

The sons of God are men of valor and virtue,

Like the roar of the wind and crashing of the waves;

The sons of thunder are like lighting bashing away,

While we sleep on the ship, scared of the sound and awake.

And God watches down like Dad from the heavens,

Where weather he controls by the prayer of men and whether;

As Jesus was the lamb who suffered and dead on the cross,

And the water crashed over the boat and life was hell for leather.

These mighty giants who took on each other for sport,

Where gods in themselves and sons of thunder as a thought;

For gods sons were special and perfect men who fought,

The good fight for people who believed in their strength and might.

Now God only knew where these men will rest their head,

As they take each other on with the women in their bed;

And love has played it's part and the beauty is best left,

For in humble glorious magnificence Christ's lord of all.

As we look to see the plans of what God has for us in store,

We tremble and shutter at the idea that God will shake the floor;

And we marvel and we serve to do all the best we can,

As the whole planet earth is a new world in which to explore.

Well the sons of thunder were the real sons of God,

As we all explore their wonder and try hard to understand;

For the creature of habit is a natural kind of one,

That the full surrender right down the line from God is won.

Signed,

All humanity