

Did you know a tree is true, You must of known how long it grew; It grows it's trunk and  
spreads it branches; And  
lines the rivers between mountain ranges.

Now I know a tree that is special to me,  
It's lovely to look at ad beautiful to see;  
It drops it's leaves nearly all year round,  
And I rake them up from all over the ground.

Well long long ago there was another kind of tree,  
It was a cross and it belonged to thee;  
This tree and cross meant salvation to all,  
And now it's time for us to recall.

If we go back a bit further there was another tree,  
The tree of knowledge with fruit for free;  
It was a sin to eat from this special tree,  
But the women dies and she gave it to me.

So I'd like to consider these couple of trees,  
Of the same design with similarities;  
The tree with fruit which was a sin to eat,  
Provided us knowledge and by the cross it was beat.

We can sum it all up into one sweet line,  
Of the blood that was poured by that fruit of the vine;  
That when I returned to the truth of the tree,

God gave me this gift of poetry.

Signed,

Paper and Pen