

Crystal figured centre there,  
Upon each person's gaze and stare;  
Mirrored images of days gone by,  
Of timeless worth in Godly eye.

Created out of vision splendour,  
With countless hours in which it's grandeur;  
Produces colours so vivid and rich,  
Of time and passion and views which switch.

The beauty up there in the wall,  
Of concave inserts that stand so tall;  
And in the being of the man,  
The king of ages the focal plan.

It's a miracle the thought this,  
In an eternal state we understand what's his;  
As if the parables still all mean,  
The standard glass windows gleaming clean.

The sun shines through with beauty bright,  
As heaven in the hands of might;  
The world just tainted in the day,  
Of painted craftsmanship in perfect way.

In all the world there's no such majesty,  
Than immortal words that love no tragedy;  
And in the occasion of telling the story,  
He returned to earth to fulfil the glory.

Signed,

One will come