Planned before the dawn of the sun

Why are we at rest

In the presence of beauty

A field of flowers, feels just like a dream

and how can a song

with softly sung words

in a moment change everything

How is it that peace brings our walls down

Near the sound of a fresh flowing brook

And the confidence you send with just a gesture

So much said with only a look

Who is it that bars our serenity

Like a thicket you can’t find your way through

Or a fountain that’s no longer flowing

Or grass lacking new morning dew

But then comes the wind blowing gently

Raining like snow, to the ground, autumn leaves

And the pressures of the world lose their footing

As we take in, what we feel, and what we see

And if nature was king

In our hearts and our minds

We would resonate always as one

And fear would be forgotten

With the rest that he gave

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