

The Wicked In Their Bed

By Mark Edgemon

The wicked in their bed
Which is where they belong
And they should have been put there
For the longest of longs

The righteous rejoice
When the wicked are in bed
They rejoice even more
When they're dead

Do you think there should be pity
When the wicked are struck down
When the wicked are buried
Six feet under ground

Death comes to us all
The righteous and the damned
It's just that hell
Is where the wicked are slammed

And for all their glory
And prideful boasting
They are flung into the abyss
Where Satan...is hosting

What works they accomplished
Before the grave
Could not, one little bit
Their soul save

Their bodies they pampered
And scrumptiously fed
But never sought God
The way their spirits were led

And soon, their bodies decayed
Looking like stale molasses
Covered over with dirt
That will grow, three types of grasses

They planted seeds of evil self
Until they died

Now, they are seeds themselves
Because they lied

Telling lies to their mind and soul
Forcing their heart to receive it
So they might convince the world
In hopes, they might deceive it

But whatever they did
They did in vain
They did it until
They went insane

Maybe not on the outside
Where it can be seen
But on the inside
Where they are mean

But the grief of loss
Gives way to birth
In hopes the next child
Will know his worth

And so, the spiritual balance
Of good and evil
Cannot be sustained
Without the wicked's upheaval

You reap what you sow
That's what He said
And if you are wicked
You'll reap yours...in bed

They don't call it, the vicious cycle...
For nothing!