

Now as a human I must have an aim,  
If it's not for me then what is the name;  
Holiness gives us purpose and reason for life;  
To be a whole person is my answer for strife.

So don't be contended with being insane,  
For crazy's but a word we can win in our brain;  
But set your mind on the goals of God,  
Where nothing is mental and nothing is odd.

I must stake a claim in this life as it is,  
For holiness makes our heart as perfect as his;  
So now let us sit and listen in the quite,  
For what is pure and holy, and what is just right.

I must now life up my head to the heaven,  
And to be graceful to God for the worlds after seven;  
This is the hour we sit down to dinners,  
When food passes our lips and if we pray we are winners.

Well our lord of hosts is the one to beat all,  
At the sound of a bell and at beckon and call;  
So what if we die and the dead all pass by,  
Will we still have a hope past the clouds in the sky

I think I will humble and pray to my lord,  
To make me holy for the joy in the sword;  
The word is what turns over world around in these days,  
As a holy man lives in God's divine ways.