

I remember writing of stories and tales untold,
Of rhymes and songs and verses for all to behold;
The world was filled with music in beauty from my heart,
While the earth was still far too big for the words to start.

I thought I had incentive and what life would attract,
But it was all given away freely and now I seem to lack;
It all a pointless endeavour to not be able to make a living,
But the joy and the reward was in the learning and the giving's.

I wanted very much to keep it all myself,
After reading all those books I put back on the shelf;
And when I began to notice that they all did stem from me,
I decided that the money was best being given free.

So now I start to realise what I really did,
And I must of had the talent ever since I was a kid;
But the meaningfulness of it all is finding out my birth,
That I was born in Brighten England and was taken around the Earth.

Well now it's down in writing from this dull boy born a king,
Who ran through rain and sunshine to brighten up the thing;
The truth must be revealed from the grey clouds full of doubt,
Because there something down in writing that's something not allowed.

Well he read two hundred bibles and a thousand books,
To reveal the truth and grace from times and monies looks;
And it all depends on answers still unknown to me,
But it doesn't really matter because it's more important to be free.

Signed,

Thank you Lord