

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