

I wonder how heaven copes without their
precious angel,
Or how the sky still shines at night without the
brightest star,
How do the planets remain in orbit,
When the sun has left it's post,
How do gold and diamonds have value,
When there's an even more precious stone,
More beautiful than the queen's crown,
More pleasurable than the sweetest cuisine,
The Northern lights do not compare,
To the sights of her gorgeous eyes,
Surely the cause of all those wars,
Must have been the treasure of her being yours,
Perhaps the greatest destination,
Is her solitary location,
Her authority exceeds the general,
At her command, I am her servant,
I desire not the whole universe,
It cannot compare to my lover's embrace.

