

Well amidst the church and cathedral and all the things,

Is the litter and letter but the car and the kittens sings;

As the sound of the bells rings out but the pet caps of the hat,

Till you grow up from a girl or a boy and men and women do that.

Now Parsifal was Percival the squire of Lancelot and a pelican,

Now the little black and white cat called that dies and came back;

With all the print the page with just a black and white book cover,

Like God is king and the queen of all that is the cat's mother.

For Victoria and Elizabeth were both one and two right down the line,

When generations are ages and genealogy is pages at conception lion;

The parishioner preaches holiness and that means a real lot of cleaning,

Like the cat licks it's paws and white mittens are on black meaning.

Now someone loves all the stray cats and dogs I bought home,

In books or in looks God has a plan for the pets even from Rome;

And the comb and the alley and the auto that really well should,

Do the right speed limit and have a heart for the kids who could.

And now it's a beautiful thing to know that from gutter to palace,

The grave has no victory and the grail the train to reign Israel;

For the water comes in tears from my eyes like rain from skies,

And planes and cars have wipers when the toilet fails the flies.

So the glory and majesty is seen in the time of paradigm,

Where the balance and pay has value really with the paradox;

And the little pet kittens that came into my life are paradise,

For heaven and hell can't have them because you can't replace paradise.

Signed,

Turn the Kind Tide