

First we have faith to see things are kept in their place,  
Then we trust God for the good, not the odd, but for peace;  
Where the passion of paradise is perfected in being complete,  
While the time is right for the making of money and something to beat.

Life is a truth thing, where care and confinement mean safety,  
As love is the benefactor of manufacturing the heaven from above;  
Peace and faith are the reason and purpose for the work and the service,  
Of putting God above all the things that we love and the treasure on the surface.

The purpose of peace is the passion for people that work for us,  
As we fashion the reason to suit ourselves for the reason of believing;  
God is the good guy we often fear that fills our hearts and heads with joy,  
That all of the bad things with reason and in rhyme He does destroy.

Now the love in our hearts must shine, and light from high above,  
Where the fighting will stop and cease to provide us with peace;  
For where there is love, there is a God who fills from above,  
As the faith we did have in the memory is sweet to the face of love.

Now we needed to complete all the things we did eat and joy that came from,  
For all those who have gone can rest their dear souls, in the peace of giving;  
For when things appear to be beautiful are clear they're brilliantly clean in the mind,  
For such troubled torment and problems disappear in the peace of being kind.

So the worries on earth of the truth of the birth and wonder of paradise,  
Mean all of the worth of the struggle, stress and strength of being Parsifal;  
As what is dematerialised in to water and wine is in the grail that we find,  
The peace and faith of the mind, is found in the memory, sold and refined.

Signed,

Well Designed