

Soaring on ever upward to the sky and beyond, To a place in the universe called heaven I'm
fond; Flight in space so effortless, so free and
so easy, Where there's no light and no
trouble and very little air. O
n a wing and a prayer I take to the atmosphere,

Living only on love looking down to divide time each hemisphere;

Te earth just a planet that's turning in space,

And I'm like a star shining bright light from my face.

The travel so smooth so light full of grace,

Floating on nothing and yet moving at such pace;

Where eagles can't live and people can't eat,

Above all the beauty will my heart find it's beat.

Flight is space so majestic and lovely above all the earth,

Returning and revolving and reliving from birth;

Will you ever find me or even know how,

Or try while I'm orbiting, living only on deaths breath now.

I'm loving this feeling of just turning in space,

And learning the truth of what's now past deaths door,

Living a life on the other side of all that I've done,

And dais and have thought and read and have won.

But ill strive even harder to come back to life,

That the worlds revolution has resolved all its strife;

And now a chant I take my breath;

Of life in a new millennium where I return from my death.

Signed,

Eternal prayer