

Dawn Chorus

Modern English

When summer returns to its warm green fields
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze
The swallow swooping, migrating home
The dawning days morning with a sigh
Opening windows with a wounding cry
The rainbow's lost its dreams of gold
and everything slows

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the sun fading, pastel in the breeze
the swallow swooping, migrating home
and everything slows

The floating vacuum draws you in
Strange visions are loose on white stallions
A wall of sound with flutes and strings
rising on a wave of voices
surrounded by your humble faith
morning's there to wake us in time
rain and sky
The world is breathing, living, but turning in its rage

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