

Burning Candle

Birds of the millennium
Like drum they declaim
In their dom in their kingdom
No cry no laugh
Nesting is question of life
Quaker quaker
Quaking of weather
No time to stand
No time to stare
The featherless can't zest
Let us network for our best
No slumbering no rest
Featherless angered and flared
Singing land land
Let us build
Why we serve and wail
The burning candle
Need response for zeal
We are burning candle

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