

## **Clouds**

February 11, 2000

And then the sun rose,  
Over the clouds,  
And the predawn gray  
Was banished with the night  
Soaring, gliding, floating, flying  
Over the sea of mist  
Windswept, frozen in time  
The sun flies, and the icicles die  
Then the bottom falls out  
And we plunge to the sea,  
Enter the mist, and the light slowly cedes  
And then the sun's gone,  
And we're descending through the clouds