

New Psalm 15

I write these words to God and him alone
Surveyor of my soul, my prince of peace
Who pours his blessings on my troubled soul
and grants forgiveness for my heart's release

I've written poems for a woman's love
I've written verse to stir the minds of men
I've written lines so that all who may read
will think I am a master of this pen

But just for now, I dedicate this page
to my creator, he who formed my life
He who's grace and mercy I entreat
to ease my tribulation, stress and strife

A thousand pages could not hold the joy
I feel when I dwell on what I've received
Ten thousand notebooks never could contain
The peace he gives to those who do believe

Who could drop a verse tighter than God?
Who could write a rhyme to match his skill?
Who could rock a crowd like our Allah?
Who but God could write bars of free will?

I know no other spirit with his grace
He penetrates from flesh right through to bone
Surveyor of my soul, my prince of peace
I write these words to God and him alone