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September i norrland. Årets bästa månad.

September sleeps

Time has come for leaves to fall,
blowin' with your lovin' breath
and to the Summers sleeping form
give birth to Winters solemn steps,

to whisper all of Beauty's tales
to blushing ears from drops of frost
ti'll all we'll see are sins forlorn; a veil
where all the golden leaves been lost.

Through Septembers veil of Autumn cold,
we'll whisper in each others ears
ti'll we both without a trace turn old
and September's frozen all our tears.

Now hand in hand on the branch of death
we've written all our lives on every page
and Septembers leaves have finally left
all our dreams to sleep engaged.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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