

He was born and came into this world to be a king,

And he took the women by the hand and placed on her finger a ring;

Then the king and queen had a prince and princess to sit up on the thrown,

And upon their heads was a lovely jewels on a thing called a crown.

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But the story started earlier with his suffering of life on the cross,

And the pain and anguish of the crown of thorns just created loss;

But the beauty of the situation is that he died and went to heaven,

Only to come back again through what genealogy can be measured.

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Now, one would think it ended there for it now is twenty twelve,

And the hundred and fifty years are for one or two to dwelve;

For London has the games and the competition is fierce,

And the streets are laid with gold and the sun will piece.

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And the kings and queens of Britain are of God and of Faith,

Where Victoria reigned forever and God the human face;

So the royalty is the monarchs who sit on the thrown with crowns,

And the land is owned by the crown and with a coin a bit will own.

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For the empire and the kingdom down through the years has come,

That the lion upon the thrown is the lamb that came for some;

But the balance of the people between the rich and the poor,

Know the humble difference that being the great is always law or more.

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So the monarch has the crown and power to reign under the sun,

And I have to battle to beat the sin and still win when one is won;

With the whole human race is competing as athletes for the Gold.

But the decision with the crown still rests in the hands of God.

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Signed,

Olympic Games