

Through the clouds of endless bliss,
Fluffy white like a living kiss;
The son of man in glory returns,
The royal judgement the priest hood earns.

And from the awe inspiring might,
The cross of victory with shining light;
The horse and chariot of flaming fire,
The white knight rider the redeeming star.

As if gentle thunder had touched our hearts,
Of all the most of intricate parts,
The perfect fusion of God and man;
The land almighty as in the fathers plan.

He takes his part his throne is there,
To all on earth beyond compare;
As majestically he speaks to us,
Commotion stirring amidst the fuss.

He sits right down to do his job,
A million angels whose hearts do throb;
The trumpet and the burgle sound,
The lyre the harp as dead leave ground.

And in all life of hope so dear,
The perfect unity of God appears;
The tribunal father a beast of tears,
Beyond the triumphant host from years.

And to the earth the coming God,
The beauty reign's the death of odd;

Now reigns supreme in majesty,
Behold all ages the victory.

A message here for those who dare,
To live the life beyond compare;
For through eternal thought of old,
Behold our king our God tis gold.

Signed,

Saints and Sinners