

4-7-06

The FIRE of God  
Vs.  
Coffin Religion

Jesus !!  
You come over he-a-r.....Boy!  
Siddown !!  
Shuddup!!  
Got it?.....Boy ? !

We's having us some  
CHURCH here  
And .....YOU  
You filthy dirty thing  
Hanging on that filthy dirty tree  
Are just  
NOT WELCOME

Now.....lissen, lissen  
To ME  
I gotta analyze you  
Psyche you out  
Study...study...STUDY  
And, some day  
(( boo hoo ))

some sweet sweet day  
in my heavenly home  
You'll finally find me WORTHY  
(( you monster you, so unkind  
so unforgiving  
punishing us  
with these b o o rrrrrr ing  
services ))

when we've SUFFERED enough  
(( SOB ))  
to earn our salvation  
then.....at last.....  
we'll be dEAD  
yes, dead and H a p p y

No matter what the Word says  
The day I praise the likes of you  
Is the day  
You climb off that stinking cross  
\*\*\*\* ICK \*\*\*\*

You'll never be worthy of MY sacred praises

No, I save `em  
For the likes of Michael Jackson  
Now, get oudda here !  
We's having CHURCH  
And dissecting.....endlessly  
(but not fully obeying)  
the Holy Bible

Don't mess us up  
With  
++the ===== t r u t h  
we all DEAD here  
because.....=====

only the dead  
Praise not the living God

Quick !!  
Drag out the coffins from storage  
We having church today  
And.....

If you see that Jesus  
Peeking around the corner  
Trying to bless someone  
Slam the door !!  
Lock Him out !!

We gotta have  
A few more hundred years  
Of our infallible  
FAT heads  
And study

Gimme the book  
But.....don't .....don't  
God!

Don't EVER confront my perfect self  
With the living God  
Because I KNOW BETTER  
Than His written Word  
{ { not like that dumb Peter.....  
I gotta degree or two or three ]]

Satan smiles  
His joy-less grin  
Blood dripping like Count Dracula  
Ah-ha !  
Gotcha !!  
Deceived God's own  
Into services  
Where He is not welcome  
And they come out sad, so sad

Not like that rotten  
Stinking Day of Pentecost

A I EEEE

I tore my own scales off that day

What misery !

To see Christians happy !

Never, never, never again

I and my servant

Martin Luther

Bathed the church in blood

Raped the innocent nuns

Set churches on fire

Executed monks

Man!.....

We set God's plan back

Two thousand years

Lousy Jesus

He'll never put one over on me

I'll get His people

To study Him

To death.....practically

And make the Holy Spirit

Seem c R a Z y (!)  
For anyone  
To be that happy in God

I'll discredit the carpenter's son yet  
Me, personally,  
I'll keep Him up on that cross  
And suffering.....for generations

Ha!

I'll get His people to call Him  
The very author of sickness

Yeah, they will praise someone ...allright

ME

They will praise me in hell  
Rivers of fire running up and down  
Their tormented bodies  
Because they refused to obey  
Their loser Lord

The devil oversaw his plans  
From one age of the earth  
To the next  
While the Lord of love,  
Ever a gentleman.....stood aside

And waited.....like an errant young man  
Beneath His beloved's window  
Tossing roses at her balcony  
Do you.....will you      EVER  
Believe I love you  
Love you enough to die for you  
Enough for you to praise me  
In gratitude?  
Is there more blood I can yet shed?

Or will you go on  
Holding services with me  
As the unwelcome guest  
To be seen  
But never, ever heard?

#### NEWS FLASH FROM HEAVEN

The Day of Pentecost  
Was NOT  
A funeral service  
Nor.....a glorified study hall  
Nor.....a holy social club  
Nor.....a dress up party  
Nor.....a holy costume ball  
With special walks and talks and gestures

Your building is NOT holy  
Your religion is NOT holy  
God is a living flame  
Demanding living sacrifices  
Of His people  
Not study bricks slammed on His sacred head

He was wounded by hate once  
Let's not wound Him again  
\*\*\*With indifference\*\*\*  
To His suffering  
And by ignoring  
His risen state

John the Baptist:  
He...He....HE will baptize you  
With the HOLY SPIRIT  
And FIRE

Fall into God's fire  
Or dry up  
On the desert of man's Finite Knowledge  
YOUR choice  
.....not His  
##

## The Cry of Jesus' Heart

Come . . . come with me  
Walk on the water  
of the supernatural

step OUT of the rotting boat . . .  
of dead religion  
full of eerie corpses  
of immortality  
child abuse  
drunkenness

Take my hand !  
I'm a stranger  
in my own paradise  
shut aside by man's vanity

+++ I died for you +++  
Won't you live to praise me?  
I sacrificed body & soul for you  
Can't you offer the lesser sacrifice  
\*\*\*of praise\*\*\*

Am I tolerated - (but not welcome)  
Am I liked - (but not adored)  
Am I to be studied - (but never loved)  
Do you worship that instrument of my torture  
sing to it, kiss its gnarly feet, cry over its un-loveliness  
(instead of me)

Welcome me in with your praises  
Adore me alone with your praises

Quit honoring the memory of  
the man from hell  
Martin Luther

And respect the wishes  
of the man from Heaven  
Jesus Christos  
the Alpha & Omega

Always the same  
Always Worthy of All Praise

Launch out . . .  
into God's priceless realm  
Ride the Milky Way  
Seize the tail of a comet

TRUST GOD'S WORDS  
( ( He's not a man that He should lie ) )

###

Lucifer (before the fall)

or

Star of the Morning

or

driving home from Bible school one night in my red

beater

or

the orange blossom express

I am a n c i e n t

I'm forty feet tall

with two sets of wings

r e a c h i n g far into the heavens

Taberets & pipes

jut cunningly

from my golden chest

different styles ..... for all music

I flow forth.....

achingly beautiful music

to fill all of heaven

All adulate me ((save One))  
All envy me ((save One))  
All sing my praise creations ((save One))  
All dance before me ((save One))

All golden

I put the very stars to shame  
My eyes as blue lightning  
blazing, dazzling

My skin is gold  
My hair..... an aureole  
of red-gold curls

Back & forth  
Back & forth  
amongst the stones of fire  
burning with beauty  
yet.....not burnt up

innumerable

the many.....on the sea of glass  
like a sea of blue white ice  
folded wings  
faces down  
in obeisance ..... to me  
( & the One)

Come with me, my beautiful creature  
I have plans for you  
This time.....  
something new

Let all the stars of the heavens  
shout for joy  
create a new song for me  
one for each new creation  
for each blade of grass

I speak My Word  
I send my Holy Spirit  
you create an atmosphere  
of praise

Let the heavens rejoice !!

The earth  
& all its wonders  
is being birthed

As the angels sang & danced  
the atmosphere  
saturated with sweet praise  
so all creation was shouted down  
in "Theos"  
in God  
in Love

I watched.....  
I participated.....  
((He never could have done it without me))  
My glory was like unto His  
(( was, was, oh, so was !!! ))

As many eyes turned to mine  
I beguiled  
with sweet words  
& flattering phrases  
##