

# Heaven Rules

Blair Linne

A ruler—a smooth edged strip used for measuring.  
A ruler—one possessing supreme power to reign.

Trouble when  
We call ourselves rulers.  
Use a broken stick as a measure.  
Think finite minds can gauge the scope  
Delineate things of infinite scale.

When ego is our compass.  
Leading us to our own cardinal points.  
Pointing us away from heaven.  
Back to the foolish. The flesh. The fallen. The fruitless.

Believe that man can inflate into supreme power  
Without imploding under the weight of mortality  
—when there is no humility.

God gives us an inch and we smile.  
And demand a mile.  
Inching our feet further away from Yahweh.  
As though we can run from the One who runs it all.

And when in our heart we search for another king.  
Another queen. Another being.  
To take the throne.  
Look in the mirror to find our twin  
A looking glass that's a reflection of our sin  
Because our stained glass is too blemished to want to hear from and  
behold Him.

We want to rule our temple.  
We want to be the measuring tool.  
Have control of our own soul.  
Despite the fact that we can't even keep our heart beating.  
Can't even live up to our own moral standards.  
We need help from above.

Governing from One who is preeminent and supreme.  
Unsurpassed. Holy. King of Kings.  
The Cause. The Just. A Benevolent being.  
The standard is a person  
—The Creator who is overseeing.  
Makes us aware of His measure for our well being.

Didn't come to condemn or shame us.  
Came to redeem and reign over us.  
Change us. Save us.  
Rearrange our dangerous estrangedness  
For His gracious purposes through His faithful gift.

His pain, paid for this great exchange  
Union with our leader.  
Like Gomer we wander  
But Hosea still goes out to meet her. Keeps her.

Twisted his body into a bloody bow  
So may we bow.  
Although we roam away from home,  
The King pursues us, now!

Displays through the heights, length, depth of love  
So we can see, through His decree  
There is One who reigns supreme.  
We are not God. We are in need

Of a perfect ruler.  
The Woman's Seed.  
Let him lead  
Since, Heaven Rules