

#68 The Human Race

Dear Lord, my God! What have you done?

Put us in a world to make us run

A race that never seems to end

With trouble lurking around every bend.

T
H
E

No matter how fast I run the race

I always get the nasty taste

Of bitter defeat at every turn

When I discover there's a new lesson yet to learn.

H
U
M
A
N

It seems just when I've passed the grade

I see another mistake that I just made.

It's like you change the next challenge I thought

I was ready to conquer, but your reigns just got taught

And turned my head for something different to seek.

It's only your way of keeping me meek

So I don't get too proud and haughty

And do or say something mean or naughty.

R
A
C
E

It's as though my race is through quick sand.

The harder I struggle, the deeper I land

In the muck and mire that makes me think

I'd better keep my eyes wide open and never blink.

That's a trick of the Devil to wear me out

So I'll get disgusted and start to pout,

Which only brings my thoughts inward

And makes me think I'm a big stinky turd!

It's here where you always bring me back in line

And tell me not to fuss and whine

And give me the power to deal and cope

Without having to turn to porn or dope!

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It breaks my heart because that's what I'd prefer
In my carnal nature to be the cure
Since I've used it so long to be the tool
To tell you you're not in charge...but I'm to rule!

T
H
E

I used it to bring me comfort from pain
But inside I really always wanted you to reign
Over my thought patterns that I knew led to death.
I thank God you kept me away from Meth.

H
U
M
A
N

Or any harder drug that would have made
The price must costlier that would have had to been paid
By Jesus, of course, but by me in this skin.
And not only me but also my kin;

Which are my sister and brothers, child, father and mother.
Not only this bloodline, but there is another;
My neighbors and friends and strangers on the street.
I know it would have changed the way I would greet.

R
A
C
E

Because sin never stops with only one soul.
It always spreads to make much higher the toll.
Did God put me here to burden the world?
NO! He used them so this man's soul would be pearled.

Like an oyster whose irritation God turns into a precious stone;

No man was put here to run the race alone!

We are God's **HUMAN RACE** and He's promised not to forsake
The least of His children and the price it would take

To conquer over death, which is the picture He shows;
That a seed must be buried and die before it comes back and grows

As a brand new creation God foreknew with an eternal life
With Jesus as the bridegroom and **each human** His wife!

It's the Devil that seeks to stone the heart.
To make the blind cause division: to say some must part
And go to a hell forever because the victory Christ did not win.
Oh LORD, please let all know - that's the **MINDSET OF SIN ! ! !**