

# Priceless

Search your mind, search you life, try to find a reason.  
What is wrong, what is right, why is there so much treason?  
Empty holes fill the space happiness acquired.  
Once before you were let down, before you lost your fire.  
Speak of truth, speak of lies.  
Garbage cans fill up with bad tries.  
Music to your laughing soul will soon content you ears.  
Take away you lifelong grief and give you happy tears.  
Exceptance gives your life it's quirks.  
Costly, though, it requires works.  
Your life is so priceless to your father and his son.  
Even when you feel it is not worth what you have done.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Paul Thornhill, my father and my hero.