

Well the second chapter of acts was about Jesus going to heaven,

And coming back one day and now it's past twenty eleven;

So now I'm writing this down like I'm signing up to do my duty,

When the parliament is beautiful and people are the beauty.

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It seems that there's been time to consider all that passed,

In the meantime the second coming was sex past and last;

Now I come from the line as a child whose a direct descendent of God,

A child of Yeshua from medieval myth but that seems a bit odd.

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Now don't get hysterical like a man overboard drowning,

Stop all this rot and don't let all the things go clowning;

You'll make a fool out of the school, look like a bright morning star,

When the sunshine beams down through the clouds near and far.

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You see the money with the pen cost five times as much,

As the hunch back of Notre Dame on the cross to just judge as such;

You see Egypt and cathedrals and Israel and churches,

Have all laid their lives down on historical searches.

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Like a train down the track and a car on the road,

The kingdom is like years of living in hope of the family home;

Where children grow up and generations turn over in ages,

As the word goes around and is preached off the pages.

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Thank God for his foresight and vision to see far ahead,

For there is no way you can beat him even if he's dead;

For the foundations where laid and the land all marked out,

That Christ through Pentecost would neither deny or doubt.

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**Signed,**

**Well I'm here**