Young Lovers Drift Along like Leaves on an Autumn Breeze

Glowing under the setting sun
Dancing on the wind,

Caught up in the moment
Passion filling the air

As they drift on the breeze
Time seems to stand still

The childlike scene an innocent
And breathtaking ritual

Yet fleeting, for soon it will turn cold,
Despite how long they try to cling to the warmth.

Young Lovers (revision 2)
Drifting along like leaves
on an autumn breeze

All aglow beneath the setting sun
Dancing merrily on the gentle wind

Caught up in the zeal of the moment
A whirlwind of sensations filling the air

Floating on the breeze
Time appears to stand still

The childlike affair an innocent
And breathtaking ritual

Yet fleeting for soon it will turn cold,
Life withering and disappearing,

Despite how long they try to cling
To the warmth.

Young Lovers
Drifting along like leaves on an autumn breeze,
Glowing in the setting sun,
Dancing merrily on the gentle wind,
Caught in the zeal of the moment,
A whirlwind of sensations filling the air.

Time appears to stand still.

The childlike affair an innocent and breathtaking ritual,
Yet fleeting for soon it will turn cold,
Life withering and disappearing,
Despite how long they try to cling
To the warmth.

Young Lovers (Final Version)
Drifting along like leaves
On an autumn breeze,
Glowing in the setting sun,
Dancing merrily on the gentle wind,
Caught in the zeal of the moment,
Time appears to stand still.

A whirlwind of sensations fill the air.
The childlike affair an innocent
And breathtaking ritual,

Yet fleeting,
For soon it will turn cold,
Life withering and disappearing,
Despite how long they try to cling
To the warmth.