

*Led to the South by the bright light of the sun,*

*All that was lost is revealed.*

*Our long bygone memories were paintings in the cave,*

*But where have we come, and where shall we end?*

*If you seek the clue, then check round the bend.*

*Oh, how the gentle dove settles on the wall*

*Where hammocks softly sway.*

*Dancing past a frog, a lizard, and a fish,*

*The sunshine will lead the way.*



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