

Modern English, Dawn Chorus

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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and everything slows

the vacuum draws you in
strange visions are loose on white
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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everything slows
the swallow swooping, migrating home
everything slows