

DRUGS

Drugs are a teacher who's very soft and loud:

"Hey, what's the harm of play?"

"Just do it . . . it's okay!"

Drugs are a preacher who humbly pouts so proud:

"Hey, I'm just being me . . ."

"Why can't they let me be?"

Who can deny it's a thrill of the will?

"I am as cool as I seem!"

Why the regrets at the chill of its thrill?

"Am I the fool of a dream?"

Drugs make a bargain that babbles in your head:

"Hey, later . . . not just now."

"But I'll get by somehow . . ."

Drugs fake the jargon that jokes until you're dead:

"What's there to fear today?"

"No danger's in the way . . ."

Who can deny it feels better to fly?

"I am a star in the show!"

What do you find falling off from so high?

"Life is 'the pits' here below!"

Drugs sing a sermon to mingle lies and truth:

"Society is wrong!"

"Why should I play along?"

Drugs bring a demon to mangle cries of youth:

"Is life no more than this?"

"Let's hurry not to miss!"

Who can convince you to slow to a stop?

"Just let me be on my own!"

Who will pick up all the pieces you drop?

"I'll take my chances alone . . ."

Drugs are a thriller that leaves you less and less:

“I just can’t get enough . . .”

“I need some stronger stuff . . .”

Drugs are a killer that grieves you to confess:

“I blew it, what a break!”

“There’s guilt I just can’t shake . . .”

Where is the love that you’re drowning in dope?

“I feel like dying inside . . .”

Why don’t you pray and stop frowning at hope?

“I just can’t give up my pride!”

Drugs are a master you thought you could control:

“But now I’m like a slave!”

“It’s got me till the grave!”

Drugs are disaster, but God can make you whole:

“I’m wasted, God, and lost . . .”

“Bring back the faith I tossed!”

When will you yield up your soul to His will?

“Jesus, come into my heart . . .”

A chance to be healed, for His Spirit to fill:

“God, how I need a new start!”

— *David L. Hatton, 8/9/1992*