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Autumn

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The smell of death is sweet to me
Here in the defiant forest
As home am I like oaken tree
With roots deep- in the soil reaching

Fire leafed trees jeweled and bright
Lit by the last rays of autumn
Arrayed before me in all its might
Where the winds sings- solemnly

The sky is grey, calm and low
Heavy like darkened thoughts
But it can not stop a stream to flow
Nor take the warmth- from me

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