

Nightlights

Jimmy Needham

Be Thou exalted over my reputation
'Cause applause is a poor form of soul medication

And I've tried it for years but my symptoms remain
Still fretting the day that they'll misplace my name
Still selling my soul for American fame
Treating the promotion of Jesus like a well oiled machine
Advancing His kingdom just to snag some acclaim

Now, I'm both comforted and haunted that it isn't just me though
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I see a nation of people needing to feed their own egos
Parading status like steeples
Do we not know it's evil to love ourselves
More than both God and His people?

But see, here's where You turn this poem on it's head
'Cause the greatest among us came as servant instead
And You humbled Yourself to the point of Your death
Apparently love for the Father's glory runs red

So friends, will we point to the Son till our own flames grow dim?
Will our bright lights become merely night-lights near Him?
Words echo once, let them echo again
Be Thou exalted over my reputation