

When things get tough we have to do it harder,
To be happier and higher in the hopeful joy of love;
For heaven is the harbour of peace and grace,
Where to be happier it's harder and more to do with space.

Happier and harder, do the two so meet,
Where heaven and hell, forever fight to see;
In times of life, one may well wonder,
What on earth there is to eat.

Happier and harder is the right to be in love,
To experience the paradise of God in awe above;
How beautiful is the majesty of patience and persistence,
Where the earth turns around in the space of heavenly love.

Harder and happier is the aim of peace on earth,
Where one must work to make and keep;
The things we want to hold onto and be,
For the kingdoms heavenly delight is the blessing of God,

Now the joy of answered prayer is made in heaven,
A love that passes all and seems to answer things;
So to be happier and harder, we must work for that,
To experience the heaven of our works worth having.

Harder and happier is hard to be happy with,
But with the dedicated doing in the love of work,
We can see what we are aiming for and enjoy,
By enduring all the mercy and grace we employ.

Signed,

Reaching utopia.