

Heavenly life so bright and fresh where angels live,

Where the dullness of money helps make dumb people give;

And time is eternal and beauty, all so lovely and sweet,

The perfection of glory is to land back on earth on your feet.

And God knows the pardon for our sin by his fame and grace,

Where heavenly life is only beaten by Gods heavenly face;

And it's unbeatable attraction is certain and fatal to us all,

As heavenly life rewards those who are faithful and stand on call.

As the clouds drift and sit in the sky and the horizon meets the sea,

The blue upon blue is creations mean, like tropical islands I see;

For the sure of the shore is the sands edge and the green ivy,

Where water meets us as people and heavenly life turns around free.

Now there is not work you can do but to punish and publish,

The hell and the torment written well to make something established;

And the answer right for those who do and read what they try,

That there is no way in the world you can live on and not die.

Now the streets were paved with gold and the pearly gates white,

As the choir of angels were singing and God entering in delight;

For the passionate romance of the wedding of the lamb they do sing,

As in hope they offer sacrifice and God's gift of heavenly life bring.

No the finance and accounting are economic tragedy advice,

Where all came for redemption and atonement are paid out twice;

There's no forgetting the forgiving or worrying to remember the past,

But the heavenly life of the perfections kingdom is God's memory last.

Signed,

I'll love you forever