

To the highest heaven I will go to be with my God and King,  
The lord of the skies and earth where the atmosphere is loving;  
High above the storms of life where eternity takes you by the hand,  
And leads you along the streets of gold all paved by God so grand.

Christ's perfection leads us home to the highest heaven above on high,  
Where paradise is Utopia and peace is fly on air through the sky;  
I will follow him for he leads me to the very best of everything in life,  
Where problems melt like water and trouble is tormenting itself in strife.

To the highest heaven I will go where God sits on the thrown,  
Where the spirit of the wind do blow in gentle mercy through;  
When grace is silent understanding of forgiveness coming true,  
And the word of life in poetry are projected in the rhyming flow.

There is a place I've heard of many years ago of the highest heaven,  
Where the birds take breath of life and breath and words flow from my pen;  
When trials and tribulations of the depth of despair rise to meet you in the air,  
While God is always there watching for another beautiful picture in prayer.

To the highest heaven I will go to the greatest place on earth,  
From the stars of the eternal atmosphere to mountains to rivers worthy;  
Where the sea is full of teaming fish and the ocean is their home,  
Away pout there on a tropical island where paradise people Rome.

So now it seems my hope is found and love has lead me all the way,  
To the place of total perfection in which is to the highest heaven;  
And all the world wonders gloriously of this totally perfect place,  
That the eleventh heaven is the highest of all day and time and space.

Signed,

Glory to God