

What a strange word we choose to think about,  
When things fall into place and appear to work out;  
We form these ideas called concepts you see,  
With many cross examinations and problems that be.

Concepts are not a bad thing of the past,  
But lead to our future and always would last;  
They start in the minds of men and will change,  
Like the mountains in time go over the range.

I think that the heavens will open up to me,  
For all to enjoy and for all men to see;  
Concepts are like that when you open your heart,  
So that people can realise what their minds will impart.

So now that we all have come along this far,  
Let us just travel by night and follow that star;  
For concepts you see will bring out the best in us all,  
To see what's created and get over that wall.

Signed

Realize Ideas