

Harvest's Prayer

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Thank You for bountiful blessings upon these crops we hoe, and eyes to marvel at Milk Way's dust that fires the heavens glow;
Swept pure of flaws by Your quill of fire-dots and ever-changing dawn colors, we dare not gasp a breath, lest our worship chase away such wondrous hues splashed across morning skies.
Accept our praise and love in songs now raised in offering to You, and thankfulness for choosing us before stars first gave light.