

# Sin

*His own iniquities will capture the wicked,  
and he will be held with the cords of his sin.  
Proverbs 5:22*

Sin!

Like a spider deftly weaving  
Glittering gossamers of gold;  
With its subtle wiles intriguing  
Thoughtless souls of young and old;  
How it charms them!  
While its fatal nets take hold.

Sin!

Its awful degradation  
Dragging down the hearts of men;  
Stripping off all reservation;  
Bringing filth and violence in.  
Unrelenting!  
Who can stay the power of sin?

Sin!

Its heavy footprint graving  
Paths of misery and woe;  
Carving out its dread depraving;  
Etching anguish on the soul.  
Scars of violence  
Mar this globe from pole to pole.

Sin!

Its wildest culmination  
In Golgotha's awful place,  
Made its darkest perpetration  
On the God of love and grace.  
There my Savior  
Met sin's folly face to face.

Sin!

The sting of death was broken  
By the Man of Calvary.  
Christ the risen Lord has spoken,  
"And the Truth shall make you free."  
Praise the Savior!  
Who has conquered sin for me.

*Bud Morris*

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