

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

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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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