

What is the cost of freedom at the end of the day,

Is it for life or death or just paying a beautiful way;

When peace is like grace, life's not cheap but expensive,

For it demands our souls to serve, being quite extensive.

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The cost of freedom is like the birds that chirp in the trees,

Building their nests in pairs till the chicks hatch from eggs,

Like the spring and the autumn with leaves growing and falling

To the sun of the summer or snow and winds of winter calling.

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And the beauty is bliss in the price we must all pay,

Whether loneliness or companionship for something to say;

The cost of freedom is not easy but real pleasing to have,

And the thing of it that is so hard is to be it's slave.

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So the cost of freedom is like a love you must give away,

In order to keep to have and know just how to save;

And if there was a right price it would seem to be so wrong,

Instead of just having freedom in a poem or singing song.

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Now you can read and write it then to say or recite,

For the pleasure is the treasure of seeing it in it's light,

As not a day will go passed or an unconscious night,

Without the knowledge of it's power and personal delight.

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And the cost of freedom is a mighty God given thing,

Like the choice between heaven and hell, is knowing His will;

For to follow we must serve to have this freedom right,

So the reward is in paradise waiting in His eternal kingdom's delight.

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Signed,

To pay all earth