

Sunlight will find a way, No matter what kind of day; When it rains or it pours, The sunlight will shine through even more.

The sunlight is like a love,
That shines through in rays above;
And when it's dark and deep within,
The sun shines into your heart to win.

And when the son came down from heaven,
As cavalry where Christ paid for the deadly seven;
Each day of the week a sin in its own,
Until Sunday same, the day to atone.

The sun must come through clouds up high,
To light forth the way until I die;
Sunlight a passion of life all alone,
So ill run away without moan or groan.

Sunlight through the trees or reflection on a lake,
No matter what weather the sunlight will makes;
Its beauty is a subtle as a rover or stream,
As it gently frowns down in its own golden stream.

Well times nearly up but sunlight lives on,
On all that is seems and what it has shone;
Like oceans and seas are a body mysteriously,

The sunlight lives forever and continues endlessly.