

A massive blow an evil stroke,  
A fire that burns within to stroke;  
A courageous effort of a mortal man,  
That God's eternal time was all in plan.

Our evil whys our deep repent,  
The fortune of our home or tent;  
In deep remission of the eternal flame,  
Our hearts and souls our mortal name.

This is the time we need our faith,  
As we turn our hearts and heads to face;  
An even noise or wandering choice,  
Our being our time within the voice.

What say you that we make of this,  
Our faith no more than a mortal kiss;  
Our love or hearts with open joy,  
This breath we bare goes beyond a toy.

All evil ways and ages rescind,  
As the spirit is broken by the wind;  
The good of man is not forgotten,  
And light is cast where all is rotten.

O H lord I cry I ask you now,  
Where is the year of your brow;  
I knew not why or what wisdom you turn,  
But by faith decided it's time to earn.

Signed,

An ongoing being