

Come to God in his temple of holiness,

Where it is worth doing business in his residence;

All my ships will come in and go home to glory,

If I really do right to him and write the story.

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The vow of marriage is the sacredness of love,

Of all of God's grace and what is above;

So worship him in his temple and home,

Where the mass of the earth is said in Rome.

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Worship is the highest and greatest form of love,

Like the peace that descends in the form of a dove;

And the beauty of holiness is untold riches,

The glory and grace of all the virgins stitches.

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Worship him on the mountain and high in the air,

Or out on the ocean of conflict, pain and prayer;

And look to our God and love him so much,

For his healing hand is his most loving touch.

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Worship him in a world that is higher than Heaven,

Over the moon when the time is twelve past eleven;

And look to the skies where the sun is brighter than day,

Or the night's stars will shine through the black in their way.

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And worship God with a burning passion in heart,

And pray that he'll teach you to be clever and smart;

And hope and have faith the one day he'll return,

Where all the angels worship and in hell sinners burn.

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Signed,

His Hieness.