

You paint a picture in the sky Brilliant and without a word of a lie; So bright as day and dark as night,
and stars so bright. With colours of clouds

Wi

th soft love of movement above,

Changing and rearranging in prolonging love;

And as I slowly look you face is there,

Shining through the clouds in constant care.

And as I breathe the air that enters through my nose,

The colours blend and match like a red, red rose;

So I inhale after a well spent breath,

And the sky above dies in constant death.

And I love this simple feeling of being here on high,

Were the love that is forever lives on beyond the sky;

And there no place left to go to run and hide my face,

As the world spins around in places that go beyond as into space.

And there plenty left to do here on earth below,

Where peace and love are plenty and hell is left below;

So the world is full of everything that's painted high above,

And the sky in the painted picture fills us full of love.

Now there nothing left to say but look to God and think,

That a million descriptive words could paint the sky so pink;

And where is love when the day dies into night,

It hides behind the sunset and return to shine it's light.

Signed

The artist was God