

We head for the hills and look into space,

And dream of the glory and beauty of grace;

The river runs down like the bright trickling sun,

And the Milky Way is heavenly as I look to the One.

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We reach and we search to find the answers to time,

And go in and out of church in words found in rhyme;

With technology advancing we look and aim for the future,

Out into space to a universe that is a nature for us to nurture.

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The rocket is ready now to take off and leave,

To something and somewhere that is hard to believe;

You're now up in the heavens, left high out in space,

Far from the earth below and the whole human race.

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As it docks at the satellite of the working space station,

The atmosphere is weightlessness looking down at a nation;

To envisage this plan and goal for living, going into eternity,

Leaving this orbit revolving around earth looking for infinity.

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Take a deep breath if there is still any oxygen around,

And remember the world and all the thoughts on the ground;

The power in the thrust to where there might be something,

In a rocket going out exploring not knowing quite everything.

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I am not coming back I think I will continue on forever,

From the light of the sky in memory to whether the weather;

To venture and journey from the peace of mind in my head,

To a destination waiting where God wants me lead.

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**Signed,**

**It must be out there.**