

So many a many had dared now to venture,
As a tooth to the truth is like teeth to a denture;
They say we must love and look to the sky,
Where the shroud lives up above in the clouds so high.

The spirit of nature is to conquer and rule,
But the shroud is allowed to fool and be cool;
Filled in the heart with burden to desire,
Like the people seek money instead of the shroud to enquire.

So what of the world for the shroud to appear,
Its freedom we seek and for God to draw near;
With much pain and suffering we are taken to task,
For the questions of life and the breath we do ask.

So fellow man we should love for the day,
As the shroud has a way of showing the way;
The clouds now empowered to lead and to show,
The way we must learn and the need to just grow.

We should look to the future and reap what we sow,
And love and believed in it for heaven to know;
Now the shroud is not proud but lives to enjoy,
For the world to restore as sins of all employ.

Signed

The Proud Cloud