

Heaven's skyline perfect beauty is sitting sweet,

Of lines of coloured light all shining as they meet;

From clouds on the horizon to city buildings high,

The magic of the money is reflected in heaven's sky.

Where the waters meet the heavens on the edge of the sea,

Is lovely to watch and look as t just where they meet to see;

For as it goes out of view it dips off past the horizon,

And what's gone over there is better left for later exploration.

But sit here on the shore I ponder heavens skyline,

Where airlines through the sky are compared to waves and the time line;

For as the sand gets wet beneath my feet as I run along the shore,

The best thing I can do is know heaven's skyline and be sure.

For as the earth keeps turning and the hours are different degrees,

And the wind is blowing gently and the salt air as sea breeze;

And the walk past all the house sitting on the harbour shore,

And seeing heaven's skyline as the city sits by being more.

As the real anticipation of just what is going to happen next,

Is realized by the page in the book of written text;

For it is plain to see the beauty of heaven's skyline on edge,

As it twists and turns from the ocean to the city and knowledge.

Now it all goes down along the page in perpetual paradise,

As the perfection is reflection of the mind of Parsifal;

For he draws his own conclusion by seeing simply what is left,

And all those really rich houses he has his eye on just for that.

Signed,

Better live life