

## MEMO FROM HELL



Early one morning I came home a little too late,  
 Blood soaked hands wiped the cobwebs from my face.  
 I had went about my day in the usual way,  
 Shivering from the cold with no place to stay.  
 So I fisted the air and thumbed a ride,  
 I got picked up by a man named Pride.  
 His smile lied and he asked for my name;  
 Then he raped me and introduced me to Shame.  
 I ended up in the dumpster with Gluttony and Despair.  
 As my belly thickened I needed new clothes to wear,  
 So I told Covet my problem and he hoarded all my gold.  
 "Trust me" he said, "I'll keep you from the cold"  
 He exploited my body, increased my profits tenfold,  
 But when I reached into my pockets I found an empty soul.  
 A better worker was my neighbor, whom Envy and I  
 bickered about;  
 We ruined his reputation, the likes he we could do without.  
 Our words were heard by Slander, he took the man down.  
 Proud of the job I'd done, I smiled on his frown;  
 'Cause my friend was Sloth, that's how I beat that man.  
 Soon I fell in lust with Flesh, that sweet thing took  
 my hand,  
 My nights became my lunch hours as I starved even more;  
 I still gave that thing a raise 'cause it's my favorite whore.  
 But now there's no place left to sleep and there is no one  
 by my side.

No matter how I shun God's glory, there's no place  
left to hide.  
I wrote this note for you, man, in case you learn from me;  
The pain here lasts forever, for all of eternity.  
So go now fill your heart! Instead of just your pockets.  
Live your life with Wisdom, not just empty knowledge.  
Go! By Jesus' light you'll see, His Spirit be your guidance,  
Look to Heaven for your dreams, the Father gives mercy,  
providence!  
For throughout this night I close my eyes and silently hold  
out my thumb,  
And shiver still in numb surprise, that Death does  
refuse to come.

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## BEASTMASTER

The unrest; the weary soul of I.  
The demonic float and flutter by.  
From pain and fury comfort finds  
Morphine in the veins of compromise.  
Emotion is a wild stallion not bought nor sold;  
Take the passion, take power, take control!  
For tranquility darts lukewarm the Name,  
The failure learned beast master ignites a flame.  
We are ravished fools some would have committed!  
Yet others believe only the committed are permitted  
Into the garden where grows purity peace;  
Not just temporary feel good release.  
Cultivate in you what the Spirit's been sowing:  
Feed the beast purity, from the fruit God is growing.