

Angels and saints all dressed up in their splendor to worship God the king,
Lovingly knowing that their heavenly being are in places of created heavenly things;
Cathedral's full of grace and the pains of peace of retracted heavenly light,
The joy is in the knowing of the voices of the angels heavenly organs choir.

Heavenly beings that truly suggest the best of perfection lies still to some,
In the kingdom where the angels are the heavenly beings of eternity being done;
The magnificence of the face reflect the beautiful and perfect brilliance,
Of the flight to heaven over the rainbow where the streets are paved with gold.

The birds sing in un-echoed silence as they try to match the angels choir,
And God is in the forest of enchanted woods calling heavenly beings to life;
That the ideal and the surreal are magnified by the calling of the angels,
Whose names are beyond description, yet each has the voice of heavenly fun.

Heavenly beings are people whose work on earth is done and giving home,
Being called by God the father as well done stewards free to Rome;
Glory in the highest and hosanna to all with peace on earth to come,
Mirrored in the twilight perfection of everything that could be done.

Now heaven has an answer to the calling off the highest beings,
Where the angels float on air as the heavenly beings in gods created scene;
As if the duty of the nation was to worship and magnify the lord,
And the sinners go to hell and are dealt with by the judge and sword.

Well however freedom reigns in the love and fellowship of home,
And the culling to the highest is for heavenly being coming all alone;
For the try and true correction of the love of Christian forgiveness,
Is the talk of heavenly being to angels whose win are ever forgetting.

Signed,

Remember Love