

The beauty is in the ugly,
And money is only sin;
When the ugly becomes the beauty,
The beauty begins to win.

As so it is this life of ours,
There's times of mortal hours;
That when life becomes eternal,
The meaning is in the flowers.

So you may say well let it be,
For in life it is best left to me;
That when the time of death has come,
The flower has shattered but the stone.

And life it is and life it be,
From eternity until now we;
For when in death infinity,
The answer is to know what tree.

For goodness was and goodness is,
And kindness will be what's his;
That when in life death beats us all,
It is the love of God on your call.

So life it is but a vision,
Of splendour grand and tall;
As when life became eternal life,
He returned to earth this ball.

Signed,

As small as a bud