

autumn in her eyes

TITLES

springtime fresh, i made my dreams
when summer came, those dreams made me -
so many spilled, but so many filled
now there's nothing left but memories.

autumn in her eyes, at twenty-two, what can she do -
once dreams are lived they can be lived no more
and those that die are dead.

her heart gave her sweetness all season long
but soon not a drop was left at the core -
she burned so intensely, aflame with her strength
now she flickers and fades in the wind of hours.

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when summer came, those dreams made me
so many spilled, but so many filled
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autumn in her eyes, at twenty two, what can she do -
once dreams are lived they can be lived no more
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her love hangs on a brittle branch
upon her face falls a skeleton leaf
embers can linger, weatoning, they cool
but it seems she chose to flare bright and brief.

autumn in her eyes, at twenty two,