

The Box

By Mark Edgemon

I once lived in...a little, dark box
A box secured...with three little locks
Where I was put inside...to protect me from all that had died
Outside...the little, dark box

I slept in pain...on a bed of rocks
Which lined the bottom...of the little, dark box
I would loved to have slept...but my soul had to be kept
Protected...inside the little, dark box

Time passed slow, then fast...in the little, dark box
Where I suffered a lot...from a lot of hard knocks
I grew a callus of disregard, for my sufferings, which were hard
Ever deeper inside...the little, dark box

I was in pain inside...my little, dark box
Where life was explained...while putting on my socks
There was trouble ahead...just as God had said
So I feared...inside the little, dark box

Forty years had passed...inside the little, dark box
Then one lock gave way...and it was unlocked
It was faith in the Truth, I now understand...and no faith in man
That unlocked one lock...outside the little, dark box

A second lock came undone...outside the little, dark box
It just wouldn't stay...it just fell away, like the other lock
It is God who makes the plans...and puts them in my hands
Which I now understand...inside the little, dark box

The third lock left just as fast...outside the little, dark box
It had rusted through and was gone...just like the other locks
It was devotion to my Creator, that rusted it away...that caused the last lock, to decay
And now the box was no longer locked, as I sat inside...the little, dark box

Suddenly, the box fell opened...on all sides
It was time to emerge...there was no need to hide
I could now represent my Creator's interest...while still in His Rest

Which is the way that is best...but what about the box

**The box was for my own good...or I would be living as the dead
Just like most of the world, the way God had said
The wisdom of God, flows through my mind...and many other gifts, I find
Are now inside me, where I do not miss...the little, dark box**

**I could have broken out of...the little, dark box
I could have busted through...the three little locks
But it is better to be in pain...and labor in Truth to gain
My oneness with God, forever outside...the now opened, no longer box**

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