

Ordo Equilibrio

"Never Before At The Beauty Of Spring"

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Never before, at the beauty of spring;
Have I noticed the scent, of so many things
Of maple and cherry, and roses of red;
And the lingering stench, of the wandering dead
No further than nature, I wander to breathe;
The fluttering scent, of flowers and weeds
The quickening scent, of upgrading pines;
Refreshingly green, from the changing in times
'Camouflaged by grief and dissembled in sorrow; the
advent of spring, in the rise of tomorrow
Shall weather it's beauty and relish it's pain; wandering
forth in golden rain'
I heed to the singing, of birds in the sky;
Roused by the sprouting, of life that revives
I cherish this season, not lasting for long;
Where the sounding of conflict, is blended song
I heed to the crackle, of opening sprouts;
At the beauty of springtime, where flowers arise
I rest among grass, that is emerald green;
Tranquil with a healthy, abundance of spleen
Erect and majestic, of blistering crowns;
The oak trees are growing, at the rising of time
On freshly cut grass, on an emerald lawn;
I heed to the sounding, and the making of spawn
Never before, at the beauty of spring;
Have I noticed the scent, of so many things
Of lilies and daisies, and red pimpernel;
And the fluttering scent, of the fires from Hell

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