

# The Church, June

June arrives, rumored days  
Days of willing it to be  
In the nest futures hatch  
It's such a lovely thing to see

Oh my God  
Like an angel wound  
What fortune  
Like a child in a field  
So it goes, so it yields

June is here  
Then it's not  
In the background constantly

From the west  
Lights go out  
It's such a lonely thing to see

Oh my Lord  
Talk of devil's food  
What fortune

Lock the fruit  
In a seed  
So it grows  
So it needs

Oh my soul  
Soul like her cocoon  
Long gone June

Her dark sides  
Her bed feels  
As she knows, as she feels