

# Precious Cargo From Above

A gift from heaven above.  
Delivered to the earth in love.  
Precious in the belly of the womb.  
Resurrected from hell's tomb.  
Gave up the ghost from the cross.  
Came to earth to save the lost.  
Died to set captives free.  
Died to save a wretch like me.  
Born in love from the stars above.  
Set sinners free in perfect love.  
This is God this Man is King.  
This man born of Spirit made angels sing.  
This man lowly and meek.  
Set on a donkey to the judgment seat.  
He is LORD King and High Priest.  
We look forward to the Judgment and feast.  
Will you bear wedding clothes for this beloved God?  
With eyes aflame on a white horse with iron rod.  
He is LORD and King over all.  
To raise the beggar and smash giants so tall.  
Remember I am yours next to you I fell.  
One helped bear the cross on your trip to hell.  
And another begged the body to be released.  
My friend I am yours and you set me free.

Written by a man who made great sacrifices a no one with love for a King. Someone who was lost born in sin and spent great cost in serving the Almighty GOD. Someone who cares for God and learned of Satan's many lies. A beggar rescued from the dunghill to many a great surprise. To exhalt Him who would be KING! Do you have Precious Cargo in your heart that makes the angels sing? Do you worship idols or the man in the mirror driving chariots of iron with stickers saying, "No Fear!" Perhaps its Sunday an hour a week, trying to escape judgment by destroying the meek, what idol do you seek? Is it land, a precious name, or do you strike fist at GOD as if he is the blame? I know I will never be a leader or a wise man, but I know my GOD and KING the Great I AM. Not many seem to care though the worshippers of GOD are everywhere. I wonder are we truly friends of GOD, my songs as tithes trashed in prayer boxes as church crowds of congregations quickly applaud. As gold dust rains from heaven above remember even pharoahs majicians lie and call it GOD's love. If you want a change of pace all the poetry and writings are gifts so escape the life trapped in riches fast race.

<http://www.bible-heaven.com>

FROM PRISON TO THE PALACE

DALE LEE GORDON