

## As I Sing

Written by Burton Beerman

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As I sing  
The sky fills rich with joy  
Birds diving from the breathless heights  
Like giant, winged lions  
flying through the clouds so coy  
Through the haze  
Of the young morning's maze.

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As I sing  
The ground trembles with fire's ring  
Like a warrior lifting its spear  
To defeat the rage  
Of the morning's bite  
Wildly growing from the night.

As I sing  
The winds of the day  
Wrap me  
In its warm arms  
In its very special way  
And its very special charms  
The morning invites me to stay  
In a very special way  
I sing  
I dare to sing Despite all that has happened.