



When will the sun fade?
Asked the dying man's wife
When the debt that we owe him is finally paid?
Or simply when he is tired of life?

Why was he meant to be forever alone?
In the crystal river of the sky?
Higher than any birds have flown
Much higher than any would dare to fly

Yet at dusk with the moon in tow
When the sun sets on the western hills
When the light is gone and the stars fall like snow
That is when we all lie still

Till morning when, with fond embrace
The sun shines down with a light like lace.

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