



*Floating shadows fill the sky, I'm fearing soon it won't be dry  
Once a gentle breeze which blew the coloured flag and picnic bag  
Now determined strong and torn, the winds are warning of the storm  
Tangled weeds uproot their spot and branches fall with weakened rot  
Thunderclaps and lightning split the warm and tranquil sky  
Exhausted from her sorcery she now begins to cry  
But always there is hope for change even in the coldest rain  
Our warming friend the sun is here, to crystallize the falling tear  
Now the day is growing long, I hear no longer sweetened song  
The air has now acquired a chill, a blanket now descends the hill,  
And with this comes the distant chime, reminders of forgotten time  
A blackbird seals the night with song, each note an echo lingers on....*

*Written by  
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