

Watson Wayne, No Other Gods

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Isaiah 29:13/Jeremiah 51:17-18/Exodus 20:3

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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 put
in the place of rule reserved for the Lord.