

I want to sing songs and hymns all day every day,
Praising God continually in each and all different ways;
The holy the glory and the honor belong to him king of kings,
For the beauty transcends beyond everything with perfectly righteous things.

Another one I say to you of verse and poet and lines that rhyme,
When God in all his awesome majesty is just another life in time;
And all of the goodness and bright sweet love is rolled up into the sky,
Where heaven is blessed by kindness and greatness with truth upon the eye.

Now God is there to see and watch as another one comes along,
To see us all go home to his kingdom above, to where we really belong;
And joy is as nice and life's sweet taste of freshness of air to breathe,
As in heaven above, another ones glory to share and that is all we receive.

Then time will tell if another one will sell and hope is faith on high,
For when God has control of your very own life, the love is enough to cry;
As when all else fails and God shines through, another one really could.

Like days gone by the sun rises again for another one to live and die,
As for when the time passes on into the past the present future to try;
So God wants you're heart like another one smart who looks to Him above,
And all of the saints in heaven above shout for joy at another ones love.

Now he really want you and me to be like him, resting in grace and time,
When Gods mighty hand outweighs his love to pardon another ones crime;
So go to Him as another ones thought of what is best just only to do
For when you look to Him in power and might another ones born true too.

Singed,

Born to Win