

Meadows Of Heaven

Gregorian

I close my eyes, the lantern dies
The scent of awakening, wild honey and dew.
Childhood games, woods and lakes,
Streams of silver, toys of olden days.

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The flowers of wonder and the hidden treasures,
In the meadow of life, my acre of Heaven.
A five-year-old winter heart in a place called home
Sailing the waves of past.

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Rocking chair without a dreamer,
A wooden swing without laughter.
Sandbox without toy soldiers,
Yuletide without the flight.

Dreambound for life.

Flowers wither, treasures stay hidden
Until I see the first star of fall.
I fall asleep and see it all:
Mother's care and colour of the kites.

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