

Man has ability to learn and create,  
To live life exploring with a will to relate;  
It's like a passion that burns down deep to the core,  
This burning desire to create and explore.

It's an ability to produce something for good,  
It's being willing and able to do all that you would;  
It's amazing to see what man actually dies,  
Eventually turning into new things for others.

Now well we've come such a very long way,  
Since the beginning of creation on the very first day;  
So much already done and still so much to do,  
That the earth would eventually all become true.

Creating is still worth enjoying as a passionate pastime,  
Until everything around perishes and I write my last rhyme;  
With the firth to address what's still the earth's quest,  
We must not relinquish till all created is guessed.

There's something to be said about having things perfected,  
About proving the truth and having things reflected;  
The ability to create is a gift to us all,  
Like all those many years to build the Chinese wall.

So I wonder if there's ever a time I'm too tired to create,  
Knowing one day I'll be dead and my death to debate;  
I guess that is why I make eternal things priority,  
For like the sun rises every day it's a creators minority.

Signed,

It belongs to the kingdom