

Prime Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Slaughtered lamb, blood of wine to toast;
All through the ages they glory to see,
Of mans eternal salvation and what he must be.

Lord god almighty your awesome most might,
As time here slowly fades into the bleak grey of night;
Your reign eternal your majesty splendid,
Your power and authority under god comprehended.

The idea of life is to be understood and lived,
In proper perspective of all things thou gived;
Time is but fleeting in all depth of death,
That so coming and sweetly we gently draw breath.

The church on the hill all aging and old,
Of people who worshipped and sang hymns all of gold;
Your salvation awaiting as was the beginning of time,
That through words on the pages turns in beauty of rhyme.

A million hearts readers of the word of the lord,
As the fear of God answers in quest of the sword;
The black of night leading to listen to the wind
That in total perfection we've dried what has sinned.

So now in anticipation I humbly do pray,
That in your speedy return we will all look to the day;
The upcoming certainty of the hope you return,
Leads the Holy Father to all things you earned.

Signed,

Secretly waiting