

For long lost years and of times that were missing,
Where torment lies dormant and beauties kissing;
Amidst all the woe of toil futility and strife,
Comes back to mind all the old memories of life.

Now while we listen and dwell richly of the spell,
Of the good old days gone by a whole were well;
We look now deep into the future of the unknown,
Of what was trialled and past is now our knowledge.

And who can argue or listen to and not understand,
How good made earth and Christ lived out each whole land;
For things of progress and faith cannot stand still,
But must seek and search and know his will.

Well while the time is right and ripe for judgement,
And heaven and hell are meaning paradises punishment;
Where rich and poor and the meek and strong,
Are humbled in the greatness of what was wrong.

So now he turns down and looks upon us,
Where eternity waiting and infinity looming on us;
But crime and possession and every other fearful woe,
Is caught and cautioned in each catalogue ad row.

So it's ok to come back things have been alright,
As Scophers mourn and pain is murdered to pass into the night;
For love was worth all the earth's time waiting,
That now creation spends its last time and moments relating.

Signed,

You may be young forever