

I cried and I tried and I died in heaven,

As I fell in love with the cross of twenty eleven;

The Christ on high in pain and head of anguish,

To twenty twelve of praise with no abusive language.

ÂÂ

And I went to hell and came back again to redesign,

A new way to do things and to repeat and relive resigned;

I said it's not heaven unless I know the way of the cross,

For there's no reason to really live unless you suffer the loss.

ÂÂ

And I went through heaven and hell and came back again,

And it was simple and sinful and hard and hurt with a lot of pain;

And he lived and he dies and he really rose again,

As the world turned around and the earth in time remain.

ÂÂ

It's not heaven unless I'm cross and I don't understand,

And there is not logic or reason to suffer and thunder over land;

But the beauty is in the difference of life and death received,

Where the meaning is peaceful with pen in hand to breathe.

ÂÂ

And the grace and the faith can be mixed up and spoilt,

As the cross is rhymed and twisted and toiled and toiled as royal;

Or the brilliance of intelligence is seen as the secrets revealed,

And the cross is diminished and relinquished and really preached.

ÂÂ

It's not heaven unless I'm cross and believe in truth,

For the answer is whether hating or loving is the proof;

And the tragic and nasty and horror is all reflected,

As he hangs in his place with a space in his heart perfected.

Signed,

Why God did it.