

Messiah

Beautiful Eulogy

I can't always rely on my desires
But I treat them like the Messiah
I can't always rely on my desires
But I treat them like the Messiah

Whatever it is that gives that feeling that we can't live without
The joys we try to get that only God can give we highly doubt
What allures and arouses the heart we can't figure out
But it's the quickest way to account for what we prize
And are most proud about
These "gods" make promises but always lie to us
The kind of lies that says they'll keep us safe and satisfy us
We blame the lies outside of us
But it's the lie that lies inside that captures the depth of desires and false messiahs
We seek pleasure in anything, we overestimate everything
Endlessly trusting in empty entities
Secretly searching for anything in moments of blessing
While exiting edicts of Eden over our ecstasy
When a good God gives good gifts we generally tend to twist the list
And take the list of good gifts that God tends to give and make general "goods" out of gifts
I suppose what exposes the worship in most of us
Is a close look at most of our thoughts, fears, and emotions

No matter what I do
I can't ever make it last
I just repeat my past
I'm so broken
So much I thought I knew
All the things that I pursued
I'm worse off than before

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The saddest fact is that I search for satisfaction
As if I lack it when in fact I lack nothing
That's the reason for my lackluster prayer life
And my lust for distractions, it's so easy to see in hindsight
I must confess it's the mess I acknowledge when I'm
Stalling on my responsibilities and don't apologize, but make excuses
Like my physical exhaustion is a license for narcissism
And speaking recklessly without caution
I often wonder, why I'm so awkward in conversations
Wishing I could switch places, envious of others
But my envy is a reflex of my ignorance
Cause I don't know the details of their daily existence
I just assume the weight I carry is the heaviest
But I've never been a heavyweight
My legs get heavy when I wait
Hope deferred so I prefer the immediate
And exchange the true God for what seems more expedient
It's meaningless

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Help us not be haste when it comes to temporal blessings
And always see them for what they're actually meant to be
A mere extension of Your love and kindness
Extended to an undeserved humanity
Help us not see greater value in the gifts You give
And not become distracted from their intended desires
May we regard the world and all that is in it
As nothing compared to the satisfaction of knowing
Our Messiah