

Floating high upon a string
A universe inside a wind
A cacophony
An orchestra in flight

Ring the sound we long to hear
Rising through the atmosphere
Listen well and hear their call tonight

You hear them shout
You hear them shout

I hear them every night
They echo into sight
They sound the symphony
A song so deafening
They circle far and wide
And in your mind define
Beneath the hollow sun
Cicada has begun

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Year on year beneath the ground
Now's the time to make your sound
Ancient bells to ring forevermore
From the muse, a gift of light
Sing the music of the night
A euphony as sweet as cellar door

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