

Through timeless ages, space and rhyme,
Of godless days of grace and time;
Through all eternity of days gone by,
To new beginnings and new dreams to try.

In histories pages of people anew,
Of truths and reasons are sworn so true;
Through countless blessings and miracles bare;
To live through space of times, hope and prayer.

And when it all comes back down to earth,
Through creations love of time and birth;
Through happenings of truth and God,
Through timeless ages and things of above.

And many a man did die to see,
The God of ages, of timeless be;
To come into the new dawn of times,
That we might see him revealed by rhyme.

But woe to me and woe to you,
That government and parliament might be true;
For perhaps it's given in gentle love,
Of what was wrong now right above.

So then you say, but what, who and how now,
The truth as is time, God or cow;
For when through kindness ages he shall return,
As the God of all ages and pages yearn.

Signed,

Your year of time