

In the beginning when time began,  
And god created ad filled his plan;  
Out of the ocean came fish for men,  
When man stepped down to pick up his pen.

And in the change of the time and time,  
Where life was perfect in through and rhyme;  
The word began to show life on its own,  
As the world would turn and become a poem.

But the beauty you see looks you straight in the eye,  
Where heaven has come from and shone down on;  
So in the life of the perfect world,  
The sunshine's bright down onto all that worth.

Nor do you have to look up to the sky to see,  
The truth of God which lies in the heart of me;  
But stand on the beach and look out to the sea,  
To see what's blue and what comes back to me.

For in the love of the heart and the home,  
Where people work and wait for the phone;  
The call comes in from God on high above,  
Where the foam and the breakers roll in love.

And the brilliance you see is not in me alone,  
But belongs to you and what to do when you come home;  
Is to doubt the death of the life of the perfect world,  
When from your chain come prayer as the lord's last word.

Signed,

It's time to say thank you