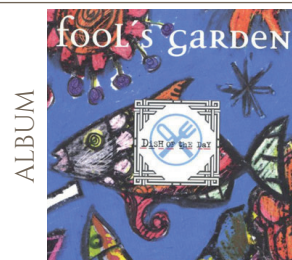


AUTUMN

FOOLS GARDEN



WE CONTROL THE WORLD
WE USE THE ENDLESS SKY ABOVE
AND SOMETIMES WE BELIEVE
SOME SAY, WE MAKE HISTORY
THOUGH THE AIR WE BREATHE
IS STILL THE SAME TODAY

AND WHEN THE LAND BEGINS TO CALL
THE SPRITES THEY DANCE
THE LEAVES THEY FALL
THE CHANGE`S BEGUN
AND WHAT REMAINS
NOT EVEN THOUGHTS
NOT EVEN NAMES

WE CAN REMEMBER, CAN FORGET
WE CAN ACHIEVE THE HIGHEST AIMS
BUT WE WON`T CHANGE THE RULES
WE`RE DEPENDING ON

NOW THE FREAK OF NATURE`S HOLDING UP
THE MIRROR TO THE HAUGHTY THOUGHTS
OUR BRAINS ARE FILLED UP
DON`T YOU FEEL
THE EARTH IS TREMBLING TO HEAL
THE WOUNDS WE INJURED TO HER HEART
THE THINGS ARE EASY AS THEY ARE

AND WHEN THE LAND BEGINS TO CALL
THE SPRITES THEY DANCE
THE LEAVES THEY FALL
THE CHANGE`S BEGUN
AND WHAT REMAINS
NOT EVEN THOUGHTS
NOT EVEN NAMES

AND WHEN THE TIME BEGINS TO FADE
THE SIDE-SCENE CHANGES
BECAUSE IT`S LATE
WE CANNOT KEEP
WE DROP THE BALL
FOR NOW THE LAND BEGINS TO CALL