

Of all that man could be,
Of all the possibilities;
What would she desire,
Would it be money or other enquire.

A trillion dollars how could it be,
Heaven eternally death endlessly;
Like country grains of sand on the beach,
Or water molecules and things we teach.

A trillion a trillion my kingdom for a trillion,
That's what happens after a million becomes a billion;
Not enough people to worry or care,
Only God would want to dare.

But when it boils right down to it,
The monies good but you're got to be git;
And that's not all that is on call,
For grace would come so you could have it all.

But when it bold right down to it,
The monies good but you've got to be fit;
And that's not all that is on call,
For grace would come so you could have it all.

It doesn't matter about time,
For with a trillion love is not a crime;
And if you think you got it all,
Remember earth that tiny ball.

For when you're dead and dead and done,
Everyone else will all just have fun;

Not a worry in your mind,
For trillion is so very kind.

Signed,

Too long to live