

Now look at this magic that light produces,
It's refracted and brilliant, but ontortion reduces;
Like a rainbow the light in colour seduces,,
It beams and it rays from God so conclusive.

The light comes through the clouds in dazzling reward,,
It glistens and reflects through crystals of sorts;
As heavenly skies in wise days and ways of grey,
He was the light that shines through, we always pay.

So what if this truth could you argue and doubt,
At the flick of a switch it burns itself out;
Now you know what I mean, the light and the sun,
That the day will last as long as time is for fun.

People like the disco's to go out to at night,
With music and pleasure so right under those lights;
Now what of this legend that light is the truth,
It's probably the answer to why loves living proof.

Signed

Prism Spectrum