

What is it to believe in something you can't see,
It is a simply trust, like the birds and the bees;
Life's like a ball in the circle going round,
And it's here on earth where having faith is found.

So now who cares about the dreamer with goals out of sight,
That fight for the right and earn by the light;
There must be a place that I can find well to write,
And with faith it will be shared with love and by might.

They say that love covers a multitude of sins,
But it is the faith in your heart that really wins;
God loves us all and you have got to face the truth,
For there is one here on earth who really shows the proof.

What about when we die, will we still have faith,
Or end up amused by the devil in the form of Tolkien's wraith;
For me it's creation and believing in what is made,
For heaven and earth have now been fully paid.

Signed

Please do