

Like A Bell Tolling From Another World

Cool Hand Luke

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 beleiving,
how do you know what you can't show?
Beleive 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?

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

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.