

The Marriage of Earth and Sky

Beneath the trees walks the sky, exiled now from Paradise,
And as she glides in grey twilight, lambent beams around her light,
And she sings oh, I believe, I will die; she sings oh, I believe I will die.

Beneath her feet, the flowers fly, forming constellations high,
And as her tears glide slowly down, transformed to stars cascading
round,
And she sings oh, I believe I will die; she sings oh, I believe I will die.

As she sings of her lament, sidereal music, heaven-sent,
Echoes through the forest trees, mirrored by the souging breeze,
Singing oh, I believe, I will die; singing oh, I believe I will die.

Wending through the forest trails, with wisps of comets in contrail,
The air about in lucent gloam, as she her pathways aimless roam,
Singing oh, I believe, I will die; singing oh, I believe I will die.

Suspended in the night-time shade, her song of sorrow newly made;
Empathic chords on gossamer wings, the nightingale jointly sings;
Both singing oh, I believe, I will die; singing oh, I believe I will die.

Around her hover fireflies, transformed to planets at her sigh,
Gathered up in starry night, round the forest ethereally bright,
Singing oh, I believe, I will die; singing oh, I believe, I will die.

Around her head the colors play, that on the northern skies display,
In coriolis swirls alight, the tintured veil of sweet starlight;
And she sings oh, I believe, I will die; she sings oh, I believe, I will
die.

Sweetest sky, do not despair, the earth replies unto the air:
For I have seen your colors bright, and hear you wailing in the night;
Singing oh, I believe, I will die; singing oh, I believe, I will die.

For where you tread with troubles worn, and cry your tears, so lately
shorn,
There upward spring as from a haze, angelic host of colors glazed;
I hear you singing oh, I believe, I will die; singing oh, I believe, I will
die.

So do not walk these paths alone, as from your troubles lately flown,

Lay aside your doleful care, cast off the pallor of despair;
And join me singing oh, I believe, I am alive; singing oh, I believe I
am alive.

Beneath the trees walks the sky, bringing earth her Paradise,
As the two walk hand in hand, joined at last, together stand;
Singing oh, I believe I am alive; singing oh, I believe I am alive.