

Is there really any greater gift than for peace of mind,

Is a million money worth the time of just being kind;

Better to fill your head with all the beautiful things of life,

Isn't there more pleasure in peace of mind than always being in strife.

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Like dreaming of rainbows and rainforests in heavenly rain,

If fills your mind with plenty and the peace dwells on your brain;

And the how lovely it is to have and know perfect peace,

Where you're mind is in paradise and all worries and problems cease.

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When stress and strain and the trauma of trouble fill your head,

It is like spiritual suicide and just like being mentally dead;

And the struggle and torment of the turmoil and anxiety of the world,

Fill your mind and you're head with hurts, none of any worth.

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But the total peace of mind has a magical mysterious meaning,

Where the cobwebs and sawdust need all the clearing and cleaning;

And as the earth turns around with all it's demands and pressures,

The meditation of God is perfect reflection measures treasures.

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And at the point of the pen where the metal states the years,

Of all the pain and the anguish and the interest distinguishing ideas;

Then the path and the course is laid out and been well trod,

After all of the footsteps along the road of the broad are narrowly odd.

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And the brilliant light shines down from the clear sky above,

With all of the goodness and kindness and Godliness of love;

To fill up our hearts with the winning beat of life to our head,

That the circulation of living is left to the work of pillow and bed.

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Signed,

A good night's sleep