

Prodigal

The devil thinks he owns you
Yet little does he know
God purposed him to become
your greatest enemy and foe

Convincing you that your life
was selfishly your own
Leaving those who loved you most of all
forsaken and alone

To embrace a world boxed in darkness,
reaping fruit rotted within
Not seeing the demise of your own heart
waxing cold through prideful sin

Certain what you're doing
was always meant to be
Believing who you are,
scales, a lie you cannot see

Rejecting the helpless as you eat
from the table of your own desire
Not knowing one day soon
what matters not, consumed by fire

The consequence of action
will become your greatest trial
Burning away all the unclean
Purifying what is defiled

You're the reason for Gods mercy
For the scales are not your own
But were placed upon you,
a deception planned so very long ago

Come home now Prodigal
and eat from the tree of life
Let go of what you hold so dear
Mammon, pride, and strife

Your Father waits so patiently
White robe, signet ring in hand
Longing to wash you clean and cloth you
To embrace you once again

You belong to your Father,
O precious child of God
Be renewed in faith and love,
He'll burn away all that is flawed

Embrace all you were meant to be
Who you truly are
For the one who made you
also made every galaxy & star

What satan tried to steal from you,
so you would never know,
is the kingdom of God surely dwells in you
a light of creation, waiting to glow

Your Father will reveal to you,
your true identity
He'll restore the only truth
Bringing peace and serenity

Prodigal one, time to come home,
the fruit of your tree is spent
Surrender now and be received
Heart positioned to repent