

The circle of rhymes:

the voice of the Lord like the rolling of thunder, rolling of thunder like the voice of wonder. His eyes are like fire and the lily of the valley, lily of the valley like what he can plunder, The right hand upholdeth and giveth beatings to wail them, perfect friendship above the rivers of Salem, and ask all people like those who know will obey them, His faith is unfailing like the mountain but when he is angered brings forth a fountain. Servant setting circled sun, into the bosom into the one, seeds will ebb and seas will flow as time goes by we will know. Every soul is lost but unto to the death of the cross, some may change and some remain the song of heaven for what will sustain until it end and we flow through like water to the flood gates true let is olam and let it be for as long as until they are free. The clock of time is in my hands seven centuries as love commands upon the stump a branch was given to make a temple we can live in, bearing seeds and giving cost much more than a dollar lost the priceless jewels are become our hearts the birth of thought which never parts, olam shall be the end of light inside those who didnt fight but peace even though they could be lit again like candles would. My sword be swift against those kind reversing things that were once mine to embark upon the great adventure level castles that could puncture into the heart of chaos true because of your everlasting hue, The stones will not remain and such a level was never by mans hand be touched, but somehow the light is born again or still remains a question send, into the hearts that do delight and took of sword for mighty fight am I a dog that should be kicked or weak that my armor should be pricked? Over the hill is much too much reason but no guesses make the season, seven hundred suns within my start of perfect love within my heart, my soul deceived and without want and time perfects me from the vaunt. To wage in hell what they deserve for entertainment cause on the path they swerve, like turning wheels with axle broken no longer on the path thats spoken. And so the grave for those who must and for him to feel the quickest thrust although I am not the one who will but loves hearts desire i must fulfill at least a stab to prove me true a god and honor and vengeance too Then late shall i be as though its said but early to the one I wed. And so i hate the hate of man denying friendships that understand and malice swayed my heart to death i chase the fears that refuse me breath, and adultery to pervert the way for those who wed eternally, and lies that upon nothings built a kingdom of the flowers wilt and jealousy to provoke pride in which all things that fall subside and envy by which the bones will rot allowing sin like rope that's taught but the Rainbow is forever true a promise that holds nothings rue to give a perfect circle then in the lips of honest and sin and sword i favor be upon those that are damned forever gone time will perfect me ever more to hold the words i do adore, if only words then must remain i pray that i speak not in vain, yea it is said all is vanity but take not thy name profanity? Shouldn't at least this be true or first and last be nothing too? In absence let me be a fool for what is kept unknown to rule, if you let but unto to you for most wise Love it holds true. Not that I not love demand this grace and liberty your command for Love has set a rule in me that will hold true olam is be. In absence we can hold no blame if trust and love the Spirit came but with the label that is posted like pigs on the stick they shall be roasted, Though like against the law is seems we eat and then forget when its complete. play oh sat ans harp to comfort those who wont obey and drink but some weren't, if not to drink indignantly then those alone will be set free. The balance holds to bring maturity as dimensions that have no obscurity stars put

out and clock that ended for those who are forever friends and so we speak
in friendship true as gods as men and angels too all on their honor by the servant
who does not ask a present, save one and it is perfect
love at birth at youth and also above let this in all be like a star that bring
another for so far a ruling made from King made to blunder
below whose faith is not unsure and so let all who live that serve untrue not
receive this gift of you, through your servant
all through time even blessings that all rhyme, that calling, faith and discipline
my hope and love to start again and through
the power of prayer and ask let faith hold unto unselfish task and not to envy let
us divide and never fall those not in pride
on my life and honor true the story will end but you all souls that agreed and see
what may be known by curious me who giveth all
I say admit and see you later of those submit now almost rambling i sustain to end
this so its not in vain let love let truth to be at last
when you choose even through the past and blessing of my heart remain our souls all
saved, the book as plain to some but still
given in love which holds all the answer true know savior I am in love with you and
for those all who dont pretend finally we say amen.