

THOUSAND-YEAR-OF-OUR-LORD

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The world was true on the mind of men
A world was lost, had to forget
Feel truly rain and winter
Feel joy on your first spring
The world is without preachers
Learn from your peers learn from your sight
Love remains to this day
A love so pure, honey to the mind
What is this voice, you seem to talk to
Ever knowing what is right
Word are poetry
Beer is heavenly
Your kin have master the crafts
You live off rich stories, unlike the reader or I
Crafted over so much time, more important than you or I