

## Touch The Sky

Libera

Climb a tree to touch the sky  
Through the leaves I watch the birds fly  
In the softly swaying breeze  
From my nest among the trees

So the golden light dances  
Through the pattern of branches  
All the colours of autumn, alive

As the leaves of evening fall  
From my throne above us all  
Where the faithful blossom flowers  
Here I while away for hour after hour

So the golden light dances  
Through the pattern of branches  
All the colours of autumn, alive

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