

Bright enough to be bright enough, A bright sunny day to be strong and tough; Kind enough to do whatever you would like,

Right enough to be the brightest day of life.

It's a shame at the end it all goes away,

To be left to the change into another day;

But the memory so beautiful so perfectly nice,

That the truth of perfection was like all things need.

And what of the dreams all so perfectly clear,

That the brightest of bright would suddenly appear;

And I think to myself of the greatness of God,

The perfection of the star skies blueness nothing of odd.

And when the earth turns and the love is all gone,

I'll think to myself of this bright day that shone;

For nothing on earth is like this,

For the perfect submission is the suns golden bliss.

So beyond all imaginable the reality of perfection,

The bright sunny day of beautiful blue resurrection;

And when in his majesty he comes in the wind,

All things of evil are all gone and beaten that sinned.

So when you next think and look to the treasure above,

Remember God goodness and all his great love;

For the perfect submission of what God really is,
The beauty of creation still only eternally his.

Signed,

For one alone