

# No Other Gods

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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