Bird In the Thyme

Tiny Ruins

There it was: a fallen bird in the thyme,
Its time had come.
And then the sage: he gave his wise reply,
And I looked down.

And on the twelfth night, the fool came,
With his song and his smile.
And on the twelfth night, the fool came,
With his song and his smile.

And we rose merrily forward,
And we rose merrily down,
And we rose merrily forward,
And we rose merrily down.

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