

Song For A New Day

The Innocence Mission

Clouds turning, secret and slow,
over the great banks of snow.
Clouds of breath over the lawn.
I begin the white violet dawn
speechless and full of odd flaws,
wondrous to be here at all,
seeing the world has a sheen,
stepping into the pristine,
beautiful day.
Forward into the long climb.
Loneliness, retire,
I have a friend this time.

We will live a simple life.
We will be a man and wife,
walking in a daylight now,
where I will not let you down,
though speechless and full of odd flaws,
wondrous to be here at all.
seeing the world has a sheen,
stepping into the pristine,
beautiful day.