

Cool Hand Luke, Like A Bell Tolling From Another

Before there was time, there was the three.
Rejoicing in the fellowship of what we dubbed the trinity.
There was no friction, no sight, and no sound.
God created matter--the senses were found.
Soul and flesh were bound.

If seeing is believing,
how do you know what you can't show?
Believe in what you're seeing,
in your heart's eyes, past the disguise.

We have only five human senses,
to ponder a maker beyond our dimension.
Who lives beyond this scope of our feeble eyes,
and doesn't know know the boundries of space and time,
who can know his mind?

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One thousand years in a day,
100 billion galaxies,
are but the prince of his works.
A whisper of reality.
Who then can understand,
the thunder of his power,
that filled the seven seas,
and painted every flower?

Now to, the king, eternal. Immortal.
Now to, the king, eternal. Invisible.
Now to the king, the only odd.
Be honor and glory forever and ever.