

SPIRITUAL EYES



MALCOLM COTTON

SPIRITUAL EYES

I keep asking that the God
of our Lord Jesus Christ,
the glorious Father,
may give you the Spirit of wisdom and
revelation, so that you may know Him better.
I pray also that the
eyes of your heart may be enlightened
in order that you may know His
inheritance in the saints, and the incomparably great power for us who believe.
(Ephesians 1:18-19)

My prayer for you as you read these poems is that the truth of the Gospel of the
Kingdom of God is revealed to you, and your eyes are opened to the unlimited
blessings of being a believer saved by grace.

CONTENTS

Spiritual Eyes	2	Living Water	12
Kingdoms of Clay	3	Joshua	13
Extremities	4	Melissa, child of God	13
Fruit of the Womb	6	The God of all Comfort	14
Spirit and Truth	6	Strength in Weakness	14
The Privilege of Prayer	7	The love of Money	15
To my Unborn Baby	9	The Love of God	16
Abide in Me	9	Helpless Babe	17
The Empty Noose	10	Fifteen	18

© 2014 Malcolm Cotton
28 Waratah Court
12-14 Waratah St
Mona Vale
NSW 2103

www.malcolmcotton.com.au

SPIRITUAL EYES

Look around, what do you see?
The natural things, they speak of Me;
 all created by My hand;
the trees, the bees, the seas, the land.
People passing down the street,
are all unique from hands to feet;
 each one precious in My sight,
 for all I make, I make it right.

Why won't My people listen;
 why do they act so blind?
Their ears are hard of hearing,
their hearts are far from Mine.
 Not only did I give them,
 two eyes to see the world;
but hearts with eyes for vision,
 to see the world unfurled.
These eyes will see the sorrow,
 behind a hurting smile;
they'll see a heart that's breaking,
 behind behaviour wild.

These eyes can see the future,
and look back through the past;
 they see salvation coming,
 with life that surely lasts.
Evil and the good they see,
discerning right from wrong;
 looking to the very heart,
they see for what you long.
Wake up you sleepy people,
 the enemy's at hand;
 open up your other eyes,
 obey the Lord's command!
Love each other as I loved,
and bear their burdens too;
use your eyes to see the need,
then help them ride it through.
I used these eyes to follow;
 My Father's every move,
 not judging by the natural,
 but what I saw Him do.
 I saw a demon causing,
 a boy fall in the fire;
 I saw the sins of nations,
 reaching ever higher.
My eyes have looked in victory,

upon a bloody cross;
seen Hell and death defeated,
and now I see the lost.
To those whose ears will listen,
and those whose eyes will see;
I give to you the nations,
to lead them all to Me.

KINGDOMS OF CLAY

The Kingdoms of this world will rise and fall,
the Princes are laid low that once stood tall;
an enemy will conquer, another takes its place,
The pattern hasn't altered, it's just another face;

A statue shining bright under the sun,
is worshipped under pressure from the one.
Submit or suffer torture,
"I am the only way";
bow down and kiss the image,
or you'll have hell to pay.

From Babylon 'till now it's all the same,
it's all about corruption, power to gain.
From Canberra to the Whitehouse,
no matter who's in power;
control is the agenda,
its government gone sour.

Despite the tireless work of honest men,
the spirit of this world it hems them in.
The battle in the natural,
is lost before we start;
unless we see the answer,
lies deep within our heart.

Another Kingdom's come to take its place,
but this one is from God and full of grace.
It smashes down the idols,
and will not pass away;
it turns the deepest darkness,
into the light of day.

Yes, God has sent His Son to save us all;
all those who won't believe will surely fall.
Jesus is the Prince of Peace,

who came to save the lost;
this Kingdom is forever,
and bought upon a cross.

The precious things are those we cannot see,
all that our eyes perceive will cease to be.
Our treasure is in heaven,
stored up by gifts of love;
in giving we're receiving,
all grace from God above.

The power to change the world resides within,
as we submit to God and worship Him.
The prayers of the righteous,
will bring the wicked down;
as we lie low and humble,
not seeking our own crown.

The world as we all know it is condemned,
with fire it will be melted in the end.
So now's the time for harvest,
to bring in all the lost;
by preaching to the nations,
the meaning of the cross.

If faith is in the kingdoms made of clay,
then with this earth all hope will pass away.
But as for my whole family,
we'll build upon the Rock;
and when all things are shaken,
in Him, we'll stand on top.

EXTREMITIES

Have you ever had,
your back against the wall;
one step from the cliff face,
about to take a fall.
Feeling dark forebodings,
breathing down your neck;
feeling any moment,
could be your final breath.
Have you ever pondered,
that strength on which you drew;

in that crucial moment,
that finally pulled you through?
Deep within your weakness,
all hope within was gone;
extremities exhausted,
somehow you were made strong.

Just within that instant,
you knew you weren't alone;
storm clouds slightly parted,
to give a glimpse of home.

There is more around us,
than we could ever see;
breaking through the natural,
comes love to set us free.

God is ever calling,
us back to be with Him;
trials are not his doing,
they come from our own sin.

We are only reaping,
the seeds which we have sown;
from our human nature,
destruction it has grown.

God in all his mercy,
moves in when we are weak,
gives us strength in weakness,
to overcome defeat.

All things work together,
for those whom He has called,
those who love Him deeply,
will grow from every fall.

The Bible clearly states,
all those who call His name;
will be saved and rescued,
from Hell's eternal flame.

So when we're hit with trials,
just ask for Jesus' help;
you'll see perseverance,
lead to a certain hope.

Hope will find fulfilment,
and character will grow;
more and more like Jesus,
the One we seek to know.

Silver in the furnace,
is purified by fire;
Obstacles before us,
are used to move us higher.

The problems now at hand,
they all contain a seed;

a key to open doors,
which otherwise aren't seen.
So with time, we'll realise,
to thank God for our trials;
for He walks in them with us,
and shortens the long miles.

FRUIT OF THE WOMB

On the wings of the wind, rides the mighty God;
at His word mountains fall to the sea;
at His voice cedars break, and the deserts shake,
but my God has shown grace unto me.
I thought by my strength, I could do all things,
my sins had like mountains become;
I was proud of my works, I was in control,
'till I met with my God's only Son.
It was mercy and grace, not His fiery wrath,
that came tenderly to my hard heart;
like cold ice in the sun, was my very soul,
at His love my control did depart.
At the height of my sin, I'd said "no more kids",
and took steps to ensure this would be;
His word cut to the heart, to my knees I fell,
and asked Jesus to please forgive me.
By his grace I was healed, and my wife and I,
did submit all our lives to the Lord;
for months faith was tested, refined by His fire,
now by faith we see baby is born.

SPIRIT AND TRUTH

What wickedness resides,
there deep down in our hearts;
what selfishness and pride,
we're so far off the mark.
We bring before our God,
petitions and request;
with hearts that lie and rob,
expecting to be blessed.
Hearts so full of envy,
our tongues are swords and knives;
prayers we think we're sending,
aren't reaching people's lives.
Jesus died to save us,

to save us from our sins;
put His Spirit in us,
to lead us from within.
Grace can be rejected,
by choosing wilful sin;
then we're not protected,
and Satan slips within.
God gave us confession,
repent and turn to Him;
we are His possession,
but must renounce our sin.
Only when we're humble,
will God receive our prayer;
knowing we're in trouble,
without His presence there.
When we're weak, He is strong,
our power doesn't count;
though our trials may be long,
in Him is our way out.
As we worship Jesus,
from there upon our knees;
He is working in us,
to bring to us our needs.
Worship Him in Spirit,
and worship Him in truth;
then the Holy Spirit,
will fill us with the proof.
As we seek the Kingdom,
adore, abide and love;
peace and blessing follow,
with love from God above.
As we seek His presence,
He moves close to us,
bringing us the incense,
of prayer that is in touch.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER

I can't describe the peace within,
as I begin to pray;
a quiet sense of power comes,
as You show me the way.
My eyes they can't quite see You now,
but I know You are here;
a peace pervades my very soul,
I feel You very near.

All sense of time it disappears,
I feel no need of sleep;
I know as I spend time with You,
my body You will keep.
I know that when I ask of You,
to move on my behalf;
I have no power of my own,
to bring my prayers to pass.
I cannot heal the blinded eyes,
or make the cripple walk;
but You, O Lord, You have the power,
for these and so much more.
There is no system or a word,
to make You move Your hand;
it's by Your mercy and Your grace,
You move upon our land.
But You have chosen, mighty God,
to use those such as me;
the weak and lowly of this world,
to set the captives free.
I know my God that when I pray,
Your power goes to work;
It's all because of Your great love,
You sent Your Son to earth.
You saved me from my mortal sin,
Your life You granted me;
You died for me upon a cross,
from sin to set me free.
A debt so great I cannot pay,
eternal life You gave;
Your wounds have healed my sicknesses,
You saved me from the grave.
The Counsellor You gave to me,
to teach me how to pray;
the Holy Spirit intercedes,
as You do every day.
To pray is such a privilege,
to have my Maker's ear;
with each encounter I am changed,
as days flow into years.
I know how far I've yet to go,
how immature I am;
I ask You Lord with all my heart,
in prayer, make me a man.
I long to have a closer walk,
with You my Lord and God;
an intimate relationship,
to walk the steps You've trod.

TO MY UNBORN BABY

Hello in there my little child,
your Dad would like a word;
though tiny ears, they may not hear,
I know I will be heard.
Despite your little body now,
your spirit's big and strong;
discerning all that is around,
and all that's going on.
The Lord you know is knitting you,
deep in the secret place;
to be a perfect boy or girl,
aware of Jesus' grace.
Yes, by His hand your heart is formed,
and tiny fingers too;
a miracle is being wrought,
all for the love of you.
You are a blessing to our lives,
a gift from God above;
already you are welcome here,
so please receive our love.
Yes, rest assured my little one,
that you are safe and sound;
your mummy's here and daddy too,
and angels all around.

ABIDE IN ME

Abide in me, rest in Me,
draw your life;
for I am the vine that gives life.
Come near to Me, drink of Me,
be My wife,
I'll give to you days without length.

Come eat of Me, feed on Me,
feel My love,
for you are a child of the King.
Speak now to Me, think of Me,
look above,
for you all My gifts I do bring.

THE EMPTY NOOSE

Another headline draws my eye,
like dozens have before;
"Lost love drives boy to suicide",
like O so many more.
A teenage boy just hung himself,
a girl of twelve tried pills;
another boy just found a cliff,
and jumped to cure his ills.
Just let the truth of this sink in,
and let your stomach churn;
Our nation has the highest rate,
of kids with life to burn.
Why do our children turn to dope,
and hit the heavy booze?
what's leading them to lose all hope,
death over life to choose?
The Author of our very lives;
the One who gives us breath,
has in this country been denied;
and almost put to death.
We once believed in Jesus Christ,
and put our hope in Him;
Now millions wouldn't know His name,
or what it means to sin.
If we believe we only came,
from monkeys in the trees;
our lives were just an accident,
in some primordial sea;
there's no Designer and no plan,
our lives a fleeting flame;
just rising from the dust one day,
then back from whence we came.
My friends we have a spirit too,
a life that's worth the pain;
God sent His Son to die for us,
eternal life to gain.
If our creator thinks we're worth,
the life of His dear Son;
then we should take a second look,
and see just what we've done.
How have our lives just sown the seeds,
stripped hope from those we love;
by acts of sheer complacency,
denying God above.
Abuse it takes so many forms,
and each one sows a seed;

withholding love as discipline,
when hugs are what they need.
When trust is broken, wounds are deep,
the spirit it is crushed;
without the Lord to touch and heal,
then soon all hope is lost.
With Jesus living in your heart,
the hope of His return;
it brings a power to your life,
when circumstances turn.
For even in the darkest depths,
His Spirit is within;
He's there beside you in the trials,
with power to help you win.
The evil one steals and destroys,
his motive is to kill;
he lures our youngsters with his lies,
to gain their very wills.
The occult is a favourite trap,
and music takes its toll;
computer games and videos,
will see his converts roll.
Without the Lord the shield is down,
our kids are easy prey;
if only for the sake of them,
repent and change our ways.
Just let this message hit the spot
we're all responsible!
In turning to the Lord ourselves,
we'll save our kids from hell.
Just pray this prayer from deep within;
"Lord Jesus, I repent,
I do believe You died for me,
and were from heaven sent.
I ask You Lord, forgive my sin,
You are the Lord of all;
make me Your child, and live within,
I now give You my all".
The gift of faith will grow and grow,
and as you pray to Him;
for all the young ones running wild,
a miracle begins.
Please join me for a moment,
and pray to God above;
that all of our dear children,
would feel His awesome love.

LIVING WATER

Can you hear the sound my friend,
of rain upon the ground;
roaring just like thunder,
and swirling all around?
Flowing into tiny streams,
a coalescing brook;
have you ever wondered,
or had a second look?
This rain descends from heaven,
from underneath the throne;
bringing forth God's blessing,
a love unlike our own.
Every Word that He sends forth,
is water to the land;
bringing in a harvest,
of fruit within a man.
A tree of His own planting,
are we who drink the Word;
drawing living water,
in faith by what we've heard.
See the stream has swollen now,
no longer ankle deep;
knee-high in the blessings,
the more His face we seek.
Our lives they are a journey,
like every drop of rain;
destined by the Father,
to be with Him again.
Downstream a little further
a mighty river runs;
flowing in the desert,
with teeming life it comes.
Trees of life on every bank,
are always bearing fruit;
healing for the Nations,
flows up from every root.
The Son of God has spoken,
all who believe in Him;
streams of living water,
shall flow from deep within.
By this He means the Spirit
who dwells within each one;
every heart confessing,
that Jesus is the Son.
You and I will overflow,
with life to save the lost;

all of this was purchased,
by Jesus on the cross.

JOSHUA

A month has passed, how time has flown,
and look at how my boy has grown;
my second son, the fourth in all,
is growing up so strong and tall.
His eyes are wide to drink the view,
exploring now his world so new;
a wisdom runs beyond his age,
a mark he'll make on history's page.
For in his heart, the Lord indwells,
a child of God not just ourselves;
this child who lies here in my arms,
throughout his life will be so calm.
The peace of God will never leave,
as long as he will just believe;
I bless you now my awesome child,
and watch as you now learn to smile.

MELISSA, child of God

The gift of encouragement,
soft as the dew;
lifting our spirits,
restoring as new.
You're cool as a gentle breeze,
on a warm day;
you bring with you peace,
that drives fear away.
You've grace like a butterfly,
colours abound;
the fragrance of God,
is here when you're 'round.
The Word and your artistry,
speak to the heart;
bringing God's healing,
a light in the dark.
Be content in your calling,
God's chosen you;
serving His people,
in all that you do,

THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT.

The God of all comfort,
rides on the wind;
restoring the weak,
and giving them wings.
Peace like a river,
will flow through their veins;
giving them strength,
restoring their frames.
The Father of tenderness,
holds out His hand;
healing and love,
are at His command.
He calls to all those,
with burdens to bear;
"Cast them on me,
for I really care".
Our God is able,
to lighten the load;
walk there beside us,
down every long road.
Call out to Him now,
from the depths of your soul;
and the Shepherd of men,
will make you whole.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS

How long must we put our hand to the plough,
how long must we work to earn love?
We serve 'till we drop, our strength almost gone,
just trying to please God above.
We live in a world of natural things,
a world where we used to have life;
but aliens all are those of the Lord,
are those who have life in the Christ.
The talents we had before we were called,
have their root in the sinful man;
not only the bad, but also the good,
need to go the way of the Lamb.
The altar takes all, a burnt sacrifice,
the whole of ourselves to the Lord;
it's only by faith that we can please God,
by His strength, that we wield His sword.
The battle we fight is not against men,
we fight against demons unseen;

discerning by faith and speaking His word,
the eyes of our hearts are made keen.
The natural man's strength, it only builds pride,
a foothold for Satan to use;
as we die to self and wait on the Lord,
His strength and our weakness will fuse.
It's only his blood by which we can stand,
and words that He gives us to speak;
not loving our lives so much to not die,
will bring us the victory we seek.
Submit to the Lord, come humble and meek,
by faith and with clean, empty hands;
then He'll lift you up and give you His strength,
to go do His will in this land.

THE LOVE OF MONEY

A time it is a-coming,
and not so far away;
when all we put our trust in,
will fail and fade away.
All the things of comfort,
all the marks of pride;
will all be shaken from us,
as money markets slide.
"Mammon" is the evil god,
that rules the Western world;
taking as his prisoners,
all those who love his gold.
Material possessions,
are not an evil thing;
but worshipping their power,
will bring us to the brink.
God, He has a mighty hand,
and He will crush His foes;
agents of the enemy,
will bow before His throne.
Now's the time to be prepared,
now's the time to pray;
declare before the Lord your God:
"I want to live Your way".
Repentance is the answer,
to stand upon the rock;
all those whose faith's in money,
are in for such a shock!
God is our provision,

supplies our every need;
He is our salvation,
the One who sets us free.
This is coming on the earth,
to test our faith in Him,
all those who call upon His name,
will feel His strength within.
Some will stumble under trial,
encourage each of them;
watch and pray all through the night,
and generous gifts do send.
The hordes of Hell are marching,
they look victorious;
The Devil is a-laughing,
but stand and pray with us.
Refiner's fire is coming,
to burn out all the dross;
all those whose hearts are holy,
will rise after the cross.
The rich will be the hardest hit,
their god will be no more;
pray for them as they're reeling,
show them the open door.
The Lord He is a-calling,
to all those who have ears;
"Repent, be strong and loving,
this trial won't last for years

THE LOVE OF GOD

The love of God is reaching out,
driving out our fear;
a gift so free it's hard to grasp,
but you can feel it near.
God showed His depth of love for us,
by sending us His Son;
His brutal death upon a cross,
bought life for everyone.
He paid the price for all our sin,
and all our sickness too;
this grace is what has saved our lives,
it's not by what we do.
Receiving love is very hard,
when all we've known is pain;
we don't feel worthy of the gift,
in case we're hurt again.

Our unconfessed and deepest sins,
come back to torment us;
just at the time of greatest need,
our fear destroys the trust.
Fear has to do with punishment,
a consequence of sin;
but God has paid the price Himself,
and laid it all on Him.
As we receive His awesome love,
then God we'll come to know;
and through His love we'll be transformed,
and by its power grow.
We'll grow to love Him as He loves,
to love our brothers too;
the walls around our hearts will melt,
and others will love you.
This love is ours if we'll believe,
that Jesus is the Son;
He'll give us faith to overcome,
the world from which we've come.
The love of God is not like ours,
it has no thought of gain;
it's always willing to forgive,
and bear another's pain.
There is no pride or envy there,
and is so very kind;
it's patient and delights in truth,
it perseveres through time.
Love is the greatest of the gifts,
for God is love itself;
just make the choice to let Him in,
and you'll find out yourself.

HELPLESS BABE

As you lie here in my arms,
helpless babe you are;
I feel God's presence 'round me,
not so very far.
The One who made these fingers,
grasping one of mine;
He is holding both of us,
causing us to shine.
Joshua, that smile of yours,
radiates a love;
a love so deep and precious,

sent from God above.
My heart is overflowing,
bursting from within;
nothing in all creation,
blesses me like Him.
Except of course, my children,
growing tall and strong;
and my ever-loving wife,
whom I've loved so long.
Lying in my arms he shows,
trust in me complete;
just as You would have us rest,
sitting at your feet.
Yes, we are all your children,
helpless babes in arms;
help us trust You more this day,
resting safe from harm.

FIFTEEN

At the age of fifteen years,
a whole new world begins;
a world of adult freedoms,
they start to rise within.
No longer is your body,
a size too big for you;
by now you have a wisdom,
to know what's false and true.
Inside yourself you're settled,
your character defined;
you're in your adult body,
and left the child behind.
The Lord He is a master,
at taking little girls;
bringing them to womanhood,
just as a rose unfurls.
From Barbie dolls to makeup,
and puppy dogs to boys;
our role is now to wait up,
not put away your toys.
A price comes with maturing,
responsibility;
the more you use your freedom,

the greater it will be.
My heart is filled with gladness,
because you know the Lord;
His peace will be your garment,
His love your great reward.

Malcolm Cotton