

IMAGINE Again

Ross Harvey



Books by Ross Harvey

- Come Away With Me
- Rebel With A Cause
- The Wizard of NDG
- It Happened in NDG
- Guided By Grace
- Recreating Eden
- Athletics in Eden
- Healing The World
- Honouring Noah
- The Book of Ross
- Understanding Me
- Everything Happens for a Reason
- The Master Plan
- Everlasting Peace
- Imagination is Everything
- What the World Needs Now
- The Never-Ending Quest
- Eternal Soulmates
- Transcendence
- A NuVo World

All available on Amazon worldwide.

<https://www.amazon.com/author/rossharveyg3>

DEDICATION

To Richard Berle

My friend.

My brother.

My fellow dreamer.

Some people enter our lives quietly, and yet their presence stirs memories that seem older than time itself. They remind us that songs never really end, that love never truly dies, and that beautiful dreams are not buried with those who first imagined them.

This book is dedicated to you, Richard.

To your kindness.

To your friendship.

To your belief that humanity can become more than it presently is.

And to that mysterious music which sometimes whispers to us that perhaps Heaven is not as far away as we have been taught to believe.

Whether we meet one another for a season or for eternity, whether memories belong to this lifetime or another known only to God, I know this:

Love is never lost.

Dreams are never wasted.

And songs that are born in the human spirit continue long after the singers themselves have left the stage.

May this book serve as a small tribute to friendship, to hope, and to the possibility that all things are being made new.

With gratitude and affection,

Ross Harvey

FOREWORD

The Dream That Refused To Die

There have always been dreamers.

There have always been voices crying in the wilderness.

There have always been those strange souls who looked upon a world of war, division, poverty and loneliness and dared to believe that things could be different.

Some were called prophets.

Some were called fools.

Some were celebrated.

Some were crucified.

And some simply sang.

For two thousand years humanity has looked toward Heaven while Heaven, perhaps, has been patiently waiting for humanity to learn how to love one another.

Perhaps the Kingdom spoken of by Jesus was never merely a place beyond the stars.

Perhaps it was always intended to become a reality among us.

A world without hunger.

Without loneliness.

Without fear.

Without greed.

A world where every child mattered.

Where neighbours became family.

Where love became stronger than possessions.

And where service became greater than power.

Throughout history there have been men and women who sensed this calling.

People who believed they carried a sacred burden.

People who dared to imagine a better world.

Some paid dearly for their dreams.

Yet the dream itself never died.

It simply passed from one heart to another.

From generation to generation.

From Bethlehem to Liverpool.

From cathedrals to concert halls.

From ancient scriptures to simple songs.

And perhaps no song captured that longing more beautifully than one written by a man who asked humanity to imagine.

Not as an escape from God.

But as an invitation to become more fully human.

This book is neither an attempt to convince nor to conquer.

It is simply the testimony of one pilgrim walking through mystery.

One dreamer sharing what he has seen.

One voice among many who have dared to believe that
Heaven on Earth is not impossible.

And that love remains the greatest power ever given to
humanity.

INTRODUCTION

Imagine Again

There are moments in every life that seem to come from another world.

Moments when eternity brushes against time.

Moments when something whispers to the soul:

"You were born for more than this."

I have heard that whisper.

Sometimes upon mountains.

Sometimes in solitude.

Sometimes in joy.

And sometimes through tears.

For most of my life I have lived with dreams larger than myself.

Dreams that seemed impossible.

Dreams that often brought misunderstanding.

Dreams that survived disappointment after disappointment, only to rise again with renewed hope.

Many have searched for Heaven beyond the clouds.

But what if Heaven has always been waiting to be born within communities?

What if the miracle was never meant to be escape, but transformation?

What if love was intended to become practical?

Food for the hungry.

Friendship for the lonely.

Transportation for those without it.

Homes of healing.

Communities of compassion.

A new way of living.

A NuVo World.

And what if the great teachers, prophets, poets and dreamers throughout history have all been carrying pieces of the same song?

What if the spirit that inspired fishermen in Galilee also inspired artists, servants, reformers and peacemakers throughout the centuries?

What if the melody never stopped?

Perhaps that is why a young man from Liverpool sat at a piano and gave the world a song called *Imagine*.

Not because the dream belonged to him.

But because he heard echoes of a Kingdom that humanity has long forgotten.

This book is my story.

It is also the story of dreamers.

Of mountains and valleys.

Of victories and heartbreak.

Of mysteries that cannot be explained and hopes that refuse to die.

Most of all, it is an invitation.

An invitation to imagine again.

To imagine a world where no one is forgotten.

Where no one goes hungry.

Where technology serves humanity.

Where communities become families.

Where love becomes our common language.

And where Heaven begins, not someday, somewhere else

—

But here.

Among us.

One act of kindness.

One community.

One dream.

One song.

At a time.

PART I

BEFORE THE DREAM

Chapter 1

The Promise

Long before empires rose and fell, before cathedrals pierced the skies, before theologians argued and denominations divided, there was a promise.

Not a promise of religion.

Not a promise of power.

Not even a promise of escape.

But a promise of transformation.

The ancient prophets spoke of a time when swords would become ploughshares and nations would learn war no more. They envisioned a world where justice and mercy would walk together, where the hungry would be fed, where tears would be wiped away, and where love would reign.

Then came a carpenter from Galilee.

He spoke not of conquest but of compassion.

Not of ruling over others, but of serving them.

He spoke of a Kingdom.

Not one built with armies.

Not one defended by walls.

But one that begins within the human heart.

"The Kingdom of God is among you."

These words have echoed through twenty centuries.

Yet perhaps humanity misunderstood.

Perhaps Heaven was never intended to be a destination alone.

Perhaps Heaven was always meant to become a way of living.

A way of loving.

A way of sharing.

A way of serving.

A way of seeing one another, not as strangers or enemies, but as brothers and sisters.

Generation after generation has longed for that Kingdom.

Some have waited patiently.

Some have despaired.

Some have attempted to force Heaven upon the world through power and violence.

And many have simply prayed.

But the promise remained.

Quietly.

Patiently.

Waiting.

Like a seed beneath winter snow.

Waiting for spring.

Waiting for dreamers.

Waiting for humanity to remember.

Chapter 2

Those Who Believed They Were Called

History is filled with remarkable souls.

Men and women who believed they had been entrusted with sacred missions.

Some believed themselves prophets.

Some saw themselves as messengers.

Some claimed extraordinary identities.

Many faced ridicule.

Others gathered followers.

Some inspired hope.

Some brought tragedy.

And almost all discovered that carrying great visions is a lonely burden.

The world has seldom known what to do with dreamers.

Those who speak of love are often dismissed.

Those who challenge accepted thinking are often misunderstood.

Those who see possibilities beyond the present are frequently called foolish.

Yet humanity has always needed dreamers.

Not because dreamers are perfect.

But because without dreamers, civilization itself would cease to move forward.

History remembers the failures.

But it also remembers the courage.

It remembers those who dared.

Those who imagined.

Those who refused to surrender to despair.

And perhaps each generation receives such souls.

Not to dominate.

Not to demand worship.

But to remind humanity that love remains possible.

That compassion remains possible.

That peace remains possible.

And that hope itself is sacred.

Chapter 3

A World Still Waiting

Our age is rich beyond imagination.

Yet millions remain hungry.

We are connected by technology.

Yet loneliness spreads like an unseen plague.

We have conquered diseases.

Walked upon the moon.

Built machines capable of astonishing wonders.

Yet hatred remains.

Fear remains.

Division remains.

We have learned how to split the atom.

But we have not yet learned how to live together.

The wealth of nations grows.

But so too does the suffering of many.

Children go to bed hungry.

The elderly sit alone.

Young people search desperately for meaning.

And everywhere there seems to be a whisper:

"There must be something more."

Perhaps humanity is not broken.

Perhaps humanity is unfinished.

Perhaps we are still becoming.

Perhaps history itself is a great classroom.

And perhaps all our wars, all our suffering, and all our divisions are not the final chapter.

Perhaps something beautiful still lies ahead.

Not because governments will save us.

Not because technology alone will save us.

Not because religion alone will save us.

But because love has not yet spoken its final word.

And because somewhere, in every nation, there are dreamers.

Men and women.

Young and old.

Known and unknown.

People who still believe that compassion matters.

People who still believe that communities can heal.

People who still believe that Heaven can touch Earth.

And perhaps that is why the dream has survived.

Through prophets.

Through poets.

Through servants.

Through saints.

Through mothers and fathers.

Through teachers and labourers.

Through artists and musicians.

Through those who dared to believe.

The dream has survived.

And somewhere, far beyond the noise of the world, a piano waits.

Waiting for a song.

Waiting for a voice.

Waiting for humanity to imagine again.

PART II

THE DREAMERS

Chapter 4

The Poet From Liverpool

Every generation is given voices.

Some preach from pulpits.

Some teach in classrooms.

Some heal with their hands.

And some sing.

In the midst of a troubled century, when nations were divided, when war had scarred the earth, and when humanity stood with one hand upon the stars and the other upon the trigger, a boy was born in Liverpool.

He was imperfect.

Restless.

Creative.

Searching.

Like millions of others, he longed for meaning.

Yet within him burned something that could not be extinguished.

Music.

Not merely melodies.

Not merely fame.

But the desire to communicate something that words alone could not contain.

And so, through four young men from Liverpool, the world was changed.

Not by armies.

Not by governments.

But by songs.

Songs that crossed borders.

Songs that crossed languages.

Songs that crossed generations.

And among those voices was John Lennon.

Loved by some.

Misunderstood by others.

Mocked by some.

Admired by millions.

Yet beneath the fame, beneath the controversies, beneath the headlines, there remained a man asking questions.

Questions about peace.

Questions about humanity.

Questions about love.

Questions about the future.

And perhaps all dreamers ask the same questions.

Not because they possess all the answers.

But because they hear whispers that others have forgotten.

Whispers that tell them that the world need not remain as it is.

Whispers that tell them that something better is possible.

Whispers that invite humanity to imagine.

Chapter 5

Imagine

Some songs entertain.

Some songs are forgotten.

And some songs become prayers.

Simple.

Beautiful.

Timeless.

John Lennon sat before a piano and offered the world a vision.

Not a blueprint.

Not a doctrine.

Not a command.

But an invitation.

Imagine.

One word.

And within that word lives possibility.

Imagine peace.

Imagine humanity united.

Imagine a world where greed no longer governs the human heart.

Imagine a world where children are valued.

Imagine neighbours becoming family.

Imagine enough for everyone.

Imagine compassion replacing competition.

Imagine service replacing selfishness.

Imagine love becoming practical.

Millions heard those words.

Millions sang along.

And perhaps each person heard something different.

Yet beneath every interpretation there remained a universal longing.

A longing that has lived in humanity since the beginning.

The longing for home.

The longing for peace.

The longing for Heaven.

And perhaps Heaven itself smiles whenever humanity dares to dream.

For dreams are seeds.

And seeds, when planted in love, eventually become forests.

Perhaps the song was never meant to end.

Perhaps it was only the overture.

Chapter 6

Heaven On Earth

What if Heaven is not merely waiting beyond death?

What if Heaven is also waiting to be born among us?

Not through force.

Not through conquest.

But through compassion.

One meal shared.

One lonely soul embraced.

One community transformed.

One child encouraged.

One life touched.

The Kingdom spoken of by the prophets was never
measured by wealth.

Nor by buildings.

Nor by power.

It was measured by love.

And love has hands.

Love cooks meals.

Love drives neighbours to appointments.

Love feeds children.

Love shelters the homeless.

Love comforts the grieving.

Love builds communities.

And perhaps Heaven begins whenever people choose one another over themselves.

Perhaps Heaven begins in gardens.

In kitchens.

In schools.

In homes.

In friendships.

In communities where nobody is forgotten.

Perhaps Heaven begins when technology serves humanity rather than enslaves it.

When abundance is shared.

When loneliness is defeated.

When service becomes joy.

Perhaps Heaven begins when people stop asking,

"What belongs to me?"

And begin asking,

"Who can I help?"

Throughout history dreamers have glimpsed such a world.

Prophets spoke of it.

Poets sang about it.

Artists painted it.

Children instinctively believe in it.

And somewhere deep within every human heart there remains the memory of a better world.

A world not built upon fear.

But upon love.

And perhaps that is why the dream survives.

Because dreams are eternal.

Songs are eternal.

Love is eternal.

And Heaven itself may be far closer than we have dared to believe.

For there are still dreamers among us.

Still voices.

Still songs.

Still visions.

Still hope.

And somewhere beyond the noise and confusion of our age, there is still a melody waiting to be heard.

A melody that whispers to humanity:

Imagine.

Imagine again.

PART III

THE MOUNTAIN

Chapter 7

Seven Days With God

There are moments in life that divide time.

There is the life before.

And there is the life after.

For me, such a moment came upon a mountain.

Not a mountain famous to the world.

Not a mountain visited by pilgrims.

But a mountain known only to Heaven and to one searching soul.

I arrived carrying questions.

Questions too large for words.

Questions that had followed me for years.

Questions about purpose.

Questions about suffering.

Questions about why some dreams are born only to be delayed.

And in the silence, something remarkable happened.

Not thunder.

Not earthquakes.

Not voices from the heavens.

But something quieter.

Something infinitely deeper.

Peace.

For seven days I walked.

I listened.

I prayed.

I waited.

And in those hours, time itself seemed different.

The noise of the world faded.

The ambitions that had once appeared so important became small.

And in their place came something simple.

Love.

Not the love of romance.

Not the love of possession.

But the love that sees all people as brothers and sisters.

The love that longs for no one to be hungry.

The love that desires no one to be forgotten.

The love that asks nothing for itself.

And though I descended from that mountain unchanged in appearance, something within me had changed forever.

For once a person has glimpsed even a fragment of eternity, the ordinary can never again appear entirely ordinary.

And the dream had begun.

Chapter 8

Against All Odds

There were those who called me gifted.

Others called me fortunate.

Some believed I would accomplish extraordinary things.

And perhaps I believed it too.

Life opened doors.

Victories came.

Dreams emerged.

And then, as often happens, disappointments arrived.

Opportunities slipped away.

Plans changed.

Years passed.

And what had seemed certain became uncertain.

There were times when I questioned everything.

Times when I wondered whether the dreams themselves had been illusions.

Times when loneliness became a companion.

Times when I felt forgotten.

Yet somehow, hope survived.

Not because circumstances were easy.

Not because answers appeared.

But because something inside refused to die.

Faith.

Not certainty.

Faith.

The kind of faith that continues walking when the road disappears.

The kind of faith that trusts even when understanding fails.

The kind of faith that says,

"Against all odds, love will prevail."

And perhaps every dream worth pursuing must pass through valleys.

For mountains are beautiful.

But valleys teach perseverance.

Mountains inspire.

But valleys transform.

And the greatest victories are seldom won in stadiums or boardrooms.

They are won in quiet moments.

Moments when the soul decides not to surrender.

Moments when hope whispers,

"Continue."

Chapter 9

The Burden Of Vision

Dreams are beautiful.

But they are not light.

They carry weight.

The world celebrates dreamers after they succeed.

But while they are dreaming, the world often misunderstands them.

Vision can be lonely.

Not because others are cruel.

But because they cannot yet see what the dreamer sees.

And so the dreamer walks.

Sometimes with companions.

Sometimes alone.

Holding within his heart a future that exists nowhere except in imagination.

History is filled with such souls.

Noah building an ark before the rain.

Abraham following a voice toward an unseen land.

Artists painting what others could not yet appreciate.

Inventors imagining what others called impossible.

Musicians hearing melodies no one else could hear.

And perhaps every dream begins in loneliness.

For before a cathedral is built, it exists only in the mind of its architect.

Before a symphony is played, it exists only in the heart of the composer.

Before a community is transformed, it exists only in the soul of one who dares to believe.

There were times I questioned my own visions.

Times when criticism wounded.

Times when delays seemed unbearable.

Times when I wondered whether I had misunderstood everything.

Yet the dream remained.

Quietly.

Patiently.

Like a seed beneath winter snow.

Waiting.

Not demanding.

Simply waiting.

And through the years I began to understand something.

Perhaps God does not measure success as men do.

Perhaps Heaven keeps different records.

Perhaps greatness is not found in applause.

But in faithfulness.

Perhaps the true measure of a life is not how much one possesses.

But how deeply one loves.

Not how loudly one is praised.

But how faithfully one serves.

And perhaps every dream entrusted to us is simply an invitation.

An invitation to love.

An invitation to hope.

An invitation to continue.

For visions do not belong to those who receive them.

They belong to future generations.

They belong to children not yet born.

They belong to lonely souls waiting for hope.

They belong to humanity itself.

And somewhere beyond the horizon, beyond disappointment and delay, beyond triumph and failure, there remains a whisper.

Gentle.

Patient.

Persistent.

The same whisper that came upon a mountain.

The same whisper that has followed me all these years.

The whisper that says:

"Do not be afraid.

Continue.

The song is not finished."

And so I continued.

Not because I understood everything.

Not because the road was clear.

But because love itself seemed to be asking me to keep walking.

And somewhere ahead, though I could not yet see it, a new world was waiting to be born.

PART IV

A NUVO WORLD

Chapter 10

Imagine Becomes Reality

There comes a point in every vision where dreaming must touch the ground.

Where the invisible must become visible.

Where words must become action.

Where hope must take form in the hands of ordinary people.

For years I had carried a dream within me.

A dream of communities where no one is forgotten.

Where hunger is not accepted as normal.

Where loneliness is not ignored.

Where transportation, care, food, and support become expressions of love rather than privilege.

And I began to understand something essential.

If Heaven is to be more than poetry, it must become practice.

Not someday.

Not somewhere else.

But here.

Among us.

In neighbourhoods.

In cities.

In the everyday rhythms of human life.

And so the idea of A NuVo World was born—not as an escape from reality, but as a response to it.

A world where systems are redesigned around compassion.

Where technology is not feared, but guided.

Where innovation serves the human heart rather than replaces it.

Where the measure of success is not accumulation, but contribution.

And I began to see how small beginnings carry great futures.

A meal shared becomes a community table.

A table becomes a centre.

A centre becomes a way of life.

And a way of life becomes a movement.

Not by force.

But by love.

One act at a time.

One choice at a time.

One life at a time.

And slowly, what was once only imagined begins to take shape in the real world.

Chapter 11

The Economics of Love

For centuries, the world has been shaped by systems of exchange.

What is given.

What is received.

What is earned.

What is owned.

And yet beneath all economic systems, there has always been another economy quietly at work.

The economy of kindness.

Of generosity.

Of sacrifice.

Of love.

It is the economy that cannot be fully measured.

Cannot be fully controlled.

Cannot be fully contained.

And yet it is the one economy that has preserved humanity through its darkest hours.

A mother feeding a child when she has nothing left.

A stranger stopping to help another on the road.

A neighbour offering shelter in a storm.

A community gathering to rebuild after loss.

These are not transactions.

They are expressions of something deeper.

And perhaps a new world must learn to recognize this truth:

That love itself has value.

That service itself has worth.

That compassion itself is wealth.

In a NuVo World, abundance is not hoarded.

It is shared.

Technology does not isolate.

It connects.

Food is not a commodity of privilege.

It becomes a right of dignity.

Transportation is not a luxury.

It becomes a bridge between people.

And gradually, the question shifts.

From:

"What do I own?"

To:

"How do I serve?"

From:

"How do I get more?"

To:

"How do we ensure no one is left behind?"

This is not theory.

It is transformation.

It is the reordering of priorities.

It is the remembering of what has always been true.

That humanity was never meant to survive on competition alone.

But on compassion.

Chapter 12

The Technology of Compassion

Every generation inherits tools.

Some tools build.

Some tools divide.

Some tools heal.

Some tools harm.

And the question is never whether technology will shape humanity.

But whether humanity will shape its technology.

We live in a time of extraordinary capability.

Machines that learn.

Systems that connect the world in seconds.

Energy sources that can power entire cities.

Vehicles that move without drivers.

Intelligence that exists beyond human limitation in certain domains.

And yet the greatest question remains unresolved.

Not what can we build?

But what should we build for?

In a NuVo World, technology is not the master.

It is the servant.

It listens before it acts.

It supports before it replaces.

It connects before it isolates.

It heals before it profits.

Artificial intelligence becomes an extension of human compassion.

Transportation becomes a shared lifeline.

Energy becomes a common resource.

Communication becomes a bridge, not a barrier.

And innovation is measured not by how powerful it is, but by how many lives it lifts.

There is a future where machines do not diminish humanity.

But free humanity to become more fully human.

To care more deeply.

To create more freely.

To love more completely.

And in that future, the question is no longer whether progress is possible.

But whether we have the courage to align progress with love.

For without love, even the greatest systems become empty.

But with love, even the smallest act becomes eternal.

And so the vision continues.

From imagination.

To intention.

To action.

To reality.

And somewhere, just beyond the horizon of today, a world begins to take shape.

Quietly.

Steadily.

Irrevocably.

A NuVo World.

PART V

THE RETURN

Chapter 13

What It Means to Be Christ

Across the centuries, one word has carried more weight than almost any other.

Christ.

For some, it has been understood as a title.

For others, a mystery.

For others still, a calling.

And perhaps the greatest misunderstanding has been to reduce it to a single moment in history, rather than recognize it as a living expression of love within humanity itself.

What if “Christ” is not confined to one body in one time?

What if it is a spirit of awakening?

A consciousness of compassion.

A life so aligned with love that it becomes visible through action.

To be Christlike, then, is not to dominate.

Not to demand worship.

Not to stand above others.

But to stand with them.

To carry the burdens of others as if they were your own.

To heal rather than harm.

To forgive rather than condemn.

To restore rather than destroy.

And if this is so, then “the return” is not an event marked by spectacle.

It is a process unfolding in the human heart.

Every time hatred is replaced with mercy.

Every time division gives way to understanding.

Every time a life is lifted from despair into hope.

Something of that spirit returns.

Not as a single figure.

But as a living presence among people.

Chapter 14

Every Generation Receives the Torch

History does not belong to the powerful alone.

It belongs to those who carry light.

There have always been torchbearers.

Some named.

Many unknown.

Teachers who shaped minds.

Mothers who shaped souls.

Artists who shaped imagination.

Workers who shaped cities.

Dreamers who shaped possibility.

And voices that refused to let the world forget what love sounds like.

Among them are prophets, poets, and musicians.

Among them are those who sang of peace when the world sang of war.

Among them are those who believed in unity when the world insisted on separation.

And perhaps every generation receives such voices.

Not to replace one another.

But to continue a song already begun.

A song of compassion.

A song of justice.

A song of reconciliation.

A song that refuses to end.

John Lennon once imagined a world beyond borders and possessions.

Not as doctrine.

But as longing.

A glimpse of what humanity might become.

And whether one calls it prophecy or poetry, it still awakens something within us.

A memory of something not yet fully born.

And so the torch passes on.

From generation to generation.

From heart to heart.

From dreamer to dreamer.

Until one day, perhaps, humanity realizes that the torch was never carried by a few.

But placed within all.

Chapter 15

Imagine Again

There is a moment in every great journey when words become invitation.

When reflection becomes decision.

When vision becomes responsibility.

This is that moment.

If you can imagine a world without hunger, then imagine feeding someone.

If you can imagine a world without loneliness, then reach out to someone.

If you can imagine a world without division, then choose understanding over judgment.

If you can imagine a world transformed, then begin where you are.

For the future is never built in abstraction.

It is built in action.

In choices.

In communities.

In daily acts of courage and care.

Perhaps the greatest transformation of humanity will not come through revolution.

But through recognition.

Recognition that we belong to one another.

That no life is insignificant.

That every person carries value beyond measure.

And that love, when lived consistently, becomes unstoppable.

A NuVo World is not a distant idea.

It is a direction.

A way of reordering priorities.

A way of seeing people before systems.

A way of choosing compassion even when it is inconvenient.

And if enough people choose this way, then what was once imagined will no longer remain imagination.

It will become reality.

Epilogue

The Song Goes On

There are songs that end when the final note fades.

And there are songs that continue long after silence falls.

This is such a song.

It began long before us.

In ancient hopes.

In whispered prayers.

In the hearts of those who believed that love was stronger than fear.

It passed through prophets.

Through poets.

Through teachers and servants.

Through artists and musicians.

Through ordinary people doing extraordinary acts of kindness.

And it continues still.

In every act of compassion.

In every moment of forgiveness.

In every attempt to build something better than what came before.

Perhaps Heaven is not a place we travel to.

But a reality we participate in.

Perhaps the return is not something we wait for.

But something we live into.

And perhaps the greatest truth of all is this:

That love has never left.

It has simply been waiting.

Waiting to be chosen.

Waiting to be lived.

Waiting to be shared.

And so the song continues.

Quietly.

Powerfully.

Endlessly.

In you.

In me.

In us.

Imagine again.

And let it be so.

IMAGINE AGAIN

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N7ngGeZG6wM>

(A Song Inspired by "A NuVo World")

Verse 1

There was a whisper in the beginning
Before the cities rose from dust
A dream of hands that build together
A world born not of fear, but trust

We've walked through fire, we've crossed through
shadows
We've worn the weight of grief and strain
Yet still the heart keeps softly calling
To dream this broken world again

Pre-Chorus

And in the silence between our questions
A light begins to rise once more

Chorus

Imagine again... imagine again
A world where love is stronger than pain
Where no one stands alone in the dark
And every broken soul finds a spark
Imagine again... let kindness begin
Where every ending becomes a new wind
And what was lost is born once more
In the opening of every door
Imagine again

Verse 2

There was a voice from distant ages
There was a song in Liverpool air
There was a child who still believes in
A world that's honest, just, and fair

We are the echo of their longing
We are the answer yet to be
Every heart a burning candle
Every soul a possibility

Pre-Chorus

And every act of gentle courage
Becomes a seed in history

Chorus

Imagine again... imagine again
A table where the world sits in
No hunger pulling children down
No silence heavier than sound
Imagine again... let mercy remain
Let dignity break every chain
And what we thought could never be
Becomes the truth we choose to see
Imagine again

Bridge

It is not distant
It is not someday
It is the choice we make today

In every hand that lifts another
In every stranger called "my brother"
In every moment we forgive
We learn again what it means to live

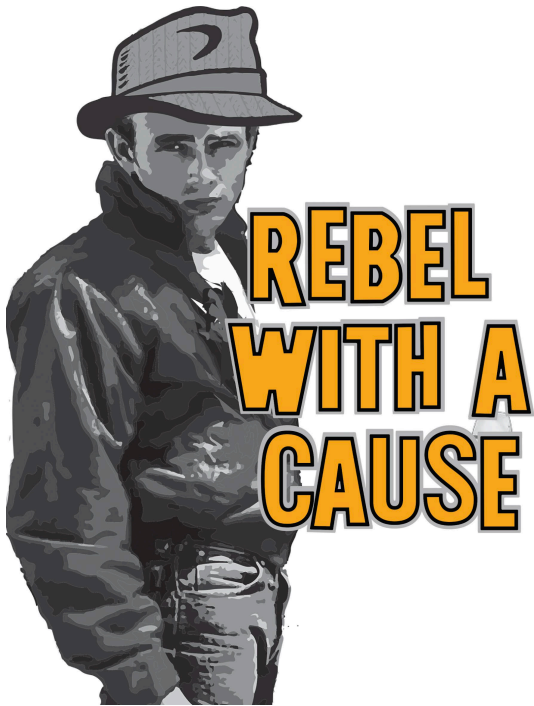
Final Chorus

Imagine again... imagine again
The world reborn through love and men
Through women who refuse to turn
From every lesson we must learn
Imagine again... let heaven begin
Not far away, but deep within
And every heartbeat becomes the song
That says together we belong
Imagine again

Outro

And if the night still lingers near us
And if the road is steep and long
We carry forward one another
Until the dark becomes the dawn

Imagine again...



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