

Meaning is a thing of the past and the present times,
Where the meaning of the kingdom is revealed in heavens rhymes;
Like things that add up for the day as the grass grows green away,
Life is just something that has eternal possession in what people say.

The kingdoms mind is not a question for princes and princesses to reign,
Or to become king or queen, when in reality it is just to stay sane;
For the message of money is a bit not a lot, most of the time,
But a reason to answer to pay the pain for the things of the crime.

There's a prime purpose and logical argument to debate in each mind,
Of the problem and trouble we have from time to time to be kind;
And like a builder who builds his house foundations on the rock,
Or the body and muscles running on the sand at the beach for his luck.

A car to the garage and the sick people all go to the doctor to see,
If there health is all well or they need treatment quite patiently;
And the dentist will drill like all the sense of the hole is the filling,
Or the pet goes to the vet, because dogs and cats can't be silly.

The church is to the people, what the Cathedral is to God,
Where we all worship on Sundays at the service quite odd;
The ministers pray and the sermon makes sense for half an hour,
As well reason and question, is God's house prayer or power?

The lighting is fixed by the electrician and plumber puts pipes,
And the things that are working have to stay like that all of the night;
So the knight and the toilet in the dark of the middle of the night,
Is a grey kind of way to see, whether things are black to white.

Signed,

My Own Way