

Deep in the stress I confess all my mess,
From where I had veered and started to digress;
The point at hand is we are in need of honour,
That is all in earth and all that are upon her.

Honour is a thing we need to abhor,
In the beauty around us and all we adore;
The certainty or truth is deep within us all,
And where left here to honour until our final call.

It's not what you make or take out of this world,
But the love you put in to reap your reward;
God put in our hearts the need to be Holy,
So it's when we honour the fact we in turn wholly

The first of it all depends on the amount,
Of the effort we put it and the thing we can count;
Like the day turns to night and the sun goes down,
Honour must be to everyone to light every single town.

Morality is upon us and honour is at stake,
The story now ending so make no mistake;
That the beauty is in waiting for what's perfect to create,
For when all is finished we're left with each other to relate.

Well God had a plan and it works out like this,
That in marriage and surrender it's as simple as a kiss;
It's tragic and it's magic in nearly all things around,
But honour reveals truth like a seed in the ground.

Signed,

The Fruit of God