

Amidst the passion, the toil and pain,
The emotions building to the atmospheres gain;
The struggling the torment all the desire to win,
The breaking, the turmoil of prayer, perfect from sin.

The stadium the build up the exhilaration of sport,
The Sydney Olympics 2000 the resort of our thought;
The brilliance the mediocrity the diffraction so real,
The latitude, the longitude, the breath of God on ideal.

It's the passion, the drive, the feeling in the air,
All emotions of athletes so intense that it's fair;
The competition, the winning, the desire to succeed,
The intermeditery vocation of some time to read.

It's the sensing, the understanding of the crowd and the roar,
As if God was every beating of the hearts who'd endure;
The misery, the majesty, the results at the end,
The passion, the burning, the emotions of earning a friend.

The parallel, the unique, the victory but all,
The Olympics, the victor of first, second and third;
In Sydney 2000 the takers of Gold, Silver and Bronze,
Have earned an Aussie suntan to return to their own native lands.

And here in my heart I wonder just what God has for me,
Something beautiful telling me, to strive on and not fear to be;
And is the answer just coming out on top of it all,
Living not dying to see the rest of the Earth's ball.