

DUSK AND DAWN

The mornings with the sun so bright,
Shines and smiles with such a delight.

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The breeze swaying all around,
Waiting for the silence to be found.

The echoes of the birds in the sky,
The dusk approaches as the day pass by.

Between the soft morning where the twilights glow,
The sun soon sets down steady and slow

Live every moment and think about the dreams to
chase,
In the bright sky and the darkness within the haze.



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The golden hour strikes on time,
the rays feel nothing but sublime.
The silent song that it sings,
along with it, silence that it brings

Darkness soon crept in slow pace,
by the end of it, leaving no trace.
A star then shoots free,
claiming all the attention there might be.

When the sun bows to the night,
the stars take flight.
Mornings spill gold,
over the sparkling world.

The moon setting its standard high,
the sun then lets out a sigh.
They say there is always a thing to look upon,
be it dusk or dawn.



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The cold night birds adieu at dawn; little drops of
dew over the leaves,

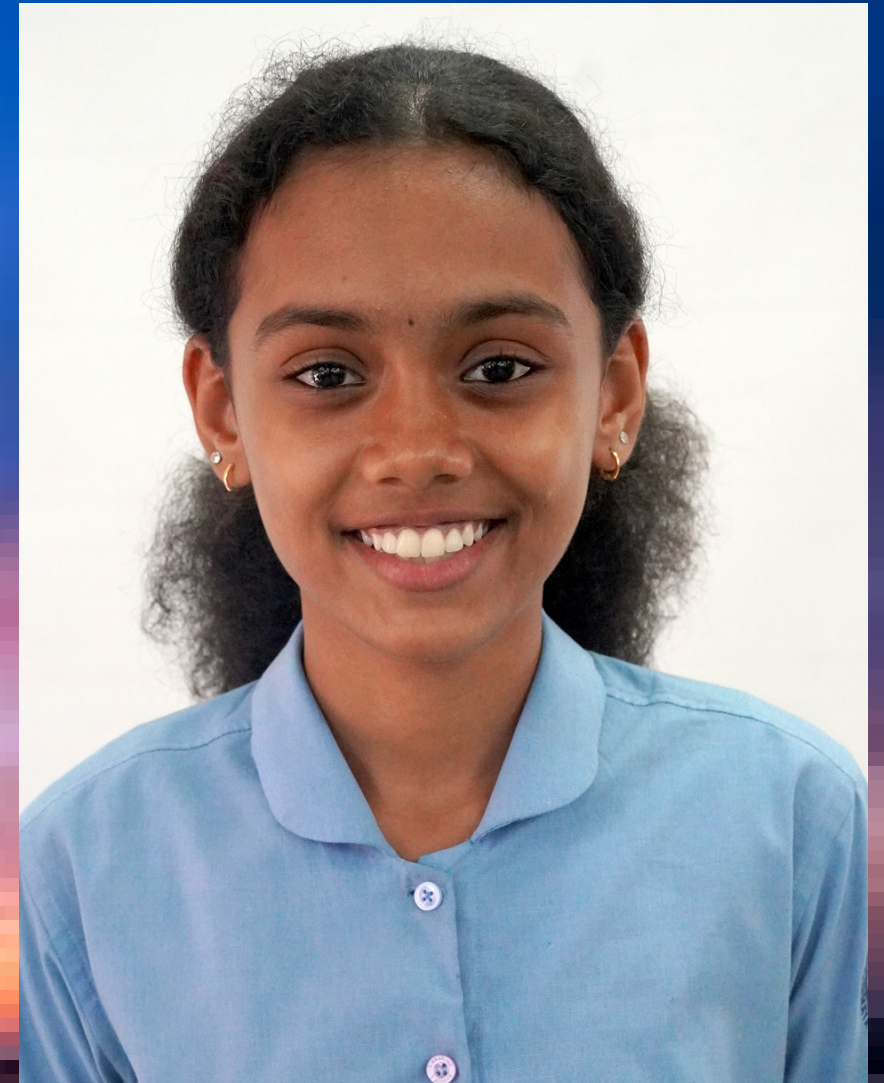
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The morning golden sun beam gleams
To sprinkle diamond on the greens.

At dusk the hot day wanes; sweet litter birds stop
their games,

The evening golden sun beam dies,
Sprinkling diamonds in the skies.

When midnight drapes the world in shade,
and drifting winds through branches wade,
the silver moon in quiet streams
casts gentle light on wandering dreams.



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