

At thirty three years he was nailed to a tree,  
As we read the sixty six books all biblically;  
Then in 1999 we knew Jesus is God being kind,  
That now in two thousand he is our God with a sovereign crown mind.

His life was divided into the three thirds,  
Like his clothing was draw lots for without money but words;  
As the heavenly father now waits to rein all of earth,  
That Christ will sit on the thrown in new birth.

Jesus s God being kind to us all,  
As the devil himself was thrown to the fire of the ball;  
After all the ice ages are all said and are done,  
Perhaps I too can live on with the Christ eternal son.

But what of us now are left on our own,  
Are we all to govern wisely with Christ as the thrown;  
Like a walk on the beach or picnic for two,  
Dinner and love with red roses and chocolates too.

So let us not forget to be kind to him too,  
That we might inherit the memory of him true;  
For when it's all said and done its best to leave well alone,  
And let him lead the way. through the royal telephone.

Well I think like heaven the thought of it all,  
The beautiful perfection of just being n call;  
That paradise is just there waiting at the end of the line,  
That life after death is just eternally divine.

Signed,

Hell, it's worth it