

How sweet it is the smell of success,  
Life and death, a treat to take a deep breath,  
With only time on your side and time to tell,  
The earth goes around and all things are well.

So now as we look at things going on as a key,  
With words down in writing and all appearing as a star;  
Life is dear, when experimenting with experience takes place,  
So the theory becomes will I live in a world or go out to space.

There is a sudden inspiration to life and to death,  
That compels us to live life to our own very best;  
That when confronted with evil and death is at foot,  
Then the very best resort is to seek and to look.

So when in the garden, leaves fall to the ground,  
Life is the green grass of home, while you take the test to be found;  
And when the days done and the sun sets in the west,  
Life is all set for tomorrow and the days gone, you remember it best.

Well now it is starting to sound like its finishing and to wind up,  
When Christ took the last supper and was going to the cross with a cup;  
Like throwing sand to the wind or bread crumbs to the birds,  
We reap what we sow with the fruit and effort of our words.

And heaven is up there and hell down there for the sinners,  
Where paradise is a mixture of good and bad, laughing and being sad;  
For all who will attempt to live life out full to the very end,  
When money seems as is our enemy and time our best friend.

Signed,

Better Trying Kindness