

No Other Gods

Wayne Watson

My temple is built on wood and of stone
Each space is filled with the things that I own
Idols and gods that call me to bow
I try to be free but there's no freedom now...No freedom now
The ones I hold dear--Those most precious to me
Some days I set them afloat on an indifferent sea
And these things in first place--They're worth nothing at all
At night in my dreams graven images call

And my gods won't let me sleep
And what a man sows that he will reap
I toss and turn at night
I've got places to go, got battles to fight
And my gods won't let me sleep...tonight
Ambitions once good--Once noble and pure
Now rule with a rod and I cannot endure
Those bonds I have forged with two will hands
They're not easily torn by the strength of a man
Chorus
No other gods before you--No other holy shrines
Oh, I want to sleep in peace when I lie down
All other voices calling
All of the hands that pull me
Call and demand allegiance to their crown

One day recently past, I spent several hours trying to restore
my
Reputation in a fellow man's eye. My anxiety lasted into the
Early hours of the morning. I realized that my reputation
(whatever there is of one) was ruling me from God's chair.
Things, not bad in themselves, can be relentless masters when p
ut
In the place of rule reserved for the Lord