

The beauty of sin when it's all said and done,
Is the privilege to know that in life you have won;
The pick of the crop is like peaches and cream,
When all loses meaning in a heavenly dream.

The beauty of sin is to win when you lose,
To discover the truth, over what you do choose;
For deciding what's right and what you can have,
Is the purpose of living in what you have gave.

The beauty of sin reaching down deep to the bone,
Is all of the treasure you can have and can own;
Now with meaning and wisdom there's no need to be cross,
For such is the suffering of sacrifice and loss.

The beauty of sin I hold richly in my heart,
Is the money and pleasure you acquire being smart;
To have and to hold such a valuable resource,
Is knowing and understanding, what true loves like of course.

The beauty of sin who could really understand why,
That it's alright to delight in and die all so high;
When you've been here forever and eternity nigh,
The lord will come back through the clouds in the sky.

The beauty of sin well, just reach out and touch,
The unlimited wealth of life grace as such;
The moment you lose that unthinkable thought,
You'll end up in paradise on the boat of fruit island resort.

Signed,

It will come to you