

I lay upon my bed to write,
And thought there was enough day and light;
But from my pen the ink wouldn't write,
So to be lying or not was not what's right,

I sat up and I thought about this,
How man could lie and not be his;
For that was sin and a thought of he,
And start to wonder about whether God were.

Again I sit and think about this,
That maybe couples are loving and know sin is;
If Christ according to the bible were true,
That would be wrong and not a thing to do.

But many a man has told a tale or story,
Even how Christ would come back and receive after the glory;
For that's a verse and message of history,
That he may be king with crown and stop what's gory.

Now the meaning was sown so long ago in time,
That things now have changed through verse and rhyme;
That all the people that thought they could lie or not,
Are cheating themselves because of my pen and knot.

So if the lying was a kind of deceit,
Not all alone on your head with receipt;
Those sinners who table was not quite right,
Die in their sleep during the cold death of night.

Signed,

Who Cheated