

PASSION WEAK

Upon the altar of my heart
I cannot get a fire to start;
The wood is wet
So all I get
Is smoke.

I'm bored with life and all I see
Is pointless mediocrity
We moan, we sigh
And then we die
Alone.

But now this king upon a colt
Awakes my senses with a jolt;
If he's for real
Then he can heal
My heart.

He says his only aspiration
Is to ignite a conflagration,
Of flames of love
From fire above
In us.

"I came to earth to raise the dead."
"That would be me," I humbly said.
His look, his touch,
It meant so much
To me.

He gave his life upon a tree
So by his stripes I can be free
From guilt and shame,
O what a Name,
Is Jesus.

They buried him behind a stone
But he arose and took the throne
And with a shout
Poured Spirit out
For all.

The Spirit fell in holy fire
And lit in me a hot desire;
My heart's ablaze
And all my days
I burn.

And though it may be out of fashion
To be aflame with godly passion
I really must
Ignite, combust,
For him!

Pastor Stan