

Dawns on the horizon and the sun is coming up,

I got out of bed quite early and the coffees in my cup;

I took a sip of it with a turn and a twist,

I can see its early on the watch in my wrist.

.

Dawn the colour of reds, yellows orange and blue,

From black and white of night and stars to morning hue;

The sun is bright and light is to another day,

To address the morning and to find out its way.

.

Dawn now the time from the dusk when I went to bed,

I'll live to find the light to see the day ahead;

The way I say I think I need to look and see,

What all this means and its meant to be to me.

.

Dawn the space in room to tell and the roof as well,

Where the earth goes around the sun that burns like hell;

The world in which and where we live to love.

In the magnitude of the heavens and of God above.

.

Dawns to me and dawns to be, of dawns gone by,

That turned and taught the teachers in the sky;

The eye that sees remembers well the day that past,

Through clear windows and what has begun to last.

.

Dawns the dream from which I woke to see,

The colours melting as they rise from sun to be;

To me the price, well it has not lost the cost,

But paid in full upon the cross for it to coast.

.

**Signed,**

**Live to find another day**