# Nightlights

## Chughead

Be Thou exalted over my reputation,
'Cause applause is a poor form of soul medication.
And I've tried it for years, but my symptoms remain:
Still fretting the day that they'll misplace my name,
Still selling my soul for American fame.
Treating the promotion of Jesus like a well oiled machine,
Advancing His kingdom just to snag some acclaim.
Now, I'm both comforted and haunted that it isn't just me though.
I see a nation of people needing to feed their own egos,

Parading status like steeples.
Do we not know it's evil to love ourselves more than both God and His people?
But see, here's where you turn this poem on it's head,
'Cause the greatest among us came as servant instead,
And You humbled Yourself to the point of Your death.
Apparently love for the Father's glory runs red.
So friends, will we point to the Son till our own flames grow dim?
Will our bright lights become merely night-lights near Him?
Words echo once, let them echo again:
Be Thou exalted over my reputation.

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