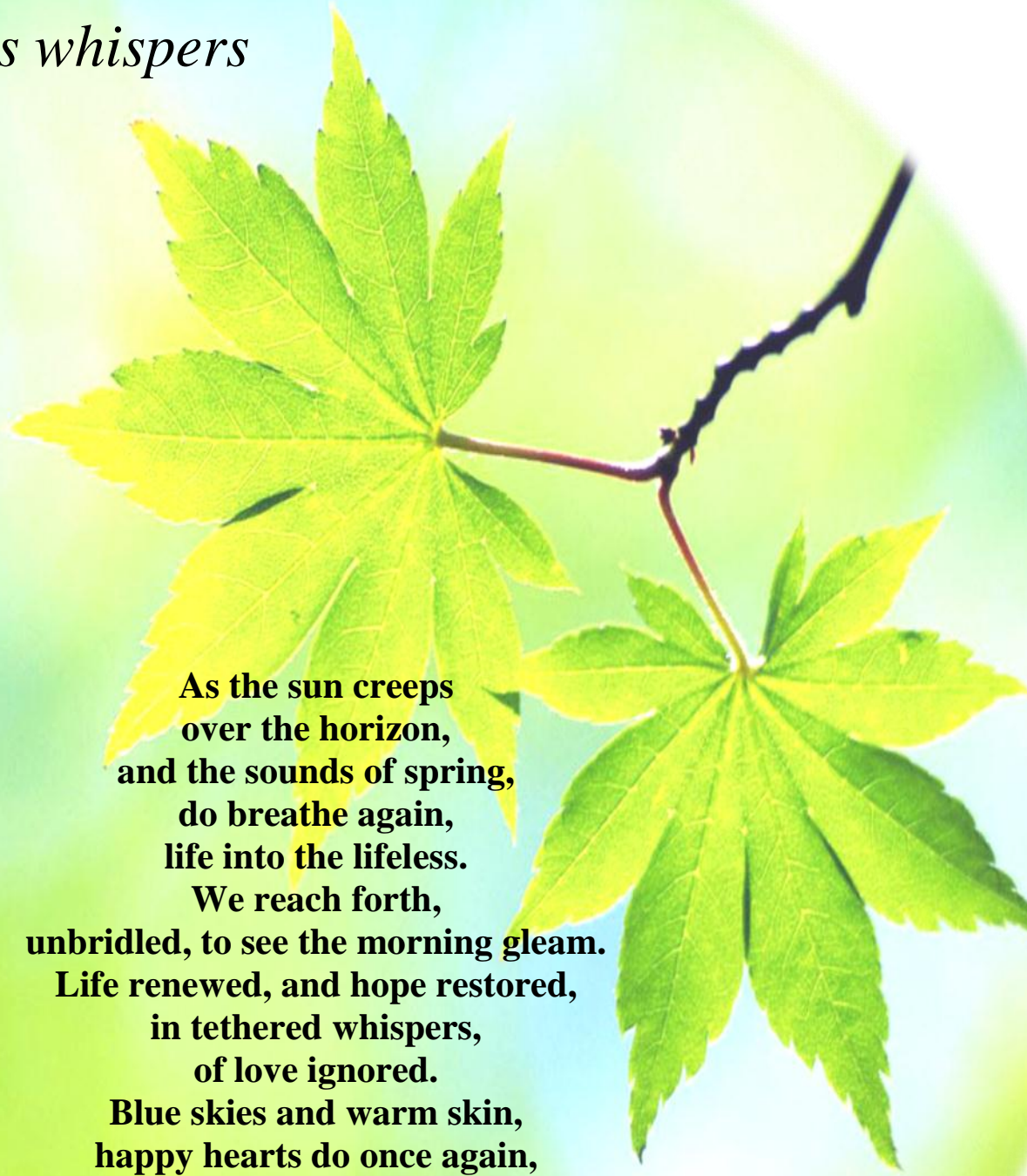


The Lords whispers



**As the sun creeps
over the horizon,
and the sounds of spring,
do breathe again,
life into the lifeless.**

**We reach forth,
unbridled, to see the morning gleam.
Life renewed, and hope restored,
in tethered whispers,
of love ignored.**

**Blue skies and warm skin,
happy hearts do once again,
bring shoots of hope,
where once was none,
and the world is green,
once again.**