

## **Ordo Rosarius 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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