

# Clever Clever

## Description

Are we so clever, clever,  
that we need not find the way?  
Ought we not to read a letter  
that warns us, "Cast sin away!"?

Sinner wait – don't close your ears to us!  
Contemplate – are you really good and glorious?  
Meditate – are you free from all that's spurious?  
Choose your fate – live or die, love or hate

Think of those closest to you;  
have you loved them as you should?  
Have you not too often hurt them?  
Would you not change if you could?

Sinner wait – don't close your ears to us!  
Contemplate – are you really good and glorious?  
Let's get it straight – our characters are downright spurious!  
Choose your fate – live or die, love or hate

What you need is not a bailout  
but a change in your heart  
As to how you may obtain it  
listening's a perfect start

(listening's a perfect start)

Most people have limits for what they will do  
Lines they won't cross – wrongs they can't gloss

Murder – unthinkable  
To steal – too far  
But to lie may be drinkable  
If God will be blinkable  
And conscience can take the scar

O, that scar of guilt  
Do you think that's the only price to pay?  
It's just the down payment  
the cloak, the raiment

A quilt for char  
Yes, silt and tar within will mar your morality  
and wilt your uncrossable line

In truth, to sin is never benign  
Its malignancy can't be confined  
It hurts others; its effect smothers down the line

Little white lying  
Boasting and prying  
Gossip and grandeur  
Laziness, pander  
Thinking of me  
Thinking for you  
Suspicion, inquisition  
Superstition, each stupored decision  
Ghosting then sighing  
Belittlement, vying

No wonder there's crying

So long as we continue to indulge in the pseudo-satisfaction that comes with giving in to impulse and fleshly desire, we will be part of perpetuating the suffering of this world. It doesn't have to be this way. We're not "only human" – we're human, and we can choose.

Who you are is not what you think  
You are not your past  
You are not your feelings  
You are not your fears  
You are not your friends  
Who you are is who you choose to be  
What you choose to do  
Now

You have limits for what you will do  
Lines you won't cross – wrongs you can't gloss

But where will you draw your line?  
How much malignancy is fine?

Just as you are convinced that its never an option to murder  
And its never worth it to steal  
Can't you see that its never worth it to sin at all?

A determination is what you have to make  
Consider each day what is at stake  
Its never worth it to do one wrong  
Determine to sing pure the overcomer's song

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