

Life Is What We Make It.

There is a place under the sea,  
Where I myself long to be.  
There is a region in the hills,  
Where my soul yearns to be still.  
There is a solar system in the sky,  
Where I want to go when it is time to die.

All of these places I yearn to go,  
Because this static life it hurts me so.

In the sea I hope to find Poseidon,  
Because then I will know the secrets of the seas.  
In the hills I hope to encounter Gaia,  
For only then will I know the trees.  
In the sky I will meet my Lord,  
For me, God is the One to set my soul free.

All of the answers I desire to know,  
Because this static life it hurts me so.

Even though my heart and soul long to be free,  
I must remember what God has given to me.  
This static life is by my own creation,  
And I must look for Poseidon and Gaia in my relation  
With the seas and with the hills,  
And realize that God has given us many thrills.

Because this static life it hurts me so,  
I will strive to make it evolve and grow.