

# Sweet Addiction

Did my Creator plant in me  
an inherent sacred longing?  
Have I, unaware, spurned God's love;  
chosen things of Satan's spawning?

Is this powerful urge divine?  
Could it guide me to my Saviour?  
Indulging 'flesh', have I transgressed,  
seeking worldly things to savour?

Wrong choices bring us mortals down:  
each forbidden fruit our poison.  
The smallest bite – barely a taste!  
Lethal case of soul erosion.

What if I would just choose Jesus,  
obedient to Him alone?  
What if I would make Him Master  
and crave only His cross and throne?

Perhaps, in time, this potent need  
could be channelled for only good?  
What homage to the King of kings:  
Christ's banner where once Satan stood!

A paradigm shift required  
to turn thoughts from death to living:  
to cast away the filthy things,  
not I, but, Jesus indwelling.

This endless 'pull' on human 'flesh' –  
my constant 'companions' from Hell –  
would tempt me do unlovely things:  
will I forget with Whom I dwell?

I mustn't think outrageous thoughts,  
for I serve a noble Master,  
Who stands with us against vile urge  
and saves the weak from disaster!

I know this too: the least of sins  
grieve God's Only Begotten Son.  
Nor does He slay the evil seen:  
our 'secrets' die before He's done.

All the while my LORD understands.  
Jesus was tempted, as am I.  
All the while He'd have me trust Him.  
"I'll do my best" I, doubtful, sigh

Still, false companions hang around  
just to entice and betray me!  
"Take them, Jesus, take everything!"  
Surrendering, at last, I'm free.

Unique pleasure and purest high;  
how satisfying to fulfill  
the better thing: sweet addiction –  
the need to know and do God's Will.

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