

# The Leading Bird

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Clouds descend on grass grown wild,  
Tall and grand, lush in hand  
They bend in air as man in prayer  
I'm weaving through, trying to get to you I'm running past birds of dawn,  
They sing like heaven, they're leading on Yet I don't see slow motioned wings,  
Like gold in sun, how it could be won  
White as snow silk-feathered doves  
Eternal glow, they easily know  
That life is grand in all its shapes,  
Whether it gives, whether it takes  
That I am you, you are me, and  
Loving grace can set us free  
From sprinting far, above, beyond  
Being our own strong magic wand  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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