AN INVITATION

Why not take the high road?
We press the point anew
Why not know the grand life
Which God has promised you?

Why not leave the low road
Where dreams and visions die?
Why slither through the mud flats?
The soul was made to fly.

The high road is a runway
From whence the heart may soar,
Upon the wings of purpose
Where failure is no more.

The low road is but swamp land
Where snakes and lizards thrive,
It leads but to the tar pits
And who shall there survive?

The low road has the white stuff
That steals away the brain.
The low road has the dark things,
It's Satan's grim terrain.

He welcomes you to darkness And hisses when he smiles. He sees you as another To poison with his wiles.

The high road is Jehovah's
And He invites His own
To mount the golden stairway
To meet Him at His throne.

To claim then there the great prize
Bestowed in boundless love
To those who take the high road
To dwell with Him above.

So, while you may, resign this, This life of grief and shame. Salute another Captain, Embrace another name.

Come join us on the high road Where light shines all the way. Then soon we shall behold it, That land of perfect day.