

by khensi nketane poetry and balladry

He Made A Way

When He expelled his final breathe and died criminals death Did you not hear that He said "it is finished"

King Jesus in His sacrifice saved your life and mine He tore the veil that had separated us from the Divine

you see where the destruction of sin had created an abyss He built a bridge this is love personified, it is love actualised And He wants to save your life

don't be like a prisoner awaiting execution; you have been acquitted friend, if you are wearing grave clothes, He gifts you with Holy robes your crimson rags He exchanges a garment as white as snow

the trouble is that you have Stockholms syndrome an ironclad grip on your life; holding on so that you will make it through the night

clinging to the devils lies you are enslaved by a master whose power is reduced to nought do you not understand that your freedom has been bought

where condemnation whispers that you don't need God, that you perhaps are too far gone

To the secret place you must abscond Step into the light, then we will see where the father of lies will try to hide

The Golden Calf

it may not be a golden calf
but it is betrayal in the eyes of God
undeserved worship to something that cannot behold your praise
that throne is reserved only for the One who left his own
life in the heavens exchanged for the carpenter's trade

you see we were once enslaved
captive and bound to sin
but my God is mighty to save
and if I believe in Jesus, I believe that my life is no longer my own
bought with a price; the gift of eternal life

so, then what is this plight?

it is the treasure of the world that knocks outside your door it happened in Eden the aim is to lure your heart away far, far from Heavens gates

if you don't believe me, think of the Exodus from Egypt
a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night
Quail and Mamma from the skies
God was with them, He had saved them
but the one they saw deserving of their praise was the product of their own hands;
crafted with gold that forms Heavens cobblestones

see they didn't think it but they were shackled once more

Oh, to be Enthralled

I want to be Enthralled
the day of the Lord will come like a thief in the night
Jesus would I be one who awaits you with my lamppost on, fire burning bright
Lord would I wait for You with bated breathe
heart beating, burning, yearning for You
on that day would it be true that I have lived for You
counted it all as garbage for the priceless knowledge of You

King of Majesty, You are seated in the most glorious of throne rooms but Your heart is set of mankind

for whom You sent Your son to die and ransom our lives You are the most glorious of all- lacking nothing yet in perpetual pursuit of mankind

it is miraculous that you graft me into the vine
see me and breathe "mine"
so would You open my eyes to see You
even for that I am reliant on You
to see You rightly, know You deeply
Father so that I might catch Your gaze, be enthralled
And never look away

The Way, Truth & the Life

we live in a culture of subjective truths emotions are fact, our lenses askew no fleshly desire is subdued instead, a wicked purpose is pursued

you can read all about it in the book of Jude

we are taught told that we must forge our own way; that independence will save us from stagnating decay anything but to acknowledge that He is the Way

the reality is that the wages of sin is death
no pulse, no heartbeat, or breathe
that is what the freedom of the world affords
destruction of your own accord
what does it profit a man to gain the whole world yet forfeit his soul?

but the Good News is Jesus has defeated the grave and in doing so actualised the Great Exchange sin for righteousness; darkness for light

then you will know the truth and the truth will set you free
do not be deceived
this is not a truth for us to conjure up or manufacture
it is in the person of Jesus; not own your character
my truth matters until I realise that it's not about me
to follow Him is to crucify our desires to the cross and to share in His suffering
to live a surrendered life until the Spirit and the Bride say come
until we are one

Jesus the Way, the Truth and the Life

God Has Not Forgotten You

Charles Spurgeon once said "He who counts the stars and calls them by their names is in no danger of forgetting His own children"

when you were being formed in your mothers womb,
still a secret He knew you
Supreme in His knowledge of all the days allotted you,
He recorded them before they even began
He knows the number of hairs on your head
knows the words on your tongue before they're even spoken

for the one who feels forgotten by God be reminded that you knows you deeply, all of your intricacies and loves you relentlessly despite your duplicity

the authors of Ephesians write that God can accomplish infinitely more than what you could ask for and exceedingly more than what you could think

He won't only satisfy but will rival even your wildest of dreams

while you wait remember that you only see in part while He sees in full
His ways and thoughts higher than yours
amidst the doubt He is making it beautiful
His hands masterful, His love incomprehensible
step boldly into the throne room of the Lord hosts, and in beholding Him
remember that He is set apart, nothing like you've ever seen before
capable of more than you have asked for