

## “Hark Not the Beats”

Dark is the *enemy* of souls  
who tries to *invade* each soul.  
His goal is to steal our peace and joy.  
While Christ redeems to restore,  
Satan deems to destroy,  
playing with each mind as a toy.

Are we succumbing to his ploy?

One way he invades is through *music* –  
a tool the devil very well does know.  
Formerly, Heaven's *director* of music,  
now a fallen angel, a wily foe.

Trust me, his works have  
brought me so much woe.

As a child, it struck  
my heart of innocence.

As a teen, it helped  
to sear my conscience.

As a young adult,  
his indwelling rebellion was torture.

But when I met Christ  
whose power was even *stronger*,  
wicked spirits could then linger no longer.

For years, I then heeded the *Holy* Spirit's voice,  
allowing *Him* to guide each music choice.

Wishing to 'never surrender' in this war,  
my soul, freed from Satan, began to soar,

till he couldn't take my  
faithfulness to God anymore.

Suggesting to me a secular song,  
I listened, knowing it was wrong,  
which gave its writer, Lucifer,  
access to my mind.

Thus, in a bind  
myself I soon did find,

as if I were paralyzed,  
mute, deaf, and blind.

Certain that I'd never even  
*think* a certain way,  
my thoughts became corrupt,  
and more so each day.  
Never imagining I'd lie,  
*knowingly* at least,  
I now know why  
'fibs' *flowingly* increased.

I was slowly-but-surely  
'subtly' controlled by the beast.

Invited where I didn't want to go, I went.  
Instead of saying No, no comment.  
Wishing not to watch, I gazed unfazed.  
Fewer and fewer protests were raised.

Confused, I was no longer me, but dazed.

As each truth was banished,  
strength and integrity vanished,  
fulfilling the enemy's aim –  
his victory being my shame –  
a helpless pawn in his cruel, vindictive game.

until I called on Jesus' powerful name.

I share not to scare but advise.  
Beware “the music snare”  
of the father of lies.

Or his mind you'll find *you* start to reflect,  
doing and saying what *you'd* never expect.

Our choices must not go unchecked.

The final test is coming.  
Whom will we be worshiping?  
Accepting what is *heavenly*,  
let's lay aside what's *worldly*.

Paradise is worth *any* price most certainly.

Hark not the devil's hellish beats  
to resist receiving the “mark of the beast.”  
His tyrannical reign will soon cease;  
our hope and joy will return, and *increase*,  
victorious as we seek  
Heaven's holiness and peace.