

Freedom

Truly, there is no dark spot in me
I am pure, I'm cleansed, I'm free
The shame I've felt surrounding me
Has been for naught, there's no blemish on me
My gown is white and pressed and clean
Yet somehow I'm afraid of the unseen
Of what once was but is now gone
Still I treat it as if it has remained all along
My stains have not been covered with a patch
Or even dyed white to try to make them match
No, as for truth, they are no more
And my dress is the same as it was before
Before my own sin, before the fall of man
Before this whole sinful nature thing even began
I'm back in the garden, looking at the tree
And as for me, I've made the choice that I'm not going to eat, give in, listen to the lies
Of not good enough
Or just good enough
That something else is out there
That I'd be better if I were tough
No, the truth is that I am completely and wholly me
I've been changed, I've been turned, I've been redeemed, set free
So the things of the past, they do not control
As in His eyes, they are no more
And who defines reality for me?
I'll let that be God
And He's let me be free.