

Crystal figured centre there,
Upon each person's gaze and stare;
Mirrored images of days gone by,
Of timeless worth in Godly eye.

Created out of vision splendour,
With countless hours in which it's grandeur;
Produces colours so vivid and rich,
Of time and passion and views which switch.

The beauty up there in the wall,
Of concave inserts that stand so tall;
And in the being of the man,
The king of ages the focal plan.

It's a miracle the thought this,
In an eternal state we understand what's his;
As if the parables still all mean,
The standard glass windows gleaming clean.

The sun shines through with beauty bright,
As heaven in the hands of might;
The world just tainted in the day,
Of painted craftsmanship in perfect way.

In all the world there's no such majesty,
Than immortal words that love no tragedy;
And in the occasion of telling the story,
He returned to earth to fulfil the glory.

Signed,

One will come