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Good you love challenges,  
High ledges and difficult passages,  
In rain swept winds and clouds belong –  
Your star kissed mountain song.

They say your mind's susceptible –  
Room's messy, heart incorruptible,  
Your days melt by in crystal streams,  
And nothings what it ever seems.

Your goodness makes being here worlds better –  
Serving others, redeeming debtors,  
You're turning it all upside down,  
Substantive smiles, heavenly strong.

Now organize means organize,  
We're in big trouble you realize –  
First get carefulness out of prison,  
Then somehow in this chaos reason.