

The Dawn of Every Day

(By Aaron Loboda)

The birds sing in the trees
While the gentle breeze
Flows through the sky

Way up high
For days, months, and years
They happily sing

Without a thought in their mind
Until one fateful day
When the mayor will say

Demolish these trees
What harm will it be
And then the birds will flee

Roaming for days
They stray
As they turn grey

They pray
That one day
They will find a home

Where they can happily sing
On the dawn of every day