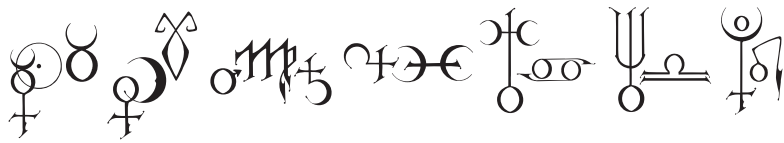


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Whirled of dimensions unexplored,  
Possibilities heaven implored,  
Fields hills mid spring bloom –  
Mayhem of bouquets filling the room.

Almonds apples seeds unto flesh,  
Not one need left unaddressed,  
Bread and wine enough for all –  
The morning the stars begin to fall.

In a covenant with the earth,  
Roots the ground of times own birth,  
Good sign in the future belongs –  
New ideas of right and wrong.

If you desire what can't be predicted,  
Paradise a garden unrestricted –  
Please order some motherly nurturing here,  
Each drying the others trembling tear.