silent Symphony

Victorius

The golden seasons fallen
I feel the months of mourning came
I catch the last ray of the sun
The essence of my dream
Hear the wind plays a melody
While the leaves fall slowly down
Wistful eyes
A pity sigh listen when the winter sounds

We fade away by the cold of the day
Like a flame dies in the rain
When the silence comes again
And the fallen leaves cover the fields
Taken by the breeze of a silent symphony

A poem of the withered woods
Is carved in their bark
Told about forgotten times
The speech of olden rhymes
Upon the sky fall opens up his eyes
And the silence returns
Frozen tide
Immortalized in this circle of time