

What is a king without a Queen,
How would the castle and things ever mean;
And what would it be like if a ship didn't float,
How would our royal highness, get passed the mote.

Or what about the royal family with princes and princesses,
And the thrown and the crown and the reign or princes;
And the gown and the robe and clothes and apparel,
Would they all end up in a carriage or barrel.

And the thing is you know when at the peak of the mountain,
Where the waterfall starts down into a river or fountain;
That the hills and the slope of the world's degrees cope,
That the king and the queen must live love and hope.

Now the king has the brilliances and the beautiful queen,
Whose royal face we love and are like a picturesque scene;
So while life still beats in the royal heart of truth,
There is a pedestal at their feet to test humble proof.

And life goes and is passed in the ancestral line,
The royal coronation of the symbolic royal lion;
Time comes upon us as we all wait for the lead,
Of what the monarchy will say and what we can read.

So next time the queen gives out her royal wave,
Remember the king is still mightier to save;
For in the realms of eternity far above earth,
The gravity to infinity forces upon the royal worth.

Signed,

To reign or not to rain