

HEARKEN!
Robbie Rogers

Hearken!
Look what the dawn has found this beautiful morn!
A tiny speck of life gliding effortlessly,
It calls to me. Karrie! Karrie! Karrie!
Through the hazy quintessence sky it flies,
And I give a wish there too,
If I could go, a flying as it goes.
To see and touch and reach new heights and breaths of life!

And yea says I, I think if we but try, We too can fly;
Enjoying a life soaring in quiet and tumbling sunrise mornings.

Oh see how he soars, flying so free,
So effortless is his mornings.
How wondrous are his skies I think;
Although pursuing against the wind is not easy;
But if we try, and try we must,
We'll find we're flying within those winds of change,
And wider still will our wings fly

Carrying us beyond new horizons.
How wide they'll be,
And better yet... our glorious mornings;
Gliding... gliding... gliding always there.
Never fearful of the storms tho near,
Safely flying seek we onward,
Unto secure harbors and the comfort of the promise,
The safety we find waiting, waiting, waiting for us there;

Life is a soaring, tumbling, sunrise morn.
It is easy when we do the same,
Pursuing the gentle wind of God's spirit.

How wide then our horizons and our ways, never fearful, seeing
Storms, but always secure in the comfort of His promises,
We finally find ourselves able to rest... assured.