

Seconds tick by in the passing of time as day goes into night,  
With the beauty of the moment and glimmering glance of God's eternal light;  
There's really nothing like it as time travels into the space of your heart,  
And the truly lovely beauty is just being kind and heavenly smart.

There is always something special in the passing of an old friend,  
When trouble and turmoil disappear and heavens store makes amend;  
Like life is going out of fashion and time holds nothing more,  
Than the beauty of the moment and all the treasures of being poor.

It's really nice to say if have a look out and touch someone in need,  
To feel a kind of awesome presence and it's nice to mean and read;  
It's the beauty of the moment and the glory of God on earth,  
And it's knowing the passing hell has gone coming back from birth.

I wonder how it all works out and just how it all fits together,  
Where time is but a passing moment and the beauty every weather;  
And it's whether the beauty of the moment will last eternally,  
Or just drift off as expected to infinity to a place that undetected.

So now I question and dare to ask do you know where is it?  
Where is god and heaven above and to you connect with each minute;  
When does the beauty of the moment come upon us, as if we could win it,  
And where is time when I don't know where? In the beauty of the moment.

I'd love to say I had some more and that I could really find it,  
When it simply appears and enters your head and you have found it;  
Then there is the beginning and the end of the year and everything in life,  
So I guess somewhere there in the middle is the beauty of the moment.

Signed,

It only takes a minute