

So now that where living with plenty to breath,
No longer to suffer no longer to seethe;
We think of the smog and all that is wrong,
The air that we breath like life as a song.

It matters not much what we like and do,
When air fills our lungs to make us as true;
I look to the sky and think of the birds,
As a plane passes by without any words.

Air is great to know and employ,
It gives us the life to live and enjoy;
God's done great things to invent all the earth,
With animals and trees that make our life worth.

But air is a form of atmosphere to us now,
Like the pure white milk from a mother cow;
So let us live on it and make us stand tall,
To fulfill in our hearts what life meant by all.

Signed

Plenty of air to breathe