

Poetry Series

Dexsta Ray
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Dexsta Ray(March 8,1994 -)

Poet/writer. Collectionof spiritual and societal truths unearthed along a journey called life. Also fiction, fantasy and abstract. Prophet of God. Original works.

1-3 Renegade In Light, In The Strange, Labyrinth

-30 minutes later-

(I see a vision of a dark, hot, cave, while standing by an angel)

(The evil in the distance appears darkness)

'Ha ha ha', it uttered...

(I look at the angel of Light and it nods in agreement)

And then...

'Pstttt' 'Is anybody there? ' 'Hellooo? '

(Deep, evil laughing)

'Hello? '

'Who's ther- '

(Extremely loud bell sound blares)

...

(Then I hear a disembodied voice speaking, as if broken)

'I don't know what happened! '

'I don't know what happened! ' 'I don't know what happened! '

'I'm a blind soul...'

'I don't know what happened! ' 'I don't know what happened! '

'Why nobody warned me? '

'Now my time's gone...'

See, minds don't evoke, lacking damage

And eyes broke and blind

The fact is that the tactics were ravished

A long time ago

So when it comes to malice

These patches that speak Abaddon's language

Asking for some lines of smoke

But that just mean they're trapped in matrixes

I've grown

They're stagnant, enwrapped in fabrics of shadiness

The slander, understand it

It came from branches of satan's kids

But I'm not a satanist

So I don't relate, speaking to the simple imps directly

Not the status quo, it happens though

The silly go arranging
With their potent statements
Taking pressure from themselves
Trying to make your growth debatable
And they don't have a table
But I'm eating bowls of favorables, potatoes and tomatoes, or tomato
Still I'm more to follow, than whoever formed
The borrowed bows for my fort of sorrow
And they only talk crap because they ain't important
Holler later, a lot of haters
But that's just the devil's coddled nature
Treat us like you please, thinking God ain't just been jotting papers...
I'm not a stranger to warfare and persecution
Never claiming fame, what?
Even still, the thing done... the same one
With a backpack of uzis
The only thing, they ain't guns, just the tablets I'm using
I'm ostracized, I can't run, plus they hack my computers
They got to lie 'cause they're succubuses
Stacked on illusions
And keep attacking me, even though their majesty is trashed, debris
Even acronyms is not enough to stamp a trap for me
A granite beast, cracked acumen, coming at a king,
With unmatched delusion
Blasting through this like a magazine
And that machine that plasters dreams when you mash complete
And manage ink for illumination
A catastrophe, to even think I am in tune with satan
Trolls depressed and sad
Instead of talking down on me, you should try your destined path...
Get up off the computer and I suggest you grab hold
Of real goals, otherwise, I'll just progress and laugh
And pray for you, naming truth is what you made me do
Levels one through five
This applies to all who's pacing too
Everywhere I go, a problem, satan trace my moves
I can just be chilling, not to bother, being arranged for doom
I don't want to date or be a friend
I'm straight with that, watch your words and what you say
Ain't no way to take it back
I've heard it all before, nothing can surprise me
I will yet adjust again... and evil will dispise me

Find me, nowhere near another's time scene, minding my provision
But the haters try to bind me...
My light is blinding them, and this a freewrite, first thing comes to mind to them
I just let my ink cite, one through five to seal
This is like an overview
Don't live within the petty level, this is like a closer truth
And, yes, I can be trusted
BUt not by who I can't, plus I have to stand for something
And just the true relate...
I am infinite like SVGs, I scale away to snip my sinning lists, hate STDs
That's waiting for you, on the wicked end
Among a bunch of other things, these strangers hate the innocence
They hate to see you just sustain...
I see it coming long before it arrives, acknowledging, there is no stopping me
I'm like a prophecy, but they drop 'conceit' like I'm absorbed with my mind
The only reason why I speak is to distort all the lies...
My future moves are larger than my past ones, though I had a bunch
I ain't trying to change a thing
Hate ain't tried to spare me once, and got me twisted like the thought pixies
Fairy dust, repaying love with hate
But the scripture I declare and
Trust...
Finding reasons, call me fake, it's all okay to me, I know what I embrace
So I'm disgrace to all of satan's team...
The only way that they can get me, if I don't behave
Meaning if I didn't live the scripture,
If I broke away... the grounds of my foundation would be shaky, probably'd gone
and break
Then I couldn't speak about the Gospel
That I don't embrace...
So Light is weakness to the opticle, I know the pain
Still it's possible, to live the proper goal
And grow in 'Weh, He told me of some obstacles, that's dropped along the way
And not just prodigal, but lots of plots are the result of hate
And all it takes is for the focus
On the stuff that matter, why continue stalking someone if they
Ain't with what you after?
The constant badgering, and bugging, is the dungeon's cancer, mixed with all the
slandering
For nothing, I've the clutches answers
But I can't answer if the subject can't adjust to candor
I'm excepting all the true soldiers

From this busting Panzer tank, two explosions, in the crummy plans of snakes
And the third is reloading, and the fourth is the caseee
I can entertain sorts I don't embrace, just because my art is free
And can never be contained
See, the whole poem's trajectory explodes on where it's aimed
So it's sort of like projectiles
Holding to His name, all of sudden, I've a set count, as if a crown was set down
Immoral haters, Jezebel spirit, making normal statements
Abhorring greatly, wonder why it matters to them, nets of hell, my life that
They ain't even in
People reap and sow, don't even know, that they can leave in sin
And sleeping deep within themselves, being attendants
Of the pit, but rather sacrifice their shells, to see your dreams and visions end
But for what? They overlook a lot of worse things
But for, yours, their appetites
Won't fail...
Craft in Light before the earth came, I make quintuple ways from my wordplay
Flying over heads, mis-embroidered like my first name
That's why some even said
My sense is hazy, maybe, listless, crazy, but I understand
The hurts can't ascertain it
Though...
Even as I climb back, to seven verses up, just rewind that, to be unveiled
Bring your mind back, the road is tough
But you WON'T
FAIL
THOUGH, if you just align... numbers one through five, but the whole goes up to
ten
Me and satan never got alone
But God's a trusted
Friend, it just depends whatever got your soul, what stuff persists
And if you chose to take a stand and say, 'I had enough of this.'
I cannot play in satan's hand like the haters want
They're stuck inside the plains of satan's lands, that's why haters taunt
In search of company
Feel a certain way you don't
They manifest, through evil, all the things they've learned, enslave
The soul...
And hurting constantly, but not because you made a wrong, but that is the
excuse used
A product of just satan's hold
But they ain't stuck there, anyone choose the Light, being in-tune with Christ

Even though the walk is tough there
There's no luck there
Grace and mercy, thus care
Everyday I'm learning something different, love reverse scare
Heard the constants of the scripture
I ain't turning back
Society's delusional illusions, piracy, confusion, but we still discern fact
Observe the tracks, divert from that
In the Light, it'd do a lot of things to see your worth collapse, unaware
That only God determines that
I'm never insecure because I know Who drew the perfect path,
The Word in sap...
I sort of see a difference in the air before, but the traps of more could be
delivered

9/24/16

Dexsta Ray

1977: Dragonflies And Peppermint

It rained on the ocean...
See, that was something normal
'Cause in the spiral
Was a pyro kind of touch
And with arrival
Much revival, times of trust
That was plush and
Formal...
And plus the mortals like to fight
Which'll crush the portals
Supernal but
Radiant...
Defy my perspective
A torch designed upon
The chives, nor the lines, time excepted
Truer hope
The way she went
Eyes are septic
Mortifying lines... For the guides or the minds
Blind the signs of origin
Forming by the skies...
Forces numbered like unsorted puzzles...
Beneath the antipode, even, but unplanted though
Weeding through the planet more
Vanished smoke
Contorted colours, which reminded me of notes
Or the yokes, spores, the troubles of the folklore
And constants of the temporal
Lovers be a gold score
But something here is just as clear...
Which lusts the ear
I get it more
Missing chords, heightened, Everything
In here, is like the source of writing, who assigned it?
Every string
Is seared, the spiral FORMED to bring it here
The link appeared
A bunch of grasses, plush, and probably crunchy
God is loving, even watching cats and sparrows

Frocking up, on the prophecies
Entitled to the
Marrow
Now...
I've got to see what's not to be, in light
Or bleached apparel
Wow, it's idling, and to the ninth degree
And by the slightest string...
The peppermint or
Firmament, listed fetters bent, the dragonfly, a peril
Had to glide, let's try to find it's wings
While we disguised the paintbrush
With it's winding
Light
Which trifle can't touch, it ain't much
In this time of strife, without
The spiritual
A kind of blind, a bind of life, the sight is kind
Poetry is temporal because it's not, it doesn't rot
Rushing lots of vinagrette, and salts, to seal the lows and
Cross the lines...
You feel the most when by the side of healing souls, who's eying
Time?
It's flying by, like the fly, gliding, too un-brazen
Fourteen forty minutes, right into a maze of true
Awakening... in the spiral, haze accrued
Astrayed acumen, where the day went?
Forseen fortunes hidden, light is raised to soothe
I see... a few were like a dollar was to flesh but
They unto the Lord
A lot of truths, and you can bet, the pain had grew with
Torch
And like the prodigal, made a change
Withdrew the course
The drapes would not acknowledge them
Until they praised the Proof with force
And that's the rain...
On the ocean, anything coasting
In the age coated
Detriment
Like glazed donuts, but the spiral gave a difference
As the page recedes

The portion and the Bible, made of Spirit
Which has taken lead... Erasing greed and facing needs with
The grace of
He
Positioned in the Heaven
Faith completed with amazing peace
That dragonfly was but a
Message
That was just a second, every other time
The spiral came
It was plush and precious
Peppermint...
Aligned to praise, because the blood color represented
Christ
How He gave it for men's Life
It's great
It's time to go back in

5/25/16

Dexsta Ray

1978: Eye The Ones That Leave

Eye the ones that leave
And not just hit
The ears
Are screaming from the
Things that they
Perceive
How the eyes will leak and
'Cause of
Just the ones that leave

10/19/15

Dexsta Ray

1979: Eyes Are Young

Before the timing switched the limits
'The strangest'
I know
And just as maybe as the image in the spiral
By go
The mire's framing clear
Latent age appear like a spector
So, 'Ouch' I fell again
Just to stamp disambiguation but for a lesser sense
Never did I think of all the etchings on the outer area
And I probably should've moved them
Just around the area
Even as the treasure bagged the pleasure of the better route
For the spiral wouldn't leave until the feathers flounced
Living in a vivid minute with a bit of 'never count'
And given of a soul or a lemon
Still are lesson bound
I think it's...
Muzzled
That capsule
Rebutting something
Called atoms, matter, and mapped dust with money funding
Anywho...
The find was surreal
This single ethereal location where the time don't appeal
And there was plenty labels
Spirit architecture
Forgone
Intrinsic sources of contextually processing components
And who can see the lightning?
All top-down influences
Have to be
Divided...
Even if it's bottom-up mentality... delete the science
But keep the mindless
Chosen olden colors of the broken thrown into the open ocean
Cold and frozen as a token unto others
In the means
Enmity became the art of history it seems

Instantly evoking that resentment in this twisted scene
And now 'so long'
The spiral
Not the shifting elevation from enrobed desires
From contentment to the mire
The fire
Or just the backside of the desert
Pretty soon, I add, that path's to leave sequestered
Even latent...
That is like the term for conversation
And a word for unrelated
Never learned of a replacement
Like dimension everything
The third one
The water and the grains
But ain't none of that according to this plane
I can see the eerie torches being arranged
I don't understand it...
Illuminating maze?
But that's hard to see and anon
After time resigned and all the hourglasses finally bottomed out
When it started raining light without the dropping douse
Deep into the eyes of all the spirits in the quondam house
Lied the other paintings and the flowing
Never made it
To us

Dexsta Ray

1980: She's Not Much Of A Talker

And I'm leaving, now around about twelve
Well...
Found the second hand travel backwards
Freezing...
Now excelled
I fell into a topological situation
From the point of open doors to disambiguation
Maybe...
In the quondam craziness was a method
Something set aside from atoms
In advance of a second
Press it...
Anyway, I'd then arrive at the palace
I could see a lightened sign
Someone's live at the...
Palace...
A night as absent
Abstract... can't define the established
Or confine
Borderline describes my time in this capsule
Anywho
You could hear the music notes out the door
Single line would shorten up and
Was now down to four
Fundamentals...
Naught here was actually as it should be
See me seated at the table
Far off... before they coalesced
Each owned an universe
Look at the glow
So to take another shift
Unknown...
Behold, the spiral's ready!
Glinting... I see mixes of old and broken golden motive
Nonetheless...
Rationale will prevail
Oh, hail a shifting! and a difference
Now I'm living in the vivid minute
Vivid image...

Sitting next to an oak
That was she
'Tis ethereal... clean out of mind
Sitting down talking
Smiling...
Telling me how she died
Stunning, this was fine
This was sort of diaphanous
On the other side on the shore of my happiness
Broken...
For the flesh is closer to it's perdition
Fixed in itching for a venin
With contentment in
Endings...
Senseless, how describe a spirit thing within physics?
Tripping... slipped into a witlessness
'Tis explaining the cryptic
Senseless... it started melting
Everything started
Melting
Water colors from above to the dark of the hellions
See the spiral...
I see a tunnel troubled with peace
And the figure I was talking to back under the tree
Was here... and there stationed...
As for something's begun
The surroundings and the figure had become of a one
In the middle... you could see the heart
It was stunning still
Type of white room
Mysteries are unrevealed
Everything into the world became a sunken ship
And my comprehension of the swirl was only
Up to here...
STILL I tried... there was other dimensions
Nothing that I witnessed here was just as I pictured
Shifting... another switch because the spiral said so
Praise the Lord and tell His angels that
I'm finally 'woke
Try awakening... still grateful though
And so I kept her paintings
Of the music old engravements, or the cryptic language

Soul, embrace it... for the spirit won't change
Sensing, vision, hearing, feeling, talking
All is the same!
In spirit... not in flesh
Everything here is separate
Now, she told me, in the spirit, wavelengths link together
I see... although she wasn't talking
You could see the voices
Gold light shone down... angels reinforced it
Soul rise... no sounds
I can question
Nothing...
And disambiguation things are for real
Seal, some of us are not to taste of affection
Some of us, I feel, are only here to..
Pray for the next one
Please...
That's what I believe
See nothing else
Physicality has blinded either people or self
Fine...
So the spiral came back for a time
And the clock was moving in the first
Reversing rewind...
And I think the quondam craziness was curtaining signs
And she wasn't just a spirit but a word undefined
By mortal mentals

5/30/14

Dexsta Ray

A Battle

There's a boundless battle going on
Amaranthine fray
Oh what an unremitting song
The crashing clapper gonged
Thus dividing right and wrong
Thou didn't prevail
Go back to hell where you belong
To question Yahweh's throne was a stupid choice to make
Baptized in Abaddon
Forever bound to flagrant hate
Common questions asked today
Where's God when you need him?
We know you can't see him
So tell me why should I believe him?
I wish they weren't as feeble
Things aren't always as they seem
What about air?
Do you believe in what you breath?
Satan's only mission is to steal and destroy
A pestiferous ploy
Don't mistake and be his toy

10/26/12

Dexsta Ray

A Compulsive Writer

It doesn't matter who I fool with
That's none of your
Business...
What I'm doing with my life? I'll be writing more scripition
Or something different
Ain't no telling...
Keep the corny line coming for my own pleasure
Like a gold treasure
Tablet sitting on the dresser
Hanging on to hope
For better
Killing off my own woes through something that ain't mold to measure
Thinking larger than ourselves, lend a helping hand
But can't carry one
Teach them how to sow in sand
Beautiful is life... just a blessing to be present
It don't matter you
Go...
Can't control your lessons when you destined
Leaving life at God's alter
Waiting on the message
And though it's kind of odd, offer up my soul and essence
Without question
I ain't trying to holler, hanging out the window
Asking pleasant words
Maybe of the scripture, for the Lord
Saving souls for
Weh'...
My intentions, and my motives, what's I'm 'posed to say?
Working for the kingdom where I'm going
Though it hurts today...
He'll take the curse away

9/19/15

Dexsta Ray

A Fallen Angel

I thought I saw Lucifer fall from the sky
God said it was time for him to go
He was disappointed that the angels didn't tell him goodbye
Placed eternal damnation on his soul
But that was kind of old
These days he's causing confusion
He's changed his name to satan but I call him the loser
No one can be higher than the Lord
I don't care if you try it
You'll reap the compensation for it
A fallen angel in the storm
Crashed down into the ground
What followed was fire and then a thunderous sound
Forever stuck up under clouds
He hides among the crowds
The shadows on the wall
Apparently survived the fall
Abomination to us all
I knew I saw Lucifer fall from the sky
Disappointed that the angels didn't tell him goodbye

8/24/13

Dexsta Ray

A Finger Breadth Away

Catapulted contrivance
The thing is getting it done
Its like I'll only get a taste of what is meant to become
Careful planning
Trying to make intentions fit into one
As if we're aggregating apples and the limit's a ton
Turn inhibitions to dust
Can ambition shine bright?
Only making a move exactly when the time's right
As we look in hindsight
There's oppression
Not knowing if it's Satan or just the Lord teaching lessons
The blessing's in the pressing so I couldn't lose the faith
In pursuit of our goals
They're just a finger breath away

10/23/12

Dexsta Ray

A Fortiori

So, society don't really like the movements
Can't impress it...
Stay connected for this reason
Glorified trifle
No fulfilling, time is like the blueprints, touched
Askew, souls peeling
Blind
And mortified
Changing up perspective, strangely dealt
Mainly watching me
I tell you
Ain't a changing constant, justifying what? Shaking, crush, rebelling
You define us...
Such
Hush, I'm hoping the youngsters don't take those values in
They trying to cover a brother
But they won't have
The win...
I ain't got no rap for this, like salsa, lettuce, meat, and cheese, beans
'Time-after' gifts, or speechless scenes
All my dreams
Before the table that's in front of me, olden candle sticks
Masking legions, thus controlling, no,
So I wasn't growing
Broke
Reading into meaning of this gleaming spring of leafy things
Floating by the gold light
Neigh the throne
No evil
Reigned... a glorious sight in the right way, might I'd say, night could not suffice
For the bright road, shine, paved, my, way
Dibble in the darkness
Regardless
And just to bleed it out, 'cause there's a reason why we pray before we leave the
house
Unless it's, ay, don't start this, a flame concealed, let's beam it out
Societal in heart would
Say...
Unaware, the target's they

In the sharpest way, a part renamed something more appealing
Laughing at the devil...
Since it's clear as crystalline, snatch the magic from his tactics, that was
'stablished through his actions
In the living, got him mad, now it has to rid of me
But it's passing, everlasting
In the Truth
Really trashing up, thrashing up acumen
Then present distorted views to the humans that ain't made it here yet
A baby, if they knew it, would've tried to stay
Away, declined, arrangement in this
Crazy, crazy place...
Called a sinner's heaven, earth, at birth, could work, but now it's worse
The curse emerges, though nobody with a hobby would
Care...
I stop and stare, a lot will fare that probably shouldn't be muzzled
Like one and two, for God had worked a lot in pairs...
What I'm saying is...
Learn, discern a person, firm and far past mistakes, and turns and twists or what
they did
It ain't in our hands to say, we just use our hands to pray
I doubt a parked van will stray
The route has darkened with hate
So, Truth, we harken Your
Name...
For real...
People judge a bunch, and always seem to crush the ones, that talk or speak
Something serious, puzzles crushed, this begin with self
So we really only pick within for help, it don't matter where you been, but where
you end
With your death... to be with God or in sin
With the men that are in
Hell...
Beat a problem and a ton start again, but what if God just wouldn't budge
But viewed us as just our sin?
You know, it's funny how we vaunt, you just woke up 'cause He's pardoned
Sure, He know what all you've did, you ain't repent
But He guarded
'Cause everybody people meet got demon sheets, full of wickedness
When God was looking down, what did He see? Only wicked men, sinning like a
game
But thrusting blame on the farthest

And plus it ain't my place to judge so I would love them regardless
See... they don't see human beings the way
That God sees them
For He can see the inner essence, satan not see zip
So it's translating the perspective
God's the utmost of love
So anything without this message just could not be real, I know it's not revealed
By society because it's satan, a fortiori, falsely viewed as just amazing, but it's
just degrading
Breaking minds in the masses up, shaking them to hell, behind the veil
Think it's actually fun...
Happy, ones
Will something save me? Hope it dons, staring out
It'd try to judge you from a concept that you don't care about
I know, it's crazy, and it's weird, you ain't even close to
Breaking me, trying everything
But I'm firm like
Job...
Probably out to get a brother, well, I heard, I know, that, that some heard I'd
grow
So to disturb my soul, just want to burn my bones
Or either curb my own, words
To turn and churn against me, why? Just because, I strive to fly with Jesus' dove,
which is He also
The demons thought so, although it ain't easy
It's worth it, all souls, if we want it, never daunted, dude, I'm living and a
Christian
See, the one you praying to is the one that is with me
And adjust the decisions, all to my
Benefit...forever
Just submit, to Holy Father, Son, Spirit, dwelling
Currently with men, but soon the day, will come, the end develops
I'm counted in, like some found cents or an ugly duckling
While the wicked's smooth crowns bend like we ducking bludgeons
As us ducks on the ground sit as the youngsters does it
Goose, God was coming around quick
He ain't rush to judgment
Wandering, and sound, through the town, seeing life a different way, forget the
vain
Mostly focused on the spirit
Shape...
Misconstrue my actions, trying to paint me as a patsy, while it's nothing even

close
What's pathetic is you at me
Use to live just like a ghost... well, at least that's how it feel
Tried to figure who to trust before I heard it'd get you killed
So I don't deal with the lust or the trust
Got to keep your balance, ever wonder what'll happen if we wouldn't be as
scandalous?
Enemies for hours
Shadows because of Jesus standings
Bleeding me of power because I'm true to what He commanded
Satan be a coward, I'm standing firm
Even to this day
You can't devour me because you can't subdue this faith
You can't move this place or the platform
That I'm standing on
Which is Jesus, forget about sand, I built it on the stone, and people judge a man
by his external factors
It's more important what's within because at death that's what's matter
It may be hard to comprehend
That's a part of the
Fight...
And how it's lame to stand for God when He's the author of life?
Now you don't have to go to hell because of His scars and stripes
Darkest nights are fine, and shine, after parts
Of minor dyings inside
I'm told the mountains are just one in the puzzles
To learn the difference from brownnosers and someone who just humble
Don't take the face value side and hold it
Dearly
Or you hurt yourself, looking at the backwards picture, probably need to turn it
left

9/5/15

Dexsta Ray

A Life For Demise

Honestly
It really is a snare
We lead a life that will inevitably lead to our demise
Or influence the younger ones to do the same
But we receive a medal
We're even glorified
How is that right?
Instead of encouraging individuals to stay alive
And take care of their families
Society is subliminally pushing
Us towards destruction of...
Ourselves
Which are our families
Truth said...
Your memory through the people is all that will remain
Where we're gone
We don't feel the love or the hate
We are unaware of anything on the earth
So, to take this life for granted and
Die for it...
What do we really gain?
Over time, memories will fade
If only trying to help ourselves is the aim
Our lives will be in vain
That's the shame and the tragedy
A life for demise...
Is what you'd find in satan's cycle
That's the trap of society
To have you so preoccupied with power and finance
That you become blind to the larger issues
And in some cases...
Society subliminally 'pays' you to be blind
Physically, these things are confusing
Full of contradictions and paradoxes
Spiritually...
We already know that society is satan
That's why it's designed to break instead of build
That's why it's so negative
Christ and the christian life will put these

Things in perspective for

Us...

For when you drop the cares of the world

You can see what's really going on

7/23/14

Dexsta Ray

A Little Bit Of Hope

Fortification

Trouble knocked upon the door and was waiting
For every new accomplishment
This was the compensation
I've confiscated every negative approach
Thrown into the furnace
And then politely off the boat
Couldn't stand to watch it smoke
Some choke at the thought of confusion
But what it all boils down to
Lost in illusions
Cause' if you thought you were losing
Then what else should you expect?
Debt dictated mind
All she could do was stress
Be vexed
Like the Law of Attraction was just a joke
Pray daily
You can't get what you're asking without some hope

1/22/13

Dexsta Ray

A Night In The Andes

I would just extract the bags
From the trunk
She asked her dad to plant the wagon at the pad
In the front... after that...
Glanced...
Advanced to catch the craft then anon
Had the staff to grab the bags to pass them back as it's done
The travel begun...
Passengers get strapped into seats
The masks are manufactured for the havoc that we could meet
I catch the captain's vapid ramblings
Drab in communiqué
The staff was passing clasping snacks
They actually handed to me
And we were famished... believe!
We hadn't eaten since the
Night before...
This flight is more than average weekend
It's to fight a war
Should I ignore the lacking needy? Not on my accord
I'm aboard the next thereafter... leaving
So, I'm flying... soaring through the
Gloomy skies...
But they said the overcast was harmless
So we didn't really take it to heart
As I'm looking out the window
It's amazing... the art
Clouds formed a downy nimbo... we're adjacent
Impart... looking darker up ahead though
Lady wasn't worried
Music had her in a world of her own
I'm not the type to stress or
Panic...
But I always had to be observant
You never know what blow this globe's going to throw
So, the captain told us passenger to
Stay in our seats...
We don't know just what was happening
Changes in speed, feet, and even attitudes

Faces of grief... eke they had the masks
Unloose.....

4/9/14

Dexsta Ray

A Night In The Andes 2

Safety has a shattered dream!
The blackness grappled maps
And captions slacked...
Action flashing back
Imagination, captivation, half the day is bad
In fact...
I guess we finally had the patience
That I read about
A smile would seem evasive
Just a wile of the occasion
Pride's pathetic now
Deaded down...
For every look among us
What's the rustling?
That must've been a wolf or something
Clustered in a bunch of mud and sin
But covered once again
I wasn't, then, as close, now, I'm trusting in the Most!
A ton of stuff was bent and broke
Engulfed in end...
With a bunch of smoke
She plucked me from the junk I tumbled in
So I wasn't post...yet... in the Andes, both wrecked
With no plan or phone
Is there any presence? Go check... We're abandoned
So...
She said, 'Well, are you damage? '
I'm most concerned with you
I heard about some plants we can scavenge but I ain't certain, boo
And I can tell by your actions, seem like it hurt to move
And if we make it out of this alive
Spread the Word and learn more about the Truth
About the Proof
All the pastors teach
A lake that ain't mirage, need a drink
And need a camp to sleep
Many things to find rejoicing in during tribulations
Look at all the artwork!
Praising God

Not idolating...
Many rains... And mosquitos, plus the Light is vacant
But if aim to look upon the stars
Then the night's amazing...
A novice wildlife enthusiast, I have my book
Went around the corner for a minute
Then I had a look...

7/16/16

Dexsta Ray

A Piece Of Dream (I Don't Know If It's A Prophecy But...)

And then I heard the thunder
Sounding loud
Saying,
'It's not about the town but My daughter and My son! '
I was stuck a while
Like wow!
Then I went into the street and praised the Lord
For it
I heard wailing in the distance
Figured it's from this shift
But back into a jungle was another reality
Battling
Through pure intelligence
'Cause that's the truest weapon then
In stealth and moves that best
Survived
In secret, see, a dream is abstract
Happening in order it would seem
But it really lapse back...
Famous people
Prophecies
And stuff that's not for me
Some got to know my real self
I felt alive and properly
Consoled
Like God was just a constant, like the Sun
He knows and watched the whole
But to me, it seemed real
But it's not my home
People talking to me
Telling truth that I cannot remember
What I know of dreams is symbolism
Not the literal
By the time that you awake, forgotten, since it's spiritual
And we are still physical right now
I could hear it though
Every night is like an Epic poem but I can't script it though

I get to see the likened souls
From memory
I didn't know, a kid, a teen, had enmity light skin
And with a trigger hold
It seem like no one else was paying attention
As the cans was hitting
Picking off some innocents he thought was really bad for business
Had to get me
Died before, somehow I'm back and I'm consistent
Times of vengeance
Saw and hear the richocets
I'm in a maze
Someone else apartment but I know it like I built the place
And can't help but wander
Never felt the summer, winter either
Killing me because I can't remember all the little features
Sitting in a car
Taking to a stranger, kindred people
Sharing these experiences
They saw it to, with a camera, witnessed
Even stars, at the door, I'm like a humble bee
Trying to give some admiration but they ain't too fond of me
I explain, 'Well, being a small town kid, it means something.'
Told them 'bout experience and they told me, 'It don't mean nothing.'
In the distance
Something's funny, something's liten
Can't decipher...
Large piece of pictures missing
But the vision think It's minor
It's a strange word
I can't recall all the rain swirled
But it's always interesting
Envisioning the same girl...
Familiarness had take position like it's all repeated
From another time, another dream, that I saw rekneaded
Trying to pause and heed it but it's moving too fast
I'm in a totally different scene, you can't usually grasp
But as I asked about the things to God
He tells me it's Judgment...
For some place, in time and space
On the Day that He's coming...
I can't see a dream in chronologicals

All it blends together
But like many other ones
I will remember this
Forever

7/1/16

Dexsta Ray

A Positive Figure

Our children need a positive figure
That change starts now...
Can we top the pretenders?
We are so much more than a plotting offender
Every one of us are special
We are not to surrender
To the evil minded scheme of this earth
Sempiternal battle...
It couldn't be any worse
From labor to birth into the streets and then a hearse
Perpetual cycle...
It just repeats and only hurts
We'd defeat the evil culprit with an arrow of truth
We should know the righteous path as the narrowest route
See society's a lie...
That's the harrowing news!
Why can't we let each other rise like a sparrow can do?
I need a message from the wise
For my eyes are fatigued...
I'm trying to benefit the lives of people lying on me
Because I see the full view
Principalities are demons who'll do
Anything to deceive, start beef, and fool you
They exist in the spirit...
Not in the flesh
They try their best to take control of what you've got in your chest
Still hoping you won't listen
He'll hate me for this...
Satan loves convincing people that he doesn't exist
Turning us against each other
People taking amiss
Being overcome with violence
And we hate to admit
Wrongdoings...
Staying positive can help avoid ruin
But the only way around it is by simply going through it
Sometimes

11/10/13

Dexsta Ray

A Quilt Of Difference Fabrics

A quilt of different fabrics with patches
Knits, like crochet kits, but on the waves
Of instruments, countenance lifting, unremitting
Inconsistent standards, ain't factors, because it's written
Incidentally, with time to write or not
Lines to write or not, lightning hot
The chimes'll chime alot, winding wiles'll stop
The mind decides direction, regardless
No applications, that's for scapegoating, heavier problems
Attached the blame on me
Through misrepresenting, it's farthest
From straight and narrow truth, maime the marrow
Can't lift a hand, some kind of game repeated
Ain't acheived it, seeketh it not, even
In different spans
As I recall, no rubrics or keys, at least, that I would be
Completed in, ain't like I was planning
On times of challenges, but see me in
The traps of the battles, that I ain't dream to win
And even, if it was not intended, still it does not
Relent
Within, it hit my mind, whether or not I was with it
Attendance, and attention, with it, whether or not
I resented, triggered, psychological warfare, of higher nature
Magnitude, I pass it through, and add it to
The ground and stuff...
That other junk, I don't do, bucked and jumped
Though with no proof, satanic cults of violence
If man expose all this old news, the truth is
The globe missed a lot, and I ain't know
But, then again, I ain't sow
So I ain't woke, modes, operations...
I'm not for satan though, I got to say I made it Home
One day, to hear, the well done, I bear my cross
And hold the faith...
A deadly remedy, well aware, of the toll at stake
A gentle sacrifice, stone and golems
Amethyst quotes, I wrote, for when I'm acting right
Only problem, I'd be the damned that night

The devil's appetite, polyphagous, it ain't a way to quench it...
But for me, there's contentment, because
The Savior is with me
Only doing His work, so I'm straight on all
That degrades His business...
Starting nothing
Evil sparked the flame from the beginning
So darkness constant
At my heart, these days, departed dart, arranged, look for reasons
'Cause I'm great but I ain't marred a slave
So I'm targeted
With strategies that aim to scar my name...
Cards arranged, all the wicked want is charred remains
Even if it took a minute, trying to pull the guard away
And some see it but the others disregard the saved
Labelled extra evil falsely, Matthew five eleven, present, essence of the devil
So persistent...
I exposed it though, long ago, and still, somehow
The image of the beast, envision, slithering to me
To end me, still, like I didn't seal the ripping in the sheet
Of time, grinning of the teeth, like mine
Contentions I ain't seek, they lying...
I'm only focused on what's next, I learned to look alive
At least, for books, my nooks, ain't crooks
Re-order what the villain killed, reforming
But disorganizing, extortion to keep the Lord from rising, the spot I hold
Is prophetic office
An anointing from the Most High
Not more to hide Him...
When I comes to what I went through
All the evil faced, was not confined to just a side, all the things engaged...
I live for God, so I ain't scared of when I leave the face
Of Earth
I was blameless, now, I can't embrace what bring me peace freely even
Much little writing, and stipulations, on the basis of contracts
Not signed but still implied, abide, was fried, and chided tough
For no reason, now corporate levels scheming
I ain't then deserve, when was even, smaller and
Lower levels...
Now, it seems, I'm a thing, to keep some kind of peace, although it isn't fair
What's required and been depriving me...
So would you blame me for thinking

The whole shebang arranged, was plotted, in the interests of money
And who could change the waves?
Pain allotted for nothing...
That shouldn't involve a brother, in the first place
Now I'm in the worse case, though I'm knowing, it was set up
As a frame to hurt Weh', amplified the faintest mess ups
As a way to merge lanes...
This the same type of truth I was speaking
Before it's personal...
But now, there ain't no space, in-between
Stuff forms, and then it's there...
But for my fame, it's weirder because it different air
It seems like what's abhorring protecting so I don't get nowhere...
I keep the Word of Lord, that's normally, the devil use manipulation
To trash, and act like restoral be...
Seeming different, but satan still got the sword to me
Shifty forms, and such, back at home even
The prophecies...
Not from me, but thousands wrongly silenced
Knowing it ain't right, so joined acult they think condone
The grimy, satan want to hide it...
Then implying violence
Through intimidation, chiding, knowing that God is
With the one they're plotting for and trying this...
But God is faithful, in His stable, where my mind is
My eyes on His Throne
I ain't worried how these times is...
All satanic, you don't have to look to find it
Some people chosen Mammon so they'd rather kill
What God's in...
But I'm God's kid, for real, He watch His prophets
And all the wicked Kings and queen know because
They watched it...
But just ain't honest, claim I break some promise, society opposes Light
Openly, but stalks it...
Constants, on my mind and life, need the Judgement
I feel, sometimes, til' it happens, still aligning
Til' the atmosphere divides and stuff, I rhyme and crush
What grind my dusts, and ashes from my righteous
Cause, don't have to be statically, but still enough
To shine and all, I'd climb and fall, and try back again
This quilt of many fabrics, act as if a comfort thing

Imagined, in conjunction, saying the madness
And the damage, I'm, now, functioned to confront, and that is
If I want to or not
Look at what happens when you follow God
You go through a lot...
But ain't complaining, just befalling plots
I call it, but ain't falling out, my words are root in Scripture things
It's still the same, I talk and not, to fill the page
Or make it seem my speech just costs a lot
If I ain't walk in plots
Like bots, the Cross just caught, my faults are
Non-existence, though the evil still as critical
But to be honest with you, I'm at peace
Angels show themselves, but it's God's will
Whenever, I'm at need, of spirit help, and guidance
I ain't trying this

Dexsta Ray

A Reason To Kill Me

Season after seasons

I know

Already happened too...

Scrambling through these pamphlets with plasma on them (mine)

Though classic then, some passage in the future

Could be locked in a box

Or either burned up, or buried, could be dropped with a rock

To never be read again, or even heard of, it's hard to know

I'll never make it, seen the vision though, along with many lows

Of soul wrenching agonies, there's sheep getting harmed

So many set ups I been through, and, that's to me, been the norm

So many crimes without a cause that had been dealt unto me

Plenty scorn

The moral, don't defend yourself, or speak, in any form

Because the powers care not

It's boils down to your value, some falsely label Jesus servant

To devour their spot, just getting attacked like in the Bible

Still some unaware, why

And persecuted for His sake, in spite of, how the snare got

Such meant I'm Christian, no obscurity, the Light is still my path

Of choice, the tactics only changed form, picked out because

My passions joints, my craft attached the Lord, panegyrics

Think that's what tablets for

Disproven every false reason, backtracking, plus pass recordings

Proved how paths would flourish, and led up to this point

Though well aware about the Master, nets were upped to distort...

Observed, perspectives, in first person, things were merciless

With no defense, although I did no evil, just the Word was with

But curses fenced me in, anyway, countless seasons

That seem like yesterday, now I'm still in peril, a target

'Cause I'm professing Weh', anywhere I turn, evil lies, to get me dead

Or chained, so maimed, so my talent is restrained and I can't embrace the pages
of the Scripture

So the world can see His ways, this the reason for the miscue

Right now is a reflection of the things He spake in Scripture

I was seeing right then, so I praised, though things look bitter...

What I stood for was Christ, past and present, accepted

Subtract the rumors from the Light, and that's the granite perception

Was being bullied, 'cause was righteous, still some methods

Be willing, and try to help somebody fly, can lead to death
If you tell them
I feel alone...
Aside from angels, and the Lord, that's in heaven
And soon, I'll be where I belong, because the Lord getting ready
And being swarmed by what's unfair
Like pass times
Different devils, and all I did, express my pain, in bad times
With my letters, and traumatized by what I faced
Whoever did just for pleasure
But I forgive it in advance, the Lord is still my profession
I saw and witness evils things that got revealed
So I'm destined
But what is done to me, the same to Christ, some don't want His
Message
It's crazy, that such never thought, if I was really some recreant
Why God survived me up to now through all the trickery some spreaded?
Some set me up through livelihoods so won't nobody suspect it
In search of opportunities, distort, cause jealous I'm blessings
And cover up and hide the good I do by lying on contextes
Just since I rhyme, conflicting interests, want my shine to be deadened
Disguising that with other stuff because it's Christ Who I'd stand with
When things combined to murder Christ because the Light was
Unsettling...
So many reasons, many reasons, equaling up to just one
But all I care about is John three sixteen, God shall get His sheeps
The hour is at hand, got to this degree, it's still a thing...
Sometimes, I'd stress, and even that was used to steal my dreams
My hair ain't really lengthy, still succeed, still achieved some greatness
What's evil hates this...
I'm with YHWH though, til' Kingdom Day is
Since it wasn't fair, I use my talent, so that things were made it...
It's desperation, not a game or joke, I'm hated greatly
Major though, but I ain't shaken, Weh is strong
His grace amaze me...
In faith, I go, I been through worse than that, in days of old
Perpetuated crimes from higher up that if you face, you wrong
And later, gone, without a reason, for some hate exposed
If you are, you still get killed, and if you ain't, you're placed in bowls...
It's made that so, can't nobody shine, they can't control
To keep a tighter hold on God, can't no one rise that they ain't chose...
But I'm from Jesus, what's against Him, seek to waste my soul

A million people see me so, it happen, then they preyed it so...
I'm not fearing any evil, I was framed for doe
My fame had rose when I succeeded
Some can't see its framings so... I'm slain and yoked in totes of bondage
'Cause my faith is strong, it don't take special science
Seeing Jehovah's own don't stake His robes...
It's not my fault that I was ravished while who framed it know
That Weh' remained my Savior through the stages raised to change my soul...
So many bad wishes, just the basics as Christians
I ain't know attract to this, til now, to kill for that which envy
Seasons, seasons, but the LORD shall come avenge me though
Even when I'm gone, the New Jerusalem, is still in gold

Persecuted for knowing the truth
Not any other reason
Tsk
Speaking the truth is the closest I'll come
To treating anyone as such

But the devil always been looking for

A reason to kill me
6/5/19

Dexsta Ray

A Sad Person

See, you are full of conflict with self
And trying best to find a one to blame it on
With the wool's help
Made a couple of choices
Left you out looking
Bad
Then thought about the crazy course
Silly routes
Looking mad
But to see some other faces, you will laugh
Trying to hide the concentration
On some other placement
Trying to peel a scab
You were always sort of bright
I give you that
The deceptive works
Probably taking pride
All you have
So to welcome dirt
Left without a mercy
Extra heartless in your prime decisions
But I took it
Since it's over
Put my eyes on different
Now you coming back because I'm closer to my dreams
Trying to track and fabricate a stupid reason
Just to bash me
Just because you broken off the wings
Trying to trap me
Blasting out a rap sheet
Full of true and made up blunders
To disguise the fact that you just hate your life
I ain't do it
I ain't make decisions for you
Always stayed true
And I'm a God-fearing brother
I don't hate you
Much respect to women
Mama taught me how to function there

Even if you loved one but she doesn't care
Hypothetically but not for real
And you trying to smile and kill a brother's light because
You messed the situation up
I ain't always right
When I'm wrong, I do apologize
You don't know me
In between us
Is a lot of time
You try to ruin my life because you see that I'm a happy person
In spite of all you took me through
And I'm actually worth it
I ain't saying I'm passing perfect
But I ain't a crappy person
Changed my whole trajectory
And you just really mad you burned it
You just really mad you learned it
And lost it too...
I'm not the type of person that just keep befalling you
You just bother me
Nothing that I do involving you
After all the years
I been focused, now, you tossing ruse
Already made my wrongs right a long time ago
I don't know you, I don't want it, I ain't on it
All these things within the world and you trying to send a final blow
I ain't daunted, I ain't flaunting, I'm just focused
So, you'll continue plotting
Speaking false
All up on my purpose
Flip the script to the world but I'm so divergent
Call me what you want
I ain't playing the game because it's worthless
You'll regret the jokes
I'm just smiling, walking in discernment
Keep up the charade
I won't disturb it
You're in God's hands
I'm more focused, just preoccupied with God's plans
Trample over serpents like He told us we could do in scripture
Such a sad person, I just pray the truth delivers

Yea
I'm not stupid
I see the devil plotting against me
But I also see Psalm 37
And the two chapters before that
The devil is a liar
He can't steal my light
God covers me

No weapon formed, you know

10/18/15

Dexsta Ray

A String Or Ring Or Something

So time is none-existent...
You know...
Just with the symbol
Or the string which own the digits
To show commitment
I'm frozen on the sole condition
Clothed by the spoken
Frigid
Quite, asinine
If that is mine, like caskets, my last subsides
With my only wishes
Baby, why it's
Ghost?
Fiction missing... I'm so bedridden now
And every other day, our home ain't even in the house...
To blame it on the distance
'less love is a
Maze
Cause in my brain it's unconditioned
Or my number ain't saved...
I'm crossing pages
With the
Spirit...
Trying my best to get the lists completed
Sync, the wings of Christian phoenix gleaming
See it's 'need to know'
The devil sends whatever, mixed temptations
But I leave his show
To be his foe
Ever since my Savior did resist the satan
Walk into a place...
The only thing I'm thinking is your safety
Witchcraft is getting crazy and we're half within it's ranges
I get to praying...
Knowing everything ain't what it seems...
I was just a country stranger with a couple of dreams
Getting married
Live right...
Consider us a team

In conjunction with the real Light and the stuff it means
Loving truth in
Real life
Just enough, a string
I consider what it feels like if it doesn't gleam
Placing something...
'Cause just loyalty's enough to please
Even when there's struggles
You ain't got to question such a thing
So, yea, time is none-existent...
On the other
Scene
Though we shall divide upon the visit
Here...
We suffer needs
Infatuated with the spirit world
I lost my limits
Talking to the Lord all day and night exalting visions
Get your Spirit sword drawn to resolve contentions
God said I'll make it
He can't lie
Though I saw the trenches, satan dug
Ain't make it up, we're fated for
An awesome finish!
As I'm sitting down, listening, to your heart speak
Even when the time won't permit, I feel your heart beat
In the dark weeks... I get in my heart deep!
Bonded in the spirit, I ain't hearing you depart me!
O! Impart peace, a large piece, with a mark reached
It ain't hard to see the darts deplete by God's mighty hand
Consider this a token, wine is open
We won't fight
Again
Take me by the star light gazing at the striking lands
All that is ours, God granted, showers
Hightened plans

4/11/16

Dexsta Ray

A Wordless Song 2 (Polyurethane)

When feelings overtake the words...
There are times of that...
Wholly, slowly, coating vibrations
Signing, the winds, and chiming, kindly
At some moments, designing homes
Shown inside the mind
I'm taken by these bidings...
Besides the soul
Find...
Can not describe, in essence
Then reflection
Of ember light or an evening tan
Across the atmosphere, that is captured
Clear, like an easel stand
Reality, synthetic, but rather pure
Advent dreamy lands
Where even chance is limited
Figuring, if it's chiaroscuro
Or if standards live with it
O! The coat of figments in this
Polyurethane, focus frozen on spirit business...
Different endings, behold
I look aside and see a lighter theme
It's transfiguration!
It might align and
All
Fixed in mixed position within consent sufficient
Picked to listen, quick attention, wisdoms, unfit ambition
Then conditioned with the Light on High
To uplift the kindred
In His dimensions with the vision of Redemption, in the final times...
But, in this, a simple thing
Gentle rains
Dew...
For a little while, in the race, in the maze, different pace, different range
Components, that go unnoticed, until the Spirit enters the picture
And faith can break through...
Gravital bounds
See, it's not an actual house

Nor magical
Route
And, for the first time
I heard the voice of God, completely
Without telepathy
It sounds like instruments that's speaking
Interacting helpfully, with the sense
That only He would give, things that only He would say
No deceit, He lives...
So, I'm grateful either way, aim to seize the day
Nothing here is really promised, much are miracles
Receiving Scripture
Plus, there's stuff that I can't simply verbalize...
But His temperament will clear up, unto countenances
Most assuredly, the Kingdom things
Will enter then, in what the Spirit's in
A different lense, unspoken certainty
A peaceful string of deep destruction, sneaking, coming
In one form or 'nother
Seated dramas all around, but, some doors
Discovered
That the Lord has crafted, and I'd actually run through
The Light's so passionate
If that was that, restore the shutters
Sort of humbles, the source of thunder
Spirit madness adieux
And soon enough, I'll be able to explain
Through another method
Just as cherished

6/29/17

Dexsta Ray

Abstractly

Happily, I'm dumb... and have relationship
Grafted to the Master Who has crafted other fabrics in this...
Non-antagonistic
That replaces filth, establishment of faith
Instilling values that reshape
Congealing passages and paths
Lasting catalysts, masks extracted
Cruel...
I don't care who roast and bake me
I know fair, in fact, the satan closed the oven door...
Apparently, missing
With all the range, fame and name
Just to stare at me in it
Because I stay in faith and love the Lord
And great like being autistic
Respect my legacy or syndicate a wicked string of hidden hate
And envy, or embrace fake figments
Which all diminish in a spirit sense and light
Wishes ended right...
And so amazing
Hope enrobes whole engravings
Jehovah clothes the longing souls
Because I know I ain't crazy
And shows the low the Holy Ghost
I find, I'm something, and this all the proof...
I find, that what you told me, ain't controlling
This, as all can view...
The zone of chosen kids
His Throne is where my focus is
Was always in unholy news
'Cause Home is where Jehovah lives...
And those who captives
I don't have a thing to do with that
It's just a trap that I'm enwrapped in
To draft, a slew of kings, to be maddened, at this
Pursuit of dreams, to establish crueller means
And damage truth in future schemes
With malice...
We ain't always who we seem

But not to detriment
But quite the contrary, nets un-did
Then used for something else
Conventions
Claim I'm, now, problematic
For clarifying lies
Of puzzling depths, but if I don't
I'd be judged to death
And it ain't like the lists stop expanding
The snares are blinding minds
And doesn't stop, but keeps at it
And where it's from, I'm clueless
Tons of ruthless hopes of destruction, and useless yokes
Just for tearing down what I ain't pass to build (on me)
Want my care to drown
Yahweh wears the crown though
Catch me bowing, and on the ground
Marveling the glow of the Throne
And all the hope He sown
The 'world' is coming for me
The waves are just distractions
Contradicting things that the ones who twist
Had just exacted...
Off the radar maneuvers
With on the radar love
So I seem problematic though I ain't nor was...
It's not like it stops re-pacting
When I bring the gloves
Lyrically, and spiritually, I use it for the faith it plugs
No distortion or nothing because I've faced enough
You can't adjust?
Yea, you can, exhortion paves the way for trust
Without the forms of flattery embracing anarchy
The abstract is neurotic, I ain't crazy
But the patterns be...
The faith is batteries
A hazy age where laterns feed
All I say aligns to Light
I ain't trying to shatter dreams
Nor master things
The Way is kind, polite, any matters see
The focus is to entertain the Guide Who has crafted peace...

I ain't with evading eyes, tricks and things to hide
Spirit, quicken me to Yahweh's voice, in these dangerous times...
If it ain't, then it was, and has been the case
Even that which had been chained is made
Comfortable, to later on, exhibit the rage, arranged, insurmountable
And sing along, this flickering flame
The dwindling, even so, rekindled in, as the faith ain't in vain
Although I go through hard times
Poetry is free and global so I'm owning peace
It flow to regions I may never get to go or see
Maybe it ain't 'sposed to be
But I thank the Lord
All this proof of His existence
And His grace which paves the course

4/1/17

Dexsta Ray

Accurate Perception (Time Judges)

I don't have to shape-shift, nor morph, some unrelated people
To display some features, or force, someone into conforming
What my vibe consist of
Distorting, the kindness, twist up stuff, extort with violence
To embrace what's mortal
Lord, the truth is
Clear, tabula rasa backdrop, rustic sunlight on cabins
With some attention to
The meadowland, some lavenders, fragrant
But dread don't spread unto
The urban places, architect, consistent
Rune, Light's imponderabilias
The setting only show
A glimpse, different swag, different kind of jacked
Spiritual attack, Jesus been my centerpiece, sufficient
Through the different scenes
I'd have to die to live but whoever snatch just
Lived for free
Then I'm controversial
Since of God, then it's conspiracies
The Scripture's what I liveth by
Death does not
Appeal to me, wickedness is blasphemy, the Spirit is honest
I planned to write stuff anyway, supporters Christian, ain't against
Then with, in case hate didn't notice, I been trends, aside from chide
They meant, to hide me with, in guile, and lies such lifted up to
Climb me
With, I been aside, from that which been devised
To swipe my pen, the Light distended to and through
If I'm offended, not the truth
But I been simply Christ's vessel, praise the LORD
So many like the devil
Blaspheming the Spirit like a sport so such can rise with treasure...
There's no secret sides of stories
This just all it is
I mean, it's all that's relevant, I'm thorns and more
And all for good, my source the Lord
The ancient baby
Need the hearty to survive

My pennies, peasant robes, the glow, was sabotaged
To kill me, so the devil grow
With plants that's
Mine, appropriated wrongly, mostly, saying it bold because of roasting
Of my blooms, and smoldering trees
During vital times
To own the King, controlling Jesus, just to cut the roses
Letting them grow in secret
Then changing the name of when they flourish
So they won't believe me
But I'd rather wait, rather pray, and rather stand with grace
Soon the truth will come around
Stuff came for me to snag my place, and stab my back with half of facts
From scoffers who don't have a say
Just famous from the evil did and not because they actually great
But when you stand for Weh', it matters not
The accurate, Light of God
Is patented...

10/21/19

Dexsta Ray

Acomplish...Wents?

What's accomplishments? Conjured from the hand of man?
The concentration spirit
Riches
As the confirmation
Ethereal
Sands
Broken books and twisted limitations
Empty places where the poets
Used to sit... and
Waiting
Hidden faces ripping pages when the minute changes
So to fadeee away
Like glory
Withering fields of grasses and some other blooms, blossoms
Ay...
What's attainment in the physic realm?
Just obstacles, poverty
Leading one away from
The craziness
Made to
Face
That's obsolete in the age of current understanding...
Tobacco in a pipe and quill feathers
Floating in wineskin
To act on frigid plights... it feels better
In the unconvencion
Writing, witness
Time spin
Whisper to the fingers, 'Quick'
Try and match up with my mind... try align
Only for a moment
For the present hour is fleeting...
At completing
What have we to show? It's only paper, tainted by ejected parts of soul
Make the darkness hold

7/11/15

Acting Crazy

I know how it seems
I'm like a lunatic
Child grieved
Using everything, excusing it
Acting crazy
Being a victim
Just a foul scene
Lord, it ain't no telling what the devil say about me
But I think I have the right to know the
Fundamentals
It appears
Like oppression
As it's witnessed here
Aggression being a product
Give perspective of a bad person
Or a mad serpent
Justifying a bad purpose
If you make a second
I was acting crazy
For a while, and I'm grown now
But I want peace
Why forsake my own house? What you know about the hidden blessings?
Lessons don't sleep
Try the best to know Jesus
In the hurricane
But it's like a surly game
Disturbing things
Common sense, what could make a brother click?
Well, it ain't for nothing
Humble, extra cool, nonchalant
What's the situation? Think about a haunted house where a spirit's angry
Then to take away the honest route
With some hidden changes
Others can't see, subliminally degrading
Say, you getting twist without a cause but you kill pride
But you still feel within a fall
Covered under real lies, I'm pretty sure you don't know
I'm just complaining to you
Who I'm writing to? I don't know, this page a truer

Devil tried to set me up and I don't mean
In the flesh
But see, the catch is that this tactic only breath in the text
The easy to exploit withhold compassion
Demons try to tempt to hook
Looking, if you want to, then it's even stashing nets
I don't want to sit with you
I have my own table
Mixing horses with some mules, you in the wrong stable
No, I don't deserve to be oppressed
Why you all on me?
I don't desire this, no hope, where the fire is, you don't understand
What you're doing and trying to be accepted
All you did to try to break me
Really helped me
Stronger than before, acting crazy, from outside looking in
But I could see, I beat the devil, how I took the
Sin and turned it back around
Booked the win
Living in the Light, and since you're smart, then, I'm sure you get it
What I miss, for I live within the scripture
So my focus ain't this
Educated on the higher things and stupid on the misc.
So to blame me for the tihngs you did to me
As a way to stay connected
Just to dish some misery, and confusion
No
I ain't feeling villain 'cause I understand the ruse in whole
Jesus see your dealings
I am just a man that you enrobe in
?evil

Just a trap

10/17/15

Dexsta Ray

Acute

From the working class, was learning fast...
Definitions of a hero, hell's diminishing, and Light's embrace
A certain brand and weight, expanding flame
Mobs of evil, plans enhanced and hands engaged
Uncanny stands, some onomatopoeia
In the way
For which to say I grasps for what's external?
Have a passion, that advance upon the touch of YHWH's
Perfect will
Baiting, maybe, strangely, it's namely, what's ill-informed, still ignoring
The Light of Truth, finding time, designing contradictions, nothing in it though
Then I notice, hidden focus, it's relented not, conditioned
When I need
Then I see the wait, to be the weight
Jesus came to be a change to keep it plain
Then, I see
This avid misportrayal
'He (me)know who to try.' (What?)
As if the Scripture ain't my dinner
This misrepresentation, in spite, igniting quick iniquity
Spirit killing spree
Specific
Utters of contention, drama unremitting
Mixed contingencies, when sin resisted He, then contrition leaves
Restricting beings from fullness in Him
Wool, tissue, spools of conversations
Tricky lull retinue, instruments within the soul
I stick with it, and loyal to Light
Love in trust related
Spiritually, the Spirit sees, and enter hearts
Dismembered parts of misery
I'm stuck on YHWH's testimonies, willingly, He intervenes in physic lives too
Intrinsic ties...
Twists my lines to fit into some kind of mighty trick
Which initiates the violence that incline when Light persists
I'm convinced
A little extra looking over, then, I witness silence, different sided
Never mentioned, knower, folders, open ended, biased
Whole dominions

Want to listen, none, before it sent it, after
Minutes faster, vengeance shatter, I write for me, no bidding on a list, and from
the slander
Word against another, but I fixed the puzzle, ends discovered
Meant to be eradicated, activated
Much is pondered, constant summer
Feelings fully, laminated, cracked and stated, masked elation
Maybe this is captivating
Scratching pages trying to leave the past
The weeping lasts, like screens imagined, streams unmanaged from my
Eyes
Even happy, sad, mad, or glad, the streams ain't compromised,
The shadow from this hat, beyond the black, external, nothing shines
It's just the sight of running water, permanent
But just as kind...
Once a sunken mind develops some falsehood
All good, except for what it's formed and stored for
The dross, perspective
Pause, receptive, tall tales can fall
Once a witch, al- nawl, tell, I ever did to them?
Really...
Who shut down, run grounds, I stand and clap at that
I wasn't round, that one house apologizing
Problems signing off on hiding faults, like I'm caught
The envies of the Satan
Pouring something different
Wickedness don't
Raise me
I don't drink the wine of violence, and don't really think of danger
Things are stranger...
Even hypocrites be
Dibbling
And going to hell is cool to just who hell includes...
The blind rejoice and vaunt, of crime and evil
Unbeknownst, the devil is the force that owns them
Not my business, til' it's being imposed
Then most supporters ditch me
Godly stuff just ain't as cool as demon stuff the children mention
Trying to eat me up...
But I'm a porcupine, you finished
Puppets of the devil's game don't have their own design or vision...
Flying monkeys

Blind dummies, denying something
I'm loving, rushing, so hide from me, 'cause I'm coming
Lines, rusty, rusty
Sucky sucky, guns and money
That ain't me
Slashed the reach of sin a long time ago, different road I'm trying to go
Different ropes I tried to throw
The hope and Light and Truth which don't apply to who has lied for more
Anything that's said or done to me for bad is persecution
I do address the devil's darts
Nets that fail at heart
Hell is dark, whoever start the picking only help me
Won't accept me, different masters
Sitteth lanterns up, in rationality
Sent me banter, silly answers, yeilding slander, indirectly,
But I send the fruitful truth in like fashion
The spirits hype some up
What you're expecting, I would never do, I'm clever too
What I'm doing now is just enough I need to better you
Show the earth the proof of what it won't perceive
I never lose
Some glorify in ignorance 'cause insolence won't let one move...
What I find myself in is what I want to be
And I ain't trying to step with sin and it's approaching me
It's obvious the devil sends the pins to poke the dream balloon
And it's funny, he ain't never welcomed in
Exploded every expectation as an artist and life, and blowed minds, agitated, at
how hard I will fight
If I was sitting back, just waiting, and hating on how another shined (a long
time)
I'd probably been arranging...
And suddenly, wanting
Funk too
But come I through, confident in my cocoon
Loyalty and jealousy, mixed, against me, my love cool...
And maybe that's a reason why
I got enough convincing
Hate to see me watch the sky and sabotage my run
With women
Plus, I'm shunning sin to one day see the Son ascended
Night does not exist in heaven, what amazing, such a difference!
Plus how difficult it really is for one to get in...

He told the wealthy ones to follow Him and dump their riches... (Couldn't)
I'm at the pinnacle of spirit warfare, unattended...
Looking for a fault to use against me just to dawn the wicked...
I make a move
It's all derision, hope I fall and finished
All my hard work the snakes encapsulate in false conditions
For my Master's sake
This after taste like true success
Fornication being exalted, nothing like a fool and sex and nets
Usual wreck, I handle Light, I've an appetite, for the Truth and best, food is
Tests
And I ain't playing with it...
Honestly, the hearts are more important than the parts, she'd bond with me on
something deeper
Than the evil, shallow stuff, shadows, thus, I wouldn't judge
What's of satan can't relate
Concentrate on shaming, syndicated, pluses satan lusts...
Break for what? Degrade for what?
And hate the same for what?
Contaminate my fields with salt
The damage changed my tears and all, it's clear, dissolving values that first set
out to bully (ahem)
I won't regret and for that reason, some things set out to pull me (into the evil)
When, I had fully, wanted no involvement (nothing, nothing, nothing)
So, like a solvent, corrosive as I unrobe the ocean, stuff implosive to me...
God determines my steps, so when it's looking different, God discerns hidden
depth
And tell me what it is
What's within the darkness, in the Light
His delight, this aligns to many signs, with spirit sight, ain't hard to see
Targets me, my heart, and dreams
But we the sharpest though
Hope, no matter how hard it seemed
Defeated enemies, and evil, history was made, indifferent to the enmity in spirit
I'm a that, but wickedness is scripting cheese...
Don't want to hear it
Shame befalls the haughty and the pride
If it wasn't me, it still would not have changed
Inside...
Became surprised, when I saw the devil claiming mine
Reach from underneath
Feet

The trouble comes when great is blind...
This wastes the time, ain't a scammer
Straight to free express
It's almost like if people rhyme they also have to keep a weapon
And with some talent, satan comes if they ain't speaking death
And it could be allowed if they embrace the gains that equals heaven...
Treated less than
I ain't shooting, I ain't fighting (Lord, protect my mind)
But I'll never be a peasant
You can cue this through my writing
Truth and lightning
Tools to psyche are inclusive, I'm on top of things
Life is more than shining scores and swords, compromising more...
I ain't ask, ask me, stuff that actually understand, reciprocated implementing
With the business
I ain't like them, so I don't give in, still wins, impossible, in sin
An obstacle
It's not like I'm aside from God, this stuff ain't topical, or diabolical
In nature, astrological engravings, like a hope, the growth ain't show until
Later
For, thus, skullduggeries, it's O!
I would've been on your waist
Girl, what they got for me?
Apologies are obviously unheard of (I mean, real)
And, O! To death, where is thy sting?
Jesus rose and left, observing
Feeling atmospheres attached to situations that I'd...
Really really like to remember, that time's considereth not...
For we used to know each other, minds in spirit spots
Clearer

7/4/17

Dexsta Ray

Adages And Idioms

I respect the concept of art too much for my heart to steal it...
Just got a target for dreaming large when I started building... (covetous)
Harps and larks, had been in my cart, imparted by YAWH Himself
My car is feelings, plus, my memorials
Are with the Lord Himself, interfused with Christ
I ain't think too hard of being marked, I felt, whatever, bring perspective
Of Bible verses, and truth fulfill me
So pursued and lived it, discarded evil, with proof a villion, while I'm used for
bilking
I try dispute, then I'm viewed as villains, never had a reason
For legal problems, less Jesus wrong, trust is difficult, when you seen some
properties steal your poems
And skipped the Psalms, I witnessed, my testimonies, some scribble on
Not like some can't pretend they've accepted things
Just to end my soul, and then my goal, and remnants, my Scoville units was
different so
Got bit without my knowledge and swindled with love presented wrong
Not respect the evil, responsible, for such wicked yokes
Really was the dragon in revelations that did it though, my depth was more
substantial
The righteous thrive when the wicked gone, victim only, up in defenses, because
my substance cloaked
Violently, why must I forget it, like it was isolated, still, I love my craft and my
talent
The slander didn't succeed, justice wasn't free, so it's possible
That it still could happen, diabolical, if the haters win 'cause they kill my
happiness
Showing ulterior motives, I watched some witness, I ain't in brackets
And I watched consistently, malice, I ain't appeal to evil
'Cause my brand won' blasphemy, beaten to fragments, but still a leader
Taught to never follow, the evil practices, filling earth
Wrong to witness Jesus and share the Gospel, a different meaning, childlike in
my liveliness
Gummy snacks in the winter seasons, ain't that much about rationality
Well, the persecutions, wouldn't have been attacked, like a massive storm, that
destroyed my future
If it would've made sense, only accounts, they framed it
To take gifts, arranging what's best described as the devil's work, to envelop
purposes

Larger than could be held in purses, I ain't using idioms, adages, I replace the surface

Knowing that if I had, they would slander, so they could claim my worth, and value, tricks and methods, the proverbs I read

Discernment, prospers, much I'd like to talk about, cosmologically

From the Lord, ain't my job to just let the devil destroy

The good and Light, speaking on the topics, forever, before the present times

And what's understood 'bout life, and what's cherished

4/10/20

Dexsta Ray

Adulation Adieu

Call into question everything that you knew
Taking half-hearted steps
Adulation adieu
Now you can choose who not to be involved with
Another mistake
Lets watch as providence resolves it
I couldn't say what caused it
Foolishness maybe?
Just wasn't as suspicious as this usually made me
The sentiments were changing from hostility to love
At least that's what we called it
But that's not what it was
Anyone who knows what love is
Knows what it does
Last thing you want to do is throw away trust

10/17/12

Dexsta Ray

Advocacy Journalism

Erase the propaganda
Confessing a perspective up front
Sprayed into the eye of
Scandals...
Some questions begun... beyond
It'd seem as though we'd stray away from speaking as deep
If we shouldn't advocate... what is freedom of speech?
For we could be of non-objective
Trash the media's...
Perspective...
We could form our own opinions of some evil's in effect
And if we ever have a change
This will organize such
We cannot unlock the truth if we keep boarding it up
If, this, a journalist...
Pursued...
Then he is not to be of fabricating
And if the person had the proof then he'd have to say it
A major catalyst for change is what we're castigating
That I can't explain... in the same
It was... fascinating
Advocacy journalism should
GROW
May I point out some corruption and just say what I want?
Shouldn't stand in front of lenses and just say what they wrote
I listen... but I listen to the business in depth
We should make the views explicit with
Intentions to specifically...
Help
With self awareness... sugarcoat it for what?
And not everyone will air it but...
I promise there's one

5/23/14

Dexsta Ray

Aegyo

I'm detecting divination, infiltrating
My essence, without my blessing
Witches, mysticism, all abominations
Worthy of the death
Urgent debts to
God
Made a circus of curses, neglected wisdom
Steady bilking of the Light
Steady milking sin
Unsettling is a spell, in it's darkness
I plead the blood of Jesus
Just protect us
Offer praises for the stuff you've done
Throughout the mazes, while I supplicate about the basic
Etchings of your glory
Far above all of ours...
I look aside to see that same figure
Like When I'm Alone
Dressed the same, blessed the same
Just the faith's bigger
Write, the kite is gone, time erased
Like a faint riddle...
Disguised as lines that I can taste
Light is baked brittle
Lies are like a snake's venom
Cutting up in doubles
Love'd to see this honesty
An object of the translations
From another head's basis
Set my lands facing
Other hands casing commentation
Tell me what a sell refunds? Aegyo, the same answers
Vain masters, faith enhancers
Set like to throw...
The cracked can know which way your path is but act like they don't
I guess they think they had one trapped in
Jealousy with maps, pens
Threats to be explained
Demons mess with me again

I guess it's destiny
Women try to calm me down
Affection be a blessing or a weapon...
Not affecting me
I'm walking out, the evil all around
Dishing magics too, I'm mad at you
For crafting that
You know that God ain't fashion that
Damages, ravishing, and scavenging
Then salvaging, collapsing chances at salvation
Safety, heavy spirits, something's set to happen
Death just passed
And maybe, times are crazy in the wretched lands
Protection for a nation, in discord
Some more, and praying, many saints
The Lord arranged in place
To force the mortal forms awakening
Let me run into the faces to confront the tools to break us
And no matter what the case is
Since, in 12', I've risen well
I'm with the revelations, realizations
New, unveiled, my greatness
Few, considered God a joke, the truth
The Scripture's God's awoke and focus
Most of what the lowest do, God ain't fretting over
God just watch, protect His soldiers
In the end, His dead opponents will confess Jehovah
Still subjected to the Judgment
The Son lives in Spirit, only visible to what's fit
The wicked stuck on carnal war but even this won't hush Him...
Picture love materialized
Different shades of Light
But nothing on the other side is dark enough to shade the Christ
He made it right
It's lame to fight for things that ain't perverted
Germs to what they say, just remain in faith and stay divergent...
'Cause on your dying day it's worth it
While degraders burnin, in a pyroclastic like environment
But God forbid...
Still His Word's uncompromising
He will not forget, who did not repent
When they had the chance

To turn
Even divination used concerning is a sin, all the wicked want to harm
The ones who learn the Truth within the hatred...
And that ain't but some misc. from satan
And I'm with the Savior, many want to end the Light
Impose the chains we're disengaged with...
Like what's normal to the flesh
For you to regress, in carnal nets and blinds
Evil force to order sin
And raise it...
Find a woman I could pray with
Love, and Light's embraced is
Sober all the time
Grow in
Spirit, and we'd likely make it...
Can't sleep, thinking
Of the goals, the time it's taking
Even at the fact that only God knows the whole
I keep climbing though
Scaling walls
Utilize statements, spoken in the Holy pages
I am not on the coals

11/21/16

Dexsta Ray

Aerial

I'm like an ego maniac, my steelo, mainly facts of Light
Which smacked the facts of life
I'm actually a flagged, granted, that'd I'd rather manage right...
Coexisting with cold values
Clandestine
Nights...
Tapping in to damages, stone statues, and resting might
'Twas the chilling arrangement
At the glance first, figure, if this thistle of hatred
Ain't constrain spit, a strain sent unwilling
Fulfilling, within the same shift
Spiritually unsealing
Regardless, the twisted heal the darkest
Impart this, maybe it's each
The start of scarred margins
Rigid from complacents like evil
Resisted scars pardoned
Consistent hearts sharded...
And then dominion starts swarming...
Let it snatch your eye
The masks of all the attitudes
Collapse the rules
Unchallenged whys, in sap with tools that crafts the dooms
That fly, and consume the skies
The passion wasn't fleeting
But it left because it has to rise
And by the time we ratify, an ethereal connection
Aerial projection, for the mind
All the paths we find
Is scarce as tare and grasses in Antarctica
Even tablets be a ghost, a particle, departing ya'...
But for now, it be a host, like a sacrament
To manifest the crown of the Most
In this planet's sin...
And ripping down all the ropes, high imaginations
Haughty, lounging jokes, know/no apologizing for the blameness
Smoke and paintings, spoken to a soul
Never idolize support, because the nature change
Trying to bring me into satan's game, but I don't even care if they stay inflame

For the hate the same, separate myself, while I raise the Name until relating
came
From saints living for the
Kingdom...

11/19/16

Dexsta Ray

Aggiornamento

And I said, in early years...
Sleep's an enemy
But, at the time, ain't truly knew what it mean
I guess, it's partially my fault, dark and breathless, I experienced death
By the hands of trusted, countless times, God had bring me back
But earlier today
I remember this clearest
And what it was, a ground of faith
He said, 'You can speak and move your life.'
Anxiety had fallen on me, realizing this, reality, I told Him, 'Like this, I BREATHE'
And then I rolled over, back to life...
This, instantly, had made my soul stronger
No longer, will I visit sleep in dangerous circumstances, hurts
But who cares
Proof, shares, true dares, due fares, enormous, coping with the changes
It's strange, the fame had came, and gone
Although the thing that gained it, remained, and even greater, so...
I'm focused on the Father for guidance
The more I write, I'm getting close to something, products of slander
Immortal life, I chase...
They tried to take all my passion, also
Important to them, if I wasn't cutting it, why the concerted efforts then?
With directed convo, mess with sin, been a no no, though I choose the righteous
route
Sinners pleasure in my destruction still...
Rush to steal discretely, or not, I'm humble still, the evil
Owe me for my time, extra serious
I only owe to love, sow in love, exponent
The reason, I started writing, hasn't ever been to prove stuff to what's
Pursuing my dishonor
Couldn't care if it wasn't standard according to tradition
And deluded, twisting, of doctrine, I see, mislead the flock
Arbitrary blended
Aggiornamento, the thing is, the same Spirit
God giveth validation, had spoken to me, when I'm on like this
He's the One Who gave me that inspiration
Not a wicked spark
Plenty scars, then waiting 'til my voucher be decease
To crowd with speech and things of demons

Making louder, schemes released
But all I can say, is, these days are different
The Proverbs had tell me 'bout it, got to catch the flow, or it won't, make
Any real sense, instrumentals, souls, not required, for souls to feel this...
Still in the Arc, slipped the darkness, He lifts your shards and hears your hearts
Grief, dispondency
Nothing He doesn't see, ain't done with me, so I'm embarking, seeking
Righteousness
Until He comes for me, to help me out, someday
And render each accordingly, I'm constantly before Your Throne, I need you
Lord, ain't much had changed
I hear that it is worth it, as if, You had, forsaken me
My heart is for the Lord, the shadow grabbed me, my defense was down
Lord, I come to You, it ain't the first time, the weight exceeded
But I trust in You
Satan's demons even mask as Light, to have my life, I seen it, what's the
meaning, Lord?
Completion, seeing evil have a time
And, as a person, certain, envying, to blame, in cases, ain't no telling what else
I ain't trusting it
And so much done to save, what's done away regardless, nothing preyed
At all
So I figure, by their freedom doing it, I'm consent to ruin, never seen a deeper
evil
I don't think the Spirit grew it, I don't seek the same feeling, plus, I don't care
I think, the worse in earth are those who witness evil, that's no fair
Ignoring...
I know rejoicing over downfall, happens often, even in the shadow, and no
consequences come to me
Doesn't be a cause, lost me, in the heart, I'm all out, I fall away, but can mock
and play
Like fake I get, plus love is just a concepts
Aside from God, when in satan's midst
Revenge against the Lord on His prophets...
Oh, yea, a brainy pick
Cutting off, ain't trusting, such logic, the devil's grimy, snide, and blind
For trying to deny His judgement, if the keel was even, and I see what happens
When Scripture comes to life, before this season, saw division in the body of
Christ
Not knowing, that God would put me in it
So I see the definition clear, I never did consent at all, to being in terrorism
But, with help, persisted fog, some make a strange decision, without facts

All I see is scales
Yellow eyes, and nails, gnashing, hell and shells, deceitful fashion
Just a bit, surprised
This is sensitive, Light that's stealing lives from God, what's right to earth, just
hails it
Initiatially, one's considered forcing
Loyalty misplaced, oh, the weight, well, at least, my friends, can see that I am
Loyal
Fighting, for, you think is for you, warnings, prayers in some regards, but
somehow, it's like
My life ain't matter where it should
Confirmation bias
Some kinds of silence is never good, I speak with God's audacity
Much I suffered
But for His glory, and it's true, you're right
I'm Elijah, and what snores abhors me, saw the painted skies
Upward twirling substance
Appear as dust, heavy, what is that?
Like volcanic ashes, unfurling constants, fascinating like damaging, torturing
Jesus Christ for fun
Persecute His vessel, then, praise Him, repent, and then repeat, forever
Then, He made it aware, there ain't no devil in me, righteous anger burned, like
the tare, but
Then replaced with peace
The devil dwells in cowardice
God is upfront, in faith
I speak
Bring it on, whatever, the fear of man is what satan teach
To counter file, with pleasure, to take it there
Why the haters reached

Only the source of terrorism
Wants my unfair condemnation

Breadcrumbs

9/30/17

Dexsta Ray

Aggiornamento 2

With a different dimension
Hisses, from hair and stuff, twisted
In distortion
Consistent with plenty snares and stuff
Really, there's indifference
Opinion of mine
And orientation, still as sure, the basics
But, given the times
Is sort of shady
Maybe, more erase than embrace
To formulate the root
More debate
And after it, shattered it, hasty, activating, active framing
Darts and hardships, masquerading
Lamentation
I don't know, not to ascertain, poison coming up
Or something, poised on subterfuge and pluses
Joined to conquer stuff
Of God, some cruel and constant stuff
Unusual
But done enough...
Granted, used to crush and undermine
Or compromise the livelihoods as well
A larger picture
I ain't bullies, likelihood as dealt
I might be good
It doesn't matter, Light's, distorted so
Orientation's used as ruses
Just in case, the Lord'll grow, misportray
The truth as roots
With chains
Extorting growth, important bows, portrayed
Excuses, ain't delusion, hidden sides
Extremes
The devil's eyes on me with smiling teeth
Implying things
I find of sleaze, ain't trying to think
I understand it
At the same time though...

My hope
And zygote's in God, I'm focused
On His guidance
The, Light
Is, my, home abroad, the chasm, in between
Some two worlds, of Christ's Throne
Or not, the labryinth
And laboratory, that I'm in a hamster wheel
Please the map
Or trap His glory, matching stories
That you're real (eh)
Be free, that's seek peace, and be-lieve
Grasp in 3D
The breeze, seas, you see me, in these things
Dream, the passion builds
And lasting...
Facts, imagine that, then after that, grab it back
The spiritual
Can lift the spirits up, if it's in the dumps
No matter how the world perceive
If God's within
It's still enough...
See, I can latch to that
Fabrics, plaid, a concept
All the damage
Flagged
A concept
Sat with tablets in my nooks
And took the Master's hand
Beyond self
Then, I wonder why my passion's still attacked
Like it is?
Can't even lift my pen without contraptions
Maxed like it's sins
And even if I challenge that, the malice'd track where I lived
Advance, unconstitutionally, if think my craft be unveiled (just truth)
Or if my substance truly speaks...
That's evil
And ain't no God in that
Especially, when unequal and evil that hate can
Chide and snap
But I don't even shake, I don't follow it

And I'm probably trash
But I don't do a thing for the property
When it comes to that...
Even when it ain't, there, a problem be
satan bothers me
But God had not forsaken, He honored me
Like some prophecies
All-out terrorism, infliction, but still
My God is He
Intentionally, just like demon legions scheme
To distress emotions...
Not my fault, evil wrought, but I was just for sowing
Peace, to follow righteousness, even still
Caught a knife in it...
Still sought politeness and kindness
Advice that Christ would give
The Light's instilled
The truth ain't entombed
The King had rise
And lives...
It's not about no-one else, at least, for me
It's not
I never would imagine, how savage, things be
For speaking God, and dreaming lots of goodness
Some passages cash can't even trod
Sharing testimonies
While hoping I stand where Jesus watch
A positive figure...
Father, let me be ordered in Your Word
And compasses
Hither
Father, help me be more of Scripture's worth
No opposite pictures
Quite, the contrary, I love the Light
An option to figure
Promises delivered...
So I believe
Ambiance be all in the rhythm
For it's a part of it
Humiliation ain't human nature, attuned to natural
Sounds, actions, crowds of thousands were counted
As having solid knowledge, of the Light, reality

In consistence with all these battles...
Still misrepresenting
Illumination, if evil happens where, perpetuation
I air, it ain't my problem there, care, very few would display
But made like I'm the tare
Never
I'm a single, in flesh, 'less God said otherwise
Either or, it's compromise, conniving and dares
To maime, the same...
Archetypes though, my heart, it's hard to find hope
If aside from Light and truth
Writing scars
A part of fights though
These are plights, overshadowing, literally
Shadowed from above
Dumb if I succumbed, and threw the mantle down
Immorally, because I know just like the darkness
Sin as such, no more of me...
But, still, the road is heartless
Lose the focus
Then start to sink
Fall into the motions and lose the soul
And then start to stink
Brokenness regardless
Ruses show
Then it's hard to blink
Framings and the stagings be used to sow stuff the target beat...
Pardon me
I was sorry, for different reasons though
Unsanctioned, funded
Campaigns, to martyr me, if I seemed awoke
Illnesses that's plotted, extreme, the whole, I seek Jesus though
Don't fear for me, I'm fine, but those terrorists should be
Deemed the ghosts
Talking just to God...
But the stalking, collude, intrude my service
Paid two months ahead, but I walked and cue that my tool
Was worthless, these are previous seasons, passed
And hackers still campaign, antagonism for me
Somehow, so I don't heal from things, though I did
Expose, beyond doubt, so I don't feel the same
About society, and how it'd lie on me, and slice on me...

Winning so attention
Is great
My fuel is just experience, I remember being in the valley
With violence dressed, but I digress
Paranoia ain't found
Stuff stuck in air to kill me, all of which, for following God
If one declare enough, to pair my stuff, suspicious to them
I'm unsure, but they're aware, so why is sin exempted through them?
I, again, an eye'll squint at, because I fight with pens
Been going on for a while
My reality ain't inclined to this, my channel
Ain't designed for it
No, pin-cushions, times to sit, I only made it this far
I count it to YHWH, and His mercy, I ain't make it this far
I'm gone...
Some evil being outnumbered
Seen as just some beast or some creature
What's different
Need to go, and even more, if Light
Some existences proved
The King had rose, my occupation
Not to ignite
Fire, unless I strike lightning, stuff's surreal
Glorifying God, like His promise will
My purpose
Not to burden or work darkness, my cherry blossom winds
Curve margins, and swirl largest, but never copy
Mixed, with the light fall, I will speak
As discerning artist
Targeted, by hell, for up-lifting, what the Light curtailed
Never stop it, if it's in righteousness, 'til the body fails
Feeling so inspired
In tribulations
My God is there
Wickedness, the envious used religion
To deal against
The midst of my predictions
I didn't ascend
I repent of sin, as in the same level
The innocent ain't devils
Just 'cause sin could benefit
All some did in this

Ain't settled
Aim to limit this embracement to the things that I see
Through espionage, did to maim me, to a state I can't speak...
As if my mind had been that basic
In a way I can't think
In spite of proof that God has saved me
And His is pages I keep...
False accusations
All taken as truth, based on what may seem
As well as framing, staging, and roots
Place me in circumstances
Witches, different gaming, played a lot
In twisted phases, plots
Somebody probably did it but long after Mr. Ray was shot
What's coming back, in the interests of cash
And staging fraud
Just after my successes, coincidental
I'm thinking not...
There's no telling what's in rotation
That I ain't got
Main preoccupation's been spotting saints
And just praising
God...
Evil plot on my health, and been allowed to do it
That way if I die, evil got my wealth, through the vilest
Ruses
But that's the depth, of if truth's accepted
From piles of proving
Something's trying to kill me
For nothing I done
Just trying to use me...
Indiscretly
Now, obvious, so my time's accruing
Wonder who could help me
I'm under lies and unkind illusions
Trying to bury me
Though I'm Light, it's like some kind of movie
Normalizing hate in advance
For when it try to do me...
More...
Not the first time, most don't know, life just through the Lord
If they were on my hip during the worse times

Roll'd me up the mountain...
Doubting, I don't do, I know truth
I pray in time, as well
I'll have the leisure some day to just
Embrace all the gifts
For me
I know exists, but evil's, in the way
So I don't get to heed
In valleys, excommunicated, not what I was meant to be...
Mysteries, disclosed, self-examined, but now
In history
I saw the rip and closed it, uncanny
Now souls can mention me
But only for the Most High, close-by, that's my own tribe
But satan's in the earth
Will some recognize what's their own eyes?
Paintings in reverse
Hurting definitely, hating no kinds
Draining to discern
Curs-ed weaponry, and curiosity, but just the principles
Nonetheless, I ancient, old times
Most vibes
Centuries, passed, before, our souls writhe
I ain't talking to what ain't abstract, where my craft at
Through the persecution, nab that, I cannot allow
To wrap that
Trash and entrap that, wax and cramp the style
I just pass around
When it's unconnected, and separate substance
Which is just perspective
The dusts consecutive, and collective
Though not what most like
Special still in my own right
Diverted from the scale
Light is selfless, feel like I ghostwrite
I know Christ'll help me
Accepted
These gospel notes cry
Oh my

Aggiornamento

Part two

And no..

I had plenty of readers then

I still do now

I don't see why that could change

All things considered...

Dexsta Ray

Ain't In Nobody Phone Much

Trust without a beginning...
A cloud for all of
Time
Doubting, unforgiving, founded what doesn't cost a dime...
To breathe the shadow of mountain country
In drought, the dusts of thirst
Mounds of hunger
Expounded
The wild and ancient tales
From elders
All familiar but under... but still
The promise wanders
Savage cattle businesses, rattled
With freedom being elusive
Hurting from the curses and yearnings
For peace that seems confusing...
O! Ye out of society? Sound and fighting
Keeping regions, that intangible lightening
That strike the soul, and crying
Son, don't be discouraged
For he don't understand..
The older land sowers, hand growers
Shall teach tradition to him
Most of whom have died
Muse? I'm trying to capture night inside
The graph of Light, and use it...
Appetite for something other than calves
One hunts for family
Thirteen, if he lived by our standards
The pattern's dirt because the madness that he's learning
Will burn him for certain!
Witchcraft, magic, and nobody knows it's bad
I heed the closest path he's had to Saving
Was a grandparent long before his birth
And no more was learned since...
Jesus? Never heard This
Important stories, and some testimonies
Ain't a wordsmith though
I heard this soul

That, likely, don't know that I exist
But I repent on his behalf
Plus we know time's ending quick
I pray Ye save this gold!
Praying on another kindred spirit
Difference in reality
But same because we're in His image...
I relate to some pains, at times
It seems like being accepted is the strain
Plus, for this young one, difference
In his range of life, they're made to raise the knife
Experience in the culture started early
So the mote instilled is rigid and the venom claims
The eye...
Hidden, broken, chilled, and large disturbing
Overballasted figments, stitches cover up the missing feeling
But to no avail...
Frozen pails, conditioned, to think that hope
Is hell...
But Yahweh can do show and tell
Just standing in the gap

3/21/17

Dexsta Ray

Ain't No Way

Promise not to speak
not to meet
I see but not concede, perspectives on the antipode
What's out for me, I plant and sow, what's planted more
Granite hopes, where chances go
I ain't a friend
But never wished a death, fallen government
Lets satan in, forever, wicked depths, left alone
In different suffering, coupled with, and ducking sin and evil
Like it's consequence, responsibility
For wicked sequels
Fall on what offends, funded evil, darkness
That campaign, against the Son and them
Recent persecution
Just as early as now, and this is after all exposure
Demons burning me down, the antichrists, with all discernment
Leave emergencies out, where interaction is a terror
And this baphomet allow it through
Aiding and abetting, trying to overshadow
Standing proof
While simultaneously persisting
Acting like the actions new, are actually proof
Against exposure, just so people brand it too
If justice didn't happen, still, it's Babylon
And that's the truth...
Open cases, high level crime, that's still a factor too
I guess that's what they have to do
Some sabotaged to handle you, even if was with me
Then that mean it was tripping
In the valley
With my sleeves exposed, dark seasons, I'm dripping
But my wife, I know complete and strong, this ink and that lyric
I see that vintage, but don't want control
Like dreaming when hitched...
Got my attention, any which you choose, to lead me to this
Was either men behind some picture used to see me to kill
The work is incomplete, just be friend, they hold the masses
As a hostage, playing on the structure of it
No comparison, that's the monster, satan molds the customs of it

Holding answers, that's the puzzle, owning matters
That control the standards, throwing me trash and trouble
Stuck between the catch from the pitch evil threw
My rock is God
The hard place ain't the sands
keep it true, and evil rule but things attuned
To my demise ain't constructive
And no way the Lord forsake me
Who supplieth my substance, on the forecasts
Storms and weather, form, wherever I'm loved
Even if I haven't called for, whenever I won
Ain't no surprise
Was let to happen, things the devil has done
Ain't got no choice but to fight or like I never begun...
But I'm aware that some of mine, allied
Not knowing the history
Eager to assist me, that's love, by going a different speed
Other than what they was used to
Unto the fifth degree
But ain't an option good, but I'm gracious
That's why I still proceed
Little me, with passion, existing somehow
Mysteriously
But never disappeared, I been present, like Christmas gifts and trees
The difference between me and a zombie
Is that I live for Jesus
Not deteriorating, nor hungry for others misc. or dreams
Ain't no way, no antagonism, there ain't no blame
My reign is for the Light
So I tag Him in it like ain't no hate
My actions is pro-life
2/4/19

Dexsta Ray

Ain't Nothing To Stop

Some crazy news
Promised
'Nother conquered smile
From the illusions, of confusion
But the trouble now is
Maybe caging birds is just disturbing their needs
To pray until the chains disperse and brush the dirt off your knees
Fallen trees, true, they make a sound
If you ain't around
Ask the bees, and all the creeping things it's made a house for
Which is now more
Even being the strangest ground
Not the bottle on the curb
But meaning which explains the trials
Not the sorrow I've observed
Like tomorrow's spurs
Nature never knocks the fight, to survive, you've got to learn
And plot to earn, not maliciously though
If riches twist the spirit life, it's best for men to be broke
We're not to burn what God's concerned with
Sufficiency shows
I'm not the reason why the earth spins, committed to goals though
I slipped and fell a lot, and reaching up to the third heaven
Thinking of those church lessons
Will of helping out, as I visualize that first blessing
'YAHWEH can reverse curses
Though it's seeming odd to whoever's leaving God
But the future is my focus all the time
Hadn't crossed my mind
Going back, all in time, to default and find every fault designed
That would cross the line
The Cross defined, and the costs...
Is taken never in vain
Talk in chalk, any false labels never my name
To walk the walk, exalt and praise the Lord forever in fame
Light developed in faith...
To realize there ain't a thing to stop
For 'It is done'
As my Savior had exclaimed to God

I'm with the Son
And that's the only way I made it now
And loathing never phased a brother, focused, changed, and made a hustle
Remaining humble
Hoping not to gauge the pain that's covered... But what can I say?
Such a prophecy is not for me?
When they span the age, I hand the stagnant what was obsolete
And not in reach, a maze enjumbled
Not a game to cheat, not a plate to drink, not a drink to eat
Different odds to beat
Acknowledge things, options ain't the same, really not as deep
But trodden feet
Basic lines without the blades and highs
Bases, dies, who crapped the craps? I'm paid in God
I stay aligned, to answer back
Blindfolds, framing packs, forget it, physic bygones, I'm catching that
Bagging trash, established facts
And faith impacts
And I know the Most High will shine on the bad plans, from Abaddon's hands
They tracks ya' man (illegally)
To trap him in, (sneakily)then brag again, (greedily)relax and sin, then grab a
friend
Without sweating that command
But they better have the sense to ask forgiveness
'Cause the Lord is on my side
And His wrath is unrelenting, nothing's stopping, what's ridiculous
Is that
God has judged this

11/7/16

Dexsta Ray

Alabaster Lamp Posts

A civilian and celebrity
Oppression free
A kindled spark of fire
For the Spirit-filled
Endeavors
Hills of treasure in the highest place
Awaits
Extra lightening, standing
Captured like a flash against a flash
I envision time extending
Not the a-b contingencies we're familiar with
Two dimensional time, designed
Above, and spiritually
Consisting instantly of arrival
Where you're envisioning
But as a physic being
This is difficult
To relate... to embrace
To desire, acquire, like my appropriate
The wholesome glimpse into what conspired
And not just only this
But stolen pics exposed from a mind
I trust in rhymes
A holy image of acceptance
With animals
Phantom concepts
I comprehend beyond depth
Tesseract and exotic spheres
Protecting that which still aligns
The methods that reveals the signs
Suggestions building blocks for years...
I reckon that I'm hindered now
A second, I'm affected, but the message
I'm projecting, let's me enter Yahweh's presence
In the wilderness even
And like a quasar
I'm ejecting all this venom this season
But not instilling circumspection
All the rhythm is needed

Excepting fake cards
Regressing, plots a little demeaning...
I see, the reach of loathesome consummation
Some people win in love
But then again it's rigged
Without the Father's humble graces
I even did succumb
But just without conditions, only
Art is where my heart blaze
Hark, then it's a par-ty
Chardonnay, splashes, shattered glasses, then dark came
Sparks and catalysts like some battery acid
My scars changed...
A lard bank be the baddest tactics
A jarred brain
Hate can pass as matchless
In mazes, passages, not in Light
I finally got it right
Now evil seeks to try to snatch me down
I can't be bound with secrets
Shroud in legions
For a passing crown, aspects of distortion
A tarnished business, now, that's wreck
Hand me pounds of Scriptures and stickers, the part that gets you
Yahweh grabs nets and fetters
Of strongholds on unclothed souls...
Break them up to take them up
Backing up forever, or just acting up,
For that's enough, some have it rough
The devil hungry
And dwelling constantly where customs and traditions live
If something gives suspicious feels
That nudge could be the Spirit's shield...
And I just love the breeze,
And much has come to buffet me
Before, so even more, I'm hyper sensitive to trust the King
And what puzzled me, when judgment be made
For if your dream exceed the cultures
Then you must be afraid
The evil's squeezing me, like poachers
So my dust be contained
So I ain't up and leave, for growth

But, oh, my stuff still escaped!
See, I'm enough
Either way
And all my love leaves the page
No matter what the devil wants
See, I'm not stuck in his maze
In his ways, and haze, phases
Ay, I'm too grateful
Too
My mind is different from the hateful junk
But few hate the truth
My style is different from what's mainly touched
My hue changes
Too
My cue, I figure why pursue the sins, the end
Which don't live within, the Spirit does oppose
Anything that satan builds, commends
And I still contend but only for the faith and Light
These castles that I build with pens come up from the
Page to life...
I'm feeling healed again
Still repent and stay awake
Bring the Kingdom down to earth
Live within the grace of Weh

3/13/17

Dexsta Ray

All About Perspective

The cubes are only half in existence
Depending on the witnessed plane or dimension
The graphs transcended
Where the catalyst for aim isn't vague
Framed equations
Listening
To perspectives in waves of hidden change
Dropping off the ropes to measure
No flames within
No no
Pulling all the strands together in a hold
The strong one
But weak enough to make the String Theory say 'Ha'
And rain eerily revoked
The bling clearly ain't rocks
It seems...
Love was a... love was... mysteriously topped
A strange temperamental outcome
Fearing we knock
But that's a different lock and topic on the scale
To float... ease... blossom
Through the lodging
Of a snail
I'm loser at it
Kind of psycho, searched out, and reclusive at it
Do return to chisels and stone
Tablets
Like old times
Sitting in field with the pallets of liquid Bromine
Home among the things unaccepted
That's out of place
Even so, such is only perspective
But freedom, I imagine, rest upon the places in-between all the lines
Where the lost has yet to see but still we trying
Or maybe just the limit
Solely time
Flying
Night... like relax though
Peace rooted in... light sight, react slow

Sleep's who again?
A tough thing to finally grow
But only in the love of God can you find your soul
Grace is so sufficient
Perspectives
Behold, depicted spots
Listen! The Chrysanthemums! Setting, control existing not
Accidental bouts of oppressions
Can't even needle out
A second
In the presence of the Father of progression
Living life is taking time to understand it
Maybe it ain't hard
But we make it so by 'seeing' the way we plan it
Satan is a joke and evil is the scandalous
Even when you low
You got to go
Let it flow, the rainy pictures
For the beauty is to mold and change collisions
Grace is so sufficient
Inner peace
Made to dwell and not to visit

6/25/15

Dexsta Ray

All I Have Is Faith

At times
It's unsettling...
Don't know which way to go
Like the ties at a wedding
Not just confined to the settings
Although time is a resin
The growth of faith consoles...
I'll survive
Through oppression
Won't let it take my soul
Writing off of nicotine
Broke
Though fighting cynically
Through the devil's wiles and the ropes he strives to stick to me
I ain't in the view for a show
To gauge a bounty for the truth
Half the time
It ain't season
On the pew
Maybe preachers have a reason
Why they speak
And, now, the youth know...
What they eating? What who told? Broken true souls
Use to loathe facts
And that's a known trap
Sticking to the wrong tact
We're soon to prolapse
In addition to the slipping spirit
Mixed with descensus of flesh
Rolled back
Didn't know we had to hold that
Latent spelling words
Signs given
Satan setting up, God watching over
Be wise and let the blessings come
In accordance to the lines in scripture
In the good book
Careful, or your eyes resent you
It's a border present

If you could look, at the sight, I need to really see
I'm thinking, 'Silly me.'
Not this mortal message
For inspecting
For a second, more to life than order, limitations
In regards to the form of imitation
Basic
Others, sitting, waiting, trying to play
Mind to flank one
Like God don't see the wicked things that they done
I ain't judging
All I really have is the faith
Fear is something that I can't touch
Why you trying to hush
Truth...
But ain't happening, Jesus never gave up
I bust through

9/27/15

Dexsta Ray

All I Want To Do

'Twas still finding myself
Before I found the truth
Boundless fields, we share, counts of eglantines
Hills, be where, the lightning, find us at the top
Peace be there, exciting, like everytime
Completion, never care
For some lusting, but something more
Than that
Fedora hats, amore full of, more impact
With more forms of that
Abnormal
For the other, in terms of, love and what's loyalty
Important things, commitment
I ran from, risky, and dumb
I'm thinking of the Light though, dreaming not
Seeing time fold, like some things develop
For me, it's print, like when ink, I'm happy
Psych studies, by night
I'm smitten though, so can't even manage
On the weekend, we been
In growth, completely abstinent
Wholesome, we grin
In Songs in Psalms and been reading Matthews
Even candy baskets, with dandelions, my plant of choice
Being wack and laughing, I can't defy it, I have the Lord
Sometimes you got to make your sunshine...
And more than one time, don't worry what they think
Embracing the Light and what's mine
On the edge of society, kites and just vibes
Righteousness is right, all I want to do, is what's undying...
'Cause after challenges went
And brighter times arrive, it wouldn't be much substance
Without the plus of those guileless eyes
I'm childish, why
Don't we roll in posies, catch fireflies?
The simple things that matter most
Animals, plants, to have and grow, I crafting more
Give burdens to Father God and attach to hope
All I want to do is the Father's will, the commandments

Close

11/12/18

Dexsta Ray

All It Could Be

Reject my
To respect... (Yours)
To neglect... (Mines)
The nets of set time
Definitely
Woven
What's not complete
Settings
Death's dying
Measures be broken
And God is peace
Dropped the things that's not with me
Opting out perspectives
Lock the key
Heaven's blessing, prophecies, it's got to be
Contentions
Got the sheets
Unsettling methods
Just indoctrination
Plots of satan
Said to not engage, but not embraced
As that...
Targeted, the bargaining, bark, harkening
The larks and sticks
Cards in this, with margins being pardoned
If just for scarring this...
Regarding other treasures though
Attitude
Stars, but sketchy home, arguing
Our heart, the halves
Be glued
A happy morrow then, starry nights
With crafts in tune
Above, for love, I'm sorry then
Lately
Seems I'm borrowed in, lately, but ain't following sin
Satan, keep on bothering, archetypes
Hollow parts of life
Spiritual adjacent, not carnal, some things

Are hard to write, larger sights
On messages
Vestiges, things dissecting this, wings
And heaven-sent
Promulgation, and dreams, expressing it...
Expecting blessings
Set ups, and trouble doubled
Consecutive
Some systems trying to kill me, and threaten those
That's protecting me, connect to souls
That deviled me
Special, plus, known no felonies, except
My Father's business
Develops, my flows and legacy
My betters on the edge
With me
Never know, where your death can be
I come from small beginnings
Whatever
I never said a thing
Suffering in silence, I'm buffering
Pain upsetting me
The recipe
I recognized affects of what was lessening me...
They put me in positions, subjectively
No one else is being
I have to keep my silence or they conspire what is left for me
My health is schemed on
Unacceptance looked like some welcoming
His level deemed holy, my help will come from where Cherubs be
I worship He
Only
I'm lowly, but Jesus knows me, lonely even
Though there's no credibility to what evil's sown
It's toted, to and fro, without question
It never leave me 'lone
Sabotage my life 'til I'm restless
And steady keeping on!
Adhering to no lies, demons tested, disbanded falsehoods
Appear to justify, legions pressed me
And saying it's all good...
I'll never just decline, can I help it

It's been a long road
Looking to the future, long gone is the older days
Even though I've long known, evil longs to scold my grains
So I have my hope strong, Jehovah and the throne of Weh'
Focused on the Light getting closer each unfolding day
Still I'm on the right note
Symphonies
Like wine, toasts, that will take a mind
O! Spiritually, I rise on
With all that God has done
My light should be like common sense
But evil blinds minds and
Eyes
To what becomes of it, besides, Christ guides my time
So I'll be one with Him
The devil's lies rise
I bind
Then I be done with it...
10/6/18

Dexsta Ray

All Out Terrorism (And Still)

That's weird...

Why are certain entities being
Imposed on my life so
Hard?

It ain't that I want attention but I do deserve it...
I set some records straight because (through art)
Some misperceptions play a major part
Of darkness, hemming up my ambitions
So, now, the only choice I got is switching up my
Position

When I ain't looking, evil nibbling at my legacy
With hateful words, even if it ain't too close
I still can feel where satan's at, I can't relax for something
My commitment to God, from every place, and thing
I do to try to better myself, the jealous hound me
Secret plots, through social screens, that feed to real life
Corruption running rampant, liars scamming
Who could help ignores, and act like it ain't happening
Imagining some fantasies that challenge me
But never absorbed, the devil's passionately
Tagging me, like beef that ain't yours
Keep re-attaching evil, that I had no catalyst for
I guess, for having Jesus, as my only Savior and Lord
So hell's attacking

Me...

Entire cities, slowed down, triangulate, to kill
Microphones implanted in flesh...

To have to live with...

Gunships flying overhead, but nothing near
Friendly, plus, witches with plenty riches, continue sending darkness
Cause I won't be with them or flirt

'Cause it ain't worth it to me, life above the law
They enjoy, for now, but their soul is cursed
Trying to take me out, but not knowing
The demons waiting for them...

Thorns, thistles, all kinds of scorn, below

With flames and smoke, I'm grateful God survived me for just one more time...
I know one day He probably won't

Then just one more died...
It's normalized, that's how it goes
Then there's some more
Lies...
The Bible told me all of this before it'd come
Lord, why? And I'll be waiting for my condemnation
I can't even work in peace, without the
Serpentine trolls chiding my life, allowed to try to murder
Me (in the south)
Still...
Innocent in spite of all that's irking me
No worrying, because I know the Lord truly knows me...
And I ain't like nobody else, just seek the truth and go see
They only hate you when you're great
Cowards shoot out more schemes
There is no government, did I expose a crime
Just being honest with my people, and the devil's I don't speak to
Label this my shutdown, 'cause I'm shutting down
There's nothing else to do
Imagine being in this position with no help to come for you...
Imagine friends and enemies mixing
Just because you tell the truth
Of God, unsettling to
The wicked one, revisit what it'd never do...
Shhhhhh
It's too quiet
Plus, been planning my stream
For years, I talk about
The Light, and showing my fans what I mean
My fears would leave me like my tears
O, see, now you're too late...
What evil planned to happen happened
And it's now a new day
O, wait a minute, I can't film, just now my camera
Moved strange
And it won't let me use the vid while I just grab a few
Things
Coincidental, as it is, now, I'm catching new waves...
Of spirit warfare in the air, the evilblackout truth's name
And aim, the most hateful time and place
I know, satan trying to play, strangers looking at me like an evil
Though I strive for 'Weh...

Everything's perverted, clearly, there ain't much
That's kind these days
The anti-Christ's spirit's in the earth and people
Crying it praise...
Hiding and disguising, evil legions, still design a frame
The baphemont's celebrities and demons bind a mind
The same
Hunting for, extorting the, Lord's servants
Prophecies
Supernatural, irrational, obsessed, with stopping me, out of all people
Really, hating, should have stopped the cheese
Nobody is a friend who could've saved you
But just watch you bleed
Evil in the lands, could be living life
But watching me
In secret, so to public, seem indifferent
Or like I'm just grieved...
Terrorism, within the states, right now, that's not appeased
God's not pleased, ain't no constitution
At least, well, not for me...
And I done nothing ushering in such folly, see
People want the devil, not God, and
That's a common thing...
But they're well-aware and not blind, but still
They plot on Jesus (what you do to the least of Mine...)
And must forgot to read it...
Yeah, the most recent attack
Just happened
Saturday morning, on the twenty eight (won't be in news)
Of the fourth month, who you'd have had done it...
Shattered all the strings and connections
False witness, mad for nothing, hand of God
To intervene, again, so I can't graph your logs, and charts
But Cross my heart, the Cross I heart
But toss the darkness out, my life is for the Lord
Everything else, I'm crossing out, forever
I don't fear the valley 'cause the Cost is treasured
Persecutors indirect to make it seem we talk together
YHWH, help me...
'Cause they've marked me for death
Because I show Your glory, I don't care
I know it's better where You are

I know the wicked You will
Teach
The lessons that they nail and scar...
The Lamb
Father, keep the falsehood away, just want my daily bread
Wide awake on what's in this age
And set ups crazy, man
Demons look for something to make a name from
The Lord is strong, my Sword is known
The Bible, no spies and liars, are going to force my
Soul to hell...
All out terrorism, that I could prove, since you force it there
I ain't nothing to you, I only live for the Lord
Prepare...
Felt that one, yeah, truly, had an immortal
Tear
That's why a soul should pray and repent
You never know, what's next, though I saw that coming, ain't miss
Not all my readers fans...
So, to the evil, ain't meant, don't wish to entertain it
Nothing but some stumbling blocks
A heavy heavy word, the past cannot be changed
Anyway, and now cannot rewrite it
I feel the best thing to do, for me, keep seeking Zion
I won't vow allegiance to anything just because it pressures me to...
Still see through, I don't care, I ain't even lying
Even trying, or dying, I know despair
Some can see me fighting, but for righteous
Causes, in decency, order, see me writing, even crying
But out of joy, 'cause I see Jesus shining
Even heavy persecution, can't stop God's love
Compromised communication, can't block God's
Stuff
Forever, even if I may deplete, I know the Bible won't
It's a lie to think it ain't that deep
Sometimes, I wish
I stayed asleep, awake from dreams
But this is real life, not make believe, some make it seem, so hatefully
Distortion, the campaigners, all of satan's seeds

Will be plowed up

Leave me alone

Dexsta Ray

All Out Terrorism (Part Two)

When I mention women
I don't get it, hints and bits and pitches
Sent, as if I'm gridlocked, in shticks I ain't been in
Or shouldn't be, shouldn't wouldn't, couldn't be
I took the scene and clinched it, when it's, then, about the wicked
It's made specific
I'm kneeling down, spirit warfare prayers in hand
Show and tell, so...
Know it well though
Hell knows
Jahovah rose, ascended...
Same things do frolick
I have to wonder
Stuff
Old is gone, maize sown's grown, so don't complain
About it..
Weighing bounties, gold roads home
To try to make it there
Rain and air, diminished, for the temperature's changed...
I'm a queer because I hang with women but I ain't a whore
And it's clear whoever saying it envy
It ain't discourse...
Hinting, dissing, sending wicked misc. to shake a mountain, ain't about it if it's
evil
Greater crowns, the faith surround me like
The thistles pricking in the flesh of Christ
Demons couldn't comprehend wisdom because they're dead to life
Lost and stumbling
My grief alphabetical-ized
Don't deserve a word
Or a murmur
The curses setteth a line, that I know for certain
Reversed worse, slayed, abetted disguised
Circumnavigating the baiting, my ranges etched into time...
Anyday, any date, any place, ripping hate
Anyway, regardless, the serpent, removed the stipulations
Worth, as human, less than the average
Must be still the case
Who I'm better than, settled in

Welcomed
Hot, again, and special, myrrh, forever girl
The world, I see but needing you because I love
The us, reading through and gleaming too...
Evil thought I disappeared but
Sadly mistaken
As if my light was non-existent and my passion forsaken
I just exposed, manage from the damage
Scratched and degraded
I'm in the future though I'm gone
Jesus has me elated...
Sitting back, revisit that, in my mind
I'm in a different field, and apologizing ain't as difficult just when it's real...
You and me, the cool and heat, a mood complete
What's obscuring energy, I'm unscrewing
Truthfully...
Stole my peace to help me find it
Trying to undermine it
I ain't do a thing, but the evil wants me compromising, underlying angst
Out of Sheol, I'm just surprised that our love was not
Contained, though, the blazing of fiery ordeal
Is more than real
Trying to ravish mine, half the time
But all this is true

For we deserve our love

And I'm A Victim

2/14/18

Dexsta Ray

All Out Terrorism (Still)

Trouble's all around me
Stumbling blocks, humbling, puzzling depths
Wondering, if the consummation's closer
Than the trouble seems...
Total stranger with some fame decides to steal my thought
Either that was flipped, or we ain't even know about
Each other
Now, the path is different, actually mentioning what's done in darkness
Be attaching filth, attacking gifts, an act of condemnation...
My Lord and Savior made me great
And I respect His work
And how ungrateful would I be to just neglect
His hand in worth?
He set, bestowed upon me, next
Originality, to praise Him
Serve until my final breath, His birds confirm
His Word is major, merging with the purpose He intended
Not for evil, good
Mercy is His temperament, discern, in mirth, disturbances, in nature
First, He's able, as I'd learn in terms of curses cracked, in worship
I return to whole, the fragments scavenged physically
But spiritually and mentally, I'm still in peace
Don't like the signs, one might can find a little mean
I feel, instilling thoughts and words in bubbles that my lips ain't speak
In order for some comfort in the earth
I have to yield my peace...
But honest, what's it really matter?
If there's reparation, then it'd just get worse and worse
If not for me, the rest awakening, prophecies...
Another more important, just where God can see, appealing ain't my focus
Hopes to sow and know that God is pleased...
Watching me, plots and things, blot apostrophes...
Almost baited into thinking satan saw the Light
Illuminated the precursors that my cross had weathered
Just in case, the false should rise and draw a line
While off of sides, exalting lies... Exhausting me
But all of Jesus brought me time
Some other type reality
Of drama, try to rattle me, to muffle, Light and shatter

Peace
But feed it if God's talkers dying
To have an age of anarchy to freely do what scoffers cried...
Because of pride and other factors, lies to smother candor, if it actually works
Then antagonized for other's slander...
Further answers...
Heard from pantomimes, liturgy dancing
Speaking with the angels and the Lamb of God
Through certain pamphlets
For the Lord is not incognizant of mass collusions
That's to skew His Light
To try to stop His hand and craft a new one...
Of man and humans
Rash delusion, that collapse acumen
Validating sin, and masquerading it with mammon
Usually...
So I'm buffeted again, skullduggery in darkness, ain't no way to prove some
methods
Though the pain accrued is truly a result of that
Even, if it ever changed, it's weaponed
Not so much of stuff explained
Just what had taken place accepted...
What's impossible, for me, the Lord can see, another obstacle, I'm well awake
Like an armory, I sail the waves, some knowledge grieves
Force of darkness, force departing on me for whatever reason
Stuff that I don't want to see is suddenly
More clever sequenced, extra peices to a puzzle, weaknesses, and truth
discovered
That I did compartmentalize because of evil's ruse to plunder everything that's
good
Just to exist felt like a protest for me
Things I never did, never hid, then things would escalate, although I lacked
The knowledge, how it'd gotten to the present shape
Blatant-ness increasing, ain't a fragrance
But a DNA, the reason, that it seems
I want peace but seeing needless hate, I'm speechless, so much organized
Against the sheep that seek the way
Expressing isn't something for comp.
It's when believers pray
When something that you need to say
Obstructed by a demon's reign
I mean, it's been a long time, God is on time though

Evil's on my soul, band together, to expand, bring control
Ban my letters, just informally, because I speak the truth
Much to lose if my misfortune reach importance
I don't think about misusing grace of God
I freed some stories, need of being release, like the things of Jesus
Bringing glory to Him
Spirit fruits, spirit riches, and immortal musings...
I mostly magnify the simple things, I feel the air
I feel a measure of the atmospheres, still wishing I could wear the details
Premonitions, synergy, that mean well, feeding ants
Eating plants, and needing hands that's just
The Light is necessary
Seeing plans to undermine a plus
Considered a conspiracy, joke, theory, it never was
I saw a bunch of other stuff promoted, that's the same thing
So why some only come for what I write?
It's on the same wave
Strange pages, sights that ain't right
Or nice, and ain't change, evil demons scheme on my life, then try to change
places...
Ancient, and engraved, real is Light
Instilled the fight within
When down, surrounded, clouds lift me up
The villains died in sin, lying again, the methods be found
But just denied, pretended, like it isn't so
Some mystery, stuff to hide and, in fact, with that, mysterious
How it is and how it'd have to be
Decided, unresolved, before officially even happening...
I digress, I'm a person, must recognize as such
Etch a line in stuff that ain't fair
As it combines to crush
Dispersing, just to eyes that ain't there
It's fine, support your muse, ain't nothing wrong with that
I spy tare, the bad advanced into the stable
From the stringed side, sure but should I note it?
Plus I know this would've seemed wild, like someone in weakness smile
See me now, the psyche attacking tactics, and demon plows
Made to beat and battle the brains of just ones and bring them down
Increase the piles, I bring it, I've stated enough
Crates and spices, love impossible, be replacing stuff
And rejecting satan on the average, eager
Soulful, prodigal, soul awakened

Intact completely, that for being attached to the standard
Life as that of Jesus
When it's 'bout the Lord and not the world
Demons just misunderstand
For they could never know my work
And that is why it's shunned 'cause then, the different kind of spies
Infiltrate the range and styles
Duplicate my thoughts and likeness
To embrace, replace some kinds of sense...
And I admit, when stuff continues in the same fashion
After being illuminated
It could be the days after, threats still received through the
Methods that the snake mastered
Livelihoods be plotting too on, it's not the truth
I got the proof, and plus, I see a circus joke
For birth, awoke, some curses cold
These demons full hatred for no reason
To disturb my soul, if bitter, which I'm not
It's for a season where the serpent roamed
That threaten me with evil for no reason though the first ones know...
How was this allowed to prosper though it were exposed?
I stopped it dead within it's tracks, somehow, it surfaced on...
So, just considering the facts, and what's occurring strong
Whatever done, considering these traps
Ain't like the words being told...
Demons try to end you where you at
And people certainly know, fulfilling bad, concealing facts, that just what the
Word foretold...
I'm in this terrorism, life don't look the same to me
Cause even though I'm staying with peace
Like slavery, the hate proceed, and blatantly
For chasing dreams, that in no way, degrades a being
It's fine to just destroy a person who ain't even played a thing
The way they made it seem but my faith remain in He
Let's watch and see the rest of this...
And then you'll know what age that we are in
The days, repeated in the pages, that the Lord was speaking in

No matter what, I know my Lord is faithful...
Yeah, you take my money, shelter and attack my life
But my soul belongs to my Lord
Jesus

What can mere mortals do? God is all-powerful...

I don't fear the jealous devil
And the Lord rebukes your evil

2/9/18

Dexsta Ray

All To Kill The Lord

It's hard to write, for an audience
Soon, the interests might, decline, because
The substance of it be troubling
At times, and I agree, I'm at peace, when writing though
Plus my rights ain't retired me
I can't help the darker times, the pain, that be a part of mine
Free me, from the margins that artists
Manipulate the systems, cards arranged for me, normalizing
The reigns of satan's teeth
Antichrists, and principalities, unnatural hate for me
Though I serve the LORD
Still they organize some way to reach
Hard to let it go, when your
Life is still in danger see, what ain't happening now
I'm a witness, to the same degree, they seek the path enshrouded
And don't want the world embracing
Jesus...
Hiding the creative, motivations, sought to dim the Light
Which can heal a life a trillion times
Just to build with lies
Shadowed by corruption, militants and some countries
That fused with influential figures to keep Jesus from coming...
Some speak about like it's a small thing
Slowly letting it all fade
Lack of action, action, then, society should be called satan's
It's renounce the LORD
Shrugged it off like this could all change
Still with God, He still with me
The side I chose through all pain
Some apply my testament
Without any justice, I mean, I felt like I was venting
Last I checked, I was trusting, the Most High
Through many labyrinths
Spirit fields, then it's funny, a different realm, bigger deal
Some coming hot, the envy real
To interfere what little that I got just so I disappeared
My views are biblical
I'm nice, I'm kind
And destroyed, I come with flowers, two are spiritual

I fight to survive, I praise the Lord, I'm interstellar bodies
Some phenomena exists, that many might know Jesus Christ
Delusions never was like this
If apples still exist, then we know that apple trees exists
If we call the oranges apples
More than captures, misinforming
Sort of backwards
All to kill the LORD, and overlook His statutes
Miracles in scripture ain't enough
For what's mammon
Led, Lights alive, the timeless, wisdom kidnapped, hostaged
'Cause the real lamp is opposite
Than those imposed
On them...
Trying to topple this, and grovel them, that know that God is near
Promoting the inaccurate
And threatening so
It's not reveal, a lot to heal, but nonetheless, the Third
That stuff was not for real
Only used to pry into my soul until my spot was filled
My fields were set ablaze seasons back
And water quenched the flames, after it was finished
Missing, valuables, by counterfeits
Pitting disadvantages, like leaking hazards
Being sneaky
Always been such matters
I could never hate
My dreams completed, it don't mean they hating
If they chose embracing the original
Queens, that made it
Possible for them, that they just branches of
Plus, some from above attacking me
The same is mainly fake
Evil stoop so low, for nothing done, but just to take your plate
Told to stop defending, just relax, and watch them slay your hope
Pull apart your fences, steal the vegetables
Then kill the witnesses, and
Innocent that only care about the LORD...
Jesus is my Shepherd still
Never stray, I still would rather fell away from modern world with you
Resume the era, disconnected
Muse inspected, extra set to wipe me out

Incessantly, for seasons though
The Light my ground
Assimilate what's next to me, and recklessly, to hide some crown
But the one, my destiny, in heaven, so I like to smile
I won't fear the slightest sound
But trust the Lord to
Guide me still
10/10/19

Dexsta Ray

Already Up (Toy Box)

I be scaring all my nightmares
I trust the Master...
They rarely ever fight fair, the battle is in spirit
See, there's certain things, you do or don't, out respect
I learned from pain, so won't nobody hurt the same, as me, if I can help it...
It's bigger than a 'perfect name'
Deserving praise, attention, which is vanity, a worthless thing
Yearn for Christ's acceptance
Seeing, hate reading, a search for condemnation
Still a factor, seeing deep inside, paid legions, seeking strange pieces, staged
reasons
Noted, vague reaching, keeping things heated
Leading to some notions, but, may seem it was way deeper...
I don't know enough
For mocking, sloppy, far beneath, so pardon me
My hobby, my career, is like premiers appear, I probably see, the persecution
I just got imposed on, against my will, so it doesn't count, if I ain't covered
It would be unique
Law school, another route, I've come about
But I ain't done with time for my heart
Just listening to the Spirit, hushing doubt, as I would shine far, no grieving in the
mirror
Longing for acceptance, my scars, abide in stars, aligned, a spark, fumbling with
fame
No global thinking
Though
It's staging so, it seem, by the libels, if you're proximity, it ain't so important
If higher, then you're obscenities, some don't want to give you
Your honors, that you should get,
For free
Jealousy, enmity, zealously, this unending string, specific, for the souls with
some soul
That really did succeed, but, I don't ask permission, I take it, a step ahead of evil
Hated, and debated, degraded, but saved, I stand with
Jesus
This ain't baphemont, it's a different thing, Christian, winning thing, that's why
some quick to diss
In minutes, labelled wicked things, to misportray, and really, it's offensive,
'cause they're all liars (that's satan's reality)

But, because they're wicked, others twist it with them, being against
Because they're all squires, and I may be famous
But it's common sense, can't run with this
Vaunting, I ain't doing, but my patterns in some honored's hits, and I ain't
reached my peak yet
Thunder, linked, to the One Who sits
Up above the legions, His Kingdom is Light, I'll be alright, hate ain't on His level
The devil is sneaky, scheming, I ain't even trying to hear it, this may trigger me
If it does, I'm on trouble then, but, it's fine, when others will to hurt me, verbally
or what
Indirected, like my stuff ain't...
If I was under any scrutiny, it's too unique (couldn't be the case though)
What's been exposed, stuff disclosed, from the jump
All the way up to now, the ones who know, it's something wrong, just cold, and
still
Up and down, in many different matters...
Never threaten me, I just succeed, it's destiny, oppressing things, harrassing
Through the verbal, word attacking, and reversed, had to unlearn the tactics
That first impacted, demons 'stablished, I ain't did nothing bad, correcting
slander
When nobody else, in this, had my back
Some say I'm going down for standing up
I educate myself, not injustice but distortion is...
I paid for dust, word unto the angels, Jehovah forever, major plus
A motive for exposing the devil, and oh, the pebbles, thrown...
This ain't been my fault, that I'd never consent
To sell my soul, I'm 'snitching' now, to list me down, as sinful in the devil's
world... (open your eyes)
But I live YHWH, just think, and this the way I feel, had kill me off for nothing
Destruction, to muzzle me and stuff, don't even know my function, I'm loving the
Lord, and lifted my cross
And still continued righteousness, even at all I faced, it's me discipling...?
I think, how did I make it this great? (Only God)
Remember writing in, the night watches, trying to express, not all aware of what
would be
What I see...
It took a long time, to me, hard work, and trying to dream, noticed, can't nobody
save me but the Most High
At the point, close by, the hopes revitalized, and so I, managed, a lot of strength
within
I don't care how they fall, long as they do, destroying me, no plans for rules
Let's articulate...

In these circumstances, worse for granted
Not in YHWH's eyes
Which can penetrate, discerning damage, pass the superficial
Happiness, I felt, in pain, even, if it changed season
Faith teaching, pressed the button, seven angels, great creatures
Wonder if the same sequels be like I was
Do evil see and watch them see, peeping me, without a reason, means even,
meaning, if that's, the case
Some, magic ain't exempt, then, YHWH's domain, bothering all His prophets
And the thing is, there's many, that's called, but few acknowledged Him, in word,
in deed
And truth, that's the problem
Love the Lord forever, Light, supplieth the Sword
In righteousness, when the devil, try to smite in this, I'm writing, but, it's sunt
beneath the main spring
But, some desire something to drink, so satan make schemes, to seat it where
it's likely
That you would heed it, no matter where it's at, sparking fire inside, reminder, of
the pain
And revitalizing the flame, that righteously consume...
Traumatized, I ain't ever been to any stuff advised
Compromise, some wanting, but only, if it would crush my mind, something
trying to hold me
In spirit, that wish to cover eyes, I see though, ain't needing e-go, bringing me
low...
I love you, storms and portions, undying, enormous feeds, and speeds
I noticed something silly, reported, don't want to see repeating, of the story, like
before
Can I afford, to lie, no I can't
I focus on myself
And do what I've consigned to do
Ignore distortion, forming
Got the jump on it though
If the wishes of the wicked happen
Something is wrong, they space it out, still arranging satan's flout, evil came
about
Taking shape as crowds, sought connection to me, but I ain't allow it, growth
accounted for
And found the door
Wiles have been expounded, how around, is it, I bow to God, though
Still, I'm not conformed to that, and shouldn't be able, to seek, entangling me
against

My will, and keep embracing me, must be off of the grid
Or either covering someone else...
Staging falls for a 'friend'...
Some would destroy a family unit, through malice
You know, a wife and kid, to strip away protection from battles
That they involved him in, it all depends
The methods are lousy, suggesting thoughts to trick, in falsehood, the taught
against
It's all good, the Cross is big...
And I'm already up, it's time that evil toss the jig
The devil's root intention is to blind the people all
To him...
I see clear of the stories, where mavericks, sit forever
But I've had smear and distortion, at me, and mixed together...
Though I'm not sure if it was for candy or it's for pleasure
But, I've felt compassion, that's why the Lord's acting, different
Measures...
'Cause, it's in His hands anyway, and my wick stands, litten, bright, the flickering
flame
He won't allow be smote
Stuff is weird...
It's been explained, yet, my ground is soaked, the loathing wish, provoke, but, if
it work
Want to get me maimed
Soaked in lighter fluid, emotions, disclose a different page
I just follow bread crumbs, step, by step, and year
To year, whoever in the bed of, laying there, don't you interfere, I'm clearing
terrorism
What the heck...
Only been sincere, I mention here, discredit engineered, I don't get the beer
The pictures, some don't see, since it was though, I'm bumping this (because I
want)
Stuff, without a song though, sufficient, sure (instruments)
Lies, disguised, my preference is the Bible's...
Questioning survival, never sent to rivals
Just obsessing, just to wreck me
Just to set me in a cycle...
I ain't a product of, strictly for Jesus
Ain't nothing wrong with setting that straight to any but evil
To mess with me, I turn the next page, submersed, but no
Subversion though
Righteousness, my breastplate, imperfect, but divergent

Soul

I shouldn't have to lose out because of terrorism

Several misinformed, though predicted

And I never miss it...

And no opinion is absorbed, it's like the devil's in it

Said I'm living strictly for the Lord

That's Who dwelling in me

Never ending

Switching forms, like what fails against me

Plus I'm never timid, been restored, Light, forever winning

That's if I was rich, or if I'm poor

I ain't ever friendly...

'Cause that's intended for a thorn

I can't let it prick me

But, when it's wisdom from the Lord, I accept it quickly

Got enough sense, what to ignore, and what is better with me...

Never think for second, that I ain't grateful, even when I go through moments

Of hardships, know that Weh' is able...

Weh' is faithful, no partisanship, restrain His nature

Ain't intend my writing for fighting

That was engaged by satan...

But, nonetheless, I'm none unless, I'm none to self for Jesus

Keeping deep within

Beyond the depths, the love He's dealt His creatures...

YHWH's Alpha and Omega, so I'm blind to nothing

Two Corinthians two eleven, truth, and Scripture live, subdue conditioning

Let time adjust, rise and trust in God

Disasters and no sweaters, got the Holy Ghost

One's still alright...

Pisanthrophobia, but one can live polite

I'm already up, and been focus, animal posters, oceans, cannibalistic vultures,
for sure?

Okay, a word of mouth

Notice, why you said it, but certainly, won't even, etch it, got the lesson twisted

'Cause I ain't evil, and violent like you are

So that's seen as weakness, to demons, that seek to smite a star, my light too
far, invisible, visible

Shouldn't incite my bar, raising, metaphor swinging, nothing is seen as problem
to me

The stuff that others sweat, just a speck, when Jesus got

My muse in tune, I don't care about nothing

Tsk...

Even Cupid doomed, anticipate the evil that's coming, believing stupid rules
That truth reprov'd, and seeking for nothing, but it's the usual
The muse is full
Some things in conjunction, the King removes the wool...
Saying, scratch that, truth, the flak, enjoyed not
Playing, gather, stash the plan back into that
Toy box
After, lanterns have a chance, the Master can envy, watch
And, in these matters, of my friends
After tragedy, I stand, untold, the souls assigned to something, I was at a ledge
The crooked bubble, left it, 'fore I realize a constant
But I deal Light and justly though...
Entire cultures rejected me but I trust the Throne, and love the Most, regardless,
of everything
See, this life is nothing
But a test
Ready for karma, it's farther from truth
Than something dead, imagining, it's bad to fight terrorism, I'm done for that

Sike, alright, I'm up

9/24/17

Dexsta Ray

Altiloquent

What I seeketh more than restitution
If equity, questioned, yet, sequestered
Without formality
Claims, some rage, I never messed with
All it takes, is normality
Dressing horrible things, appointed by the evil
For battling, but in mortal ways, death unto the spirit...
Said religious, that's satan
Claimed to justify some more to take positions of hatred...
And while the other side ignored
Triggered, this ain't meant
To embrace it, but in cas-es, when Light's abhorred
It ain't fear that skip pages, but emblazoned
The wiles and thorns, childish scorn
At successes
That's why some scheme to hide the sword
While imploring connections...
So many seasons had to pass, so many seen it
Yahw's omnipotence
Forgive me for my drifting, why I write
So clouds can lift from this
Different cults of thieves but not the kind I respect
And they can side with enemies but not a rhyme I regret
Some used the innocent as bait
Regardless, well, since they saw me be
But when I saw the pain
It's hard to tell, how far across, it reached
Caught, I fought, for free
In the bogs, that taught, to falter me
Just want some countless chances
To chalk, so falls are all I see
Not wanting Yahw advancing, I brought, the crown
Across the grief, antecedently, they got mossed
The champion's last TD, so ain't receiving me
Like I thought
Some things ain't even green
I keep my team
At heart though, as demons dream, on my scarred soul
And every way they harm me from envy

God keeping chart though
A dark road, some roaming, just charred bones
And some dark smoke, in the afterlife
'Cause they want it
From how their cards shown...
Bullying me, I'm transformers, I take apart stones
Ain't too good conducting
Not planning on any large shows
So much stuff I ain't say, they try to find a weakness
Strip away defenses to change me
'Til I'm like a demon
On my knees, steady praying see, always side with Jesus
Light, and peace and hope, in abundance
But everytime I speak it
Such perceive it as something other than
That's alright, I'm straight
Rather look at what's more important
Don't get the time of day
Disrespect and tolerance, soldered in, not what simon say
I come on by, apostrophes, fire cyclones
No time to think, lightning, not a drink
Father God, my faith, please guide my way...
Evil's so condescending when ain't a reason for it
Every post I script, supplemented, I'm of the Spirit
Consequences, ain't enough comprehended
What satan teams abhor, and misrepresent my intentions
I aim to please the Lord...
Just like in the Bible, all my hair is outnumbered
By that which hate without a cause, from winter air
To 'round summer
And things can turn around so quick, it's sustained, write, I usually
Write back
Earth is cursed with hurt, my twin flame wouldn't do me like that...
More be in the way to destroy than encourage
Congratulating, then it change, for such enjoy when you're
Hurting...
That's why, we stay cool, relaxed, despite this portion I'm serving
Half the time, the riddles sit, just like misfortune and puddles
Different colors, everything won't relate to everything
That matter, string together words sometimes
Hopefully, crush the pain and channel
1/21/19

Dexsta Ray

Amaranthine Lilies

Tongues of prophets
Warnings
Rungs concocted, faithful fables
Aim to prop on the Gospel, acknowledge
Dangerous portions
Aim is mainly stopping the Father
Through satan's ways according
And display distortion, exhorting
The torment made to drop us...
This is true, anywho, impending doom
The sinnings, in humility, still it's organized
For reproving wisdom
Still in mortal guises, disorder
The formula extortor
Portals formed to border the torsion of origins immortal
It's like I can't get a break
I loose manipulation
When I think I made an escape
A newer infiltration...
A cuter indication, prophets be cursed
Stalking me, cruler situations 'bout to be worked
I shy away from heart arcades
Darkness, depart, stargaze
Conflicting interests picked to resent
And then I start praying...
I ain't scripting for attention or to mar fame
Impressing, but the Spirit lives within me
And my shards flamed, fixed like a parfait
The layers, different arts, made of visions
Things ascending so far, it disregard brains...
I see interesting cards, but I ain't snipping it
I'm Christian living this
In regards of getting spirit rich...
It's the truth, anywho, the minutes flew
Envisioning scripting hues while living the Scripture too...
Then salute to all the stand up
Expand love
Because some have been through
So are quick to give a hand up

'Cause the scrapping, pinching...
Ooooo, it's a hard life, depart crying
Even see the Truth in the dark light...
I learned to search for blessings
Each and every circumstances
Not to miss the hand of God
Watching out for burdens and the worrying has got to be the worst
'Cause at first, it is an obstacle, discern, forgotten
Hot and burning lots of peace
With worth that isn't logical
Treat dreams like apostrophes, and perfect hurt
Burdens birthed, it's just the nature of the flesh
I don't want the early worm
I'm Fasting, trying to learn to fly
Strengthening the faith
To advance to where I earn the sky
Like the birds but supernaturally, a real goal
Without the use of magic, only YHWH
If I lift low and slow, I'd still feel whole...
Another challenge for me
And being in sin is a lot worse than having nothing
I ain't worried 'bout no hate
I ain't acting crummy
Focused on the Word, and the faith, or, the absence of it...
Something happen and the eyes roll straight to me
But I go straight to Jesus
I know satan see this...
Stuff established...
But the mind code breaking Genius
High Throne praised, He leads us
Light souls ain't defeatists
And it's the truth, anywho, the Spirit moves and able
When the Shepherd comes
It won't matter how you do the stable...
YHWH is my shield and armor in this spirit battle
Evil seeks to find some kind of tie between the lines
And I
But such is non-existent, twisted, wishing wide, that I would die
I don't pay attention, all I did was fine
Describe the times...
I ain't trying to hide a message, operating in Light
But whoever lying

Unconnected, was detected
Listening to instruments, inconsistent with...
Plus, I broke the root of all the revetting stalking
Whoever doing it, then it's you
I don't speak that with caution (used for bad, man)
The tongues of prophets, solo sojourners, the hopeful
Focused on the Lord, of course, what holy spoken of
Before the door is closed forever
Weary from the heat but not ignored, timing, wholesome weather
Clouded comforter, and fountains, grounding, needed, got restored...
Mountains bound together, outting fetters, wiles developed, drowning, sounding
kettles
Down, never coming up, already there
Heavy steps behind me, Who designed me
Each and every one, Truth defined, every hair, and sparrow, truly, you decide
Unifying, Who provides and Who supplies...
Who complies?
Nuisance to the devil who has pleased in the stupid lies...
Disillusioned eyes, quickened to confusion
I'mmm, vehement, a sea of thinnest ice, and I'm deep in it
Or spiritual contusions hurt the ones that get into thevices
Hailing, fire flaming, storms, occurring, in the Revolution...
Spiritual alignment, miracles and lightning
Minding mine, stuff ain't hearing though, and ever moving
But the stillness helps...
Speak the illness felt by faithful ones to healing, depth
The days begun
And praise the Son, the Greatest One, fulfilled Hisdeath for Life...
YHWH never made what'sbad, but His plans are right
So rest at
Night
Admist the watches when it ain't the time to
Sound... nine to twelve, and twelve to three, and three to six
I have found, Light prevails, consecutively, as He predicted
Plus to bear another's burden means to share in the afflictions
And without a doubt, for certain, YHWH cares and He's provisioned for us...
I don't like attention so I'd likely never take a stage, I'm fine
Within these limits on the lines for ink that paper made
And strive to dream forever
Trying to find the things that ain't the same
Enlivened by these incense, to mimic, with faith, prayers, figments, give it away,
to Weh'

Yea, and derision move
This is true, anywho, the Scripture Proves
The Spirit moves

4/14/17

Dexsta Ray

Amorites

The Amorites were plentiful
Mountaineers
Sheer numbers
The dominance was not because of only all of the number
Pitiful
And lived to boast and gain a sense of publicity in their prominence
Challenging, demanding
The people they set their tongue against
And boasting
And they obviously mimicked the everything of satan
Blatantly
Not covered or hidden so everyone can see
Israel can conquer this the largest one they had to face
Jesus said the father of lies
Naming satan in the book of John eight forty-four
The Amorite among us
It's a spirit dwelling trying to keep us from the Promise
Every unbeliever today
And ain't knowing truth
Only blasphemy
Flattery
Overthrowing proof
And as Christians
We ain't done exactly as we should
Kill and drill this enemy
Ripping it from our lives for good
We need to separate ourselves
From this Amorite spirit
Which is gossiping, tale bearing and even us if we hearing!
It will cause a congregation's split
In the church
No one notice it
Caught up in the midst
Getting worse
Unless we handle this
We'll have a life that's only stagnant
The living words can't escape the place withholding madness
Instead, we'll be robbed of all our faith before we grasp it
Unbelieving words full of strife, hate, and the disparaging

Fill your mind up with the living Word
This spirit don't define us
Let's get what Jesus earned

3/27/15

Dexsta Ray

Ample Praise

I flow well, coattails, and thrones held, right
I never really wanted the same, I go the road of heaven
Quotings, really me, like syringes, filled up
Injected into messages, possessions, scattered out, enrobed
The fields and hills
My rhythm builds, in fabrics of heaven
The seals will lift, I feel, a little bit of flattery
Accidentally, I find it out
And this explains a lot, slain, forgot
Is satan's plot, to take a spot, slather history, maybe not, as vehemently
I disagree, my wind is sufficient, and independent
Hidden tension, I'd envision, but, partially, steal my heart
For free
Trapped beneath formality, formaldehyde, form apathy, for facts of me
And glass, I know it's loud, scents, inflammatory, flammable, a bath won't make
A difference, when I flow, it's round'
But only show the holiness, the Crown of Jehovah's
I know, that that completes my path of peace...
Overlapping me
I'm happy see, when even, grasping pieces of my passion's schemes
With grief
I gather up, and rush the clear, analtar, of the day
Rake them in a pile, with my tear, to offer up
To Weh'...
I romanticized my contribution, not just humans, cruelty in the world
Sometimes, it's all I really have, beauty, is the Father's reality, Cherubim
The Lights, the proper way to see the world
The very core of love is God...
Though I notice destruction, theatre, resolutions, hinting at demonic
Conjunctions, by taking other's lives
Mustn't shine, with substance of something
I know just wasn't mine, a compromised existence, the only interests
That's so conflicted, when I'm noting, scripting
Behold decisions of dollar eyes, and learn the need
For love, mixed with brokepositions, to traumatize...
Or, at least, that how it seems, but the facts are rigid
That's specific, swindling, in time, kindling, drafts and
Graphs
Til' my hat's diminished, and to finish, clean up good, the planet's sick of sin

itself

Cursed, but, redeemed, His Majesty reversed some things, reserved some kings
And queens, from the terrors below
He heard that silent prayer they made (repentance)
I be raring to go
Before, the presence of the Most, search me out
And see my path is straight, and pluck the useful fruit
What's root in truth, into the baskets, ayy, gravitate the Master's way
To lanterns, minus masquerades, and calibrate
Sitting here, on the standard, thinking of how good an apple taste
Laughs, the greater union with God
Is more than half my plate, ample praise, never enough

11/10/17

Dexsta Ray

Ancient Baby

If I want it to be so, or I don't
Can't force the Light on any
Depending on the interests, some may be inclined against it
But, for me, I witnessed the difference 'tween hypocrites and Christians
Understanding that there's a reason why Jesus been ascended
Sent the Spirit to the believers
Intrinsic, in the Scripture
Which has been consistent with history and the modern world
But it's not imposed, Light is given, free, like some peace in pain
And the basics milk, 'cause can't any feed any meat to babes
Faith is elevators, some mysteries, major, either way
The Savior's perfect
All that a Christian need, trying to be the same...
Times of melancholy
Heavy steps in the valley, I look around, and see the shadow
Every breath getting tallied
I have the Scripture in my bag, apprehensive of tomorrow's storms
The Spirit of LORD descended
Never had I got ignored
The darkness coalesced into hands, with claws, that reach for me
Scratching at the armor of God, to have the testament
More diminished
Thorns in the side, to trap the dreams of me
With traps to eat my wings
So I'm cornered, and ravished easily
I gather all my fragments
Together
Then I collapse in prayer, glory to the Most High!
Even in suffering and despair
Scavenging the rose, dried, broken, with music note vibes
Golden fields, with goshens a ways away
YHWH close by
The whole sky His footstool
Posies, and if it's cold
Fine
He use a cloud by day, fire pillar at night, like old times
Faith is evidence, always fellowship
With the Most's kind, Light is never ending
The soul tribe

Any yokes and binds are lies
10/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Ancient Sublimation

No matter what I decide to do
If it's not destructive...
Should not be stalked by constants
Who's not the governing
As I've discovered
Plottings to stop, the good and all
It shouldn't fall but only sought
I'm caught...
In unacquainted hate
I saw, the tallest haughtiness
Clawing 'cross
'Til it'd fade away
And angels looking after me
Paths, and maps, I see
That I ain't left tracks, stepped back
Traps, the Master Key, ungrappled
All of my possessions, craftings
And broad profession
Raw rejection of the slander
Answers, that's all a method
All effective though
And when I found out, there was diminishing
A crowd of flout for clout
I'm lessened
And I'm pathetic now
Forgot I was competing, celebrity
Time to let it down
Trying to think, I eye the beach, climb the sea
I bet it drown, questions found
Lessons next
Around
It's been years since I'd recollect the wretched route
Even when I veered
It was never like a diss appear...
Interferes, if the wicked hail's the Jezebel
It's only for the check
Or the mess that comes with nets
Evil chains and fetters...
I can't hate on anything that I'm disgusted by

I cut my eye, better if some did not hate me
Didn't brush aside humaneness, and celebrate my pain through psalms
Though I never known them
It, then, tried shaming...
For the lows that they had framed
In the first place
Jealous of me but I'm zealous though and
I am not afraid...
I remember, in a hole
How can I escape?
Sitting with the Scripture in the cold
Til' the tricks exposed
Doesn't matter who the victim is
I'm Spirit-filled
So, either way it go, I praise the Throne
Until December here
Exploding faith, taking hold
My Savior's Spirit
Lives...
Active and compassionate, just managing
Some hacking in, lying,
Trying to make you into something different
I'm from all around, from the Spirit
From eternity, I'm learning peace
Discerning keys of righteousness
And life in abundance, I wasn't...
While anticipating rainfall, a change, all
Minus such disruption
Which combusts, great cause
Falls, and safe calls and caution
Catalysts unravelled, consequently trusted wrongly
Strong delusions
No exclusion, only movement
Something showed
Me
Broken trees and open thoughts
The boldest move where all the hope is prove
The frozen, boo and root, it's noted
By the lowly, holding on to other sources
Other forces, not the holy, longing

2/19/17

Dexsta Ray

And I'm Proud Of It

God is my protection
Lots of questions, and plots
The weapons, and shots
Are less than
Blots pathetic, jesters in time
Enablers established...
Some longed to see some entertainment
Locking me with lies
The prophecies predicted all the obloquy
I'm not surprised
But, see, the watch I be is far larger
Than carnal parts and marks
I represent the Heavens, the essence of blessings
Startled forces still trying to kill me
Darts and steel, darker origins
And my protection in the flesh
Depends, and edited accorded to the pressure that I etch
The normal truth, large distortion, like, the attempts that be allowed
Deepening sounds, like I can't do a thing
The ruse is plain, that's why I quicken to the Spirit, since it's clearest, to subdue
the chains...
The fools have reign, moves in vain
Truly, I continue, lump satanic psalms up, like mumps, and bumps placed on a
phrase
Crumbled up, tough luck, ain't thugged, but trouble won't engage
Don't sustain, ropes and weighs of faith, control my focus now
Vultures long to come up off me (just jealous)
Applying power moves until they own my flow, to draw me in and chalk
A fall, it's all belonging to the devil
Caught and taught it all, already, costs are nonexistent
Never clever
Held it better, weilded treasures, failing pleasures, bias
I be try alignment to the highest things, not finding some amusement, of
compliance
I don't try to shine, my interest ain't with women who'd prefer what's gangster
In the first place, I word paint, and earth quake, and burn waste, unearth places,
covered
From a heard pain, the only thing that's cancelled, curses...
What I've learned, a worse, strange, certainly seem as though success within the

righteous path
Is scrutinized for verse, page, shape, brutalized, unless satan is the birth name,
of phases and imaginations
In hearts, it started...
Includes design, it's like a violence is the status quo, 'twas back for mo', I'd have
you know
That God was never mocked and what is reaped
Will be, of that, what's sown...
The masks are gone
When at the Throne, unbothered by the accusation, masqueraded, laughing on
And sorrow, grasps, the parts that target
Happiness inside me, climbing harder, gliding farther
And I stand behind mistakes, some only mind 'cause eyes are same, maimed or
paid
And my embrace has grind to paste what try erasing, dying with satan
I can see what's lying in wait...
Tries to shake or break, and won't no one promote me out of fear
But, now it's clear
The cloud appears, I act, thinking, I don't need
I know He, I know clean, I gleam, from evening
To noon
The fire in me spikes a pressure like those heated balloons...
Applying extra, I suggest ya, leave me room, I ain't fishing for you, deeper than
your mind is
My seedlings, means to germinate, but curses, hang, recurring patterns
Hazard...
Fools reverse the hate, a serpent thing, imperfect stage perpetuated
Learning pain
See, I vow to be unlike it, ain't allowed to me, who bow to YHWH, not the things
He smited
See, the crowd ain't me, I found the key
Becoming them is not the motive, and you know, forget the fit to bring your own
Scissors
Every script is broke, for judgement, missing all our own sins, I'm living like the
grown men
It's sickness to my stomach, when the wicked ride the wrong wind...
Misrepresented, silence... mindless, I control this, the show of boldness, is not
impressive
God expose sense...
Demons on the wrong schtick
I don't not-ice
Disrespect don't make it more important

Where the road ends...
I ruminate on all these miracles
Experiences, of spiritual deliverance, divine interventions, and when it happens
Don't too many see the plights that I'm mentioning
Some even move to make my life just like a fly
Getting hit, or insignificant, the jealous help supply wicked vision, to those who
benefit forever
From a righteous one's killing...
I understand it, comprehend the Scripture perfectly, His Word's completely, the
devil's on the prowl but the enmity don't worry me...
Let the Father's will be done
I didn't choose your rumors
Hoping that I die because the lies unto my truth
Is humor
I don't want to be the world, nor a friend of it, and since I don't conform, demons
rather me not stand on it
Ain't nothing crazy but the crazy stuff, I stay adjust, I shall follow God, although
it's hard, in an age corrupt
Some material getting delete before I place them up (recently)
In spite of all attention gotten
Somehow, something, satan's junk...
Labelled stuff for staying with Light, I know it's worth it all, some day, they'll
wish they did, and didn't, tricks of Jezebel...
And I ain't selfish, just the devil sure can dress it well, the lists extended
I can top the tread, feel like Drago said...
And what's perceived is just deceiving, just delete appearance, then you'd find
the true perspective
Childish 'cause I kept it real, accepted, heal, and some can use the message
But it can't appeal, I ain't ask for your connection, you're a fan, o, take my girl
Replace your world, and hatred I don't know, that comes along
Something strong, is strange to me
Unfolded page to see, but ain't a thing, substantial, make enough believe in
something
You can lead a team to doom, if it ain't a seed of truth, even, too, and never
interacted with me
Only reached and schemed to tombs, but, now, it's cracked, I haven't asked for
that harassment (don't want to know you)
And instead of dealing with my pain, the aim's to match me in the fabrics and
forget, and forget, and forget
Unless I stand with satan
Anticipating...
Still a threat and target, and I'm waiting...

True, I may not be like you
But...

I'm proud of it

All persecution is converted into spirit riches

Hallelujah

I don't just speak Light, I live it too

7/16/17

Dexsta Ray

And It Turns Out

And it turns out...

Eternal endearment, actually was more than
An archetype, actually existing
From high dimensions
To my cold nights, wrapped in comforters
Neigh high to the young grasses
Within those golden fields, with serene
Backdrops of heaven

And it turns out...

It wasn't just a wish, a hope, and a far-fetched
Concept, that I could be consumed by
For hours
Aside from reality, never grasping, the fullness
Of abstract and obscure desires for fulfillment
And emotional security, in a tranquil landscape-like
Painting

And it turns out...

The fog of intangible beauty
Often regurgitated
By a random, feeling of despondency
Wasn't the mists, that hugged
The tree lines of the ancient fields
During the autumn seasons
And my doubt
Couldn't had been further
From the structures, unfathomable
To a primitive craftsman
In their glory

Neigh the wildlife and the feral breezes
Of yestreen ages, mixed with
Stillness, in time, amidst the dew, on fresh
Mornings and mellow nights
Beneath that Light
10/14/19

And The Devil Won't Change That

I listen to your wisdom
Left me speechless
Repeating this, even when I'm missing, kept Ephesians
See, you help complete me
Even
You don't know, love, promise to uphold
Your essence, through the soul
But respect the roads you choose to go
I told you what was up because
It's true
Lust was not a factor
Trust beyond suspicion but you knew
But you got the latter...
And it's fine...
Though I'd rather it me
But even if you wasn't mine I'd want you happy and free
I'd dab the ink from time to time
You like to do the same
Writing stuff
Praying for a day, when us two could shine and ride the gust
But you see, the evil the demons, come
Deceiving regions
Just committed to your brush, but they conjure up
Deceit, I'm trying to figure how I
Schemed it
Some taken pictures of screenshots, prompting me to answer
To show to you, so that 'we not'
Trying to find a weak
Spot
But it don't exist, and I hold in this soul, all your dreams, hot
We can't be because the cold
Got you thinking
Silly
You make me want to be great and strive more
I ain't never ever crossed you
We're aligned soo
Love, we're only here 'cause Jesus brought you
So I can't flip
The devil throwing up some exes

Love, it ain't them
I can't heal, I may chill, but definitely, I'll pray still
Because I love you and the
Devil won't change

That

11/4/15

Dexsta Ray

And, Chaos Was

I hang around the edge of serious conversation...
Grace, arranged around the pegs, pages, mountain ledges
Ouch!
The leg, surrounding plungers, crowns and balconies
Towns and sands, I bow, instead of standing
Yahw is greater than I...
I guess the hourglass unhands, hours pasts, captured
Towers, paths, sour, sweet, my weakness
Gleam, but Yahw would keep the power pass
Frowning, frowning, plenty springs, if anything, of streams diminished
Life is made of different seeds, and many trees
What's seen within it, haven't consequence, like the attacks, except the greenest
picture...
Watch my words, watch my birds, only I, knowing why, and sowing
righteousness
Disturbed, carnal arms against me, though I form the vision, sword the Spirit
born
The course, before, the matches still would magnetize
And amplify, a point of entry, though, a door is non-existent, for it
Shooting, thorns of envy...
Like the other day, another play, I'm done away...
A curse without a cause, alighteth not though, countless attempts, in succession
Made wherever I go
They get away with killing me, it's blatant
Preying on my soul...
And waiting, rolling, willing, by, if I chill, if I try
The rules that built the land are dead
I'm opposing it's lie...
The demons still went at my head
I'm attacked, I don't be playing or nothing
'Fore I even speak, preconceived notions, equal action
Tell me why I'd change up my focus?
They seek and look for reasons, just to end my light
In the sun, or when the moon comes...
Don't know where the violence begun, 'cause it ain't what I run
The Alpha and Omega is with me...
You wouldn't believe this stuff...
Instead of a perimeter to
Help me

It's triangulation, helps evil centralize, many lies, different times
You think I'm somewhere I never been...
It's then, deemphasized...
So while you're focused over there, it's open season on me
Demons have no reason
Regardless, the evil keep the scoping
Leave me smoking
Poachers that's heartless
You probably think I'm
Fine
But faith's surviving me on the daily, and that ain't figurative, but supernatural
My rights are gone, collusions have me trapped...
Have my dap ready for me, back on the other side
Have a nap, the heavens are peace, the message, teach, settings
In the south, I'm at, where this be
I'm bound to (gas) masks and stuff
Warnings, other set ups for me, it's all bad
Truly...
But, when you view it spiritually, you can cue the beauty
Witnessing this persecution, thinking 'bout how peaceful yours is
You can rest, 'cause that gives me more strength
Forces from all different sides want me timid or sick...
You see...
So the day the mortician peep
Couldn't tell, claim it's natural, and dismiss the schemes...
The principalities and powers target hard
Trying to battle me, after scorching, snipping all my cards
It's a coward thing...
But, I'm humble in the Lord in spite of all of this
Don't let my words be the forgotten, the Begotten, some assigned
Some consigned, stuff undying, underlying, undermining
Hidden pictures, stuff, to pick and just exploit
But nothing haveth that effect, and all of this
Has been a long time
So ain't no telling, but I know it just won't nosedive
Close by, waiting until it's clear and then they just
Unfold my, scrolls, equipped with road signs, from old times
With wrong minds...
And cold eyes, noticing, the motive is to grow lies, dethrone, and withhold truth
To throw you the wrong vines...

You know

There was Chaos

12/2/17

Dexsta Ray

Another Prayer

I know that you don't move for desperation, Lord
But I'm hoping you're responding to my faithfulness
I'm blind
You say I have what I pursue revealed already
Still I can't see
Though I know it may be...
Show me, Lord
According to my current understanding
Please...
And with the utmost respect
Come and save Your
Servant...
All my work of hand has seemed to be
Bludgeoned
Worse is planned
Evilly, you see the ruckus
But I know You'll keep the Promise
For it brings relief
The talents stand, I give it back
Claiming falter proof
Its because of You, I'm still intact...
Or a little cracked
Still abhorring tittles, facts,
Established all around me
But I haven't caught the bounty...
I can't help but think sometimes
I'm conspired in sin
It's like the more I try to climb up
The higher it gets
I'm chasing things that I can't see, hope desires exist
I'm praying things will change this week
Lest my fire is dimmed
And in my mind
I'm by the sea, time has stopped until I figure out
Your Eyes are watching me
I won't drop or take a different route...
My soul is aching
But no way that I can switch up now
O visualize the New Earth, Mellennium and spirit crown...

You call me and I answer according to Your Word
So much more that You deserve
I'm just a lowly sinner, wow
But you saw more and restored me, I'm seeing different now
Rich or poor, my mind is made, I'm staying on the Christian route...
Repenting all the day
No sinning all the way

7/18/16

Dexsta Ray

Another Sigh

Well, I guess it's over, smoldering targets of me
A soldier of Jehovah's, hopeful, it's a party of three
Father, Son and Holy Ghost...
Still my Guide, in and out the darkness, larger than a mark
From heart to art, I like to scar my paper, harkening angels
Lord, be my Help, some bridges just was traps, which collapse
With holes, rotten wood, or none exists perhaps
I made a great mistake trying to save somebody that worship satan...
Now I'm shadowed, relentlessly, 'cause I serve the Savior
Getting suspended for Scripture things where my verses reign
Every-time my work embrace, some spiritually, words, curses
Same...
Forms of witchcraft, that ain't someone who worth I praise
I don't claim an evil, but rather learn, and reverse the pain...
They let them bully me 'cause I'm living theWord like saints
Ain't really got a side, 'cause the wool ain't limited
First, it's plain...
God is coming, to help me, He see the persecution
Scoffers only laugh or pretend they don't know the serpent movement
Not problematic, being crucified, while the earth is choosing
Through satanic cults, with no sides, don't want the Word
Delusions...
But I don't have no enemies if I just give it up...
Forsake my craft, play a role, bow, then live it up...
But if I did, I'd be crowned for like a minute, trust
But 'cause of the anointing, I'll be ground beneath the wicked
Dust...
So either I just do my thing, or I do my thing
I live for God, He'll preserve me in the wicked days
Don't want connection that'd desert me when I'm in the rain
Some influential figures only messed with me to limit range...
I rather not exist no more than live a dastard life
I rather be condemned than see the villain trample Light
They putting spells on me so I can't miss a prayer, I fight
In spiritual warfare, if no one cares, then they are antichrists...
Even if nobody see it, they can clean that up
And it ain't like we never seen it
Similar has happened, but to this magnitude, I'd be surprised if this
Imagined

You can't really live without the demons speaking wicked actions...
I fear no evil, in this wicked land, some still attacking
Maybe not directly, but implying, stuff not in my bracket...
Threatening me for standing up against the malice stuff
Willing to defend the evil proven as some backwards stuff
I might get punished for her actions so I'm acting up
But not because it happen
But the facts I showed had added up...
That's if all things considered
Barrabas they want, forget the Lord, hide the evil
And I'm never crazy, just I'm persecuted extra heavy...
'Cause I'm great for YHWH's Light
And if I don't speak, the wicked think that mean that God alright
With that...
Nothing make them stop, Lord, my only choice is writing facts
'Cause when it's large as what I faced, outnumbered
Satan hide it fast...
I've make way too much sense, to be a sudden headcase now
Exposing crime, and proven it, my only fault
Its only cult that's pursuing me
I know the Cross, they motives false, I'm not stupidly
Just throwing talk, my life or death depended on the truth
Exposed, and still was killed, some think it's jokes
But was going through this stuff here for real, and stuff appearing still
To seal the deal, disguise, slyly build appeal...
It ain't my fault that I was chose
For what I went through, what I speak against to
I stay with God
Some been knew

I seek no evil for no one
That's just excuse to further terrorize
From envy
4/11/19

Dexsta Ray

Any Fool Can Start A Quarrel

Any fool can start a quarrel
I seen it
Before...
At dark tomorrow
These kids... after leaving the store
Will parcel bottles
Thing is...
They won't care anymore
They'll have no...
Inhibitions
And I won't blame them
Hell... I was once in this position
Painstaking
This one kid though
Crazy...
Gangbanging... stayed waving his gun
And smoked greatly
Just came from the take away
Son just turned eighteen and he'll think about making a run
From all hatefulness
But...
Satan doesn't want him to GO
There's a whole other way he doesn't want him to know
Now you could place the blame on fate...
But we all play a
Role...
In what the babies see today and even say down the road
Here's a culture teaching HATE
So his comrades came... they'll have a proposition
They'll be cruising the block and spot some
Opposition...
Are you moving or not?
There is an option given but implied choosing
To come or he is not authentic
So he went and entered
The car...
They'll have some glocks positioned
Pulling up to see a brother in the shopping district
If anything... he is thinking it's a rotten mission

Markedly because they knew...
The 'villian' had no problems with them
So he had decisions to
Make...
Ruminating this position to consider the stakes
He should probably just desist from this...
And get on his way
But then he'd never hear the end of this and glimpsed as a lame
But this time he overcame all of Lucifer's lies
So he left them in that car and
He'd choose his own
Life...
They might've judged him but he'd finally learn
To use his own mind
So when he left they drove off... approaching
This hated
Target...
What they didn't KNOW...
The brother's observation was sharper
Smarter...
You could hear a car start in the opposite parking lot
But the children moved up with the guns
Pointing out...
Swearing... cussing...
Dude what are you going to do now?
They didn't see those other two cars looping around
Before they'll even make it to them
They'll be shooting in
Rounds
Now he could hear this but he wouldn't take a look at the scene
He kept walking straight ahead... see that could've been HE
Eke any fool can start a quarrel but it takes a man to walk away
Especially in the wicked land of these confounding days
We don't seem to understand that we are... how to say?
Claiming we are thankful for the Lord but actions bow to satan

Satan will have you thinking
That being EVIL is the
Definition of
Real...
Everyone is trying to prove how 'real'
They are these days

But that's...
Counterproductive
If anything... the realest are those
Taking a stand AGAINST
The evils in this world
Although they
Know they are outnumbered
But your REWARD is in
Heaven... NEVER stop fighting

4/13/14

Dexsta Ray

Any Fool Can Start A Quarrel 2

And he... asked the boy a question
'What's the point of the
Pistols? '
He replied with jocularly
This form of retinue...
Hilarious enterprise
Despair inside
Acceptance when in doubt
The other brother wondered why not pick a different route?
Opinions of a stranger
Something equal to pennies
Any fool can start a quarrel thinking evil can end it
Embracing satan, all alone
He walked
Towards the nearest corner
'Cause he was waiting for a call
In a minute
To be masculine
We had to pack a gat, live a menace
He was taught
Not in class
But the world in which we live in
Only thing we have is
Cash...
'Twas a move by his lonesome
It was pretty simple too
Move for loot and get ghost
And before you know it, then it ring
Stashed a thing within the trash
Down the street
Pick it up
Only so the family'd eat, and mapped the beat for quite a while
That shopkeeper's final smile
For tonight...
Was very different
Very frigid...
See the window, switched to closed, sign shift but not because of him
It's written, hoping not, but for tokens
Everything is broken out

To see the money like a finger breadth away
Feeling trapped and
Hungry
Turned to strapped and only focused on the dungeons
See the cashier just cashing in and counting
That for the day
Cracking glass, and some capping, shattered happiness, down the drain
In the madness, the shopkeeper dropped, reaching...
What? Ay
The stopped grabbing in, unexpected, but I'm guessing
He was not having it
The plot ravished, though he got a couple bucks, in his hands
But one in the leg, and ran and got away
Down the side ally
I'm thankful that God's eyes was watching, youngster didn't die
But I hope that was the final tally
Finished, wasn't witnessed
That's a mission's
Success
And counted twenty, why he did it? And begin to regret
If I was there, I would've tried, at least, strived to wise and tell him 'bout
The bible and the story of the prodigal son
And soul
But the wiles and all the binding and the blinding of the devil really finds
The dying minds and strives fry it, so, I'd probably be gone
Only God can change a human being
A couple of days passed after satan's gruesome scene
Repeat the same laughs
Caught in a hustle
In turned out, the cashier that was involved in the scuffle, didn't last
Another missing hap
But, oh well though
Sit back, and relax, just inhale smoke
Word had spread about the nerves of the youngster
Pretty soon, earning rep, witness birth of a
Monster
This is cool, if you heard, satan moves in the jungle
And if his rules you don't disturb
You're as cool as the
Tundra
This is society, poisoning the mental of the everybody
But yet, the kids are more susceptible to pleasure, stopping dreams

Knock the things that prop and lean on the Light
And try to lure into the darkness
By a scheme or a
Plight
And now the heart of this young brother turned to rigid like stone
Now felt the need to have a couple of others with when he rolled
Inferred resentment
All consumed with selfish passions
Masking other things
Searching for exploits to fill a void
Only God can
Phase
In the days of Joseph, though he struggled, went without,
He would grow to reap the harvest of the goodness
Only God could bring
Only had to trust and be patient...
But this seed hate
It
Instant gratification plague the scene, inadequate chasing, after greatness
Represented falsely in the world
Where the fast type
Is pearls...
We can change it when we face it properly
Not detain or drop the peace, but present The Other Way, let the Bible shape and
guide
The earth
And it'll work
But the peace is damaged...
There's a party
He vanished
Ain't nothing wrong with trying to get a cutie number
Scanning through or something
Everybody drunk
Someone missed and bumped into the brother...
Not a punk, squaring up and just one two the sucker
Leaving out the club
He ain't mad
Just had to prove he's upper, God moved away His hand
He don't want to change
He's protected him a lot more than on this page
Every time God gets Him out
He goes to same

God continued to sustain the brother though He wasn't saved!
But tonight is very different
It was very frigid...
Cranked the car up, and left with all his cronies with him
Hit the red light, bragging 'bout the show he's given
Laughing, looked up, only headlights and broken mirrors
Totaled everything completely
'Twas a drunken
Driver
Everybody else survived... that was something vital...
Any fool can start a quarrel
But it's going to cycle, back to the point where it designed
Sooner more than trifle
That ain't wishing on a bad luck issue
But if we choose to walk in darkness
It'll catch up with you
Don't nobody get away although it seem to be case sometimes
God is merciful, He gave His Son to save our lives

Any fool can start a quarrel
It takes a man to go the other way

Project CHANGE

Hold true to your morals and resist the devil
It's not easy
I'll be lying if I said it was easy
But that crown in heaven is worth a lot more
Than the pride beneath it
The only enemy is satan, fight against this evil
Don't roll with this evil

God is with us forever
Stay up

8/15/15

Dexsta Ray

Anything Goes

There's a way that seems right
Yea, the traffic of that route is the thickest
Meant for adding up and counting the quickest
Not to say it's found legit
Smoldering chimney with TNT in it
Or the thorns and the thistles of the earth
By where we sleeping
Making poison laced in desserts
Baked just for the leading
Who would eat of what he's immersed
Deceived by beelzebub
Caution...
Try to whitewash the walls of every establishment
That could really walk for a cause
So it matters then
If I fail to see what I saw
That's each of satan's lies
If we don't speak or say we staying blind
To stay alive...
Eat the truth and let society go
Feed the proof 'til we don't cry anymore
Reigniting jazz
Then you recognize that really anything goes
Outside the holy power of His throne
I'm telling you...
Casualties are constants but the hierarchy jumps
Stratifying a person's journey
What's up?
But not a social pyramid
Which implies that something stays at the top
When this mostly intertwined, though
Not magnifying the spirit
Drop to the bottom
Which is really the middle
The physical, see it close... not a riddle
'Cause the spiritual side is like a catalyst for physical vibes
Everything starting off within the mind
So... talk about society is similar to talk of past
When the spiritual is now

All unmasked...
Everything we see going down and all around the world
Are just the prophecies are active
Passing happen
Lavish pearls are like the holy knowledge of Jesus
Satan working to abolish His people
So I'm writing something...
Seen... cause the demons really own the unsaved
The earth is such a battlefield of being controlled and enslaved
And it's really this or that
It's not to scold and degrade
But to open up our eyes and keep our souls from that place!
For hell is real...
And we ain't coming back after going
Maybe we'll switch it up if we know it
And anything goes...
If we live a life that's not in line with the scripture
You will seldom hear about a Christian dying by the pistol
When we take a different route
Filled with pride
And ego
We will start to listen to the devil's lies
So deceitful
Anybody serving God is protected
If they're really serving God and not just playing for a second
But without Him it's a trap
Extra mans with them weapons
Then we place our lives into the hands of the next one
Who is also just as lost...
And that really is the devil's plan
Whoever leave it is a clever man
And society is only an extension of the devil's hand
When it's negative and stuff
Like mostly...
Now, satan ain't on nobody's side
Even those he use are only just destroying their lives
And I mean the spirit
The only way to get to heaven is to be delivered
See, we have to turn away from evil and just
Heed the scripture
Or we're vulnerable to anything here
The world could kill us

8/24/14

Dexsta Ray

Architecture

Some things are more than we perceive
Architects run it...
From restoration to construction
Visions...
Architectonics
Is not your ordinary dream
Your blueprints would
Bleed...
You'd end up cleaning up it's style
A nuisance to leave... a different reason on the pile
You thought this society'd take the higher road
That's us... oh, a fire's grown
Best aesthetics
Scripted fundamentals
Still I don't know a thing
Let me leave and let the brilliant souls explain
Because it's special
Complicated structures, dormant, can be a wasteland
Important like a DNA strand
You don't say, man?
It's deep...
And the key of all communities seen
Already there, but a chair, would let communities breath
So they can lead up on to better things

It is, too, an art

8/16/14

Dexsta Ray

Aromas Of Dreams

I used to wonder how to get it
Since I hear I can
When I have it, disadvantaged
Different standings
Quickly sanding all appearances
Scripting small endurements
Listening for deliverance from irritants
Pure suspense...
A creaky rocking chair is there when, ain't nobody
On the course, and vague ole' sorrys
What's appointed, but, ain't stopping there
If I don't wish it, I don't want it
I'm committed to
I'd like to think of life as something nice, politeness, ridicule
And diamonds, been a jewel
But only time can find design
A light can shine on it
Magnified, His eyes on it
No surviving this, but fly amidst, like death...
Just tell me you believe in me, like I do you
And never let the breath of honor cease
I bet, success, is promised, see
The depths beneath the ego
Be the place we must reach
On top of angel wings, we ride, sun falls, into the water waves
Tranquility I need...
I'm uncut musk
And satan'd even seek to use the good stuff to crush the Light...
Flipping flak like a flap jack
Lots of flops like fishes, not in the realm it was crafted at
Plenty rocks and lillies
Probably silly, to watch it living with clocks in buildings
Made with different purpose
To swim divergent
Map quests, underwater lamps, desks, glasses, classes
A craft and passion, atmosphere that's different
That bats and plants probably can't withstand...
Love is different though
Dinner rolls, and mirrored glows, inner hopes, hither's home

Come, so, stuck on you
I'm a sucker, so dumb, both a W
And frozen, sure enough, pure and tough
You are something new
Finding stuff to do, anything from psalms to pool
I just love the mood, and plus your views of the One Who rules...
Eating a piece of peanut brittle, I don't see much venom
Life for me is different and it has been for a long time
I see potential, with rewards or not, each dream official
Some progress is fortified, in the Lord, and peace rekindled
Sin just isn't tolerated
Isn't moderated
Repentance is the only way that it's exonerated
See, I'm finally up again and nothing'd bring me down
And if the devil keep on playing
Then, I will shake the 'ground'
Through the Lord, consent is dead
And ain't no hate allowed
I stick my spirit sword into the nets and any chains around
I don't grind to make nobody jealous
And my mind ain't even on that type of thing
Trying to shine for Weh', and fly in faith, abide in grace, 'til it's time to fade
Praying, in serenity, and hoping we survive the day
And I'm on this 'cause I want this
Staying open to the Light
Just in case my Savior came, so, so my soul is right
And pep talking myself too
And left the nest with wings, to cling, to the wifey just like the Bible
Instructed us
A man leaves his mother but not to rival what others done
There's such misinformation
This age
With many twisted games
That bring specific pain, that lead into specific things
But I digress, no flattery but gratitude, what stand with peace

Quicken to Aromas of Dreams

I have God, I have everything
I need

5/15/17

Dexsta Ray

As Eye Can See

I'm not sitting on my high horse
It's just a donkey
I'm not living on the high course
But just the lowly
Compromising forces are trapped
In brackets of the past
Slowly metamorphosing
Something like it's of metaphysics
Extra visions settling in
Just when I'm settled in
Instead of wicked fixes
Run to God
He just supplies the every...
Spirit lives prepared for what?
I don't know
He showed me visions just the other night
I trust, and it's a must we do...
I see the images like high definition
I think I'm tripping out, at first
But ain't no bites in my system
Or strikes of venom
Nice, disguised to kill us, pipes
Syringes too
I visualize the issue while discerning
What's the spirit truth...
'Cause I don't know what it meant
It ain't the first time either
This reverse my meter
Every time that it happens...
I see a country with a flag that I have never seen
In some, a setting's scene
I try to look before it
Disappears...
When I'm getting near, it fades
Though I haven't went asleep
The picture's clearer than a dream
I know I'm not hallucinating...
Moving blameless
Steering clear of the pursuit from satan

Wish the spirit visions could appear to all
Disputers waiting...
Prove I'm crazy, lunatic, but I know it can't be
Must decipher text and numbers
Regardless, of how long it takes me
A stronger faith needed
Father, please forgive and save me
From the world, the mazes, and phases
That You Yourself had walked?
I wonder what unveiled I saw...
And should I keep it secret?
Let me help Your cause
Lord, I accept your means of speaking...

1/1/17

Dexsta Ray

At Least I Don't Envy Any

And thank God I ain't jealous
Like satan's haters
Taking days and nights to praise the Greatest
Thanking Light, for claiming sights
The strangest find
The same
Degrading
Been harassed and tortured for long time
And there's no signs that it will ever end
But, never, I'll let it win
23 but with a strong mind and focus
On the Most High
Clearest sin, it's clever, the organized
And the gorgeous lies
I'm for despising devils, I'm singled out by a mass
Of power
Jesus passed the hour, devoured the chains attached to me
Stick me with the thought of subversion
In hopes, I'm ignorant
Non-governmental, and confidential
It's hovering, over benefits of the passion
To leave me broke and sick
The jealous saw me teeming and crafted a plan and ran me down
And so I don't forget...
Keeping documents of forgotten tricks
So no one else is hit with this envious, vicious concept...
Nonetheless, I'm good with the rubble
The binds oppressing
Me
And jealousy is hailed and heeded like
Some kind of pleasantry
I guess I need to grow and accept
The normalization, well, of course, it fortifies hatred, 'til you're corpses
Lord, am I patient?
I'm not silent though, I found out
Crying and bold with a loud mouth!
If occasion calls for it
I'm all intense
God has write the wrong, and prophecies

Persist, I know something was done to
Throttle me, and now obsolete when I mention, or plots for stopping me
Electronic hacking, I've witness
And even real time, they wait on my destruction
Like they placed some kind of something
On me...
Power moves, against the lambs and all the ones who love Him
Since His showers bloom all the flowers
Show us where to turn...
My talent made me target
Darkness just hates
The jaws of hell is ever span
Devouring paths of
The snake
And I don't have to speculate
Testimonies, conviction
Confessing only of my destined road, protection known
Reflecting long...
And whole places taking up arms against me
With ten thousand hearts to end me
I won't fear
'Cause I'm blessed and robed
Envious celebs, attention seeking civilians
Acting like they really know me
As an extension to the smear campaigns
Hear my name, demons enter them
Appear awake
The wicked wouldn't care because
They're insolent and fear the pain...
Why should I be subject to criticals?
Upping spirituals, and the sensitization...
Well, I'm still trying to desensitize
'Twas a clear mistake, if I was twisted
I would quickly rise
But now I'm getting hate for kicking wisdom
I'm de-emphasized, until I'm stiff and dying
Making profit off me
And I ain't saying it's monetary but it's probably all green
I never visioned, in my dreams, as a teen, I'd be in a piece
Potentially, the biggest schemed conspiracy, in history
But still, I never fold, seeing, spiritually
It's meant for me, so now, I think I'll use it

To commute how true the scripture be...
Because Salvation is the most important
So distorted
Even with the proof of our Foundation
Haters'd sow misfortune...
Trying to throw the coordinates
Never told the culprit, do it
So the whole societies responsible, can't mold me through it...
I desire peace and clarity for Yahweh's will
'Touch not my anointed ones'
Don't care to think of how He feels...
That's why, the Pharisees today, are there and watching still
But after death, I tell you, God is fair
And they will not be dealt...
The same portion
All the backsliders, mad liars, vessels of the devils
All the brawlers, plus some baptizers...
For, scarcely are the righteous saved
Imagine bad squires
Backwards satires, might be 'great'
But in that fire...
Rank and status ain't sustained
And none of that will matter
Since I came to Light
I've been behaved, and for a long time
Nothing to expose but facts that's fake
And some whole lies...
Instead of picking out the planks
In a soul's eyes, focus on our own lives
I'm childish with a grownmind...
Abominability
Keep it far, and further out
I fear for life
It's killing me, I dream, regard the worship route
Living tracks of victory
I feel the hearts
For certain
Now
Remember, pass the hickorys
I was a target...
Murdered down
Amidst the grasses and the sticks

And weeds
But God insisted, that I merely passed through the
Tricky scene's disturbing trials...
He intervened
Fixing me without a word in mouth
Lightening and the moonlight on smooth nights
My worth was
Found...
And, this, I never will forget
I wish you would've seen it
Spirit filled with chills
Just to mention has my vision screaming!
Plus God positions for ascension with no wicked meanings
If you would've witnessed everything
You wouldn't diss
But weep it...
For me, this is completion
Life was like a
Spirit movie
Journeys in the wilderness, I'm told, is what can
Really move
Me
Fabricated framed scenarios that I long predicted
Soon to be revealed because of envy like I told we'd
Witness...
Just the blows from wicked foes
With a strong connection
But the God I serve is bigger than the ones who'd
Mold the weapon
What's so pathetic, though He has exposed the methods
Evil only loathes the truths instead of trying to hold the lesson...
Trying to fold the messengers
Because of gold and
Sex
This stuff is of the prophecies that's obsolete
The stones are feckless...
The snakes are opposite
The jealous haters
Of the world, so it loves it's own
And misrepresent me like I'm done
But, sister, girl, it's wrong
I don't know the persecutors but they know

My name, and so, in pain, at other people's
Blessings, and that's so insane
And I don't need that in my life
Crony, no! I'm straight!
The focus of the dream is living right
Like Jehovah's saying
Now, obsession is the present
Jealous evils seek me
Second on the second
I ain't owing
No one needs to see me
Jesus saved the whole world
And ain't even
Sneaky
Arguments I don't embrace
Departed sin and so awake
I've broken the harassment so
It shouldn't be
Still on the plate, good as three
The shots, I ain't consent to stuff that doubted me
The envy crushed, what outted me
How is it being esteemed still?

3/12/17

Dexsta Ray

At This Point

And I was wondering where that went...
Making stitches, I knit my leather in, pitches
That's affordable, I ain't really a stingy man
Formulas, imprinted, with letters that equal YHWH's glory
Pendants, or embellishments, never been as important to me
Mortal things subordinate
Prairies, the ancient breezes, sing songy, trees, dynamics
And sweaters, that's like my quilt, things only seem like madness
In baskets, I stash my fragments, scattered, beckoning to YHWH
The shattered matter can still impact, sketches, inked, etchings
Of things that's set in the upper room, been forgetting limits existed
Too busy watching God, if it get diminished
In heaven, it's still sufficient
YHWH's wheels are high and dreadful, the glory of God
I marvel at, light the carnal combat with fire that don't consume it though
Music notes, confusing, cuneiform, your god embodies me...
All the godly themes, replace the object, God objects to that
God collects the scraps,
and fragments, valued as a thing that's cherished
Light refracted, for a little while, like a glass that's full
Or halfway, it don't really matter, still the path made
Satan known for hating
Not seeing how that amassed fame, labyrinths raised on falsity
Intricate from a campaign on a man's name
Motives that's hidden before the past came
Like a couple of minutes ago
I got the same rotation, how can stuff that stemmed from my soul
Decide I can't embrace it? Certainly, thinking this is a joke
While seeing waves of satan
Doing whatever things that they want, the devil hate my greatness...
God is broad, consider His Throne, the clouds beneath His feet
His anger makes the earth quake and groan
And nature is His glory, been embracing YHWH for ages
No need to change it now, even though my castles been hit with bludgeons
And dragon breath
Pain deemphasized, for some greater bad, everything I had
Arrows hit the overview, flashing back to the modern time
Ain't over do a thing, evil plague my life, over views that changed
Passes to subtract me, and take my vibes, so I'm viewed the same

Nothing left to rationalize, at this point, all the fruit engraved
Though the hating masterminds
On my step, 'cause they want my depth, assimilation agents
That play on race, to control my wealth, what I lack in earth
Have in heaven, and they can't go up there
The interests been artistic
The year is new but the hole still there
It's strongholds, funded, injustices, o, I know despair
I write my lamentations, but also wrote how Jehovah care
12/31/19

Dexsta Ray

At Your Call (Cross Mended Halves)

Sitting underneath the tree...
Waiting on your
Call
With a dragonfly
And if it happened, I'd...
Go into a slow spiral downward
Comfort instantly
Thinking of the Cross, and her glamorous eyes
I'm holding on to rose, I have found her
I expected that
And for the longest, at your call, no regrets at all
Upset perhaps
'Cause settings crap when truth gaze alone
And mad because you hadn't called to tell me
You made it home
I see the golden anniversaries, and noting how the olden made it
As the glance occur to me
That we could maybe go for greater...
And save the lows for later
Cross mended halves
Because the whole is both, your soul had made me all that
I am...
I know, sometimes, it gets confusing
This imputed consciousness attack us
Lowly, unexclusive, but to God, we script the plushes
Labyrinths...
Which'll crush the slander
Same flame which trusts our Master
Waiting on your call or something
Anything to hush the
Chatter
In my brain

6/11/16

Dexsta Ray

Augmentationz

From the ground up, I ain't urban
I lied, discern
I merge to cactus, spurs that's been explain
The same deserved, I cried
I urge my pen, again, content with the ink
My urn disintegrates
The incubation period, divergence
The scent of cashmere
In wooded areas, ferns, and the last teir
Faith that overtake me
Even in the valley, I'd wish that there was a place
For my reign, plains, more to me
Than misconfiguration
Lied, never urban, like society
Many indications, never heard
Learned, the final peace, burned the higher me
Perfection just a concept if the Light ain't what the shining mean
Skies, I'm unkempt, beyond depth, and even time received
To write me clean, my Savior, keep the white linens
Right for me, I like the springs, the antichrist on me
With many hands like weeds, replanting me
Expanding, my disbanding, is priorities
Because I climb
But with the Lord in me, a real important thing
Relating more to forests
By my weirdness, or immortal trees, that form the leaves
Distorters need, observing the facts
If I ain't teary eyed behind it
I'm a burden, perhaps, I bridle turgents
Idle turbulence
If thought to witness me, it fell and fall
Portrayed as never caused
Twas the devil's call, whenever mystery
So I can never cross
For what was did to me, for riches, better off in spirit reads
All the scripture gleams
Augmentation...
My focus be on the spirit things
The evil time some stuff

All for satan, to wane the Spirit's reign
Guess I lied
I ain't urban because it didn't
Receive
Ain't nothing wrong with it though, it's perfect
But just ain't meant for me

Nay, I've too much evidence
2/10/19

Dexsta Ray

Babylon The Great

Prophecies unfolding...
Unity don't exists for me, against me though
In spite of pigmentation
Such resent me so, the Scripture with me though
And it holds me, like being an infant, cold and shivering from this wicked
Reality, thrown against me soul
Battling me
My faith in the Highest, in spite of anarchy
Misabeled, but alright to the libelous
Embracing violence, seeing mammon, on the Cross
Not salvation, they drink the wine of hate
And tie me to themselves, I like righteousness though
We can't elope, infantilization is gloried, in this place
But demonic, for Jehovah loves the Light, but they shun it though
Puppeteers and puppets in artistry, target me, to martyr
Feigning interaction to conquer me, coveting the darkness
I was taken through, that I made it through
Humbly embarking, covered me
And Christ'd sup with me, in spite of all of that
Ain't even been a hour
Carnal weapons, close proximity, I'm holding up my cross
Like the ancient days, see, it's satan reign
Stated in Corinthians
The older stories say the same, really it's the envious
But ain't some cliché
My race don't make me be accepted, YHWH don't appeal in Babylon
The Scripture is the issue, some are paid to be associated
So they kill the story, getting closer, I'm a witness to it
So the higher ups, allowing villains that access to me
Even real time, such harass the dream, for race agenda
Even when it ain't, it still is
Stuff conflate for that, and I've no defense, the stuff recorded
What resource I have? The Lord shall not forsake His servant
Faith for that, I'm cunningly attacked still
The evil aim to take my craft
My caves are compromised, and stuff distorted
Stingers up, ain't from the wilderness, but just imported
Endlessly in search of my genetic
Heresy and methods, meant to keep the false perspectives

In the lead, while all affectionate, it's deceit, can't find a bigger reach
This the missing piece, the enmity result from evil mysteries
That's taught, to evil in the scheme, when been esteemed
For killing sheep, and falleth too...
It's in the Scripture, things align, Jesus grace the minds
Of anyone in Babylon, who love the Light and take the time
To trust in YHWH's faithfulness, even though what's Satan's thrive
Our heavenly inheritance, forever, and they can't devise
A way to take that happiness, 'cause they can't get the Gates to slide
The pages in the book of life, won't name whoever stake the Christ
Denying rights, and letting demons prey to see me fade
And cover constant life attacks, to hide the truth
So He erased, and trying to play it off, like some kind of playful
Really, plights are hateful, raise my cross, YHWH paid the costs
Certainly, this is me, you can tell by how the Satan talk
And how the nature, how the same enthralled
When evil unify, so YHWH can't evolve
Judgement, when it's righteous, it enlightens, probably made me fall
But the difference is, the Lord commends the cause
'Til things resolved, from Revelations, saints await, the Day of God...
And I don't have to make decisions that's constrained to limits
That the faith transcended, ain't sufficient, strain that Weh' ain't given...
And if you're wrong for being right, then it's the age we live in
Structures that are powerless on purpose until Weh' is hidden
12/12/19

Dexsta Ray

Backtrack

And I don't even know all was said...
I'm saying backtrack
I suspect there's still, obscurity, but I cleared it up
Backed that, with facts, the slanderous want me trash bad
To add, fabrications, no majesty, only that flak...
I ain't sued yet
For survival, some threats emerge, suggested worse
But I believed in God
So my best was cursed...
Talk about a challenge, I am certain of this
Whatever mountain
That established, to coerce, or hide the worse of things
I'm prepared to face, whatever foe, with my faith
The proof of such can hold it's own
I've no reason to deceive a people, evil still harass me
Like sequels, and I will let this go, if I have to compromise the truth
To have a "blessing"
No...
Whatever come, trust my Savior, 'cause it ain't questionable
Misrepresenting me for some strangers that want my precious flow...
It's not my fault what's enabled, the stalking, fame, I don't
Behavior still embracing the Light, I can't be threatened with past
Standards was violated if any evil progressed with that
How I started that when I didn't even contest in that?
Picked out and picked on
I been with Jesus for every plan, His essence in the Scripture
Ain't bitter either, just heavy laden, many bitter years
With the sands of satan, expanded hatred, trying to band
My greatness, for God, ain't in the path he staged me
Faced with, confrontation, for not, instilling the jealous framings
Sabotaging much, and without mercy, it seldom changed and
Now, my contributing is strained, somehow, though several
Gauged me, since I showed the truth, beyond doubt
But still, in peril, crazy...
That would be affirmation, if such had ever made it
Stamping in the absence of Christ, without a hair debating
I remember beginnings, and you can tell the nature
Damaged in the long-run, why? The Light was all I followed
Easy to discern, made manifest, many times of sorrow

Been expressed my fear of demonic campaign from higher powers, that exploit
my weaknesses
That they knew from how I was throttled
Visit my recordings, in desperation, I tried, I sigh
Anyone'd want justice, especially, knowing how I was grinded up
For just existing, although, I wasn't aligned to what is
Usually consistent with what was deemed as the likely stuff
And reasons for this ending
Even still, Jesus Lord, the antichrist spirit, early on, ain't want see me flourish
Because the Light of God within me helped some souls be restored
And so they grime up my identity, just so evil's for it...
The culprits of this dealt though, exposed themselves
'Fore I said so, some got in front of words, as a legion
So I could fail, O...
I don't recant my words for a demon that lead to hell, O
Ephesians still my go-to, my Spirit Sword, be my metal
And helmet of Salvation, with Jesus, because the devil
My breastplate of righteousness, needed, the Bible tells so
My armor of the Lord, never leave it, repeating prayers
Low
Outnumbered in the physical, Jesus will come to help though
To override my evidence, seasons, while it was settled
The guilty are the witches and warlocks, but I don't fear it
And they know, so they undermine my means to build a life
And it wouldn't be the first time, exposed it to whoever'd listen (seasons passed)
Evil wasn't fair, it didn't change, I witness wicked things
A victim of relentlessness, although I never did the same
Sometimes, I think the difference is a figment of my spirit name
Picked out and picked on
Because the Scripture place didn't change, in my life
The Lord, in my sight, I fight the fight of faith
That already happened
Some seen it, so know that Christ the way
And if this was a matter
Then needless to say, the rest is true, vengeance ain't my forte
I spend my life trying to just resume, re-using all the trauma
And healing, from what affects ensue, anything that contradict
Backtrack, for it's dead and proved, unless somebody trying to re-craft that
To protect who rue, if, strangely, still continue
I'm tracked by slanderers, just to feud
Consistent with the past stuff, trying to can me in traps in like tuna
I shouldn't lose out because somebody that's guilty worried

Who I ain't knew, now want one bodied, so such don't feel the burden
Of their success, ain't disturbing them, but such still determined
Lie on my intentions, this happened, but I ain't really err because
The Lord is with me, they want me to know them, that's suspicious
Filled my life with heartache, harassment, and evil impositions
Before these evils, I didn't know of the filths existence
Coming for my place, 'cause I shined for God
Such was filled with envy...
But stalking still, from anxiety, that I'm building trenches...
And if I mention it, talking seem like I'm still resenting...
When in reality, all my thinking is filled with Scripture
Evil make excuses to badger me so my wisdom get them...
But I ain't stupid, I know the anarchy sent was just a supplement
Of what truly was, from what I went through
And I don't know them
Backtrack, pattern, stacks of manipulation, trying to be proactive on me
Though I ain't even know them, trail of breadcrumbs, that'd lead to
Things, that demons motioned, not a threat, so what I do
Is not the least bit corrosive, that's unless, some broke the rules
Facilitating these notions, I don't lie, like satan's worshipers
Not all that say, "Lord Lord", born born again, some stuff is done
Just to persecute Him...
Since I know as close to the whole truth, evil want me gone
I did the best I could, with what I had, from where I was
And all the stuff that I was dealing with, temporized
Til the gaslighters placed into position, in advance
There ain't a way to win, and even if I could, they murder me
Because my faith in Him...
Talk to any expert, that tarried within their range and field
He'll tell you many things, ain't aware of, unless you same as them
Backtrack, backtrack, for everything is here
Protect me from cults, Lord
Masquerading, some ascertaining, guilty coming for me
For speaking truth, I ain't have a say in, and I ain't know who
Never been, and then that damage made me
Just exposed crime, I'll continue
If I'm being branded crazy

Backtrack

I shall fear no evil

The Lord is still

With me, as He was all these years

Through all the persecution...
Never thought I'd be framed, terrorized
And have it attempted
To be covered up and such...
That's the kind of stuff I thought
Only happened in movies
Wasn't supposed to happen to me...
Tsk...
Anything can happen to you
God supplies my needs
I don't need to be like satan for sufficiency
Though powerful evils would try to
Strategically sabotage my life to put me in positions
Where I could be more susceptible
For more persecution or death
A part of the long-running conspiracy to
Carry out the will of envious
Influential figures...
Need extreme protection from extreme evil
The possibility of such things
Are not over

To who does care, be vigilant
Backtrack
4/12/19

Dexsta Ray

Backtrack 2

Situation gigantic, for the awareness, spreaded
Of a persecuted, for YHWH's sake, by what's antichrist
Evil extra merciless, causeless, by demons, setting plights
In society, that devise some schemes that reject the Light
Biases in favor of satan
So you'd be dead if righteous, and it ain't too many that honor God
And could be resistance
Seeming pitiful, 'cause outnumbered, but Jesus bring the Scripture
To the battle, sword of His mouth
To where the sin is practiced
Hate and racial crimes on occasion, was not esteemed to stop it
While things proceed, you're made to leave
Because of Jesus conquering satan
With the Cross, stuff manipulated, and ain't abolished
All I know as life, has been filled with hatred and pain
And projects made to misportray what is Light as something that satan did
The strangest topics, too late to drop it, backtrack
To gauge the logic, things concocted, great persecution
Designed to maime the options
Claim the objects, under the falsity, made that way on purpose
God knows me, problems the smallest things when it's Weh'
That purpose curses that the serpents arranged, to worketh His greater
Sermons, what discern the worth of His Spirit, has seldom fell from grace...
Backtrack, even, facts, trash, to the darkness kingdom
That attack that, through the scams, that been discarded even...
I admit to trauma, resulting from stuff extraordinary
Seasons after seasons, the more, the merry, I weathered that
Restore, the Lord prepare me, enormous tracks, through the gory traps
I give the glory back, and forever clap, praise, that's never wack
My stories mapped realities further than where misfortunes at
The sort of crafts that captured me formed a bracket to lord from that
Hoarding that, with tactics, my fabrics wasn't absorbing that
Forcing that establishment
Scorched the cabin
My form impact, morphing all my florences into torches and thorns
To hats, which is scorned as catalysts
Then abhorred like I'm
Sorting that, but, in the LORD is majesty, in accord
Ain't no score for that, normal paths of passion

Was disincorporate, by forms of flak and slander
More than that
My portion and my daily bread enough, forcing one into
Such realities so their brand is crushed, sought excuse to stalk
Or there's anarchy, that they plan to hush the truth about the Most High
His righteousness, and His hand on us
Light is never ending
There's more, can't even tell beginnings...
Of the source of me, my origins
In the Father's will, and just the same as every saint
Important, still, if not for here...
The evil deeds already finished by the wicked
But it got appeal instead of being esteem for what it is
Even hot to will and want to do
Consistent with the
Scripture, and some quotes of truth, which show the proof
I'm fragments and I'm glasses
And I'm doing what I'm supposed to do
To stop me from advancing
For the Lord
The demons broke the rules, that's actually for anyone who adamantly
Oppose the fools, hell-bent on Light's destruction
Such is evil, but they so presume, and if it's under God
It'd be impossible
But it's just sequels
10/5/19

Dexsta Ray

Backtrack 3

Seemingly machinery, torture and more to torment, blameless hope
Wun' nothing else like my story, I'm close to action figures, matchless, clear
delusions
Created by fear, the half ignore
The truth, for the picture, of ghosts and stuff, that ain't really so
Before you know, they floated on boats and stuff
In a purple sky, surrounded by the nimbuses, fore that point, wish their gods
that cool
It's not, a element, or a benefactor, my Light is wholesome
Snide because the lies, and the threatening, 'cause such can't hide the proof
Morphing up the past, like when photos, visit mechanics, rigged
Expansions, mine was rigid though, spirit-filled, bold, openly, it wasn't on the low
Styrofoam societies despised my soul
But times of peace, existed, while my itty bitty, fragments, scattered
Undiscerning to it, didn't know the world was actually evil
Massive features, sequels, I'm unattended, my lantern leaking
And it isn't ego that help me see what's reality, some made so much mammon
By kicking Jesus, and spitting on Him, only way it is, and it's been
Like things that can't be fixed
Needless, though, in most cases, and plus some hate the Light
Because the increase more appealing, disgracing
The righteous, for a name, more than games, my origins of heaven though
Just a normal thing, sorts of entertainment, more personal
Fore the comprehensions, or the understanding, under-handing, stuff that's for
impressions
Keep the doors at hand, don't count me, out, or, in, about a pen, I'm sound
within
They try to hush me up so souls can't see, Jehovah's peace
For chide that was irrelevant, and devil sent, together, sent into the vacuum
That can never mix, unless the truth, withheld against
I write for me, I'm never pricks and thorns, thistles, tricks nor scorn
And didn't get absorbed by clever envy, meant to end the Lord...
It's shifty, focus still remain on God, the antichrists remotely, handle my
platforms
When gathering that my flow, ain't acting like their joke, so
Such look bad, my Light ain't bagged by
Libel, that ain't higher than the Father's plans, I'm brighter
Not again, stuff conspired, to hide the sin, I'm content, in God, like trying to live
I'm righteousness, unbothered by satanic dark, but seeing that it exist

And it badger still, disbanded far, I spread the scripture
Just the start, the Word is planted, graced my art, unto the glory of the Most
Forever write, my faith is large, snakes in gardens, still a thing
Since ancient times, I pray depart me, finally understand all the unnecessary
hate and darkness
Not exactly angry though, my spirit flames, to do what's right
(1/23/20)

Dexsta Ray

Balloon Needles

Books with cigarettes
In effect... where nooks pan out
Looks like a took chance
Fan cooked
Is incorrect
Canned
Simply hooked, man
Fallancies of the bridge of debt
Call it being a flimsy bookstand...
Enforce exalted Kingdom
All the leaders caught in mosh pits with the
Cross of regions
Falling even victim to sense
Afflicted grim involvement...
But still resolve it
Deal light
A time of spilling caution
Heighten appetites for baffled sights
Traps of spirit auction...
But healing solvents called Sacraments can actually seal
The tragic
Rip from accidents, the holes in souls
Where sadness builds...
A dwindled smolder
Little soldiers
Set like riddled posters
Checked like chess
We stretch our nets
For hills of gold which mirror wholeness...
On the times feeling blind behind this long write
Molded in sufficiency, His
But froze behind this smoke pipe...
Strong fights...
Speak the truth 'til the dead
The Lord don't always prophesy but when He do I will say it
I might not make it, got to try
Unless the painting stops with I
Because the C, H, R, in front
And the S, T, had got behind

We're surrounded as a testament
To beauty
Some illumination...
Which consists, of faith, confessing this
It's the true awakenings...
Let My People Go!
A destiny of fools and saved ones
With balloons that's needles
Shows oppression breathes in cooling hatred...
O! My fellow bondservants
God has sent down help to all His faithful workers
Even mercy for some Gentiles...
But the perfect One above us knows when stuff disturbs us!
Let up all your burdens to the worthy One!
Who sits Crowned...
Giving praises, He's an ever present help
With a stake to satan's fakeness, so the chains are never felt!
Sole conceptuals...
I know
In balloons, that look like needles, books like people
Sewn
To blow and consume, with crook-like features
Hooked like Peter, from the boat to the Truth
No nooks of evil judging...
No soul is innocent but limited is freedom's function
When it comes to living in a sinning sense or febrile junction
Beating constants...
Not a slave to the same things
New creations laced with new engagements
So the ways change...
All the teachers will be Judged with more authority
Thee need to be reformed before ye talk about restoring things!
Balloons and needles... at times, I think there's more to be
(Live by this)
If I don't have no-one or a dime, at least the Lord's with me!

6/6/16

Dexsta Ray

Baphomet Activity

Tsk

Good thing I already exposed their

Attempt on framing...

Just as in prior seasons, isn't it strange who

Put themselves in certain positions

After facts emerge..?

Persecutors want you where they belong

The jealous

Dibbling and dabbling in witchcraft

To frame you in

So, slipping not, technologies, to instill the not

Applicable, unless to them, which I don't know

But trying to fill me out

Bilking not, a long time of clarity, and still a lot

When they think I'm vulnerable, smearing more

I figured out, what they were trying to do, the lying fool

Demons from abaddon, see you shine and try to hide the view

And hide the truth, only pipedream, that I would lose

Consistent cults to set me up, from envy, 'cause my grind had blew

That I'm not tied into, and plus there's conflation

I been through many dark times but ain't a subject of satan's

But I ain't done yet, they waiting...

To take my place

I never gave it up, so framing and some other factors

Proven, that they made for saints, antichrist

The baphomet, livelihood, so can't make a way

The hackers see my evidence

Knowing my light, has raised the stakes...

Evil spirits to seduce me

So my grace erased, satanically obsessed, some cult

Essentially just hating 'WEH...

My enemies are antichrist, ain't much had changed today

The devil still a liar too, they don't want these things explained...

But all my contribution surely put the hate to shame

If I'm ever given time to place it where it's straight and plain!

All their words contradict what God be telling me

They found a way to talk to me without being welcomed see

And what they say is all for harm and never helping me

With lies, the false accusers, been for years
Developing jealously...
So that's the reason why this here, and why these letters bleed
To say the least, it's unsettling, some kind of special schemes...
And I've been forced to fight because of what the jealous dream
I witnessed normalizing sleaze before they formed to silence me
Directly, right is right and wrong is wrong
And I discern the difference
They let my cries be turned to gold and diamonds
Worth some millions...
And this the reason why some want to see me hurt to milk it
Arranging for me evil plights that they ain't even learned to deal with
I ain't deserve to feel this, curse without a perch to live in
I am nothing like chaotic
But my worth is first if killed then...
No serpent feel me
I experienced what my words revealing
Living in a different time
But history has merged with Scripture...
I pray deliverance is soon
In my grasp
Some blaming me for things they did if I had grew in my craft...
Ain't want me close to situations 'cause the truth in my hands
Everytime they saw my greatness, they pursued wicked plans
That I disproved and advanced passed, like students in class
I know the roots, and if they squaring me, I'll prove it like math
Until the end, I'm declaring He, in truth, I'm not the Pharisees
Preparing me for years, now I see it why God was chairing me
Hostage situations that's extra large just to parry me
Because I stand with Jesus
Which was known before these very things...

Baphomet activity

I'm prayed up, just the smaller things

2/27/19

Dexsta Ray

Baryonic Chaos

Multiple mazes
Multiple phases, and hateful
Certain vessels
Working special evil

This is not of any carnal war...

I never met, why you keep misrepresenting?
Lying on me
Why you think I'm trying to be with you?
I don't care about the efforts
For your actions cancel
More attraction trampled, even if it existed
It picks without relenting
Wicked, now I'm tripping to the lousy Jezebel
Living different rules, pretending too...
I didn't include the witch in you
In this pursuit of mine
Hidden flukes and binds
I see your curses burn into my space
I used to turn awake at night
This stirred the faith though, I made goals
You aim to bring low, learned to name it right
In prayer...
You try to judge me, and don't know me
Quoting like you do
Promoting what you heard about
And turn it, trying to hide the truth
I rise and shine on you
Your type of loyalty had sabotaged (you)
It's like some poisoning, what royalty
Has come from stomping wisdom?
Just envision all the different aspects
Of the campaigns
The dragging, the tragic, the traffic, and damaged
Love
With organized harassment, exacted
I find that you ain't worth it but I'm writing just to understand it...
I see enough trouble, evil'sblind, I'm uncovered, evil find I'm just humble

Copy me like stunt doubles
I don't hate them, I don't know them
Or that it's a problem
Mention how the enemy singled me out, aside from others
Then, entices violence, and weeding me out
It ain't fair, I ain't even they care, I hate swears, loathsome tries provoking...
I ain't on the same
Stair
No, it ain't where I be unless I'm followed from the places where the evil started
Ain't attached, quit grabbing for me, or that will inspire
Far from paranoid, reality is in my face
Evil slanders me to no end, sensitizing to close in, it's no win
Of course, I'm outspoken, and ain't as quick to drop it
'Cause when acknowledged, the boldness continue, ending prophets
Still, no matter what, plus the damage, expand too far to sally
Start to tally, scar and rally, it don't matter to me, life is tough enough without
being stuff that I'm not
Business, I ain't shysty about it
In this confusion, I can tell if I have owe you
I'll give it back, triple, and with interest
I appreciate things, but, all I've seen is pain, made a good investment
But, this, moment's, extremely vague...
Sometimes, you need to wait
Keeping faith
And give the Lord room to work, subduing mirth, your worth
While being change...
To see the face, and keep it straight, of people she betrayed
Is difficult for such a person, only truly care for self, though the path of Light's
isolated
Me, in a certain sense, I'd never take it all back, proclaiming all facts in
matters...
While some be a clear reminder of what not to be
Not hot to me
And got to me a little but my God is peace...
All the false stuff is all crushed
And I wonder what identity was there before you loss touch
I don't talk much, a born again, born to win, the course of sin
In all dust, dissolve once the Sword within
Forms, that's the Spirit coordinates, imported in from heaven...
I let it get to me, so it won't get to me
Satan ain't supposed to care
God's the One positioning, and mazes, I ain't chose to wear

I know despair and getting counted out and doubted, and told to spare
I don't really take it to the heart...
Reversed hangline, certain, the curse ain't mine
You're nice to numerous other people to try and hide the fact
Dividing that
Grimy pacts, you couldn't stand to see me flourish, you knew, important
Sorting, supportings, from all the four corners
And satan mad about it, plus I know the difference, when it's me
Since this me, witnessing, beginning heat, sympathy, quickly leaves, depleted...
I'm at that level, clasped together hands, can't nothing stop me
It was difficult, but I did it, I sifted, lifted
Looking at the picture really differently
I don't complain, I know the case
I'm home at base, the stronger faith, the lower strain
I'll sacrifice it all for the dream
And never measure life...
Paid trolls can't sow, just try to pressure Light
If I wasn't worth it, divergence, would be regression, right?
A phenomenal brother, exceeded all the limits, called diminished
'Cause I'm Elijah, I'm the final
But distortion come from origins of nothing
And many claim to be, replacing me is impossible, goblins try to hide me
Drop or ostracize me, not the proper time
Whatever dished to me, instantly, revisit back to sayers...
Some don't get the memo, though I'm harassed, ain't scared
God has trained my soul for the battle
My lanterns stand prepared...
And while I'm minding my business, it's no conspiracy, I hear repeated aspects of
smear
The sheer immensity, but this is neat
Every part of life is in the Scripture reads
Identity is undisputed, tactic is to, mis-perceive...
I attribute any fallacies to when it started, it could've been just thwarted, it
enlarged, extended farther...
Ripping margins
In the garbage, is the list of targets
Went too far from where I started just to quit and flare the garden...
None can wane or shun away because they didn't make me
Nothing changing but the faith
Or just the inspiration...
Looking at the world in terms of God and righteous moral standards
Smiting your endeavor, tried to stifle my creative energy with minor crisis send

to be some sort of fetter
Mysterious, sort of clever, thorns forever
Sordid treasure, some imbalanced beings, I arm the letters
Demons scorn for pleasure...
To battle me, a battle scene, of normal noise and bet you
Since I love the Lord, I'm hypocritic since I split contention
Live to end the wickedness within the own heart, no parts of traps, the broke
shards
Did my platforms, rigged, if I still, then, promoted, try to flag for spamming
Jezebel, the passive, action, extra sails, messy, well, massive tactics, that ain't
what the Lord had for me...
Never granted, better than some disrespect
I diss respect, in this respect:
That souls are even underneath the Lord...
Some wish I was some sickened love
Switch it up, the real, the deal is simply, hush...
I ain't driven to obsessions in
Collisions, convalescent gifts
Consistence, then I made it to the point
Some only had to watch...
A granite notch, granted, bluffing, like I'm going to quit
Nothing's more important
Than
Trusted in the Lord for strength...
Negativity and chaos, or just motivation?
Most who hate it are the very ones that most embrace it...
Or they don't, because they carried stuff to fold a great one (already)
So they feel provoked when you parry what's enrobed in satan...
Cause it's shows the basics, shows the faces
I'll be doing what I love to do in spite of any more arrangements
Turn it up, sound it where you see the gold ones stationed
And I make the thunder boom
Through YHWH
Who controls the reign...
I'm something different, like the opposite what's established
I think the logic and linguistics ain't definitive...
Holding back or not, your hold is slack, it's not a match
I told the hand to draft the bracket on the stand
Your watch is at, overspanned, abolished tracks, and stop with that...
It doesn't make a difference
Trying to take my homage back
My honest laps

Some stuff ain't fair...
But I can deal with all the noise, at the Cross, I'm poised...
God allows it so it's making me stronger
I love the craft like bubble wrap
And I promise you, I ain't shunning who, is covered too
Seeking Light and
Life...
I was forced to get familiar with a different world
I was forced to learn about adverse realities
It's a fight for my attention, steady validation
Everywhere I go, there the devil is, my laughs are blazing
Is that all you got? Satan to hell
My trash amazing

6/8/17

Dexsta Ray

Be

I will be the best that I can be or die pursuing...
I'll complete the test assigned to each or die reviewing
Laughter
Paths extended
The sketch of dreams
Trash, that's said of me, 'I hope to see him die.'
That presented
A man awoke
Spirit kitchen
Vision recipe
A sickness ain't affected me
Suggest disease?
I mention the wisdom of Him that blesses me!
From darkness as a kid
Targeted as it is
Partial lessons
Came as hard oppression
A heart to cleanse
Ain't too different 'cause the listen is shared
I been the same places
From a little bit to seeing I could attain greatness
Though it ain't the motive...
Cold tears on the folder, save me
A youngster then
Grown fears
Due to bold degrading
So I know the frozen, long years, overthrown elation
I want to see...
Or return to where my soul was made in
But I'd grow up
And no up
Attracted to eternal
What can be the mustard seed?
A couple of springs to latch a burden on
In fact, burned and gone
I turned around to be a verse for Jesus
And who've doubted me
Work until the mountain leaves!
Mindfulness ain't overrated

Sometimes you just have to 'be'
Aligning to the Most and praise Him
And that ain't so distasteful
Why should I care?
The devil fails to understand the holy
We can't pretend that Life is gain from sin
Remanded loathing
'Slave' depends solely on the way we looking at the mission
And that's in spirit
Have to mirror or descend wholly
Then focus only on committing to the ten commandments
There's more requirements
For getting in
The door of heaven
I admit the wickedness I rid of to save me
See, Jesus knew that men were weak
He said, repent of it daily
And not misrepresenting this...
For the scripture is blatant
In Luke twelve forty eight
Gives the build of this statement
I seek to be what I was fated to
He gave to you, in flesh, grace to do and choose the Truth
Or satan's nets
The greatest test
I refuse to be entombed by the frame that satan set
There's no limit or constraints of what I may could think of next
Interference makes us stronger
Shape us longer
So I welcome it
Knowing the truth enrobing, if I broke, that means the devil win
I don't see it happening
The Father made and developed His
And praises to His tactics He raised to shape us for failing sin
The devil sits and listens and wait
To catch you off balance
Just don't let your vision be shaped from all the false standards
Spit His wisdom dead in their face until they fall backwards
It ain't hypocritic' to brace against the lost's tactics
They just want to image degrade
So they can all manage
But the God is compromised by none

He's resolved badder
You don't need fist cuffing or a gun to be or called champion!
With no dispute
He bore the Cross to restore us
And I ain't lose, I just proved the Lord is far more important
Prioritized

Surely, never be complacent spiritually...
Nor physically for that matter
Always forgive
Seventy times seventy times even
Life is always spiritual
Listen to the
True preachers and teachers for
Direction in the world
Don't be confused
Don't recluse

2/20/16

Dexsta Ray

Beelzebub Is Cool

Principalities and powers unleashed
To be...
Free to stick around
See... demons
Scheming prowlers... creep
With no sleep until ye has been confounded
Reach all with the gospel
The Father has spoken!
Apostles...
May the message be delivered
For nothing can stop you
Don't let him rob you of your...
Peace
Turning to the Lord is the
Opposite of weak
Satan longs to harm everybody that you meet
Since the day that they were born...
Looking at society...
The detrimental things are applauded
And the ones who need the truth always seem to revolt it
We no longer see the proof
'Cause the picture that this world has
Painted...
Change is 'fake' and
Only riches lead to pearly gates
Quite a maze but... ay see
The bread crumbs
Our values are a shame with priorities messed up
Satan told the world...
You are 'real' if you are evil minded
You are 'real' if you can grip and make the heaters fire
You are 'cool' if you forget the Lord and...
Seek desires!
Satan is a fool if he thinks that we will be his squires
Have you ever thought about...
The societal changes...
Satan is the pig and this cash is the bacon
I wouldn't even flex if I had it to play with
Cause the money can't impress me

It's Jesus who gave it!
And satan said it's wrong to become of a
Christian...
But I say it takes a strong one to hold the decision
Think about every soul being enrobed in 'religion'
Throwing faith into a hole holding no...
True credentials
But this evidence is known!
This is shown through the scripture
Noting Jesus Christ had rose to bestow our deliverance!
Praise...
First Corinthians two fourteen
Explains exactly what's influenced me to do more things
And everytime the Lord closes doors
Two more swing open!
True...
Now understand that beelzebub is cool
He is dressing up the evils so they will appeal to you
Even demons in the highest places
Some are famous too!
Don't be fooled by what your idols claim
Own the gospel truth!
Honestly...
That's the only thing that gets us to heaven
Confess the word of God and you'll witness protection
Now Beelzebub is cool in the eyes of society
That explains why people feud and ignoring the piety
And God is not a view! He is more than a title
See... Lucifer is lying to you
And what's worse is some might believe
In his lies...

3/20/14

Dexsta Ray

Bees

Probably'd learn a lot
Extra active
Are they
Without the pollination process we could not behold the products
As the blossoms, God connected, all the earth together
Look at the ants
Be reflect
Of all the work we better, earn, what we worth
Move our hands or be hurt and cursed
But I don't know if they can plan to move the sand and dirt
Bees floating by with a motive
Larger than they
Focus
Just some vessels for the Lord to keep
Or just a couple of brushes
For the canvas
That the Lord'll breath and cover all the regions of His planet
Always more to see, the flight, O
How to world would
Seem!
From the scene perceived, perspective of the bees
I mean, a lesson, of oppressions being
Relieved
See the bees!
And probably'd learn a lot
Just one life and sting
Rather than preoccupation trying to use it wisely
Why not try not? Stay within the breeze
God has orchestrated
Formulated
Even though it make you sneeze, the pollen's for our sake and
I can take a lesson from the bees
May oppressions leave
So we fly and focus on what we were set to bring

7/18/15

Dexsta Ray

Before The Flood

The earth was
Plush...
Enclosed in a bubble of water
Before the flood
It never rained
There were springs from underground
Bigger grains and plants
Dinosaurs and other beasts
The atmosphere was aqua pura and the land was underneath...
Genesis in chapter one and verse two
The earth 'became' without a form
Not it 'was', discern truth
He made it to be living on
Satan fell and sowed discord upon it
Thousand years a day to God
He worked for six and stopped to rest
His work was done
And got inspected
Perfect! From the rocks to heavens...
The serpent tempted Eve
And sin still hasn't stopped progressing...
Guess the devil wanted vengeance...
But he caused his fall
Cursed against the seed of the women
And cannot walk at all
Before the flood, the world was precious like the better arts
Oxygen in large amounts
Beauty with no measure marked
But the sin was too
Disgusting
God did not relate... So He figured He would flood it
This was not ordained!
The world that Adam knew cannot be found
Watery destruction
Every living thing from then had drowned
Restored
Completed Promise!
But it's nice to fantasize about the art of God
But even in the world today

We can see a part
Of this
The darkness got a bind on something
Felt like Noah's mind was troubled
'Til it finally started raining
Thunder rumbled
Lightening
Started making darkness vacant!
Before the flood...
God promised that it'd be the last
Global type destruction of the
Kind
This time
Fire...
Scraps it
Waiting, waiting, just a waiting game
It's any day
Warnings all around, I just pray to stay in faith
And to sustain, so I can see the New Earth, that Yahweh made
But no sin can enter in it, plus it's spirit
Not the same...
There was one, science proved it, but there'll be another
Big Bang
I don't see no suffering, pain, attached to me
Nor others in praise!
That City... Is worth all these struggles
Won't nothing flood again
Because the tempter'd be destroyed before we're conjured in

7/18/16

Dexsta Ray

Before This Poem

Black rifle, shown me, say, conditioned, eh
Consequences given that ain't even deserved
Miracles, evil grabs me by the necktie
The masterminds
Bragging, on the evil, entities, continue threatening
Me
Hinting at some war, some revenge...
But I don't understand it, ain't involving me, something tricked
And been mistook for
Stuff...
As if illumination ain't make a difference
If coffee substituted things, frames made, by some entity, mainly
For excuses to reduce this, special types of training
And you wouldn't think the innocent would be so plotted on
But still it is
A twisted fix, the brink of war, I'm hinted at
I really hadn't seeketh evil
But this entity is for it, armed and ready, scorned and setting
Nets, designed to force abetting
Scores and checking, tally marks, a form of exing mortals
Out...
That's the action of the entity but I'm in prayer
Apparently aware it's me, the Lord I trust, to bring me through
There ain't no choice
The scorn won't stop, I'm stuck with swords
That's aimed at proof
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to go, I'm stuck some more
For staying true, and kindness is weapon used against you
Smiles are hated too, assumption of I am or am not
But then it wouldn't matter
If I died, so it's tied up in spite of other stipulations...
I pay attention
Phase constricting round like Python
I probably wouldn't make it there to take despair, erase
Some major snare, conditioned mindset
That failed, so tells me hell for me
I dwell in Light, and that reality has pale
Massive battle scenes, that rattled peace and channel
Things of lack, to waste a whole majority

Remake a new to counter that, I see it
Clear and plain, I do, I warn before the reign's subdued, was no coincidence
That won, the way it was arranged to do, and ain't what it's portrayed
A clue, a new

1/22/18

Dexsta Ray

Behold! Two Kingdoms

The source of spirits of
Misfortune
Purgatory or the place of torment
Morbid stories of deceit
Eke the hatred dormant
A war of kingdoms
The devil tries to bring his to earth
Since he lacks the revelation
Satan think it'll work
Ignorant and failing
Waiting...
Unaware of the truth
That the kingdom of the Lord has manifested and grew!
He's undisturbed by the ones in hell already
Those he never sweating
So pathetic
Father, I rebuke his every weapon
And we are not to keep rehashing the learned
How do we expect to grow without expanding?
I heard...
In Hebrews chapter six and verse one
And let's pursue the fruits of Spirit
Yea, the first ones
Rooted in the
Word
Believer principles are targets of hell
First one like the sacred will of God for ourselves
Second being the ministry that we are casting out demons
For the power through the Lord is everlasting out season
Third to be the curse we see on our next generation
For the devil wants to kill the seed and dead all the faith in
Fourth principle is changed lives
Attacks the changed minds
It's important to consider Who's the main vine
Fifth would be the healing virtue of Jesus on earth
Sixth would be the privilege suffering for Jesus the worse
The revelation for apostles and prophets
Be the seventh principle and he's attempting to stop it
But the last would be the thing as a whole

The ability for us to cast and bring down his home
The spirit warfare...
I know what Jesus said made a difference
And I've experienced how it feel to be engaged within spirit
The mirrors
But the fight between these kingdoms is won
Regardless what the devil say
The Light will be in the front
It's ending
Two distinct kingdoms within this globe
But the winning kingdom isn't fitting within this mold
It isn't...
And it's twisted how the villian try to frame you up
Spiritual imprisonment
Tried to change you
Huh
Sending lots of different traps designed to stage a front
And can't nobody see it but the people who it's layed upon
That's the war...
Full involvement of humans
If we're deciding to ignore we're automatically losing
The costs is hell
The sell...
I'll tell them again
If he derails and keep you settled then you'll never begin
To ever change or chase dreams
That's a scheme of his kingdom
And even though he ain't exclusive
Something...
Like misdemeanors
Don't give him nothing!

Ha ha...
No love for the kingdom of darkness
Satan will never shake what's rooted in Christ
Don't forget that

Praises to God

12/15/14

Bibles And Candle Light

I want to give to the ones without...
I must build until I got it to give
Now hush what that's about
'Cause satan came equipped with the ears
That live off darkened energy
And fields of tilling, dealing bilking and discarded wisdom
Open up my bible
Sparks fly
Like parts of grinded metal
Time of titles
Settle
Hearts die
Without that kind of fetter
Or either too much
You loose touch, and recluse
Into the shell that knew of hell
And true judgement
With consignment melting
But won't you label me 'for it'
'Cause even earth's in orbit
Sun ain't stationary
Flying around in ways that's scary
Seal the letter
With the dripping, candle wax across the ink
With the feathers catching air
Catching flame
And lost at sea
I guess the tulips and the true ones have a purpose in common
The sun opened up the blooms
I guess deference is
Promised
And not mistaken
For the raising blatant stuff is what's regarded
And every single piece of residue becomes the artist
Blame the bible for correction
I do
And for progression
Not oppression
To inform

And by the cool waters
Slot refreshed
Hot rejection disappears in quarters
I can see the spirit world exhorting me
The wish is near
Pouring candle wax...
Recklessly across the stories
Something just as rigid
Cords in harmony
Adjust to light accordingly
Getting lost in Cross
So infatuated normally, I mask impatience
Rabbit's feet
Unordered since I have you waiting
Appreciate unbridled
For the wisdom that could amputate the slab of weight
Absorbing peace
Minorities
Without a plate in hoarded places
Swords awake
For sleep is too an enemy
I'm happy for the changes but there's still too many kids to reach
In areas lacking space bars
Shift keys and vivid screens
I'm unimportant...
Unless I'm helpful
We're needing restoration
I hear the Father talking to me
Seeing nets of Satan
No, my aim is not to oppress success
Or unjust degrading
I'm the same light but I'm more connected now with my Savior
Flickering flame...
A spirit thing with a limpid nature
Ripped from kin to God
It's consistent with pits of sin and danger
And no hate
But I'm honest about the scripture's promise
Slipped when I was puzzled
To drown
But Jesus picked me up, again
Lift from going under

Trying to run from sin
Candle light and Bible stories
Let your path of life begin

3/29/16

Dexsta Ray

Bl(Eye)nd No Longer

My motivations, no relation, on the bases
Hosts of satan won't embrace this
Know I'm straight without it...
Stay devoted
Thistles, the whistles
Frozen hopes, I don't think about it
Weh' replaced the bounty with spirit riches
I'm still ambitious
Didn't live fictitious, sufficient healing
Contritious building
Clear for this perspective of Weh'
And intercepted like my calls been
Stalk it, electric, just like my walls did
Pause this, I brought in my sevens
A rep of heaven's Light, dead to strife
The values that stab you, I said it twice, liars, stepping on the fabrics
And managed to do without a reason
Out of season, never forgotten, except, the devil, and by it
Wicked pebbles, the consciousness covered up and seared
I up and commandeered
My stuff was promised to what's conquered fear
There ain't nothing near to the Book of Life
But what's stood for right, in the jungle
Deer, spiders, bunny rabbits, and woods like pine
Hunting tactics, trauma, oppressive standards, electric mattress (memories)
Absence of alarms...
Wouldn't had helped even if I had it
Silence, and get quiet for what?
'Cause I don't have a reason...
Path's were greivous, and egregious
But I love the lessons
I don't care what others think
They don't know this struggle present
Humble essence, the broken rose'd grow but was affected
One of many things, I'm living to bring another message...
But, I guess, the vestiges are consecutive
And when being followed, isn't in my control
Seeing chaos that surrounds me
Thinking 'he got to go'

Evils, lay off, there's a crown on me...
He makes the ground for wheat...
I don't follow evil so the demons wait to crowd on me
See mistakes, they loud and sound the trumpet 'cause I lead the way...
Demon doubt is nothing, it's repeated flout
Only if the people bound to judge me, was me...
Then it'd even out, peace, heat and heavenly fire
The angels, keep my eyes open, deep sleep means regressing empires
Defying hopeless things that frozen liars spoken, yay!
It's gone away, in shadows, and prattle, the addle ain't mysterious
Hateful spirits badgering too
My Master's Truth though...
Rattling and clacking, is passions that's done without the love
About to plug it in, just a supplement, oust the doubt and drugs
I'm a fraud to all the true frauds and real pathetics
Still in second, I rip the methods that deal oppression
All this Light is true, I don't have to check or remember nothing
Clearly something, whew! Still professing
A healing, precious
And it's, oh, I mustn't do that, screw that, but what they say of you?
I don't live in fear of destruction because I know this right
Bold in Light of all of the following, observations, that had changed into my
Mode of survival, the wicked owned themselves
Noticed what was libel, and showed it to be a whole lot more
Stolen steps, the phoniest cycles, condoning jealousy, I'd let it breath
I'm to the point, I see set ups and let it be, not wrecking me, I'm seconding love
Still, God's protecting me, I'm sure that some remember
Summer, winters, nothing withered
I'm a little unattractive, perhaps, some rocks and darts would hit me
Just sandpaper, godly vision, least the heart is pretty...
I don't want support unless exhorting me when darkness picks me
I would never hush for one's convenience when I'm speaking truth...
That means it's proof, dogs will holler if you feed them too
I never had the same type of vision for my destiny, but even still, the hate tried
to get me
Tried to end me, hiding missions, grimy diction, my addition
I ain't interested, I ain't tripping, I ain't interested, I ain't being hypocritic
Dismiss tricks some try to get me in
Far from paranoid, no relation, so how sick is this?
I write because I'm fated, not attention from the wicked realm
Impossible for trusting, envy killing, I remember still, I ain't with the functions of

The pattern

I ain't with the matters, evil claims to get it, ain't exhibiting, my feeling shattered
Rigid in the answer, still, haphazardly embracing smiley faces
If the happiness ain't come, still my body waiting
Not a shotty blazing, just godly praises
I'm not complacent, evil think it's jokes
Until it's 'fried' up in that pot with satan...
Plenty room although it's choked, I love the Lord and not a crazy
Lots of framing and things affecting my decades
Later...

Attaching labels that just ain't who I am
Like vain and racist, YHWH made the races, some would do the works
But just their name is faded, race ain't make it...
Try to complicate my life then call me problematic
One day, you'll touch the pain you guised and fall
Can not imagine...

My heart is large and thats the reason why I'm probably damaged
I ain't fighting for a spot one got 'cause I unfrocked the standard...
Both, the lion and the sheep, the Ghost
Surviving me, I fell up off the foolishness, to float upon thewiser wings...
To be honest, I ain't never left, I fly with eagles
Every breath is better felt 'cause second death is not in me...
I like my woman humble or umble
I like my endings spiritually inclined and finished
See, I ain't the thing that people join against to fix as if I'm twisted
Or some evil force, it's sick because I been equipped with love
I implemented, then the wicked still continued with it
Even if I didn't

One would have to seek to see my writings...

I don't have the need to be resigning

Lightning...

Zion, learned to strike in truth

I don't get upset, I get to action, legally or reasonably, whatever happen
Peace is me, I leave from all attachment only there for traps to catch me up...

If had enough, I hand it up to God

Ain't no fear, I'm sick of satan playing, he play intense, I just a nod

Trouble, watch...

Like a lady friend that wants her spot

Somehow, there's connection to a weight again although it's not...

Brace to win, I listen to the things that faith is in

Expecting nothing negative but staying in grace in case it is...

Some coincidence, my stuff embrace what someone did, but if one runs in

wickedness
The dumbest things can buffet big
I'm digging into this, I'm limitless
The only reason why I mention misc. is 'cause that's just the tip of it
I wasn't comfortable with being a project
Being unpolished, still insurmountable, discomfort is my comfort now
Simply wonderful, the Lord is altogether perfect
Fall together, worth it, all developed from the wilderness
Enthralling clever serpents, talking, crawling, in the devil's circus
Fabrics of the platforms are nice
They're some apt tools
Fickle, I ain't, wooden shillelagh, for the path's ruse
Spirit pay day, the may days, are official
Praise Weh', and when I can't say
I brake to check myself, and test myself
To see I still got it, and always will
From the burbs to the real projects
Trusting the Word, and calling healings for the ailing still
Plus some things fulfilled, you should've saw it
I wouldn't believe at all if, that, I didn't witness
Miracles for some of them, the love of Him
The promise lives inside of every one of them, random, in the free world
Receptive, and that's why He's healing...
Light is building, time is really nonexistent though
The Spirit flow, I feel it, and I live in His dimension
Though
To eyes that's physic, it would seem uncool
Don't get me wrong, impossible to figure the significance
When evil clothes... thus in untruths
My focus runs beyond moods, and shun the rules opposing God
So one can have enough room
The devil wants for our destruction but the Lord is faithful!
Everlasting, passion, never crashing satisfaction, snatch a sunny disposition
That's the sun in some eyes
While constant rushing darkness try to jumpstart the sin within the heart
Regardless...
Nothing can surprise and if it does, God is there, so not a care
Unless of righteousness, got to fare, and not to scare, God prepares His people
Father, guide the Light, align the sight, defining right
I see the tactics...
Needed help, not be entrapped, in types of plights to bind or blind
It really doesn't matter (in that sense)

How my art of Light has freedmy mind
But, because of slander, I've been marred to 'hide' or even die...
Jesus cried because we lacked the faith
Lazarus was resurrected easy
Grieving didn't have the say, and that's today
Whether dreams or people pass away
God can breath on each inside the heart's for peace to have a place...

Blind no longer

6/24/17

Dexsta Ray

Blacklisted 2

The only kind of problem, came from evil campaigns
Complete, relentless, wished I had a way to bring awareness
To the tactics, patent, racketeering, flagrant framing that failed
Establishments that masked the fears up under hatred from hell
The random fire, even in the good places, now don't seem as strange
Some don't even care if you a child
Some just see your name, lists to sabotage one's successes
Before the dream is made, antagonize the victim
'Cause ain't nobody to right the wrong, and smite my soul
Don't want to see you great, from even writing poems
It ain't my fault, was caught between, don't nothing love me like the Lord
And you can't make them feel angry for me
The situation old
To them, but new to me, through revelations, satan on my back
For things I can't control, if I could, the same be on the map
All human rights a lie
Proven by these kinds of plights
It happens to me
I express it, I don't care who strive to hide it
Act like I had known this
Beginning
I only found the truth, the fact it's used for stamping out my legacy
Itself, is proof...
Whoever antichrists, that's nothing as a label
I got implanted with some evil
Time I come out the cradle, with everything else considered
It ain't just stuff from cable
This actually happened, actually damaged by satanic cult
Without a cause, still harassed by evil
Bad intentions
Cause the satan loss, to Christ, in ages old, to claim I'm false
In spite of Light, is to say, the Bible lies, and that ain't righteousness
And blasphemy, I learned the demon strategies
To sabotage romance and things, to shatter peace
You failed, I marry themes within my tablets, ink, it's manufactured from
Their only power is deceit in that, deflowering, my literary works
That been completely different than their nature is
Coercing me, in fabrications, those I'm not aware exists
Imposing things that haven't basis, showed a lot, ain't fair, it's sick

I only speak in lamentations
So my pain is where I'm is
Treating my hope as some contagions
Reasons should be more
Upsetting, either you like women, they can frame you with
Or else you're strange, so they can flip the situation
Stay concealed, to pelt your name, in secret, being the origins
Metamorphosis, they pelt your pain, to keep it, as misfortune named
Rejoicing, 'cause somebody fell...
If you're the Lord's then it spores until nobody care
You left with being absorbed into the morbid yokes they plotted
For you
Fore you was aware...
Some want to crush you 'cause you was despaired
Just the fact it happened to you
Mean you don't deserve to live, survive, or any other type existing
Even times religious, eager for the truth to be embraced
From all the times it kill me...
Demons side with guilty powers just so Christ is veiled
Despising righteousness without admitting, calling God a demon
Falsely witnessing, to help some higher ups, 'gainst better artists
Threatening stuff unfair, target, Child of God, with knowledge of it
Listed for that reason, as an evil spoken of, for Jesus sake
Forgot about it, while this been my life like everyday
That I ain't ever chose, but was troubled for expressing pain...
The same entities responsible neglect the faith
They stepped they way into my path illegally to set up things
For years, allowed to manifest, I clear it, then it's just the age
Whoever support Christians, they manipulatively
Just threaten such, the culprits ain't just fall guys
Some antichrists supremacy, remain behind the scene
Prepared to shoot
Because you stand for Christ, cameras, or no cameras
Active crime, while the society watch
Depend if some can benefit, from you, or you might die, in plots
It's hidden, if you hated, and, for Christ, you know despised a lot
Riding up to shoot me for exposing crime, ain't who you think...
Babylon the Christian killer
May as well, continue
Same, the blood that is divine is different from the kind
That's spilled for gain...
In spite of all the viral stuff, the thresholds, make the villian saints

I'm all alone, a sitting harmless target, still
Like in the past...
The same patterns and behaviors
Meant to end my craft
I don't fear the devil though, clever, but I'm ever lowly
Humble, underneath YHWH's reign, the antichrists be laying
Things to your blame, without your knowledge
Like some recent thing, meanwhile, you focus on surviving
Just through Jesus ways
Such be well aware of through the prying and illegal
Stages, I ain't never dream to be defiling my flesh
The wildest mess, and vile nets, ain't where my smile been set
Funny business, always coming up, when I got something rigid
Some `gainst me for the Light
Why such picked me, out of all the other candidates
They just as capable, to do the same, but they never bothered
This are antichrists, whoever shall enable that which hammered Christ
Is same as them, the mark of beast come into view
Some trying their best to ruin my case, and trash my record
Has no bruise, consider all the timing, all the silence
All the lying wonders, trying to plunder all the good
That YHWH give, implanted, sonar, sounds, bleeped whatever I do
Wherever too
Some want to kill me to hide the violence without a cause already
Justices doing crimes, as we speak, ain't getting no kind of
Checking, some satanic cults, intermingle with other cultures too
Just to hide my talent, it's better than evil vultures do
People nonchalant, cause I'm vessels of God
Not sure what could be done
But my hope never fade, `cause God is greater than
Still, if it don't ever change, these antichrists are Christian killers
And who know, they degrade
And try to hide the
Light, that's why I'm glad I'm viral, need indemnity
`Cause demons on me, still, it be harassing me
Without cause, to keep me broken
Here I go again, it's been years, and everytime
The same remain, I guess, then I go again
They trying to destroy my mind
But Christ is greater than you antichrists
And don't hold your sign
My soul inclined to Crosses still, society see this crime

Unfold, it's often still
It's rigged for my destruction `cause the Cross is real

But I don't fear this evil
Jesus is Lord

And I don't be delusional
Some evils just aren't widely promoted
8/27/19

Dexsta Ray

Blessing Recognition

I recognize the blessing
Seven, set the lines, the settings
Stress denied, acceptance
Find the depth
The kind aligned, caressing
Slept...
Wept...
Orbs of light, before the night came
Never mortal fights, absorb and write recording life
Ayyy...
Slight change, in the mind games...
High waves, must defy frames before they use your right name
On the course
Armed with my faith, I know the Lord, the byways
Of time's smoldering torch, might pave the ditches
Strange dimensions, portals, light rays
Christ had made a difference...
Poor or fortunate, blessings, doors restored again
Message, normal gods of sin
Poured into the form it's in
Spores that's stored in bags with leaves
For glass to drink
Immortal ends...
But, energy, sometimes, not sure if I've any more to give...
Before the Lord and this synergy just replenish me
And spiritually, report or implore, ain't fortify the weakness
Needless to say, what's immoral, is over torches
I, more than turned my coordinates to order
And not to borderline, distortion, steady manifest
My mortal mind, was changed to spirit
Heavy weight upset the flesh, the tests, forms of moderation
Celebrate upon deliverance
Nod to satan, never, modding hatred
Demon things, I witness, evil's mad, I guess, the nets, I slashed
Left a track
I see, it's just reality, I harken to the simple things
I'd cherish just a tad of peace, in darkness
Just the rhythm change

11/16/17

Dexsta Ray

Blind To The Facts

Glasses ain't enough, placeholders
Tacit, re-affirmed
Tragic, this reality, I wonder why they have me grafted
Drafted into savagery, and casually
I stay consistent
Anything envisioned, been a problem, to influences
That did embrace my mission
Highly likely, with the wave against it
Hateth Christian craftsmanship
And misportray like things are different
Forced to endlessly create
But it ain't torture, when emblazoned, formulas that I opine
Is being engaged for what it is
And not what demons
Hide to fade, assimilation, kinds of pain
That lasted longest
Tacit strongest, not advised, and that's just literature
Bitter, not, caricature distorted
Then I hear the bows, that stretch to show me
That the riches wrongly gained
At such expense, is more important
Than the things of
God, intentionally, framed, it can't survived
Stages, like those theatre masks
My tablets heavy, but from desperation
Circumstances
Change a little, disinfectant
Faith ensembles, in the hidden nights
The monsters aim again
To waste my rhythm, dead as sin to rights
Much perversion
That's said to dim the Light
Strategic by influences, ruthless, protecting lies
To thrive, many hateful wishes
Disproven things, still embraced to kill you
If you don't adhere to whatever some rather have you being
They can easily find you
Disintegrate, all your latter ends, despite proof and the Cross
Behaving and stuff just like you

While remaining, smiles, with satan face behind it
Moods to cross some lines
To kill you or create some trouble, still could do
Though all was tried and showed
To be involved in older, evils unresolved still
I'm a honest witness
After righteousness, but still, I'm
Smited, sly attacks, on livelihoods, for over three years straight
While evil span across the entities
The violence didn't change
Lie in wait, conspire on innocent blood, to spill
Just like the Bible, angels come, they say it wasn't Him
Attributing it to satan, which, inapplicable, the Scripture clear
Perpetuating crime and label animals
Who willn't fear while
Standing firm for God, and testimonies past tense as well
I don't desire evil, legions dragged with
To rip the sail
Evil just blind to the facts
Light is constant though
10/16/19

Dexsta Ray

Blown Glass

A lot of different methods for the same amounting
Light glass, hot glass, just to shape
Or round it
Looking at the finished product
You could say profound
It really didn't seem
Like a thing
Until you hang around it
Plain white or different colors fill the plain white
Dang, tight
Want to purchase one the same night
But it's better if admired afar
Seems like the framed developed to inspire the heart
Blown glass
That's another's person passion
Like a challenge with it
I just want a turn to glance and try capture visions

7/5/15

Dexsta Ray

Body Of Proof

To dismiss a segment, slick, whatever, YHWH see it
Rigging, to dismiss an essence, nothing wrong with how I think
And how I feel, some massive evil picked me, with some violence still
Gets me, legions lie on Christ, implying the Light
Contrive the smiting, of the writings, of the Scripture
Thinking this was minor slights, and wait until the fire die
To then submit, and find the Light
The sin of malice, type, conspired, encapsulates the later
Time, to double down the portion of, a sin within a sin again
Repentance ain't a factor when dismissed to hang up Him again
Disgracing what He did, by trying to end the Spirit Weh' had send
To save from sin, and in His place, from Pentacost
Until the age we live, the present generations, He predicted
In the Pages, wisdom, in the statements, graces
satan aim, my plate, so he can waste it, misportray it
Fabricating, but I'm not expendable, and God is still enthroned
Forever, though the satan wish it's wrong, and this the spirit side
Rationally, challenging, should not
Unless, this after me, is adamantly, abandoning God
'Cause standing, I, been all for Him, since when fans used to plot
And evil structures used to help them, while, my prayers unto
God...
And seeing all that, I watched what watched, so questions are
Fraud, such acquiescence, was not my fault
Why must my hands cease
From ink, the Scripture speak, the reason why, collectively
My body, proof, if need to be, it seem it do, complete complete
Misunderstand on purpose, how some be with me
When anything perceived to bring me joy, the legions seek, mislead
Depleting
This my body of proof
6/17/19

Dexsta Ray

Born To Be Free

A free spirit really knows no bounds
Swimming in the fast life
And almost drowned
But instead of sitting down
I'd become more careless than ever
I never think about the consequences
Dangerous endeavors
I'm really going through a stage
Will I change like the weather?
On a self destructive pathway to heaven
Leaven with anger
I hate to marinate in pain
I don't want to cause problems
I refuse to live in vain
And the best part about it is no one has a right to judge
Know that I'm in control although it doesn't show as much
I would hold a grudge if you told me how to live
I really wouldn't budge
I hold opinions like a sieve holds sand
And if a person wants control
They can kill those plans
I don't want to live like another man
I'd rather be me until I die and kick the can
Maybe I'll change but who's to say I'm living wrong?
I was born to be free
To me I'm just where I belong

7/19/12

Dexsta Ray

Botz

A single car funeral procession
Is it just conditioning?
Some provision, or a mural just for some derision?
Lusts my ending...
O...
It wouldn't make much sense for me to try my best
Evil took my treasure chest and emptied by the time I checked
Different colours...
But nothing said can define my depth
Just opinions others suggest to others
To tie my help...
Adam, Eve, history followed, after each
Whatever aligned to the Father's scripture
That's for me
But still, that don't mean
I shall live in traps and
Schemes
That's why I had decree all the madness damaging
That could even be excuses evil use to badger me
And, since I stick with scripture, to the wicked, I'm embarrassing...
Was never interested
In those who switch appearance of it
Make it seem like I'm enthralled
When I was never near their substance...
Clearer conscious
Than most, my all sincere and honest
Missed out on a lot
Making sure the Light was my mirror
X the sex out and sketch routes
Around it, persecutors something, same ain't twenty twenty
If had glasses on, if someone awake, it's common sense
Their eyes open, if they see, the mind growing
I don't know what to be, besides hopeful, I've been subject
To some much heinous things, in my broken life...
Why do liars quote some chide that bridle my rights?
Undermine expressions of the truth, I spoke to survive?
My sole prerogative ain't who despise growth of this kind
Such just impose on my grind
And just enroach on my lines

It's like it's botz...
The devil send campaigns preloaded and timed
But what's important is the content of sequels and the rhymes
Just like the context, twas no mercy, some egos tarried blind
I keep forgiveness in my heart but Jesus owned Dexter's time...
So nothing death related frightens me
The Cross conquered death
To conquer self's is greatest
Christ receives who all conquered self
It's humbling, what humble means
Discovered things
Other wealth, in depth, if nothing else is left for me
Enough is my help, the Son of David, God developed He
I'm stuck on "He wept"...
So many obstacles, to hide me, serpents taming the mind
So though I got the proof, they blind, perpetuating a lie...
It's so systematic, long-running, cursed you'd think
But it's not...
An active placement of the devil's envy
Never ending
Until the Lord does return to earth to collect His winning
Do not be alarmed at the signs in the end times
Just be vigilant
And identify and be aware
See the snares
Leave the tare alone, know that Jesus care
I don't have sing it, to bring it
For He has people there
1/7/19

Dexsta Ray

Box Fan With Light Bulb

Get up out my head before I sink your ship
And shrink the filth
Clinging to the peace instilled
By Yahweh
Satan, stay away...
In the Name of Jesus
Filter love through the Cross
And if I entertain a demon
It's deducting the cost...
A lot of projects, conscious objects
Change and T.O.L.
The Other Way, stuff acknowledged by humble minds
Wanting stuff aligned...
And He don't fail
And not condoning we shall compromise
The Bible and the holiness
Portraying Him as something different...
What's the venom why so much against this?
From the hidden spots, even yelling
Why so much resent this?
Stuff is silly...
But nothing really
Satan ups a war because I'm winning
That's a sour loser
I ain't of the course of competition
Or stuff that's wicked
But I come to crush the chariots
Of air, the prince of power, in the valley
Is devoured, by the hour of the Lord's flame
Scary, it's despair, it's the fair judgements
Whoever trusts in the faithfulness
Of justice from the One Who sits upon His Throne of glory
I'm not religious
Got it flicked, plus, some knew that I was with this
Long before I was attacked, and want to double back
I've witnessed many pains, from evil
Had to bond with that, and wants me sad
And that ain't healing things either, tsk
Real or fake, picking off the petals, of the Jezebels

That's filled with hate, still engaged in
What it was, sealing pages, killing agents
Chemical and puzzling drugs, and spirituals
I wonder what could really say it?
Ethereal affiliations, deep in the fun fields of satan
Unreal, beyond
Realms
When it comes to dabbling, it's baffling
Unraveling, now I have to end...
Don't know, don't care, traps I'm in
Thrown paths of sin, that don't go
That's again, no no no no no, bad, contend
'Cause it ain't no choice, no voice
But the Man within, has more force than
The one within the world...
Owning no form
But the sin, that ushers in perdition
Wasn't compliments, but muzzles meant to conquer this
But what is genuine, is to the Most, not physic
O, I couldn't help, my good is never in the depth
Of Yahweh's swell existence...
Felt resistance
Failing
In the atmosphere, the energy, forget the cringing
But I do, the wicked witches live to hinder me, and envy all the queens
Faces change, but caked the same
Making up the strings, great and powerful
Committed to the comfort blankets
Smother what influences, the youth
Because it's doing this, intruth
The Jezebel with nets and sails, catching
Ruining this too, next to hell, collecting shells
Of what used to be a human being with lucid dreams, now used as means
To dress in failure, best to tailor
Blessed are those who you do scheme, and speak the devil's wreck against...
We're dead to sin but your bed is in the
Presence of some dogs, see, you fell
And this spirit been intimidated by the prophets ever since...
It bled, as it was snacked on
Shredded for all the masks shown
And Ahab
Paid for his too, slain by what he lived too

But Wehs' the One Who dish revenge
In time, but I wield a pen and Bibles, in this igloo
In an age full of lies, I can not help but be committed to the truth
Evil steps and watches
Wanting me involved in potency and problems of the lowest reach
But I don't live for them
Behold the King of kings and Lord of lords!
All that I'm concerned with
I stick my fork in this course of such illusion
Venom seething out, in beakers, poured in, for storing
Then more identified
The essence is delusion when including forces
Dissing God...
Nobody's keeping score then
Distortion, coordinates

3/28/17

Dexsta Ray

Brave

I'd rather have an animal, my poems than to be with that unloyal type
Grafted to a corner
Just imagining immortal life
Perhaps, there's quite a lot of differences, in human beings
Most are for a moment
But a few you meet are roots of trees
I learned from temporary connections
I've been through true deceit...
But God restores the broken spirited and soothes the grieved
And the risk is no experiment
Or something new
I reckon the humility is dissed to sit above the Truth...
The Lord had been preparing me
And still I keep the lessons
Wicked live and function backwards so they only see progression...
A taken notice of my bravery, I clarify
The righteous life is slavery, my Master paid the fare and died
And I'm a hater now 'cause I ain't go nowhere or hide
I'm not afraid of satan's wiles...
A great mistake to 'snare' my lines, I see attacks lashed
Slashing up a lambs stash
The word curses spurned dirt into detergent, masked crafts
The ruse of serpents
Even if they choose to turn away
The fruit they served already bruised and cursed the few emerging saved...
From my words relayed
So I got to dust the view
But I can hear the Father saying that they know not what they do
See it never was about them
Just the stuff they
Drew
Even coming out the lines of flout designed to muzzle you...
But how it all ties together
Evil grind for devils, I don't really care about that kind
But sheep are blind and
Fetters...
From what some minds developed
God can use a paint to save, if vessels are His canvas
What advance when hating stains the page?

And they think it's Weh'?
Instead of as the saints and saved
Some only look to vessels as the bible but when snakes arrange
The malice that's conspired to callapse the plans and rival God
It kills a person's soul because they may stray away...
If just a little bit... (What if they died?)
There's never final plots, because the venom lives in money
Even if you wasn't hitting on that thought at all
But it's still involved
Because the villian crawls, spiritual in nature, everything, is of a different law...
Scriptures tossed towards the 'less'
But I bring it back
I do not war according to the flesh but I ain't hanging back
'Cause there's too much at stake
Can't take it back, innated flack, no hate attached, the evil try to make it that,
though
The Lord is Shepherd, only Way, so ain't a back door
I'm stirring up the pot
Degrading sin, electric, gas stoves, couldn't match the heat I got within
Death is glass blown, passion is forever
I don't have to eat the devil's plate, or have the seat the devil takes
I praise the Lord, I treasure Weh'
If weapons form, I measure faith, and standing firm within the Light
So nets can burn, I guess I'm brave
But still in this device
Where the wretched plays, and tests occur, positioned within Christ
While the seconds turns
Not some man that's dead, but He's alive! But to just the saved...
Who can discern... so what I battle with is curses, scratch the souls who set them
And what's even worse is
Half the souls don't even know they're dead in... the hand of satan
I ain't standing back, just less complacent
Spiritually a battle, physicalities, oppressions, mazes, matrixes, I came in this
I'm out to be my best, awakened
We ain't short on angel presence, homies on the chariots
Rose without the arrogance, forget it
Tell my cronies, make it

The brave

10/30/16

Break The Weight

Denial, anger, bargaining, depression, acceptance
Don't start with this
You can make
It
Don't regard the misc., be shaken, dark, or feeling helpless
Simply profession could bring an end to this
Hearted, though, you keep
The shadows
In reach...
An inclination or a predilection towards the seeming
That's no matter what you dealing with
To talk because, imploring
Freedom
Hear the different
Stages
It ain't easy for you, dealing with the grief of some people trying go, trying to
leave before you
Whispers on your shoulder, they ain't gone forever, only sleeping
It's the end of ages
Boarding up the spirit ain't exactly healthy
Though it's difficult
The devils that I know you facing
Clever, as the serpent but to imitate the nature of the doves
O, you child of God
Understand your plush position
Obstacles and rough decisions, seem, at times, it's unremitting
Don't you be surprised! Say, to stop the ratatatin'
Called my home girl as it happened
Anytime you need assistance
From the Lord, then it's some presented, conjured, like the ram in bush
All the faith you have
You can make it, I ain't saying this for my sake
But for only calibration
Knew
Stand back, deading ego but proclaiming truth
Advocate for God, and yourself, if you ain't claiming you...
Then nobody else will believe
And real ones help you
Through...

And like the Hubble, look deep into the Light, befuddled? Supplicate the clarity
I guaranteed you might've stumbled but it ain't declare defeat
You'd make if you stay in faith and bare your teeth
To remain unshaken
Telling satan, 'You ain't taken me! '
For we believe
In the Light in Christ, but Pharisees are not to be enacted, for the way is to
prepare a dream
Unmasking all the darkness, live attached to all forgiveness period
Break the weight of grief
For the reason that they made Him bleed
I ain't omnipresent but I'm pleading, if you say you need
Me...
To God for our sakes, no matter who it be
No matter who I been
God remaining truthfully
A testimony...
Plead reason even? You can see
He will not forget you
It's His promise and He true to keep

7/20/15

Dexsta Ray

Broken Hearts Still Beat

Oh... how we fail a couple of tests is to discern our limits
Backsliding in the flesh
Really... burn the
Spirit...
I learned the clearest blaze when days'll be hectic
Before you know it... you could miss a fang and change they perspective
And not to prop on sublimation solely
But having faith... that who forgot as love replaced, too, slowly
And that's the thing about the gauge of how the stage of clouds arrange for the
showers
It ain't to demonstrate a plus because it ain't of the cowards
For, what's a chance, if the making isn't ours?
For such was in His plans
Not timidity but
Power
Song of Solomon, I solemnly, like autumn leaves, apology change
I'm not the flopper, or the foppery, fie, flopping is vain
Illusions, the restitutions, relocked in a maze
Retribution for the Gospel
Was a blot in my
ways
But, if you listen, to everything in scripture, and your mind's eye vision
As aligned to truth and Light and time written
Then it's clear... broken hearts still beat
I guess... it's free
Repudiation of the ruses of satan... reflecting peace
Lessen thee if we see it
Open hearts will
Shrink
Into the zest of it's meaning
Cartharsis for some
Heartbroken, pleasure evoking start at some point in the mix
For self... who it's against...
Scarred... but
Enlarging
Trust
Turned darkness just through the Light of God
Open hearts still work, broke, although that's kind of odd

7/3/15

Dexsta Ray

Broken Juxtapose Machine

The broken juxtapose machine
No... don't get it fixed
Please let it be abandoned
And let go of the tense
Infecting the
Advantage
I don't know what happened but it had to be now
I rather see the children rapping
Than so fast to be down
Take away the juxta-lens and seek to see through your own
Maybe take an onionskin and ink to bleed through your soul
So go on...
For comparison compares with groupthink
For the record, to declare of this, I'd never shoo change
I respect a person's hustle, maybe feel like they're great
But don't place one up above you or you'll live on a chain
It's strange...
Don't you ever tell yourself that you're second
Let us never sell ourselves short and settle for
Less than...
Less than... and yes, expect the predecessors to glow
Because you have the same great, they just were destined before
All it is... is age range
And your place within the same game
But you have to find it, master it, and maintain
And I like the dreamers since we on the same page
If you want to change things
Why stay on the same train?
So you take a different route from the golden
Pick a door and find out everything
About where you go in
I must give credit where it's due
And outwardly show it
But don't ever feel like number two or down and below it
No no... even if you ever fell at something
If you didn't have some trials you couldn't tell them nothing
You should never diss yourself and worship somebody else
Well, unless that person's God or that's idolatry there
Everybody is unique and don't all have the same mission

Ain't nobody in a higher position
When it's benefiting all
Inspiring wisdom...
Might've motivated millions
That is good, but you? Trillions
But ain't no competitions though
Since you on a different road
Oh... one that you would pave for yourself
Ain't nobody have a say in your steps
The juxtapose
Machine....
Crashed when this bat had bashed through it's glass
All comparisons were ash in a flash

You can respect a person's
Contributions
But...
Never place yourself beneath anyone
Everybody has a different pathway
If they shine and you can see them from yours
They are just fulfilling their purpose
Excell in your pathway
Aim to break through those limits
Dont...
Relinquish your own light

8/8/14

Dexsta Ray

Broken Lies

Or hexed for not messing with sex
Blessed, although, the nets and webs float
Closer, something satan's sent
Nonetheless, behold the sole Owner (of my art)
God, I lift the Name, persecution all around
Didn't change, no longer, not enough, I found the Cross
Lost found before my eyes, even in the evils of degrading
God restores my mind, fog helped me see
Through distortions, that's ever with, clever gimmicks
Of destruction, disorder, embellishment
What sort of gravitates to I, and why?
My ties and sheets is neat, opened up the packet for that new ink breeze
Gleam clean, with nothing scratching
Yahweh drew these leaves, and He's King
I run to tablets, when there's none, plus it's fun to write
The sun remains, so many evil words
For my life, and demons feed anonymously, seething, curses, I smite
Reversing
Obsessed and cynical, and switching
Evil trailing like a tongue with legs
And see the truth, but I don't know those souls
And ain't speaking doom, seeing through
Investments unbeknownst, ripped my piece in two
And bludgeoned, stuff to mess with Light
Everytime I speak the truth
Strangely... I knew and expected
Before was even two, I don't use just a-b ascetics
I like my schemes renewed, removing, ain't forsake peace for malice
And ain't embrace greed...
Can't always change the page, even after
Can be a lantern for, a master for, no, don't let it be
I know, the worse that's possible is probable
Extortion for you
What the persecution leans more towards
To please the Lord's my logical desire
He forms the orbs, that manifest, and pianists bless
The whole environments
For everything I see
Cometh evil...

That doesn't leave alone, conspire sin, towards the new condition
Trying to end, the fire, of the truth for God
That's tucked within
But that's how you can win it
Diss to me's rebuking
Jesus too
The world is not my home, thought I did it, thought the costs was gone
Trickery, apologized for ahead of time, I know
Stronger now through YHWH, I don't wish it with
Whoever, better if allowed to pray for that
I need it for me
And don't know it all, just most of what I meet
With this ink
Plus He's the shrink, God's my consolation, reading what I think
No evil themes
Hoping He approves
I listen and love
Revisit back, many seasons, hues, amusing things
The other world, all the nothing captured
Mastered, scattering facts
How did it fuse?
Originally, it ain't, it's grafted to that?
But how'd it happen though?
I passed some strongholds over
And haven't shown
Fabrics to that either, never saying consent is given, then it's ending
Similarly
Without my action, but an action's needed, for that hill to teem
I feel the need
To circumspect, and gather up my absence
Trap it into sticky tags, attached to abstract situations, vague
No waste, established instruments, compiled into wholeness
Jehovah's hand
Shout, from picturing, how it'd sound if I spoke in
That's all it took, naught preventing it, but the smiles of the broken (not
necessary)
Because we're of the same shape...
The righteous bow at the Throne, I stand at lowliness
Just re-affirming that, grasp for holiness
Was going through some going through...
But, still seen truth growing too, many times, there's many kinds
Of blessings

Some we don't perceive
Seeing
Reoccurring tracks, in the sand, and what unravels
Secrets that I can't expose of the Spirit
But good and nothing evil
I can understand what it is, but just not why it is
But, then again, spiritually, oh, the fear of God in earth
Light will come again, only different, it's noticed not, at first...
Behold, He comes with clouds, in the twinkling of an eye
And I will never learn 'til this evil desist and die
Through the power of the Lord, I devour, what's of discord
This 'hour

12/9/17

Dexsta Ray

Broken Phone

Whoever say I'm lying is a real liar
Just the devil
Trying to throw a rock to kill fire
Many claim to hate me
I ain't do a thing to even cause it
Many scheming on me
I ain't made the people call it
Cutting back the bushes for a clear eye to see Your servant
Lord, you know it
So the outcome
To be determined
God is never outdone
David saw the same things
In the Psalms
And I feel him so I talk about it
Question is the thought of routing
What type of game to play?
The societal? Or Jesus Christ had came and gave?
It ain't no decision for me
I'm fixed, and rigid in this scripture 'til this vision's complete
Don't be afraid of different
And my phone's been broke for some time
But I don't think I need it
Out in nature
Sending prayers through the faith in Jesus
Strive to stay a saint
Don't let the values of the age deceive you
Then they'll just mislead you
On the route going straight to hell
Speak the word and say it well
No weapon formed will prosper
Always grateful
For the people not abhorring Gospel
Prophets and apostles
Deacons, pastors, preachers
All the souls within the earth
Believing in the message we're repeating
No oppression
Keep the devil down beneath us

Give praise the Holy One around the seasons
Ain't it strange the way they want to take
Us out?
Positive in speaking
But they pardon anybody who is plotting evil
So they have to cover up
Make us out to be a
Demon
So justify trying to put us down into the sleeping
I'm a snitch because I tell the Lord what satan thinking
He already know, on the same accord
But they can't see it
Busy plotting on the low
But God is sitting
High
In the rain or in the slow, God is sticking by

10/18/15

Dexsta Ray

Broken Tokens

God is slow to anger, He's tolerant
Seen a lot of this, watch the cultivator, sower seed parable, in motion...
Seeing qualities, cults and nature, rotten trees, not editing my actions
From slander, some branches, hot, and gleaming flames, overtake demon ranks
While even out the seasons, spotted, He allotted life itself
To watch, I got to where it's obvious, like I got before
And bots don't have to guard me
Enemies, diminishing, in blindness
Start to see the Lord, even, if alone, the wicked things, not defeat the Sword
I get, it seems as though I'm in hiding
By souls in carnal wars, it's clear I hope in Zion
Ain't afraid of demons, if alone, displayed in prior seasons, fire breathing
schemes
Just cease, I'm straight, in every circumstance...
Well, I discern the net, the curse, ain't changing my form
I just reverse, to observe, then I take them by storm
And blasphemy is like a serious thing to me
Actually, searing pain, the God is so respectable
No reason to obscure His name...
And sure, it's strange, the Scripture page, will bring the order back
Extortion, gaslighting, that exhorted, pass striving, is it, border what's significant
Compassion, that's fighting different...
Smiting wickedness while trying not to fall into it
Understand, to mention this, incites the evil's call to do it, and contrition and
this
Repentance
These benefits, it have you feeling good inside, knowing kindness, you embraced
Sowing righteous, truth to chase, and engage
Cruelty, you didn't, if it's meant to suffer for it, one accord, love the Lord...
Mess with me, do not, besides, my Source is more than all sufficient, I record my
business
Heavy, hectic
From the pressure, limits, to the dove, from a curse
I rest in God, spiritually, I get the love I deserve
But, physically, I don't know, it's just, in life, where I'm at (spirit journey)
Too many scoffers
When I push up, put their hand in my back
I pick the righteousness of Light, but some demand an
Attack

Psalms one hundred twenty, verse seven, saying, see, man and Thee, clash...
Attention, I ain't giving, see, it's nothing to me, nothing to see, or be, some
things unveiled
Encumbrance
Relief
And constantly, the Jezebel, ain't nothing for free, you be a criminal, the
demons, spiritual, she hysterical...
Nonetheless, the flesh is vessels good or evil take, control, and make a mold, of
just whatever
Legions will embrace...
Campaigners full of evil spirits, see, this isn't 'race', to imitate, or instigate, but
penetrate the
Wicked way, and rid the day of fire
Place below sinner's feet, and never did embrace desires, preying on women's
peace, or dreams
Which mean I'm straight, but straight, evil seek my name defaced, with
harassment on my life
Just to feed the fake erased...
Different fabrics, alright, I learn of the mechanics now
Aspects, that are, deeper, than I could get my head around
I set it down, peaceful
Eager
Right, know the depth before you use the word
That spew a curse, that won't alight, but still, the fruit presumes some worse
Except, the Lord consume, won't stop for evil neither
Changes, happened not, I damage lots of plots, but, still, relaxed
To where my Friend can hit me up, I'm still intact, the wicked tactics didn't crack
me, actually
Built the stand
That comfort of me vulnerable is what some persecutors seek, I'm comfortable
The muse or ink, accuse the shrink, it wouldn't be that easy, see, that's easy
Have me grieving, and me beat, I'd actually speak on such a concept like a long
time ago, evil seek
To see me buffet, Light evoke minds to grow, malicious, is the wickedness
Considering, but, rethink the thought, He the break the jaw of falsehoods
I wait until my day to cross, they wait, and stalk, embrace my falls, and ain't got
a reason
I'm just as vehement for order but I ain't tied to demons, He weigh it all, hates
involved, but it ain't
Like deceit is...
I rush the devil with my spirit Sword, he thought faith was weakness
It took a minute

But I learned the voice
Some stuff ain't never happened
I ain't none of that
It wasn't then, and it ain't happening now...
The impositions I ain't feeling, the protection, this, I do salute, the hills is full of
sight
Pull the night, and watch, the Light shine...
I place my life in YHWH hands so I don't live in fear
Even in the whirlwind, I still appear, the Spirit near...
Bring the power to the powerful, and let it gleam
For this hour, soon devoured, doom, and souring, the sun will go in darkness
And the moon will fade, upsetting the seas...
Just no words for the foolish, who'd hate the wisdom in it, don't correct, or argue
the Gospel
For that's a different spirit, different picture, mirror blackened out, I don't fret
about it...
Actions in a moment, split components in the future, and the damage did with
motive
Diss Jehovah
It's exclusive, never meant the lightest mentions to assembly of wolves
But, even more, the Light, contention, just fulfills, if for good...
For any threat that I receive is just the same as all the olden prophets
I expect it, I'm relieved, I suggest some longer watches...
I'm a king, not a peasant, I achieve, not regressing, I receive, I eject it, I
conceive, YHWH
Bless it...
Light's expression, darkness quick to reject, and write me off as not of God since
what
I'm scripting corrects, rebukes, exhorts, it's kind of odd
That what we live and profess, the same thing we hate embracing when we hear
from the next...
I had to learn to love myself, I'd never let them touch, unless the bless-ed one,
her, essence, in a truth
That's uncorrupted...
Yea, I'm good and great, hooded face, books of mace
For evil, loyal to the Light, it's complicated, deviating the sequel...
Even say I'm leaders, even, I ain't aim for rank
The Spirit is my Teacher, being popular don't equal heaven, as a guarantee
In earth
Being hurt by unacceptance, doesn't measure up, like many other things
That's not discerned
He treasures us, to heal, an honest blessing

The mountaintop is nice

9/12/17

Dexsta Ray

Brusquerie

Antecedently, my soul ain't medallions
Of some control
Of what, depleted me, some strongholds, battalions
Belongs to YHWH
Throne, exceeding me, wrong
He opened up, abodes, spirit realm
Through challenges
Gold
Broken, but still with Him, after this
The manifestations, strong, like tobacco is
Prayers, with the hands I've been placed with
In the same sense
I feel, I have to give, as in Scripture
When in my power to
Slander, badgers, standards, that differ
Which could devour you
Without the Spirit, just from experience
I had the towel threw
It didn't even matter, like games shows
With no vowels used
'Twas a silent night, I had my bible and folder
My eyes are heavy, timeless chide, that grasped my life
So I'm focused, though, at the time
I couldn't register
I might can be over, like dynasties, 'cause my dynamic
Showed the Light and Jehovah
To strife, ain't pleasant, nor some special stuff
Correction, I was dead, like a headstone
For nothing, with a net rose to hide
The testimony...
I ain't normal, hatchet burying, the fight ain't formal
But it's just the Lord, that I was purposed in
Despite distortion...
Even now, I see the wording meant to hide the sources
Breaking down components, like a X-ray, though threats came
Like the Word of God predicted
Evil try to checkmate
To force the Light to choose a side when it's already said in James...
Chapter one until the end, God has never changed

Somehow, it's allowed to still persists, although the sectors reign
And when stuff was done, it's usually to just erase
Attention falls away from this, it'd ruthlessly, progress the same...
See, my interests ain't in condemning any
And how ambiguous can it be?
It's an unending killing
Plus, ain't consent to live the beast in the front of my mission
So I'm convinced, that equity leaves, when you trust in the Spirit
I'm electronically harassed still
By everything that had steal, kill and destroy
Some unwanted interaction, still it's some more
To even build and restore
With even will to ignore, the evil peel through the fort
To harm it...
I chose God instead of cultures so my growth's subordinate
Even if I dealt good, I'm targets, so my hopes are dormant
But the Lord, is all-powerful, I know He for me
Even when the torches come, like chronicles, my soul important
If I forgive all the apologies, you know
For being bedrock beneath
The soles, of many, stopping me from growth
Munitions...
I'm acceptable to God, so He won't resent me
Leave the rest to Him
'Cause I do not want those yoked reknitted...
Somebody died, it was me, and then it's history
A lot of reasons why, but nothing blistered really is the key...
I have to say the same things 'cause all the smear repeat
Even if negated, dang, the devil nail the sin in peace...
I'm in YHWH's presence, wealth ain't even rich as me
Every season persecuted, blessed to see
He still the King

Lacerated faith, perseverance
12/4/18

Dexsta Ray

But Death Became Of Ahab's Wife

Another morning up
I'm more than lucky for it
Everyday's a miracle
It's spiritual
From the Lord
Trusting
Tucked in His care
The loving spirit balms like a filter
Muzzled despair
From satan's intercom
Vaguely
Ethereal silhouettes, there's something out of darkness
Seeing glances...
That disintegrate when I regard it
Ain't a point in trying to renovate the bible's margins
Perfect, we're the grandest, this had been a case
Why light's the target
Jezebel, propped on the scene
With all her false prophets
Stopping ain't an option for me
Because the Cross dropped it...
Look at Sodom and Gommorah
Histories repeat
Look at Sodom and Gommorah
Enemies deceased!
Working with the wicked
Flattery and seduction
Feeling hit, when facts emerge
The papacy isn't funny
They work pervasion and adultery
More brazen than a poker king
And satan diss the Church because it's mainly what he wants to be...
If I don't have time for safety
I can't go to sleep
Supernatural warfare
The truth and prattle war, there!
Yes, it is as bad as it seems
If you're awake or not
Jezebel just taking shots

Don't matter to me!
But for the sake of hell that that's you stay away from there
Talking on it
If we never hail and dwell with Jesus
Then we falter only...
Manipulation
I can see the serpent's subtle tactics
Efforts to control something
Even us
Through judging passion!
Masks of fornication grafted to immortal hatred
Factioned into Christ
So Abaddon do enforce what's Satan's
That's just the way that it has been since it was Ahab's wife
Both of them together
Seek to kill the ones who stayed with Light
I'm like a fugitive
Excommunicate Elijah
Baal was nothing to the truth
God's the One who drew the proof
Consumed the false prophets
And the Jezebel watched it all
Instead of just repenting
She would vow to see the prophet fall
Elijah had to flee into the wild
'It is enough, now, Lord'
Because this stressful journey wore him down
And cannot handle more!
And all for Israel
His best was not enough to form
A passage to revival
Jezebel influenced wider evils
Everything is difficult
I can't give up
I ask the Lord to give my spirit strength
I can't lift up
Until I've done all in the physical I possibly can
The dogs shall eat the meat of Jezebel
And Ahab will end within the battle

Lord, lead and guide me
That I might be effective in Your will

7/5/16

Dexsta Ray

But Even So

For it's Sunday...
The Lord's day
In, thus, break chains, from the unsaved
Must gain the Lord's Faith...
Many cowards
Hearts harder than steel
I guess the righteous being devoured is a part of being real
I see Elijah being surrounded, even
Grounded
It's enshrouded demons
Found in weakness
Clowns of wickedness are not about to beat him
I see legions, from the heavens
Coming down to meet him
Chariots with weapons being so powerful
The crowds can't see them...
Weary soul
In the madness of evil
A path of light amidst the tragedies
And fighting with the travesties
That snatches freedom out the mouth of heavenbound saints
And catch the matters be arranged like a net around fate
The Master sees it but He works through us as well
It'd hurt to cast you off
The serpent rush, but shatter, sleep in hell
I curse the traps and all...
After falls
My defense is the strongest
And since we're talking 'bout the Cross
Let's present it's components
The spirit riches and the spirit fruit
Are senseless in the ear of fools
Mockers
Uncorrected
Witness wickedness prosper
Hist, I don't live a hypocrite because they're fixed and they're
Watching...
And try their best diminishing
God's commend of His

Prophets

But even so, I give the love to all the many not in sync with that

But God's enemies

I'm livid with, I mean, if crap clearly ain't reasoned in a person's

Map of feeding in

Why continue to entrap, seeming,

Grief that they ain't even in?

So you're living by the gun?

I'm living by the Son

Where we cry for fun

God has won

Where deceiving ends...

I see them then formulating a plot

Of trying to take our everything and then portray that it's not

A form of malice

Every frame

Lord I'm callused where the fetters chained

While I'm rattled by a battle I don't know about...

Closing doubt down and picking up faith

While handling me

Like I pounce down on victims of hate

This isn't the case

Villians do you in the wickedest ways

Then get in a safe

And then present it like you're 'victim estranged'

Before you know what happen

And by that time

You have just begun to sew the fabrics

I ain't even tripping

I can script and just expose what happens

Or I can just let it go and set a code of passion

Jesus saved my soul

So my aim ain't to prolong the bad

Everybody is a victim trying to take me out

Because I got a vision

And ain't living like I'm not a Christian

After one mountain

Ten more I got to visit

Call it just complaining but I did more than watched a mission

Thank God for His Son

Never swore upon

The world would order swords upon anybody God conditions

If you mess a picture up then you got to fix it
I ain't stuck on anything
I forgive
Just not within it
And got the wicked trying to boost some situations up
Coming for me, I forget it, you can tell that's satan stuff
Forget a label
'Cause the proof is in the way we judge
Now I know the who's
Its the devil
Trying to frame me up
Using clever crime type things to smite me down
Even unconnected
False accusers strive to write me down
That's not respected
I just answer to the Light and bow
I don't know a human who I don't forgive
That's Christ's bound...
I like the sound of righteousness
It has a nice ring
Aligning to the right things
Designed in truth to guide people like me

6/5/16

Dexsta Ray

But I Already Saw It

That's another test of faith
I remember the
Word...
On the track of Moses
God saved His from the egyptians
Then He'd will them to the Promise Land
Sent them to the Promise Land
Still... it wasn't time for them
To go in...
But He'd signal twelve spies... you know
To scope the area out
So they know exactly what they will face
Those twelve saw the giants
Goliaths and greats
Everyone of them defiant... and they'll fight for a place
Now... ten of the spies ran back to the group
Only whining and complaining...
Sad reaction to choose
'They were stronger', 'They were greater'
They would add an excuse
But... Joshua and Caleb didn't actually view
The view the same...
Faith was always flowing through their veins
Look at everybody else... though the Lord removed the chains
More than once!
They refused to take heed... and so it's done
Everybody under twenty may see it
And over? None...
See there is a point in
Time
'Fore you cross in your calling
When the Lord will give us signs and the costs of involvement
The mission is divine...
There is nothing we can do about it
Move the mountain with your faith can get you through the downers
And He'll show you what it'd take the day that
You're surrounded
Which is bound to happen... which is fate
Which has been endowed and written

Some won't get it
Some relate to your soul
How sometimes you want to quit but something making you go
You don't care about attention
Or a name
Or a role
There's just something deep within that keeps your aim on the goal
You know...
I was shown that he will cross in the calling
Then run into the largest of them all in the
Fogging...
You couldn't find a place that satan ain't put his claws in
But in the end... he'll make it and I already saw it
Stay strong
Don't let your destiny even hold you
Plus it's good to know exactly who will feed or oppose you
In advance...
So now it's clear if you will have a chance
If you're Joshua or Caleb
Then you probably have a plan
If you don't, man
Don't be stressing over nothing
For... you couldn't be suprised because you
Know what's coming

I don't know what your destiny may be
But I do know only YOU can...
Complete it
Face it...
Don't run, hide or go the other way because
Eventually it's coming regardless
Stand toe to toe with anything satan
Throws you...

6/9/14

Dexsta Ray

But She Alright To Me

She may not be like them
But she alright to
Me...
Flaunting flowers in her hair instead of pricey beads
Where she went? I don't know where
She never stay in place
O, I see her over
There
By the pines and greens
Like to fly with ink, quite a sign to me, right to climb til free
No matter where I go-oh
This inner binding is
Timeless
See
Escape? It ain't no chains but she know
We flow... peace bestowed
Please behold
Prophetic
A changed, the code, kindred souls
To capture what's reflected
Good, to flit when it's misty
Different time, I declare, we should've lived in the sixties
Out the door like total costs but free
Wait, miss, don't forget me
Like a pail of paint, it's still trace, if, although it's empty
For the spirit interfere with the flesh
Near and remote
And clear
The ocean is the rest and it's the boat
With Bible reads
Forget about the world, disappear, and take some time to breath
And she may not be like them
But she alright to
Me...

6/27/15

Dexsta Ray

But You Don't Have My Consent

Society has captured me and hold me hostage even
Over time
Spoken crimes against the way it treat us
Hope declined
Saw it killing a teen...
And ever since, I'd hold inside, like the victim was me
And those are
Mine...
Thinking back to cloaks and binds
Closing binders too
Knowing that I can die at any time I tell my God I'm through
But I'm still not ready, yet
Even though the
Wicked
Swarm me...
Society can do a lot but it cannot absorb me
Even all the closest be the longest reach to try to mend
Wishing to control me
But, with all the scriptures, I defend
Telling me what happened, all the power I can savage
Anything to get it smacked
In the trap
Of the sour planet, surely, got me trapped, a young and black one with dreams
I paid the price for being pure
To establish a tree
So, I ain't tripping, ay, no wonder why you picking
You did something twisted
A brother focused but you mold it up like I'm the villain
Now that I've been scoping
Now aware of all the wretched ruin
I can sit and visualize
Time...
For execution, if I ever fell to the hands of this time of sin
Yea, you probably have my head
But not MY CONSENT
Never shall ever lend my hand, connecting, with oppressors
Of my own kind, own minds, or a section's effort
I shall keep my sins confessed forever
It don't really matter

For God allowed this... coming not a minute after
So I'm really fine with the mist
God is not mocked
Ever since a child, I've been dished the worse of everything
Everything I find out just will make a better me
Very blessed, all the wicked want
To lessen dreams
But it don't progress, sitting back, letting letters free
You probably think you have me trapped
Truly, I admit
But one thing you'll never have, truly, my consent
What I started is the same thing I'm dying with
That's why I'm a target
They don't want to see a rising kid, I'm not a fool by a longshot
I know shots
Wrapping it back around
Pass the envy, formed my own plots
Spirit riches are expensive
Like a gold block
You ain't never getting my consent until the show stop
Even then, in the end, I'll be vindicated
Reaping hot coals on your head with my mix of praises
They're afraid that I'll grow
That's why they're friends with satan
Treat me how you want but you will never make me quit engraving
Copyrighted, pass the moment that I'm with my Savior
Cheated me a lot then switch it like I'm
In the blaming
People that don't even know adding in their statements
I don't really care, God is strong, and none of you can change it
In society, you get a W for hating
Let me get the L's
To the upper room where I'll be greatness!

You might have a brother trapped but never defeated
Never have my consent

10/8/15

Dexsta Ray

Bwah Wa Wa Wa Ha (Credit)

Bwah wa wa wa haaaaa!

On every third line...

Bwah, wa ha ha ha!

The very first time...

And catch it, patterns seem so elusive
You know, exclusive
See, the matters that's at hand
Is of passion
Established sand castles... grasping on the vanishing things
The fruit of magic shows
Had the growth but lacked half the shame
See, me, I had it both
And as you slash the rope
Plans enchained
You never had the Ghost...
Material things mean nothing to a man that's woke
Excuse me if I'm rash in my language
It's just the soul inside
Exclude me and then laugh at my anguish
But watch me grow and rise
I'm sure that most will find it the strangest
I strive for products...
More honor products
For the glory of the One on High
The blind can see with one ole eye
The vines of deepness
Mind depleting
I promise, everytime, every sign wrote my letter
In a struggle, every dime I find is useless
Like a broken bezel
Yea, it tells the time but spells a nuisance
If your goal is hector, or heckle
Heckling...
A fool's obsessed being 'better than'
I use my breath to help the movement

Rebuked, then knelt, accepted in
Speed up
Keep the read up, or see dust
Light is the thing, trust, nothing at all
Can stand wretched in His presence
On the day that we be judged
Slow down
As I mold the sound, a gold crown's for the taking
When we make it back where we from
Uptown, in the heavens
Got my feet up, as I only smile at the weapon meant to beat us
At the peasants
Asking question, and I need answers
But I can't collect them 'cause they set them next to dream catchers
As a message, 'Don't you stand for what's right'
Ain't talking money but some precious bands that's grand in the Light
I hug the canopies tight
'Cause, man, at night, abandoned sights will smite you
If you ain't in it, anyone can speculate
'They might do'
I like the Bible and the life of Christ, I strive to find Truth
'Cause that is more substantial
Blindness hides, disguised as fans too
Just to reform the castles...
But water pours, I'm sad you, in mortal wars, and battles
As for those who's Lord is their swords
Nothing will distort their channel
It's just some more to handle, wicked imps are bent on me
But I have the favor of the Master of their physic being
Copulation's a disaster
Fornication's a sin, why would you brag to me about your shady grave that you
dig?
The spirit casualties
Some don't know they're slaves to the pit
And if they did, all the other woes have made them forget
They deal in sin
To disown our souls... satan will grin
They're in his tricks
But they just don't know what's waiting for men
This is the end
People like me try to save you from your own self
Now you can't see it, appreciating when you're gone

Death...
But by the same token...
People have their own breath
Seeking to dethrone help
Wanting to elong 'self', something like the serpent
Except we have some hope left...
God is willing if you come to Him in humbleness
You can be forgiven if you just repent
Be done with it...
But see, the pride is the reason some reap punishment
On the other side, there are riches for the honest men
Forever confident
Aligning to light, while there are enemies who want my end
In spite, I do right...
God's in control, I don't give myself enough
Attackers give themselves too much
The Master recognizes me, and that is all I care to trust...
And it's bad 'cause while I catch all that flak
The world is falling slowly
Devil souls don't care, do some absent acts just 'cause you show it
Won't nobody harm you or nothing
He has some people here
Attention ain't my ceelo, the evil just hate my dreams are sealed
I walk around with peace though
Even knowing when it's evil's near, I focus on the hustle hard
I got no time to even hear
I'm solid as a block of ice, and rooted like a baby tree
My ink is pure, my shots are nice
The fools don't want to play with me
Plus my jewels align to Christ
Rocking rocks the eyes can't see, and that's my choice
Legions, strike a torch, and light the candle
Shining forth
Time is just a phantom, I ain't living on the blind's accord
The nuisance is a minor force
I knew before it happens, satan's back for more
I cue it, now I'm at it like some acid
I'm an addict
A fanatic, for the muse and passion
Trying to get the truth established, I'm just like the blooming cactus...
Persecutions to the side
I truly do admire, and crashing brings me happiness

My verse is music to the mind
I praise the Lord because He helped me out a lot
During the storms
He fortified me, and kept me out the plot
Trees fell to ostracize me
The Lord always supplied me, He's fighting for my slot
Satan kingdom don't define me
Just the Lord designed me, ya'll liars, shut up, all of satan squires
Messed up, for my head is higher
Let up, or be fed up
I can hear the feeble moves, a means of dooms, I keep it cool
I'm leaving you like peek-a-boo
To see the Truth
Just test us... you might think I lose, regression
That I'm last like two or second, you can't hide my light from me
But what's pathetic, even as I write this theme
Just why they eyes on me?
Like what they trying to see? Riding by and ioning engines
By the time, I get out there to face them
Then their tires spinning, I am winning! I ain't send for nathan
This been quite a minute
Though I want to soar away
The enemy just want me dead if I ever board a plane
Potentially restored again....
And why it's so important that some witches torch my name?
I ain't never met, hate or lied to them
It's sort of vain...
The evil hates greatness
Armed to teeth with great hatred, I'm more occupied
With watching God than the snake, satan
But with ignorance, it's wise to keep some things in mind
I know about the victory
I have it of a peaceful kind, that Jesus died
So delusional, they keep on trying
Connecting me to wretched schemes, the question be: why evil lying?
See my poems to see my time

Bwah wa wa wa haaaaa!

On every third line...

Bwah, wa ha ha ha!

The very first time... tsk, are you serious?
I don't hear this
Well, at least God is with us, and we know
That much is clear

It's ridiculous, this spiritual warfare...

Has me so misrepresented

Everything from relationships to motivations
But I love it though

In Jesus Name

9/9/16

Dexsta Ray

By Some Means (Give Me What's Mine)

My things involve me...

Not this point in time, satan
Not a joy declined
Evil spirits trying to take me but the mind is safely
Kept, under wings, no calls received
No messages
'Cause let it'd been, my suffer cease
How could I be jealous over something people stole from me? (not a human)
'He don't need to know a thing.'
I fell right into the trap
See where trusting go? A shame...
I don't think the Lord would be unfair to me
So un-scared of things
Prepared for chains, but nothing feel great about despair and pain
To claim I made it happen
Like I did something wrong
The whole time
Before the trap, I was fixed on my own
So was surprised when this was wrapped
Because I hadn't heard from you
In years
Manipulate my folks, to bring disturbance here
We never were that serious
Couldn't make it work
They ask about me to you, and that is some crazy nerve
This obviously is satan's work
Jezebel, you ain't submerge, the unfaithful turn
And need a reason to deceive me
Trying to make it burn
Hate me for no reason, but you love the ones who've done you dirty
I'm singled out
Using 'love' as a way to merge us
Nothing worse than a person who'd do anything for earnings
With no mercy, it's unchained, and a renegade of serpents
I can't let it fade until I'm paid
Everything I'm due
The full amount, I ain't crazy over things but
Who can take away your efforts? Using dark measures

Getting mine, you really lied
I don't start, ever
I was put up on the hidden tactics
And they actually, did backwards, like I'm acting up or something
Like my future's on their hands
A foolish plan...
If I did have a child, I would know about it
It ain't like I'm going around, living whoring, houses after houses
That ain't me, and lately, I can't see another route
Than in relationship with spirit
When is Jesus come about? And vindicate my life?
And If not, I still will make it, see, I been alright
I'm tired of being the option for the evil, I ain't with the slights
Staying in the Light
No one knows a brother, like that
Their sayings isn't right, no one know this brother like that
Ain't scared to fight back
You listen to demons
You stole my stuff and disguise it with the silliest reasons
You staged and set me up, for praise
I promise, you'll pay for this
I wasn't even in your range, now we're who? Making 'mends?
I don't desire any love things with something that'll jug me, I don't trust free
Just replete what you've done, thief
But I'll get better
Witness spirit, stuff that's unleashed, come to me
I ain't trying to go and shun peeps
I don't know where one sleeps, just get in touch by some means

11/25/15

Dexsta Ray

Calibrating Clashes

If defeat
Then you see me speak the least of concerns
My profession is progression and no questions
With that
They keep me grounded, like balloons
Strike the heat
Til' it burn
All they're feigning for is crowns
Or why they messing with me?
But... I have found the methods learned
Settings firm, branded in the faith
Some discern the legends
But I yearn to stand within His grace
Is this the case?
And no worthless from heaven
I figure, with the current measures
That the wicked have praised
Which turn ambitions to hate
Which can't earn spirit treasures
Taking, first, the bitter pleasures
Is contentions with Weh', but live and lesson me
Of course, collection fee...
That oppression theme
The nets of wickedness in higher places
The projected dreams
Caressing needs, I ain't pressing that
Extinguish fires later, kneeling to compress
Seeming candid
Meaning, higher haters...
I'm dyslexic to the wretchedness
Prattle, flattered, scattered unconsecutively
Banter is the slander's hamper
Psychopath if I don't laugh...
I guess completed
Process to the happiness
Society's established
This
But the Light unraveled it
I'm mining stuff where crafters is

Time is non-existent
But the Master's love subsides in this...
I wonder what the scandals about?
I'm not a man of flout, different angles, sideways
Still embrace the plans of
Yahw...
And demons migrate when they see a man is down
Saying he's in a fine state to try to keep the masses sound...
While they drag him 'round
The crown is of a
Spirit nature, James one twelve...
Is fact, and that, is what I'm focused on
One trail and path, a rope I'm holding strong
Because some stuff had failed
Collapsed
And almost held me back, not hailing flak
And flat earth, gone theories
Or welcome mats
For the depths of hell, swept and stacked
With lots of false doctrine, no peerless evils present
At all,
Collective false prospects, dreamed of being a something
But bludgeoned 'cause it was off topic...
But then I sought knowledge
Praising God
Eternally, the Cross promised all of us the walk
Is won...
I'm burden free, the love is perfect too
To merge with you, is first a gift to me
The Spirit leads, with the Word in truth

Clashing Calibration

12/26/16

Dexsta Ray

Campaigners, Not My Priorities

The devil has a little power but God has all power...

Campaigners are paid or something, they have to be, or that would be the Stupidest thing, for the attacking me, longing, the promotion of falsehood, like it's all facts

Then you're called bad, for all that, evil draws, as for my priorities...

Ain't malice, the Lord is peaceable, the aspects of His kingdom come

Shall stand, or debris, is form, the seas absorb

And spitting it out, on only, Judgement Day, I run away from sinning, devout

The route I want to go, He owns my soul, ain't picking me out, to pick on me,

God is on the Throne

Sufficient is Yawh'

So many double standards...

Up my lanterns at it, answers, tablets, Torah honor, mortal wondering

But the Spirit shows, reveals, and wait too long, the wave is gone, I make a poem

That ain't been spilled, or healed, if unoriginal, that has stemmed from Scripture being used

But the Word is just the pinnacle of the Spirit truths, ridicule, mislabels, is miniscule, it's satan

Inexcused, worth, what's really real?

Conducive, stupid, losing your mind, accusing, it's amusing, fusing, true, the muse is divine, and I ain't smart

Because I do continue using my eyes, but, even more

My faith...

That's the reason why I'm straight when evil form my way

Of course, I see the rise and grind of spitefulness, disguised as banter, hiding standards

So I go to sleep, the loathsome speak, try to smite my latern, but Jehovah see

But, if I do, I'm ripping through with quickness, chilling, scripting something

Evil's sniffing something, feeling big, really nothing though

And try to field me, still, I'm humble though

When feeling sick, ain't trusting those who know, but growing though, I deal with faithfully, you I focus on

But, let me catch the damaging that's scary, kills the soul in sleep, awake, be bold to seem

Like it's okay, the coldest bleed away, in whole, at God's appointed time...

Holding Psalms thirty seven, and I guess, the thing I really want, is my whole life back

Before the fame, success, but I don't want that life back, I guess I loved the dream
Ain't know of powers like this, and stuff, become a leash
Like I'm animals, and treated similar, by enemies of God, thinking they be something different though
The devil is so deceptive...
Let me reach out to my squad, of heaven angels, presence greater than it
Kindness don't mean nothing to demons, that envy has consumed, I'm mad and happy too
It's unrighteous, but, God is opposite, underneath the roofs, I see, just what it means when
Truthers warn...
Who you need to watch, you least expect, I be expressing though
The blessings go, I don't sought attention, want relief! As I have let it show
Throughout the years, I'm down to clear, abounding tears, I do embrace the Scripture, and I speak
About the mounds and hills...
Sparking nothing, evil been on, conformity, is being grown, the Lord, to evil, is wrong
The Light persists because of darkness
Yea, I'm doing alright, got that lightning grip, the Cross a target
You are satan
You ain't taping up my testimonies, trying to take His faithfulness, portray it like some wretched phoniness
Seen, and heard, the satanic evil
I spirit war ready
Sword heavy, armor setteth up
For all this sorcery, I'm more complete
Ain't negative, aware of the facts, declaring tactics broken, that's provoking
Passion, undermining stuff, and undermining just, if you let it, vanish
Not interested, got slick spirits like Jezebel distorting, bread and trails
I promise, to unleashed the Light with all force, being, I'm not left alone, but, for now
Observing, to see, I'll take as far as what is necessary
Stalking me, it's what's said, and not the methods tarrying, thought it was a game or joke
Couldn't stay awake (memories)
The message scary, see, when the activity stops, then, intellectually, continues, persecution, and plots, and I'm not
Schizophrenic either, gaslighting, anything to misprint the sequel of the form of war I've faced, of course
That ain't love...

But, in my interactions, nothing but sincerity, the proof is strong, for those who really there
Remain that way, but if it split, it ain't a smidgen fair
Betraying, ay, a centerpiece, deception, evil shaking up my stuff, trying to talk to me
But, Lord, forgive my freshness, if that's a factor
Protecting me, from stuff I didn't know, having nightmares, traps, and nature sounds
I remember that, but am I scared? Bout' to bring it down, in the Name Jesus
The Light cared, right there, in major seasons, underneath the blood, the satan maybe hunt
Me down
But it ain't coming to much, this stuff is real but so is He, for evil, nothing is won
Some think it's just some type of theory but my trust
Was undone...
But I've adjusted beyond, and nothing separates us from the Lord
I went through hell for being me, being key, being free, three in One
Ay, the darkness insane!
And risk exposure playing with me
I'm not a part of this game...
Can't take my picture, anarchy, my touch is hard to replace
It makes the monsters plan on me
To try discarding my name, but, hopeful

Ain't my priority, but God is...

8/23/17

Dexsta Ray

Canaanites

The Canaanites
The 'low'
The broken
Open to the stolen souls of sold ones and 'mo
Right there
Covetous and selfish spirit
Whispers...
See, none are exempt
For this is all of flesh
A mirror
And loathsome nightmare
The children lie scared
They take in what they see
With no lights
Is life fair?
It maybe
Let's ditch all
Forget
Gold
Let's 'take' heed
And praise Thee
'Cause lately
We falling down
Canaanites...
They ain't free
This ignorance just bossed them
'Round...
Complacency's a demon
First step in defeating
To draw a line around the effort
And rebel in that region
And don't you listen to the teachings of this scandalous place
Eager money gained deceitfully is handed by satan
That ain't the motive
Though we know it grapples the nation
And not in hatred but I'd rather know a soul as awakened
Say, it's okay to gain some wages made from labor
The focus though
Yahweh...

Isaiah chapter forty and verse thirty one
Obvious, the only road to take, bona-fide
The surly
Done
Own the covenant relayed among us
Even olden days
To the current
Ones
Defeat the lowland enemy

7/13/15

Dexsta Ray

Candle On Mahogany

Persistence's like a virtue, or it is consistence?
Burst through the curses, threw for certain, dissension mean something different
to me
Horror stories normal
And sort of significant, the carnal realm, and mortal life, is the history
Trenches, wrenches, sent, the enviously
Inclined to my life, continue twisting, dreams, intentionally, can't script nor
sneeze
The evil wish to limit me, to fit their schemes
Rhyming is relative, since mine isn't weak, they want to hide the feats
Under ceilings that they designed to be
Disguising trees, embellishments, devil sent such
In prior seasons, different, lifted up, scripting louder nothings, ain't in my
thoughts
Flowers, bunnies, in my walks, through alamedas
In the fall, fellowship with YHWH
Why would they judge me for being complete?
Sun and gusts, the winter breeze, nothing among the boxes
Properly studying me, and need an excuse
To later, clock a watch, orchestrating warfare, angry, the prop has got to stop
Lost so much behind all the smear, the hateful
Lies, of frames designed, they hate the Light of the righteousness
Since the faith survives, all you had to do to be rivaling
Is just praising God, and staying aligning with scripture, with a little
Still, yea, Weh' provides
The Bible is the wisest choice, I ain't seen a page that lied
Paces change, Lord, order my steps
Just like the days behind, the devil place some thorns and the thistles
The Lord toss anvils in them, knew they weren't
The truth in advance, so now, their scandals bigger, sandals enter
Storm-fronts, peacefully, had the Master with Him
Gatherings had witnessed, fore' Galilee, YHWH in control, faithful to His
covenants
Evident in His rainbows, just the antichrists is against this
Some Christians in the lands
Not to stir contentions, this been, my disposition, without me knowing
What evils sought me, with a plan for snide scams
I'm not their business, envy saw me, with my lamp in my past
Ain't see a path where I was walking...

So got stamped with a flag, such try anticipate my calling, just to slam it and
drag
It through the solvents, made a darkness, so they're masters of crafts
I shouldn't be in conversations
Demons'd adamantly grab, they saw I'm unrelated, back at tons of stages
So I'm done away with, wishing that all my successes
Was by someone such relate with, from the jump I caught the hushed injustices
And stuff was framed with, didn't even know whoever would
But that ain't stunt my greatness
Sacrificing what? The crime prevented, this ain't just a statement
Anything that happened was positioned
Saying this stuff for ages, whether or not neglected, ain't my business
Just was some campaigning, now that it's exposed
Campaign is ended, and that's just the basis, somehow, for the hate to still
persists in spite of such
Is crazy, larcening my substance to destroy it really just was racists...
Never ever notified
Forever, in my notes with God
My stuff already made them mammon
No consent, but so supplied...
I ain't unhinged because I know
My soul is close to God
But something kind of fishy if they chose my folders over bots...
The yokes were molded so my flows they stole
I'd know inside, now my life in danger by the structures though exposed the
plots
The wicked hate the just, it ain't my fault who chose to lie
On top everything, they'd hate the Lord to prosper
But only die...
When such the only ones with evil, no, my stuff is mine, sabotaged or not
I witnessed, everything I write, don't care how far, it has to go
The satan, cannot have my light, such shouldn't, be allowed to gloat, when not
the wicked plan sufficed
Being in pain is all I know
And just, sometimes, you have to fight

Nay

Just talked about my life, the applications, came from haters

1/19/20

Can't Be Nobody Else (Nobody Else Can Be)

I can't be nobody else and I don't want to be
Embrace my own unique
Not conceit
But identity and owning peace
Can't nobody else complete the puzzle Jesus mold for me
Happy... happy... in our own skins
Knowingly
One ain't knowing me
If thinking different
God knows
Khakis, hoodies, or for business, kicks and mind clothes
I ain't never flashing any jewelry
I'm a hermit type
Learning right morals and embracing God greatly
Sending praises and a form of imitation
Idolizing God
Burning incense to the Father if He likes and nods
Offer up my soul to that of Jesus
I don't care about the clothes
Fornication, acts of evil, just to be myself within and outer vision
To live a life that's different
While obsessing over Christians and the missions
Through my writings, these prove obvious
Comparisons are insufficient
To the Lord or the lives that strive to live His intervention
True, witnessed as I knew
It's all great
In knowing that the man I am is not like all say
Not like all think
But satan ain't forever but he temporary like the rain
And I'll continue being different and just doing my thing
Our very own ideas
Ain't no other person done the same
I made sure before endure
It's another game
Anything similar just came after what I done
It ain't boasting
Just the devil trying to blow my fun
But the facts of facts are all presented and they have been

God gave me a place no other path is
So I rose my sickle
And I mapped this
Fu Ink Growth type of tempo with a damp twist
I could never be nobody else
I'm too unique
But I'm just a writer
I rebut the labels and I can't adjust to titles
It's amazing, how the Lord can turn the rust to vinyl
Can we still resemble stuff if we ain't doing nothing like them?

Fu Ink Growth is the concept of writing
Without a label in your heart

Don't go with the hype
Things are what they are
Don't try to lessen things
Either

Only a delusional and twisted mind
Refuse to see the truth
When available
That's the making of a hater

No disrespect to any other soul but this is mine
I'm Dexsta Ray
Accept it or not
Always will be

Stay up

5/29/15

Dexsta Ray

Can't Fix

To look at the common with some befuddlement
And fumble...
Is the jungle on earth?
But 'tis the canopy
Teeming with voluptuous birds
Is that the way to see it... crazy me and lately thinking
Nothing can adjust at
First...
Midnight
Cracked hourglasses, depleting power
Madness...
Don't blame it, just the way the fate arranged it
Anytime you see the kind of we
The time of free
Ancient
Hieroglyphs ain't getting to it, living ruins
A broken mind, only hope
Resides
Within the closest, hanging pictures, if the posters answer
Only sometimes, but most times
It don't define
I figure, it's the ride of the ether, no role models
Teaching
Dark kid in the body of the older, seeking, looking for completion
That was gone when it was needed
Now, there's nothing that can fix it
Even if you find the
Pieces
Ain't spite, and ain't right, at all, but there is nothing leading
In the flesh, but the Lord, and that's another reason
See, that's another meaning
Cover legions up
Why the speaking? Why the grieving? Why the leaving?
Even us can feed it though
With a sleepy touch, creepy much
Failing so
Hard, in these days, asking God to help the faith
Seeking, trying to find my way
Paradoxes revealed

Am I supposed to shatter jaws or watch the prophecy fill?
Or just drop to be healed? Or heal others, what's a real brother?
Follow God's will or plot drills to kill others?
What about... I still wonder
But ain't necessary
'Cause while I'm lost, I can still feel connected, very
Rooted in the Sacrifice...
Recanting the
Bible
You'll find those questions I just asked to be disbanded as trifle
Because The Christ unveiled the mysteries for man to be higher
So then it wouldn't be His fault
If we landed in fire...
You can't fix, but I wish, wisdom kiss you on the cheek
So you make it through your own
Troubles...
Lift you off your feet

So, be strong

10/1/15

Dexsta Ray

Can't Live Normal

Simple stuff
I have to watch...
Unless
It's used to harm me
No abominations
Not
No iller stuff, the sick, fixed on my condemning
Just like Christ in His day
I figure, sinning makes a killing
If you Light, you a fake
Now, when I write, if I choose to use the truth
I don't care about, consequences, cause, it's such can go either way (just God)
It ain't no threaten-ing, that get me vex again
Like I'm peasants when, neglected not, I mean it, let me be
Or see one's self again, reflected
Devil in a state of
Panic
Cause I chose the Lord
Evil gave me damage, waves gigantic
Though I closed the doors...
So I guess I'm 'sposed to sweat, and stop pursuing God
Embracing what He blessed me with
Or threatening, evil, using lots of measures
Just because my talent
It ain't like I said to plot for Dexsta (me)
Keep the nature mute...
I saw before, it'd taketh root, the Father wills we state the
Truth
I see the extra used to didn't exist
But then it manifested, but I will resist, still repent
And keep expanding blessings, spiritually
When physically, down, just like I'm down for Light
Friends that might not be there, imperfect, like I, why lie
Don't hurt to try
Stirring my inhibitions, my Guide, and Lord is Christ
For sure, and gratitude for the hands He used
More appreciating, of the simple stuff
Lessen self, and lessons learned, except respect
Returned, it's tricky, 'cause I just discern

It's really like a figment you can't get unless digesting
Curses...
Though whoever guilty, don't see it, but no confession's worthless
James Chapter five, verse sixteen
Words that get me, certain is the Holy Scripture
That ain't in coded riddles, confidence is nothing, 'less God's in front of the sole
contenders
It's nothing new
Unpredictable unlike cold Decembers, I just fill my rhythms
No normal living, but must adjust, doubling up on prayer time
Every snare, that declare binds, release the warring angels
The ministering, yes, it's their time
I pray, the lowly souls, find deliverance
I declare minds protected, from inveiglements (In Jesus Name)
Ruses, nuses, and barren fruitlessness
Caring, truly, for righteousness is forever blooming
In the darkest gardens of life, where light is hard
To find, sometimes, and might regard the line
Not...
But YHWH's grace sufficient...
Perspective changes
These days, I mean, what, I don't know exactly how to
Take it, sometimes, but YHWH's grace sufficient...
Erase the limits, but stopping shy of the Savior's vision
Kneeling to the Throne, of the Most High
O, I know my place, the strangest thing about it
Like close by, things implode 'bout race...
When in eternity, souls have no kinds, only whole lives
With exploring, and things of those kinds

That's how it truly feel
At times

4/7/18

Dexsta Ray

Can't Nobody Stop Me

No limits
No telling what could happen
The facts drag
Folded fashion, faux pas, ain't imagine this
Hold up the right in the Light
Break the scandalous
I don't want hear
It
Even minded is fabulous, eye to get the fight on
Fake like Poseidon
This flak
In paths, holding back little children, bad
Cracks in mad dreams
Claps, to big fat scenes, full of affect
Half beefs, greedy, that's
Free...
In society, significant, supplying things, that bind
Bleed the mind
Only way that we decline
I don't want to see or hear the devil's threats
I'm a fail vet
Hell, seems swell to everybody but who dwells there
See, the well, inspect
Tell, laced with the spiritual
Even better text
Pale, traced with the scriptural
Can't nobody stop me, in the maze with a periscope
Gambling, for naught? I rather pray
Until a miracle
In the way, things, get a spirit taste, praise
On the mission of a Christian
Where the visions break
Chains...
Where a difference make change, even little paint
No limits, ain't no telling where the
Picture wake
Like the early birds, came from the nest
Firm faith in the Cross
With the thing on

The neck
Drain the broth from veins so to bring the next
And gained respect, in the spirit
Side
Getting clearer eyes, tear resides, in the vase of the Best
In heaven, on the Throne
We're created for
Himself
It's pleasant, and progression is the blessings
Let's reflect every chance, then
I ain't the only one who managed in the sandpit
But then He saved me...
From myself
Second death
Get the message from the Main Vine
Can't put the praises on myself because it ain't mine
These are strange times
Age dying...
Ending obviously
Can't hide in propaganda since it's obsolete
The same chime's on the metal though it's not complete
Like the prophecies
Growing, ain't nobody stopping me

Dream, dream, until, you need sleep

11/1/15

Dexsta Ray

Can't Nobody Tell Me

Can't nobody tell me what I've been through
I saw a lot of low tides...
But I went through
Now...
Can't speak for your mind
Or mode of telling
All I know
I own mine... in spirit and truth
During those times I took a nosedive
Without progression
It's good...
'Cause not a soul have all the answers
Did the best that they could
How would I not return
The favor?
You can call on the spot
I got your back
Through good and bad
And the sad
Like the Lord would want
Talking over folly
Keep your story in tact
And never hide your testimony
You won't flourish from that
I see the dreams of a young dark child
That's getting cleaned
By the Light from the Lord
Through the good and frigid scenes
As a writer
On a sheet of paper where I scream out
Although nobody understands a thing that I scream 'bout
Demons in the shadows
Trying to take over spirits
And it's up to us to
Battle
I don't care how if how I write is bad
In the eyes of satan
Or society
All it ever did was try degrading what the Bible means

It lie to dreams to try to bleed dreamers of their
Essence
If you speak honest
It don't want to see your presence
Since it's built on lies
So many painful dispositions
And I hear those cries
The only thing that I can do is pray
To lift those tides
Although it's tried to take my mind away
Steal my peace
To use malicious
And disguise as straight
But I know
Jesus
Ain't the type to think and hide mistakes
Forget about the blinding ways
Feeling like I'm older than I am
Forget the gold and silver
In my mind
I know what matter
It can't be grappled
Can't nobody tell you what you been through
Just laugh at it
Foolishness is pragmatic
In society
Unfortunately, just pray, and keep the mind on sobriety
Don't ever ever think you are defined by the lying beast
That's just how the libel be
Deriving from the lion's seed
On track
No, the past is not some type of tree
But the fruits of that create the passion for your life and dreams
Toss it in the trash
Don't bask
Unless... you find the key
A thing of inspiration
Perhaps
It was designed to teach, whatever
And poetry ain't limited to measure
That's just something that will happen in the soul that bleed this pleasure
Just a mold of ink forever

No collapsing
Ain't the most or deemed the better
But it ain't a joke
But hope
For the closed off
Missing in the weather
Or we shrink
Dwarfed images that used to be people
Chained together
Ever dead inside, I need revitalizing, people set up diversions
Fake numbers in the atmosphere
Get up of serpents, ain't no monkey actings here
I writ up a circus, scribbles immerging
I'm doing good
Even if I'm on the out...
Still...
Not everything accepts you, ain't an always a reason
And possession ain't just one but it's always a legion
Keep reading... in the scripture
Trying to learn something new
I'm seeing people out to get me for the stuff in my muse
Unaware of what's within me
God's Spirit
With some angel armies
I'm not surprised when they don't get it, I'm the strangest story
I probably wouldn't believe if I ain't live it
To stay legit...
So many scars from the adversary, can't forget
Even when I try, all I hear is quiet cries around me
Ain't nobody there
Visions of the souls that's drowning
In the crooked values and the deadly seductionz
Wanting out but then they know that they'll be set out for judgment
Because the generation's wicked
And it ain't a way to
Fix it
Can't change it from the inside, we have to go against it
So we earnestly contend, now
Like he told Timothy, and the Law won't change before He comes, won't even a
tittle leave
Can't nobody contradict what God has placed in His people
There's no wisdom or no counsel that is

Greater than Jesus'
Or the Light
Or the Truth
Or the Father's living proof
Of the love for all humanity, acknowledge, get attuned
Ain't nobody ever tell me how this path would
Turn out
I didn't know about the twist and turns that come with the route
I see the words and the roads, no one said it'd be easy
But still it's hard for me to just believe He'd bring me to leave me
This far...
Spirit battle, concepts well beyond reason
Demons scheme and seek to beat me but I'm covered in blood
Of Jesus, Father, what's the meaning?
Satan want what I got
Soon as the devil found out he formulated a plot
Try to infiltrate my stuff, orchestrating my drop
For if I put my eyes on that...
I ain't changing my
Slot...
Haters are the spawns of satan, they just waited and watched
Can't nobody tell me nothing
'Less they been in my
Spot
I ain't big on amplifying stuff, no, I ain't stupid
I understand which is why I have my hands in the architecture
Many ways to go, but today, I am a smarter Dexsta
Learned a better way to use my head
Pens and markers present
Because I'm destined to be pulled into shackles, evading curses
While I'm text, forget a fool in it's prattle
Or make it worse
'Cause it's easy making dirt, I don't care about it
I'm a fighter 'til I die, I ain't scared of crowds and hopefully the Lord bring me
through before
I lose my way,
Can't nobody tell me nothing that ain't choose this game
Trying to make it
I ain't worried 'bout no spewing blame
Ya'll ain't never loved me, this society is due in flames
So it's mutual
I don't want to do a thing

I don't want to talk or nothing, anyone who drew my chains
But they broke now
Call me what you want now
Can't nobody tell me
Nothing
I refuse to slow down

8/28/15

Dexsta Ray

Can't Question It

At times
It seems unbearable
Who shall we trust?
A shattered mind
Thus ensnaring matters, kind
Incomparable
To bitter fascinations of our finds
On the last stand
I guess attraction was designed to come with bad hands
Passing up on happiness
Aware of or not
The out and out of bantum tragedies
And accidental crappiness
To question
What we want?
Just fax it in when you see
It seem to be like
Stifled life
The dream depletes when it breathes
So interpersonal collapsed
The serum of the truth reduced to clues
Forever in the back
Screaming, 'Never list the facts! '
So why remove us from the madness for tonight?
Let me see your tablet
If this was absent from my sight
Would i see your mask? You need to flee the passion
Unattached
Just to breathe a piece
Dangerously involved
Yet you never badly speak on me...
Whether rich, or enrobed in rags of misery
My question ain't the love
But it's why you chose to stick with me?
A kindred soul
Which is why i know it's history
A different kind of hold
Though the globe is clothed with enmity
I support you

For you
Utterly adore you
Nothing but the unmistakable from the ardor which absorbs you
Confirmation is enthusiasm...
Gratitude is priceless
Hope the youth can see that plaques are cool but attitude is finest
Every darkness has an exit there if you can find it
God is high above
And your extra care has moved His timing

Nothing like the unquestionable

4/2/16

Dexsta Ray

Career Suicide

I got the chickens in the back
Heyyy
Like it's a pecking order, I guess it's normal, just the Lord though
My function is, yes, immortal vibes, of glorified bodies
Soon to come, Light is still my origins, forms of kindness
That my substance in
Distortion rose that scorn the Throne of YHWH
How the story goes, and more unfold, I'm more exposed to evil
For the Lord of hosts, important, gourds full of destruction
For me, because of skill
To reduce a lot, sued or not, produce the truth a lot
I used to prove a lot, then I withdrew because my muse are lots
Tools and plots got wrapped around, so the rules were used to
Squash, like stews, where juice would marinate
And fruits consumed with spoons from pots, including knots
Of complications, some occasions, ruling out, conversations
Stuff of domination, stomp what's consecrated
Just for payment, but the scarcest plate, remain in my possession
YHWH the Pantokrator, Jehovah provides, and many struggles
I had faced was just too close to realize
I had the Master
In this race, of faith, I'd later understand the meaning
Even when the pain is great
His hand expand, encompass seasons, onion skin and vases made
For ink, I love, that rustic deepness, in my later days
The compositions of the script was major, stencils, strange
Ribbons clipped and made into some shape with tape
Among the things, that take me 'way
I ruminate, I think, of change, and some debates
However, for another day, I trust in Weh', and some relate
I never picked a buzzard's tastes, just humble faith...
Embracing what the Lord condone
The hatred for evil, from high societies that threaten me
For staying with Jesus...
Extreme harassment, from some antichrists, don't want to see me
Spreading Light, such never could be Christians, this sophisticated
Evil, binds, my eyes remain on YHWH though
Despite, the violence, hiding crime
By that which should be fighting against, so antichrists

Can writhe in sin, blameless doesn't matter, sabotage my life
Because my skin, and also, for my talent, 'cause some envious
Smite if righteous win, despising me for keeping YHWH's Word
The defining theme, but Christ remain the mightiest
They still don't win if I'm deceased
Been hate without a cause, but since I'm not grimy
I'm just weak, like sheep amongst the wolves, the Revelations here
They snipe at me for trying to keep a job
Widespread knowledge
Must be nationalists, a chaos theory, mixed with baphomet
What's done to me is what my Master gets, which has been Christ
It's crime, to sabotage my life, no frame, some guilty...
Still attacking to ensure that I don't feel peace
No evil I committed but for years, this what I've lived see...
God is not a part of that and some can feel me
Legions that abuse the rules that stalk and trying to kill me
To larceny my artform, and do away with the competition
Cat-pawing their way through elaborate schemes
Things I haven't needed, just to prove my faith, and that that could beat it
Uncanny evils, ruthless, like before, in those saddening seasons
Where tactics eat me, and deplete me, and without reason
For I just stand with Jesus
Matthew reading, still I'm antagonized, though the facts are
Teeming
That's illegal, livelihoods sabotaged so that traps can equal
My demise, no one saying how Dexsta in danger
I've always been attacked with weapons, though my method my Savior
And all my measures in paper, the Scripture writing
Still, there's extra being devised, I'm still equipped with lightning
Though
It's clear the Lord is my source...
Some influential figures wishing bad would form in my course
Abhorring the Lord as sport...
Behind the scenes lie the culprits
It's not the ones in front devising things to hide the King of kings
And Lord of lords, this corruption still persists on me
Coupled with the cunning bits of violence from this history
Mystery, it ain't, some artists say I'm fire consistently
This Christian dream, with rhythm, beings conflict because
I'm different, themes original, I was cool, as long as I was hidden
Demons want to hide Jehovah, twist my words and my activity
In confirmation biases, observed, the Lord shall intervene

With crime that been expose but still remain like I ain't script a thing
I don't fear the antichrists, such waves, identified themselves
Factors that I couldn't control had made me fit for dying and death
In paths I saw but couldn't go like sinners and the Light
I dwell, living right is my prerogative
Not strife and hell
It's career suicide to harm the Lord
6/17/19

Dexsta Ray

Carnal Battle

Ha ha ha, look here...
I don't fret no evil
Whatever satan want to do
The God I serve is
Present for it...
The battle ain't mine
So I'm standing
Firm...

I started out with eager eyes
Curious ears
Zealous for the spirit things
Season after season
Years
Receded fears
I understand the mysteries of earth
For this, we're even cursed
But the mighty One relieves the tears
Smiting us
The heightened evil in the land does
Sanballat ain't sweat Nehemiah 'til he saw the plans upped
Satan underhands stuff from behind the scenes
Since the place is full of evil
He disguise amazingly
And despise the way of peace
Such a wretched
Nature
What I learned about the things we see
Just don't let it change you
'Cause the envious are coming if you're blessed and able
All the ones who hate the poor also have reject his Maker
Fighting, killing, times of sinning in a dying age
Some even try the righteous like we're living by the vilest ways
Though we stick to bible phrase
It's like their mind's depraved
Really want to get you since you shine so they can smite your rays
I don't do the talking crap
I speak the Truth and Light
Everything is twisted 'cause the wicked's wanting you to die

In the bushes
People trying to assassinate
The Armageddon's coming and I'm focused on the Master's Face
Talk about me
Call me names
But I'm still focused
Evil will feel real hopeless on the Master's Day!
I don't know it...
Contention and derision ain't a part of me
So I'm target, see
It's the mark of prophecies, ain't nothing all good about
Spirit warfare
But the Lord, so complaining is okay
Testimonies grow faith
Scripting like I should
In and out of
Season
Warfare, war there, war here, everywhere

7/14/16

Dexsta Ray

Carpentry

The art of carpentry
Can bring some dwellings to life
I see...
If swept and clean
Warmth, when in the cold times
Pieces by pieces
Stitch by stitch, inch by inch
Some close guidelines
So not to make
Mistake, cutting, when it's needed
The measurements
Make the finished work, I'm learning
All I can, from my Master...
He was beginning
First
In the old times, things have change since
But, the concept stays
Seasons pass, fall, winter, spring
And then, the summer
Reigned
This, is amazing, a glimpse, from 'cross another age...
Ancient and archaic
Consistent, with what was sent from God
Taught, in such, perspectives
Seeing doves
Or pigeons, which love the windows, nothing to the settings
But just as witnessed, I love the Light
Businesses
In craftmanships, guess, it's really for some who like it
Work unto the Lord, He'll invest significantly
Humble, rightly
10/13/18

Dexsta Ray

Casting Lots (Different Points)

Like a torch, t'was in the earth, a legion
Hail dares
I'd seek to lead my service elsewhere, the Light restores, time absorbes
I speak for a reason, not each, a sort perceives it
Even, with this cross, I bare, I dare to exercise the truth
The fruit, of what has fare, prepared, the extra time declare, it's smooth
What claim I'm fake is off, changes, counterfeits, counters rigged, a risk
If I had got the words, in an era, the mountains would've move, but, strangely
Still harassed, lifted measures, tactics that's still in practice, slam a lid on passion
I smack it, I choose to let it be, as you would mess with me, though I'm passing
Eh, fashioned, recipe, I don't have a reason, to impose, demon foes
That activate the hand of Weh'
Plans and things, that agitate the devil...
Aggravate the clever...
Human wisdom falls
I see, for sin, an advocate, true, yea yea, I end it all
Extending broad, the statutes, what have you, I try respecting tough
Rejecting what rejects, collecting just what collects
Etch a circle under love, I treasure a second guess, blessings set
The wicked casteth lots on me, and setting bets
Even teaching twisted knowledge of me, like the prophets in the Kings, first and
second
Worth, pathetic, said it right, I'm opposite
The promises, connected, honestly, I rarely say, 'cause prayer can break
apostrophes...
The many words that ain't
Meant (not understood)
Before the wisdom taketh root, so many curses may lift
But, once it's known, hearers can't reverse
It's stone, holders, roll bolders, to load shoulders, void of interests in it
Fall apart, do not, point of interventions, coins and differences, embroidery, it's
more to see
A form of normal, something, could be used to cover, hide, a mortal, sighing
This poetry is warm to me, ain't going to freeze, a torch survives, and scorching
minds
The eyes convey a source, God absorbes the praise
Sow immortal seeds, no immoral leads
I need it that, I deem it that, tenebrous, that's illuminated, for the King
The soil and trees, dirt, grass, the toil unleashed

Must foil sleep...
But it don't really matter, filling lanterns up, with oil still, landed in an oil field...
Feeling awake, silly chatter, healing answers, try appealing to 'Weh
So in the fabrics and the patterns, opportunities, that, really, wouldn't play
I feel a lucid peace, come hither, for this new release, a ribbon, usually, a unity,
is closer to ascension
'Stead of proving gimmicks, ruse, derision, fluke dimensions, news of spiritual,
the Light, true, hysterical
Alright, the sight of such arrangements, taking many years to polish, bitter
times, the wind and rains
Of life, then again, it changed my life, praise the Guide, the sky I marvel, the
Creator made the Light!
I don't consent to wagers (carnal)
Malicious, content, at my expense, not everything to all
But to one, I'm probably different, crying, sniffing, I might, only
The joy, define my mention, for the worth of anything
Is clear to some, or clear to one, or clear to none, like I lied to self
The Spirit won though
Told myself I wasn't much...
Something brewing, stuff ensuing, I don't like to leave the house, just
Unless I must do it, that's if I'm blessed enough for shelter over, never 'posed to
take
For granted
Settle oceans, helping up Tsunami-like essence, a break across, other special
stuff
Extra, anyhow, quite precious, considering, my questions, beholders never
know...
There's like a forest of portals that I do not embrace, strongly, just imposing
themselves, like who am I to raise?
I lift my hat off, tactics, sent me, fastballs, the end is to repentance as the ashes
to the sackcloth
Past, all, reside in the quodom, Iwis, I'm Temporary, that's called the permanent
Ha, the surface working with, Yahw..., to burn a perfect picture, categories
Tergents resolved, I learned, discerned the issue, curses, stickers, that ain't tats,
or facts
Of condemnation
As the atmosphere is at the Master's will, you see, it didn't happen, which was
mapped, predicted
But, when He saw my pain... that's why I grasp and graft His wisdom
Clear to see, all explained, the Scripture feeds me, I brag in this, can't be all
insane
When beings can see all I'm saying

And not a mystery, or bloated speech, to know it's He, even stolen me, away
from places
There Jehovah be, and spoke to me about it, so I wrote, with peace enrobing
me, even in a whirlwind
I know that Jesus goes with me, awoken dreams, and miracles, scary,
supernatural happens, openly, it's spiritual
There's hope, I only see, these Holy wings, floating at speeds, never measured
through time
A supernova gleam, suppose to be, but never you mind, some other standards
No encroachment for the devil to hide
Black bags, find some fetters inside, and that's a treasure, who mined, some
pacts that never added pleasure to the One on High
Although some memories fade, but others, never, go on by, like a photo slide, I
flash between the good and bad
Never nothing that could've had, I ain't sticky glue, I'm with the Truth

8/5/17

Dexsta Ray

Certain Dreams

And so we moved again
New events in this dream realm
That seem real...
Familiar faces and archetypes, and it's meaning something...
Such within me's departing time
And discarding lines
Carving out it's own way, trust and spirit
A heart in mine...
I need the word to unveil it
But, still, it ain't enough
Wonderful exchanges taking place between the Lord and I
And could I be imagining?
Thoughts I try to form is blind...
The only way to bandwidth it is standing in the source 'outside'...
An important climb, man survives on faith as well
The place to dwell, in safety and in fortune
That's the Arc of God
Grace saves, sustains and protects
Through using wisdom
As a man or child can think
The space is open for achievement
Truth delivers, too official...
Intermissions, interventions, discontinued endings
Peace and Light, and gleaming white, kingdom vibes
Finally found a moment
Tiny ground and mountains being completely mined
And in the midst of all the confusion
A little love excerpt
A promised word doesn't curse
Unless it wasn't worth the effort...
Stuck within those Marian blue eyes
Air of heraldry, if innocence is infamous
Very few minds prepare to see
A chair or seat, awareness in front, in dreams
Blind to wondrous things, and spirit riches
Still extended far beyond this chill dimension...
Little limits
Kicked and flicked, picked like lint on denim
Trying to help you see that you will never need to think suspicious

Let your shoulders breath
I hold them each, extolling peace
The special, blessed is your predicament
With any low you reach
Sow the seeds of righteousness, deceive the griminess
And right behind my fit as you were listening
Somebody's angry...
Watching, flailing arms, and lots of crazy, not the namely
Angst became my form before I turn towards this prop that's raging...
Hot discord, had got disarmed, it's not the sort I thought
More towards the source of my elation...
As I walk with this figure, trying to talk and dismember
This venom right
Picked a knife or something up, instead of striking me
It threw the violence to the one I love...
And then the Bible verse came to me
Genesis in chapter three and verse fifteen
Enmity inbetween her seed and evil, first hit me
Elaborate, strings that equal sequels
I'm pretty sure that it extend to waking life as well
Satan try to veil
I talk about him and it angers humans...
Strange delusions, threatened blessings
To replace acumen
Striving for success is what it takes to say you made them do it...
If conformed into the less, they still will take you through it
So, you might as well try your best
At anything you're doing, and, I'mmm...
An ancient por-cu-pine, don't you gobble me
No, don't you gobble me, no, but that is just an excerpt

Times, and pressure, measured

6/6/17

Dexsta Ray

Chained Down

We see the grand scheme
Understanding
Ease planted in thus
Handing of
Wings
I plead the drift...
Cold counseling
The thoughts of 'some justice'
Create a flock
Crows crowding out the sound of the ruckus
'Cause in the field
No scarecrows close
Stunning
There goes, ropes, hanging from the hills changing things
But tare grows though
Separated surely by the angels
See the last days
For you can trick the devil...
When Christians get together...
Witness scripted letters...
Spirit sent endeavors...
Visions sitting past gain
Riches?
Last names
If we never had pain even laughs are vain
O, distractions
Lord forgive us 'cause we need it
In society, the warnings set before us of reality awaiting
We continue like it's normal
Such distortion
In the way, more preoccupied with money than restoring
Spirit states, we uncovered, ain't no masks
Within the Light, blemish
Smite
God prepares us in advance for all the folly
There ain't nothing that conquer us
He's risen, I ain't sorry I'm a
Christian
See...

Trying to skip the theme, perdition
Wonder what's the cost? Fire all around
Is religion, 'cause it's presented false
Doctrine that deny
The One and
Only
Though society is on me, it don't know me, yet it tries to overthrow me
This the seeing of new born soul
Burning hot for heaven! Better than a lukewarm, cold,
Café au lait enrobing
Coping mechanisms destroyed
Stone replacing
Weakness...
Set into the bones of present moment saints that's bleeding
Clearly, I relate, Spi... Spirit guide my way
Won't you point us to the Cross and make... bleary
The eye of satan
All for all
Never thought of all of the values in our midst
In an acceptable sense
Getting bibles
Find it in the scripture, looking at the Psalms and at the rhythm
No recycled but refreshing wisdom
Every single time
Now I need to rhyme
Glory for the Father, and the Son, don't forget the Spirit
To be happy, never once fret and stress the wicked
God'll shake it up, the Lord'll fix it
Mimic this intention
Bless-ed
Are the hearers and the ones who listen (are you a friend or foe?)
Forget about the shunning
The opinions
Just do what God led you to do regardless of the cunning crickets
On this side, are the things that are alive
Like Job, God'll let the evil test you to perfect you
But then after He will multiply
Everything that's
Taken
It's better to submit and be awoken by the Lord than be with satan
I'm okay, with all the disaccord I'm facing
I ain't got no skeletons that's

Hidden

Now this world is extra shady, I am striving with the measures
Hoping we deny and divide the worldly pleasures
Though it's certainly fettered
Chained down (the beast)
I ain't scared, am I worried? Never
Jesus holds the crown, bold and sound, and His servants ever

8/10/15

Dexsta Ray

Chamomile And Figs

Recalibration, I have to focus, back to writing
That's important, kneading ink, after patience
I'm planted still, chamomile, blanded, in perpetuum...
The ancient watch, much to say, and granite spilled across the minor things
A lighter's flame flicker, miniscule, higher stakes, higher lakes
Higher pace, Christ a page quicker, shapeshifting circumstances
Lift me in shambles, from dirt, I learned from Daniel, early, certain tergents
repeat
I'm hurt, and can't figure...
Burning candlesticks, and some figs, I'd learn to be
Occurs to me, if surly winds erred provisions
The Word was twisted, first, the villian'd enter earth through the sea
The future's long ago
Amusement, sown a bone, contention, though, the hope is strong
Including, could be limited to, Jehovah on the Throne, fighting through the
darkness
Enlightening, a Guide, uphold the souls
The Scripture did and didn't happen yet...
Sufficient alphabets, ain't figments, squinting for this list to gimmick
What I manage next, to get it, twist, extending or hid it, before I can inspect
The distance ain't a thing, like the image
Of sin, expanded nets, conditions of contrition, the Spirit, then I'm a family man
The wickedness I slip so my children wouldn't have to answer that...
'Cause I just want the best...
That evil won't affect
The sequel that's in my control, I overdose with holy text...
Behold, we next, God and me, I used to say, until it happened, not for free
Lots of grief, honestly, apostrophes, properly, polishing geometry
A prophecy, not stopping me...
Besides, I don't deserve to be
What I've earned is
Peace
God is standing there, with the confusion, saying
'Who's watching Me? '
Apologies, I'm 'bout precarious as glue
And if I learn, you're not for me
That'd probably tear me in two
I contemplate upon the abstract, snap back, in other realms
A funny fascination with napsacks and a love for hills, another pill

For them to swallow, haters talk and squawk
And satan walk the walk, but my Savior, exalted, calls it all off
Bothering me, seeks the demons, but, I ain't fall off
He caught me from the wayside, snakes by, keep my name dry...
What I do ain't got nothing to do with you
But to buffet ain't a constant, not stuck on reproving you, subduing you
I ain't rushing, my constants in movies too, just like I'm speaking in existence
I'm honestly, proof of Truth, above me...
Whether some rebuke or love me, focused on the Light, although this flow of
thought was interrupted
God controls the sky, exposed the mind to something like chamomile
Snack on figs

8/28/17

Dexsta Ray

Chefs

Different industry
Talents, and passions, that impact
Entered, different synergies
Action, in paths that crafts control
In mine
I know, attachment, relaxed, grass from
My lonely odes
Latched onto my pants at the bottom
Above my boots
A different bracket here, just in observation
With all my plans veneered, a bunch of fruit
That's in proper wavelength
So all my plants secured, I love the truth
And this conservation
Another page turned, a stranger in perception
Like nature, 'cept it's the same earth
Another wave, of which I'd admire
But ain't a phase of
Complicated, plenty, inventions, with many distances
I squint at this...
Perhaps, I can script in bliss, feel the temperament
Chilly, like the frozens, in the grocery markets
The build is simply like the notion with the poultry farming
I heal in realms and dimensions which oppose these garments
And still fulfilled, looking at the hills, and fields
For what is important...
Games of chefs, remind me of some ranks of depths
And how no matter what you do
There is a time to take a breath, there's a time to wave for help
There's a time to waste or step
And embracing what you love don't mean you might've played yourself
Dreamers rise and leave the weeds looking like
It's a blast off
Some imply a need to sweep because I might hit the fast ball...
That was spit-shined, just fixed, some love is rigged
Except the stuff that's meant, it's trouble to depression's game
Inspiring, to some, if this, requirement, desiring
Examples, when the fire big, like underneath an iron skillet
Where the dream is higher still...

Lighter still...
3/20/19

Dexsta Ray

Chiaros... Gesso, Then...Curo

Block it out, flout and doubt
I speak subjectively
Watching all the love along the route
Which caresses each
It seems that people change
But no one clocks when it happens
A lot is woe to ascertain when it has not been imagined
I got the dreamed, asked her name
The patterns changed...
Meanings over words
Seven hundred plus I'm fumbling with
I'm bleeding spoken words
And coupled with a covenant for us
Seeing compliments
From motives so absurd
Never trust in this
The consequence, of compromising self for a word
That lusts accomplishments
That's been a battle won
Saddles up and saddles on
To where the customs went
Because of this, a word
A specific purge...
And ain't worried 'bout the hard times we're trying to sally
But if I only had a spark
In some realities
A constant, seeing casualties, and wonder
Why so?
But see, I started barking up for universal
Not the feuding circles
But each extreme was taken far beyond it's target point
Misrepresented
I'm a writer, fighting liars now
Kind, and well intentioned
Now I spit to fight the fires down...
'Cause I ain't light in pounds
Swindled, time exists in minds
Stripped me of my life's substance
Kicked me down, to live in mine...

With striped design
Dim and light as if I'm switched to bright
The fact is if your craft has stemmed from passion
Then you did alright...
Stencils and utensils, tricks to pick and constrict
The grind
The spirit lives within though
No physic gimmick can limit mine...
Hard work and scarred mirth
God's provisions
Commenced to shine
Heart, no consenting to fold the vision
Presented lies...
So, there ain't no ending, no one did this
Others take the credit
Used to call my girlfriend, thenet of stillness stain
The presence
Look at all the Lord predicted...
How it came to pass, and made it fast!
Considering the lists of all the sordid 'flections...
I dream of forest expeditions
And some more
Contribution
Knowing, in only dreams, will this be, without the swords of wicked
If you can read past the things that you can see through...
Beneath the longsuffering that's unrelated
Peace
Grew...
But not like we knew, from the early times
We're barely in adulthood
Prudent, with a
Worried
Mind...
God protects me from a lot more than I can see
A lot formed, demolishing, I got warned, society...
With it's mind on me, but I got the Cross on it
Things ain't always what they seem
But the Christ is all legit...
I got a scrapbook of good days and bad days
Time is not a factor in it
Memories
Are sand and waves, and it ain't literally

A scrapbook or half
Cooked
A map of nooks and rendezvous
Revisit what the laughs took...
Never taking things for granted, gauged the Praying Mantis
Evil has a look
In disdain, and aim to maybe smash it
And nothing I convey embrace the way parading backwards
Give me any platforms, politicking
Praising Weh`, and chasing faith, forsaking paths worn
Praying that the gates
Where all will
Get in...
After trasforming ain't the fall of sinning
But the broad ascension, where we're sitting back relaxing
And ain't fretting jack, I ain't trying enough
Blessings stacked, set to dress the lacking
And the destitute, let the Light get next to you
Confess the Christ, He'll rescue you
From the damage and the nets established
By the devil, who you cannot fight
Without the Holy Spirit
Broken mirrors fixed back together
Satisfaction now
Snatch me from the ridicule to Truth
Like I'm redacted nouns
So I can be a miniscule of You
Until I grasp a crown of Life, within the heavens
Chills, I feel a little closer to You
Thank You for the lessons
For Your presence keep me focused on You

Glory To God

11/26/16

Dexsta Ray

Christmas Lights

Turn the oven down, I ain't studying that baked spaghetti
It can wait, bring your coat, and get something to hang around your neck
Excited, 'cause tonight, we just riding, around
Blinded by the lights, shining bright
Like sparsils
I kind of feel like this real nice
Fields, rye and meadows, tradition
Ain't thought too much about it...
Decorations...
Embellishments...
Like that special fenced in set
Before the tree
We passed, a moment ago
That had the Lamb of God, Mary, and the wise men
Although it's tough for eyes seeing
It'd mostly been engulfed by the snow
Still seen that glow upon the treetop
And the love that went into creating
If the heat too cold
I'll turn it down, don't frown your face at me
Hey, look at all of this
These buildings lit just like your stations be
Or that place we seen on television
Fore you shaped the beef, I saw you grate the leaves from scratch
And sat the stove to three eighty
Trying to say that I don't pay attention...
All this grace we missing...
Everyone is in their house
My second snow, I'm taking pictures!
Underneath the stars, we dance
In circles, glad that Weh within us
Angels in the grounded snow
We make, by flailing, boundless moments
Then our hands within our mitts
To relish, Lights and holidays
To feel alive, and we ain't driving back until the clock the same
Unless you're getting cold...
Okay, that's extra, I'm in lots of pain, I can't feel my socks
And plus that pot's ablaze

11/20/19

Dexsta Ray

Christmastide

Praise the Most High!
The timeless Christmas times!
Though we opened up
Gifts...
And payed attention to possessions
We marvelled the carnal
But no attention to the best One!
Oh, the bless-ed
Oh, the treasured Christmastide!
So much more than the food
To satisfy the flesh
But about the One who died for us
Second chance!
And I find the 'C' to stand for the 'Christ'
And the 'H' refers to 'Holiness'
The righteous shall thrive
And the 'R' is for to 'Reconcile'
We're talking to God!
The 'I' is for our 'Independence' after we're saved
And the 'S' is for 'Salvation'
We're no longer a
Slave!
Then the 'T' is for the 'Testimony' given to us
And His death is why we still alive
Forgiven and such
It's a blessing...
We can't forget about His death and message
Let us keep the first the first
Everything that's left
Is second

Another year is truly a gift enough

Met a couple of true ones
Along this route
Old or recently
God bless each and every soul
I don't forget a thing
Eternally

1/1/15

Dexsta Ray

Circadian Disruption

Society: 'Oh, they're killing you, man! What you going to do! '
'You just don't know! '
What are you doing! ? '

Me: 'Sleeping, and when I wake up, I'm tending to my garden..'
'Ay, go find your peace.'

With no pressure, no pleasure
Just only zeal for light
And even though I feel alright
Some grow with oppression, the little type
If you're dealing with the whole of progression
The globe won't compromise at all
Surely, it was here first
And strong, by subsidized applause, be the rigid values
Which will grab you
And plus a pause to cancel everything you disappoint
And trust is difficult
This will point at mis-appointment
Luck around and miss a point, running down the miniscule
Somehow, it's typical, mythical or mystical
Walking 'round the mountains
And in seven days, deliverance come, separate frames
I be up to down the minutes tough
Everytime I come around
I'm trying to see that lovely smile, without the sin and stuff (girl)
Keep me on an even keel
And plus the true Spirit knows how situations be and feel...
I promise Jesus real
Facts of all the olden days
And satan still try to hold some of us back with broken chains
But my soul is 'Weh's
Fantasize of dreams and Bibles, never set or cling to idols
Never check the kings as rivals
Unless Jehovah
Say
Lowly clothes but golden faith
Watch the wicked plot to trap one up so there is no escape
It seems that rationality's a passing casualty

And mad at me because I won't allow the crap to ravish me
Laughs and pleads
Satan's mastered all the traps and schemes...
For years, the devil's tried get close with me, come to think of it
Now it's mo' serious, I ain't even one of satan kids
But he don't hear it
Dressing up a pain portrayed legit
Then he's 'gon switch it
Half way down the road you think it's this
But it's so different...
See
From sin was my divorce, the message is established now
Spiritually the higher courts
Collecting riches stashed with YAHWEH
And if you ride for yours
Correct them when they're acting foul
Instead of trying to kill the real to justify their actions, child...
Unless you're on the same thing
Of the same mind...
Causing all the same pain...
Of the same kind...
While we're wishing things change
Just our hate rise
End up staying the same because our lanes ain't a straight line...
I can see into the future
Some controlled my
Life
Though I had envisioned choosing Light and roads I know is right
I see the wicked, see the scripture
But do not perceive
Giving everybody lots of distance, when it's tricks and lots of gimmicks
Not to trust too quickly, not too big on getting close
Crumbs of evil bind like lint, and chipping
Like a crispy toast
But I'm with the Most, in tribulations, still equipped the roller
Sticking to the vision
While the ruses stick to glue
And then consumed
By pit and fumes, and never ever lift again in life
Open up my Bible, dissing sleep
To get my rhythm right, a sliver of this cycle, spirit battle
Physic enterprise, of different kinds

The Father knows the

Bulk

When I get misaligned, insist declines until the soul adjusts

With no contention, pride, and social bullying

Designed, provoke and pull you in disguised, stones and hidden hands

You ain't grown unless you're with the scams...

And I don't know about the competitions, different plans

The plate contains enough, it's laden, trust

But I sow the faith

In front, the wicked know I'm strictly cold towards

The sick conditions

Shown, I can cry, and if I want, I can sit and script it

Thrown to compromise? And if I don't, I'm resented villains

Covered eyes and double mind

Will fold

In the midst of spirit battle, tipping cattle, so unkind i know

Like rigging answers

Lists of hazards, why? When the Master's in the sky and air?

Society: 'Oh'

'But still though'

11/6/16

Dexsta Ray

City Ministry Care Center (Nigeria)

Dear Father make a way for us
These children
So young...
No family, no parents
Father no one
Seeing four hundred orphans and needy children
Living hard...
And of course it's important that we begin to really start
Giving to the less fortunate...
Jesus Christ I heard
You...
So I'm packing and fixing to catch a flight
Commercial
Anything for the children...
They have a right to learn to read, write and study
The bible...
I know their strife concerns you
So in the picture Jim Elliot
Drew...
You're not a fool to give up what you can't keep
For what you can't lose

2/22/14

Dexsta Ray

Cocoon

No leaving the cocoon before the Light is finished

No

No leaving the cocoon before the Light is finished

No

No leaving the cocoon before the Light is finished

Or

The greater good just may not suffice

No

5/31/17

Dexsta Ray

Complexes

Over time, it weigh on you
Bolder lines, to control your mind, only I'm afflicted
Concerning that, evil, on the grinds
In sequels
Of conditioning, to place me in cycles, of satan game
That I ain't play, but demons'd roast me with rivals
I'd see, and opened my Bible, the Light, complexes
Melts away upon, arrival of the Most, inferior, from loads of impositions
Thrown, when it was vital, instilling codes, likesome mini systems
Many issues, picked up, impressions, some things continued with you
Or, at least, the way it was meant, but I ain't with the miscue
Numerous, are complexes
Humorous, to who do it, keep a broken man in shambles
Foolishness to subdue what's right, and types of plights arranged
Silently, to hide and maime, hated by what hate the Light
In spite of He, the kinds of things I know, safe, I know I ain't
Because the Bible showed the truth
Persecuted for His sake, the righteous still are bold for You
And strong, just from Your Throne uphelded
Sabotaged by wicked rulers
Twisted, confirmation biased, stuff was satan sided
From the jump, can't take that type of stand, it's just set up
To help to hide some hand
A crisis then
Lies disbanded, overlooked, until some kind of wile was planned
Or scammed, but either way, attribute that to some complex
Diminish that enough, like witches, scheme with magic and
It's savage, speaking badness, even malice, evil tactics
But I love women
Such a difference
Such don't owe me nothing period, plus God said to love regardless
But those constants wasn't funny, such a darker time
It's hard to not mention that, somebody's trying to save some lies
To guard a lot did with that
And hide the facts with smart disguises and I'm not feeling that
My shards are shattered, different sizes, I cannot get up glass
With just my hands, but still I heart it, like my shock is a fan
But it's complexes, some may argue, old, the ancient stuff
Just ain't enough, confirmation biases, to lies

I ain't know haters sunt, using those excuses just to pry and to invade my stuff
Never mixed the match, and if I'm needed, what I'm hated for?
If I say what's right, I get defeated `cause stuff ain't a buck
Wait until I die, overreaching proof, "I made it up" then
Over time, it weigh on you but my Savior's great
Want me in the gutter just to easily erase my place...
Some say I did stuff I been proved just ain't the case
When really I ain't cool enough because I'd choose to stay with `Weh...
With faith, I pray, remain with Light, for it's the usual
But on the spirit side, this is beautiful...
Was in wars that I ain't even know include the Lord
I held onto the Light while trapped in paths, ain't know the blueprints for
There never was a competition
I pursued the Lord
The spaces wasn't straight lines, the same Guide
Was just the Spirit...

4/8/19

Dexsta Ray

Confirmation Bias

I've had to sacrifice before I made the decisions
Rigmarole, is restoral
When considered, it depends on what
Blissful intermissions
Such is cherished as rubies, and in the cold
If a heart is still a home, it ain't really chilling
Feelings of contentment and indignation
Plus breathless threats
Confirmation bias, what reason? So I can check it next
Singling me out from beginning 'cause I ain't second best
Not even in that bracket
Not a mystery, of who, if so, to this degree
Some witchery, to end me, since I proved them wrong...
Some confirmation bias silly
But the truth exposed, innovate my steno shape
Which been okay, and usual...
Then in danger, 'cause I've been falsely accused
And just like Paul, he clipped his too
So others saw in Acts the twenty first...
My news explode
Why they ain't clocked like I am?
But in my case, ain't fool a soul, and I ain't flopped like I'm damned
On certain levels of success, the whole world look different
Development, don't need be cautious, if the world good with it
But if you dwell with Him, in crosses, chalk is talked
If you exalt Him much
The devil masquerade it with some falsehood
So you'd fall abrupt...
And mind your business if you want...
You'll be mauled to dusts
Some bugging always trigger me because, for naught
The stalking crushed...
In fog, so much pain in my life, but like a balm
I put my poems upon my scars, and it calm me
So it don't hurt that much
I guess, it's implications, that trauma, remind of others stuff
And times, it was darker, and harder to see the present day
The heartless know in depth, such inflicted
And try to wedge a way, at times, sounding becons

When I'm writing in my personal, certain words, taken from
Dictionaries, that certain souls claim for other people
And phrases, so I don't bother that, the only reason framing
Was sequeled, was for that common fact
Had I known before I'd craft an ode
About the normal stuff, coming back with such impositions
I'm more accomplished than, and covert when provoking
So spoken clear, make me seem a menace
Since the focus here, for some reasons, that I ain't be attended
If ain't evil, wicked, I can't be legit either...

3/12/19

Dexsta Ray

Conspiracy

Such conspiracy...
That's the nature, considered first...
Contenders curse
But the Spirit, works, and turns
The worse into the thirst for
Righteousness, serpents wishing for bad
From evils that they underhand
Because my mirth was established, but it's...
Purposeless, the pit that was dug
Is where they'll have to live, my faith is stronger than
The loathing telling me, my actions hated...
Everything I do, bring contention
Still, if relaxing
Maybe, title in the Bible, why is it, I be the one
That has to split, in spite of righteousness, the acts of one is everybody...
At this point, overridden standards, stabs the Son
I'm already dead, that's why satan's seek to have me run
I'm in Christ's stead, He shine my head with olive oil and peace
And leads me by the still waters
For Himself, the righteous King, regardless, what the snake
Conspiring, I keep my eyes on He, the Bible spoke of their rewards
For evil, but the righteous please the Highest God
When He returns, they'll be lots of fire and pleas
But only for what did deserve for how it did defile His dreams

The devil conspired against David too
Jesus is Lord of Lord
King of Kings, just think of what awaits those
That know this but still do this
To Him...

Regardless
6/15/19

Dexsta Ray

Contention (Making Sense)

Bread-trails, should shred veils, and connect hell
Depth felt, but destruction, what I don't function on...
Nets fail, covered subjects, must be a constant though
If a dress fell, it just was on a desk, to sell
I trust the Father
Everywhere
A different way, I don't know
And from experience, anything'd present a chain for your soul
Just last night, another dream, it make me ponder what's discovering
And by the time I notice, that plight becomes another tree
Light, the thunder, leaves, and grasses, catch my attention
And for a while, I coupled hate, the lasting, with my rescensions
A crime scene, landscaped, that convenient
I stand in faith, with YHWH
It's not new to us, I can't wait, 'til action taken for it
Things ignored, for years, that ain't changed
The same, it rain and pours, can't absorb
The thought of no justice
With all this pain recorded, nonetheless
I write through sudden death
Violence, constant threats, what snipe me when in public
I'm with Christ, but some loved the devil
Thus, it's well accepted
Welcome, bullying is different, some masquerades
Antagonize success, alphabeticalized, actually strange
Slander, saw the envious, lie before I had the stage
After seeing great, noticed, rightly though
To have a space, to shine, since was minded as a grind
Evil smite the soul, to bridle goals, ain't harness
Just how far, the art, or darkness wroth
Some like to keep you close
Just so, you don't grow, depart the hope
Embark and sow, some wholesomeness
Weh' emboldens this...
My heart knows of melancholy
I'm wallflowers too
Widely unappealing...
But that's unless the false showers truth
Devouring you for causes

That no one involved ought've used
Expendable, I must fall
Because my power ain't cruel...
I just express
It just so happened that my towers accrued
I needed castles, not for malice, just an awkward recluse...
I yearned to further light for God
Not flesh, I'm burnt by fire, trials to test
Discernment, dials
Wiles and nets, determined, Christ was trounced in flesh
But spiritually, the serpent was defeated, was officially...
The devil, from the Bible, lost the battle
So there's enmity
'Til the Father pronounce Judgement, in the end times
The reason why I write, it certainly wasn't for the guilty's schemes...
While they're still bashing, just to interfere with Thee
History's repeating so
Especially, living scripturally...
I just believe the margins, gimmicks, just from what I've seen
Slickest, stuff that's mean, people getting tricked
To buffet me...
Due to envy from whoever did encumber me
And such had breed contention 'cause the sum it bring is suffering...
Never ending, but don't want to die, for nothing
Evil feeds the persecution, like the devil tries to conquer peace
Such are bullies, since I'm great, they claimed that such was me
Justifying the murder, of my passion, love and just the dream...
A plethora of impositions, what does it mean?
Anytime I write, getting more infliction, if none, it's speech
I don't do this because of that
Such is unrelated
I just relay information to what been shunning satan
Hate's awaiting the day that I could be done away with
Just so all the scammers get payment from all the stuff they framed me
Unprovoked but conflated, I know Jehovah'd save me
Even in the midst of contentions and the strongholds from satan

A new year, black eyed peas, and new tiers
Praise the Lord
12/26/18

Dexsta Ray

Contentment

Depending on the context, pivotal
If it's unchecked, the trivial is un-dressed
Miniscule, but in one sec
Combusted like a hot air balloon
And floating just as high, the blessings fly
Mostly spiritual, 'til the wealth is transfered
Supernaturally, vinegar in the bitter moments
Files in cementaries, revisited, for some kind of claims
Blinding mazes, YHWH is infinite
Peace, subsiding pains, ride the waves
Deep into frigidness, into this abyss
The truth is big, intense, and, hence, it gets big attention
When elusive, wickedness is sent to dish mixed derision
In light of intermission, inter-missions
With permission, tense, per mission
Situations change and grace renames the shift fermenting...
Gifts, snips, a nymph, that I be, I see the scheme of things, larger
Be regarded as miniscule, insignificant, a particle compared to the whole, the
purpose
Articles, where art's ickle, the smart in heart is just departing darkness though...
Captivating, have it waiting, shake, impact the whole scene
Hold dreams, and stoke the fascinations, grow imaginations, but, at those speeds
Sown seeds, focus amputated
Growing enough that we both need, wrote
Activated, mask forsaking, masquerading, that's of satan, not the laminated,
roses and ink
Like so, we be
But on the other hand, promise banded standards
That we understand
And band a bunch of shrapnel together
Like so, we see
Advent compliments, to having confidence, of a godly nature
Unfrocking anger
Archetypes still a part of life in regards to like
It's probably stranger to the heart that finds
Or probaby major, frankly, there's a lot the Spirit comprehends... Cheering!
Upping pens
There's stuff within, nothing physical
Funny mentioned

It's tenebrous, when I think about happiness
I consider...
Eye is centered on my haps more than mine
I tried to fortify what's left to organize
And border times I'd score in 'more alive'
Since, it's broken, figured I'd restore unto that form of mind...
'Cause, aside from that, it's hopeless
That's a blatant truth
I incased the face of love with wrap
Some want to break that too...
Stay reshaping new fragrance, using tape and glue
Painting all the shades of pain that chase but tamed from taking root...
Vacant rooms of fading
Hues
With an ancient light, from the distance, flickering
The hidden caves can change a life...
Such adopted different meanings to me, speaking to me
Nonverbal, rocky disposition, deepest to me
One purple, watch the dream, afflictions ended (infirmities)
Ruined
Chilling on the rainy beach at night until the wind refuted, then, amusement sent
illusions off
I cue the Cross, if I have the Lord
I don't care if I would lose it all...
Tried when I was almost there but I ain't lose the ball
That's the Word of God which is the strength
And the Truth and all
Enthralled, with the spiritual realm
The Light is infinite, diminish unexpected ends, and limits ain't sufficient then
I learn to be content in every season on the planet
I yearn to reap some spirit riches
It's already mine
And too obsessed with that to focus on what's next in line
My motive wasn't just to rise
Or gloating of the treasure mine...
Stepping back until the Pilar moved if needing be
Needing me, come behind this cloud, He leads His
Sheep
See the sea, and He'd divide it, ground for one to walk across...
Break away from satan's rotation and, baby, toss it off
That way is stagnant, greatness He made you for
And your faith can

Match it...

He takes the tablet from me sometimes, the Spirit moves, I hear the truth
But other stuff is tactics, I'm just out for Light, around the Light
Everything I am or not was passionately endowed by Christ
Peace, I see contentment, I'm joyous
Complete! Complete! Complete!
No evil shall befall the commandments, or change Who YHWH is

Lord, in this crazy world, I find contentment in You

6/22/17

Dexsta Ray

Contentment 2

I'm content
I'm content
I'm content with the present
And if this end up being as different as it get
'twas consistent though
At least, so at peace...
Far too late
I lift His majesty, in canopies, awaiting
Putting an end to silly fantasies
Embracing, latter things, it's anarchy
To find a true description
Doing it through the pages, in the papers
Getting the answers keyed
Although it get abandoned and forsaken
That ain't bad for me
Predicted what is soon to come before it got to that degree...
But, nonetheless, in history, and in the Scripture's speech
Some hearts rejected God in spite of warning 'til the end of things
And little me...
I figure some had written off as something
But, what's true is different, finding fallacies in fighting justice
Bigger than the mammon was the span of things
I tried to up it so the lands can see
But branded me
In spite of brands that branded
Banded
Did, society, to bridle Thee...
And unbeknownst, that'd just enable satan's final scheme...
And wince I couldn't shine for God with all my glamour intact
Without it being assimilated like was candor but flak
The Lord feels like it's dissipated
There's no answer
For that
I've been destroyed by many faces, hidden places, and traps
Made to kill, steal, that, a lasting remnant
Snatching up the Light
Spraying it like weeds or something
Masking it like it's alright
But God...

Says the glory of a man is like grass
His physic life is but a shadow
For the plans are like glass, when absent from the Father's
Will
It topples structure larger than a life
Cutting up the universe
Condensing it to pocket size, for carnal wants and pleasures
Doing more damage than good
Then follow lies instead of truth to hide our hands from the
Goods
So asking "why? why? Is not a factor
I'm a messenger
Why throw at me? Broke in pieces, sketching stuff
No tracing, not an actor yet, the heavens
Full of mysteries that nobody's clocked
Or got, I watch, to spot the spirit things, and I can feel
The shift already
I can heal, in hills, of heaven, resting
That's my occupation
Earth has made it's choice so I no longer sweat that observation
Saints, the blessed
Rejoice!
A little longer, some with God, in safety
I shall bear my cross
And, Lord, forgive me if I'm not behaving
Perfect, as I strive to be like You
And I ain't worthless to
You
Smiled
Because my joy has been the strength I only have through You
You saw my heart's intention
Do for God
Is what my path include, restricted by conditions
'round about, it's what I had to do
Looking at the morning light arise and trying figure
Tiring eyes, Thine deliver, what'd it'd take so I be happy too?
I see the Scripture on repeat
And I agree with it
Visions, dreams, reality, that ties together
Seeming tracks, pieces
Facts
Seeing trash full of things that keep us back

From reaching that which God had promised
Like the ten that seen just bad and giants...
It's unfair, but God is
So I ain't that conflicted, even when the snares on my helms
I cherish God's provisions...
Stopped, thought
He tarry my fields, and prairies, buildings, every facet
Of His followers, I'll declare 'til He take me home
Seen so much existence, the Light is holy
I can't be wrong
And if I was I'm fine 'cause I know that this ain't what satan on
Embrace the Throne, not asking permission
Unless my Savior told me to, this just what I'm 'posed to do
And just the devil angry...
Backtrack, my odes of the spirit things
Not the devil made me
Ancient
But opposed to the wickedness
Won't get many hands
Crazy, satan's throwing slang to hinder this
Trying to twist and slant
Real time, but evil won't un-till, I've a still mind...
Terrorism, something I dared mention
A real sign
But I look to YHWH to help me when I need heal time
Finally found something that accept me while I can live
Dying
Angels, some dimensions, and struggles
So they come near mine
Content...
Anything really goes
Been open season on me, longer than the pain
That has shown
I don't believe in folding
Praying
That I go back with souls He chose to be His wholeness
Mainly, what my focus is on
For days are dwindling out...
Lies...
So much stuff I've been fighting for painting a different route
I...
Don't go judging unrighteously or make sin a house

Shine...
No assumptions, enlighten me or make wisdom count
Crying...
Only constant, society's ways offending Yahw
Even now, my eyes on the Spirit and not the arrows only
Narrow, lonely, saddening at times, but Jesus is the way
I am not destroyers, appointed to love, not evil rage
I tell you that I'm for you and mean it until I gleam away
I don't see no speed bumps
I'm barely rolling
These wings are great
Those caution signs are wholesome
But I don't go where
They need to stay
Bidings from eternity...
Soulful roses and streets that's paved with gold
Ain't a joke, where I'm from, the atmosphere is living, supernatural, clear
Different colors the physic
World ain't seen
So close, that the fabrics of everything intertwine together...
Time's forever, describe, I try, but can't, my mind just ain't developed
For it
The glory of God is why I'm saying this...
Who I live for, and worship
And Why my line expanded, kind of, I mean, ending, beginning
Was simultaneous...
Then the first time, certain low, I felt
A brokenness
A hopelessness, for something, though knowing not
What the application
Wasn't nothing common but something God brings
Some lamentation
Now, I'll say a prayer, to combat the making of plans
Of satan
Stand, awakened, to it, I do
Although, I haven't spake it, Light is in discernment
To those that know
You don't have to say it...
But I am content
Backwards journey 'cause standard's hatred
Seek the crown of Life and like half the burdens seem slack and basic
That's what I'm engaged in, daffodils in gigantic placements

Tapir grazing atmospheres and the fragrance of that arrangement
I can see a challenge clear, dicing me
Like I'm fighting peace
For writing things like this, it displaces
And it unbridles me...
To kind of rival me, through the methods I said was titled T-error-ism
Even still, while enlightened, and still in spite of these...
Something larger in motion like it's some kind of scheme
I needed every kind of envotion towards survival
With my bible, I ain't safe, just Jehovah, to lead me by the water
Stillness, for His Name's sake
It loves it's own but it hates
Saints...
I kind of want to sue 'cause the evil keepmisportraying things
Some could do the same thing but stuff just bias to Ray's page
Implemented violence without a cause in the haydays
Trying to keep me silent without a cause but my faith stays...

And, no matter what, I'm content

Dexsta Ray

Contentment 3

I don't need destructions, I'm content, and with my daily bread
Seeking no compunctions, and just trusting, in the love of God
What is not conjunctions, sought to execute malicious will
Against the Spirit, Jesus Christ, in spite of knowing His presence
And if YHWH found it fitting, I'd be killed among the wheat, or tare
I need more air, I plead the hills, that's filled with heaven's glory
See more there, I speak more health, and graciousness
In several stories, ain't a reason for the extra from the cults
To stomp my hopes, for God...
I didn't do a thing, so I ain't expect the scorning
Forming, to extort, and more, important to ignore before
The morphing, I'd be found, the blameless, of the Lord
The Source, restore distortion
Good is all I'd seek, but even still, for such, the Lord was killed
The Scripture doesn't lie, and what was blind, could see
Because of He
Imploring for His help, on every day, in every way
I never aim, for devil things, formulated, to contort the Light
Immortal Christ, shall still exists, even if His mortals die
They'll live again, eternity, it still depends on quitting sins
The Father loves me glorifying Him
That's the way I'm meant to live, and spend my time absorbing
Scripture, kindness, still a form of healing, origins, building
Nothing that I do is like the ruckus that I proved...
What envy want to sue, or even kill me, for what I been through
Because I'm better doing me than who the persecutors do
I'm humble underneath the Lord, the God I serve
His perfect rules...
I learn another tactic, masqueraded, curse me, drag me backwards
Scheming that another done, I'm deemed it, so I'm branded malice
Patsies used to sandwich evil, that includes, the hands of masters
So if anything was managed, from the damage
Stuff collapsed and, many things transpired, if the evil ever was impacted
That is used to shoot me down because I'm shooing the mechanics
Of the malice...
Stamping all my moves as something such established
When the truth is, beings that do it, shun the Lord and the commandments...
Some had made it 'bout themselves so I'd lack remedy...
And then I'm stuck, either way, in traps I didn't see...

And I'd be killed if I noticed what was did to me
Some telling me to live and to focus but it still proceed...
But I will agree, the Lord always been here for me
Harassment sent to cancel God exalting Him coincidently...
I mean, how it could be? Stuff want to hide, diminish me
But every puzzle piece important, stuff comprise of different things...
But I'm content, like I was a bunch of seasons back
Originals, and much could see of that, a need to keep me back...
And things that's proven, I don't see a need to pick and bash
Still living for the Lord, the devil still conspire to end my path

In the Light...

4/14/19

Dexsta Ray

Contradicting Paradoxes

Battlefield bound... I take and waste a drank of
Patience and hate
Replace the vacant space with aim and rage for change or decay
Nor same...
Maybe take the observations too far
Stay afraid or make a statement with the weight of two cars
Sparking...
Start tomorrow's chart of peregrine artist
Eh... martian target practice
Sharp as a tack
Cooked narcotics traffic
Top... down, to down to blacks
Where are they really at?
Corporate...
That's enough on your dish... and I ain't talking yet
Ya'll can press... plus in the mix
See the contradictions...
Only pacing back and forth like a tough decision
Really, are we moving forward being in
Other's business?
It will try to break you to the core and
Then become the victim
Unrelenting...
Just my defending, are you kidding?
Things'd be different if we'd help out the next
You may be fearless
True...
Seriously, who are the moving?
No... I can see it
I believe that I could see evolution
I is all of these
Put the R in the evolution
It's a crazy shape... ay it doesn't pay to be cautious
He was trying to go that way when he lost it
Brawling all
In...
I'm your typical insubordinate, to society
With an eye on me... spying
See... and I ain't blind

I'm FREE
To read the contradicting paradoxes and such
They don't hate you for a lie but just the
Opposite one...
When it comes to real and fake
I can see it like a set of
Branches
One section of the same triple headed dragon
I'm just saying...
If a snake is living next to savage
Why do we look down on that and still proceed to set the standings?
Why is such behavior celebrated when it's family?
Would that also make us fake because we...
Let it happen?
Nevermind... our society is just a scam
No matter what we say or what we try
It still developed backwards
We can't see it... we don't like to heed real
We don't like to hear the truth if...
It will spite how we feel
Not all...
Some of us... no, don't look at them!
Watch ourselves and check our own conditions
No, don't condemn
If you ever wanted happiness
Look in yourself
Only complications come with looking anywhere else
True... and society's the heart of the strife
Every woman here is perfect
Whether dark or you...
Light
Any other nonsense just a part of the hype
Leave a mark with your life and depart from
The site, those wicked contradicting
Paradoxes and such

6/7/14

Dexsta Ray

Cornerstones

I see you looking at me
What could you be thinking?
Looking happy, took my shabby look
I'm shook, the savvy, whoop
A grand mechanic, the transatlantic, I book the breeze
Pulled in by the footnote
Good souls, but a wooden boat...
I could go forever
But settle, if you can read my eyes, your peace designs, I find in proximity
Like those secret mines
Igniting, seems like time could not really be
Light would be confined, I see a bind from mentioning love, and it's an evil kind
Still, I keep opining some truths, as it aligns above, defining love as some type of
victory
Once it's realized

8/18/17

Dexsta Ray

Cosmic Cavalier 2

Implications pale, this is basics, my situations tell, the truth, through dissertation
Been integrated, misinformation, hid the pain, it's veiled
Always wanted to see the world in peace, sitting on the stairs, within nature, the
wind
And breaths I take is synchronized, still praising the Lord
Although, I'm ill-advised, energized by faith, scripting rhymes, the Light is in my
eyes
Oh, my, gosh, a hot air balloon, I revisit back to 14', envisioning
The 14' one I dreamed about, more seemed attainable, think of heavens
The treasures there, and box of toys, a lot of forests, exploration, God's accord
Decorations, eternal scriptures, restore, the settings, mainly
Elevating faith, used to think about, how the substance was, constant love
Security, God is good for the other stuff, becomes of us
The clay and cactuses, make the tumbleweed, the summers key, it's magnet,
impacting
Some scenes that lovers dream, the atmosphere, is plateaus, for us, after the
puzzle pieces, that's the physic life
Is completed, no pain or fear, it's a different vibe
God shall not forsake us, YHWH's withinside
Had my fascinations, in prepubescents, like trucks and trains, planes, I loved
mechanicals
Like archaic, that's musicals, started writing my own, really, art is shapeless
In spite of poems, in the sky, is cradles, Light's prenatal
And some giant easels, epics in the clouds, that goes right over people
Important stories, chariots and dramas, genius stuff
That's mostly unacknowledged, creativity of God, extend to brackets unexpected
Still behind the wing of God, peace and stuff, in spite of hate
I've seen enough, so I relate to Jesus, from the strife I've faced, seemed
needless
But sometimes, it take the grievous to survive the waves
The Lord will never leave you, though the demons do devise some pain
To keep you in the lines that's framed
To keep you from what God arranged, in danger for Christianity
In something under God is strange...
All I know is being attacked, just so I never thrived in Weh', I bet they kill what's
wrought in God
Because such can't disguise the shame...
But either way, the skies the same, 'til Jesus change some kinds of things
Writing poems is how I live, and love, and how I'd heal

From stuff
1/24/20

Dexsta Ray

Cosmic Clavier

Terrorism, continues

It's not a

Friend, concocting, evil, to unfrock me

Satanic cults

Skip

Apologies, the diabolic schemes

Scripted, wounded

And, evil, following, some type of extra

Stuff, masqueraded

To seem like I'm a problem

I never was too

Fix

On that, it's never drugs

That lift me

It's a time to magnify stuff that's manifested

But wasn't planted, ain't too many been through these things

So most ain't understand it...

Maintaining peace

Anyway

Because I know the Father, faith chasing

Seeking, though

Painstaking, the morrow, vague, in need of nothing else

Love can shame hatred, a problem to the maze maybe

Age of unstable displays of cradled pain

Embracing flames

The shadow, the weight of the same

When nothing there

But the air

The Lord is the breeze, and ain't compass where

It gave the mortals sense of the secret things

That He keep, the deep, border me, my Father

With angels, that teach and war for me, when needed

'Cause it's stranger, plus, my conscious

Intact, I don't get the

Past...

No limit to my functions in that, and, in fact

I script, I'm humble

But I wasn't

Relaxed, being encumbered

By insecurities
Of stumbling, perhaps
And
Disappointing God
10/13/18

Dexsta Ray

Cosmic Discomfiture

Satanic cults, with excuses
Being fused
To rig my life, take for granted
Muses
Reducing, and misconstrue the truth
Through
Organizing torment
High forces
The slick, disguised, listening, distortion
Ignoring, and then
It gets
Denied...
Downplayed, now-a-days
It's alright
Allowing hatred, if it's found safe
Wow, strange
It's polite
Unless embracing God
Now, things, replace
Spirit life and sight, different
Wiles raised
And, yes, we think it's not
Picked
All night, but, still, I praise the Name
Things can change
I'm hopeful
In Christ, His stripes, I'm lifted, healed
And this for real
Ain't written for hype, ain't spiteful
But interference
Hinder being delivered, but, just in this, dimension
There's many things
That turned out, other than
Other spans and
Stuff
Such can comprehend
What begin
Sometimes, I'm stuck on it, adjusting to this
Point of reality

Though I know the others
In one space
You make me, in this one, you hate me
Integrating
But it doesn't work
Appearing strange, to just what isn't 'wake
Your face the same
Angel
Disposition changed though
I must be careful
I'll be killed, it seems, as if, you just can't know
Tricky snares, evil nets set, on deathbeds
Persecutions
Saying what I can and can't say
It's only truth
Scares, mercy, 'cause I know only like that from what
Was mold into
It started something different
Hell saw it...
That made them go pursue, and did whatever evils
To own it because was so intune...
Broken fruit
By the devil, I see a soul, renewed
Before the yokes and falsehoods
Developed
That's what I'm closest to
Thinking 'bout the
Light
Busy warning, the envy formed some plight
Distorting, left me more than, extorted
Some pointing swords
At that...
In accordance, to wicked ordinances
Abhorring facts
Important
Given order, distorted, like it ain't form from that
Such are not my fans
To be honest
Ain't really got a stance, but steady watched my hand
Some, remotely
But just to swat instead, and spot the blessings
Set in my presence

Then, opened wide, and said:
"Aha"
Father, acknowledged, Most High
I'm not in bed
Prophecies fulfilling
Top buildings
Are plotting Light be dead, evils self-inflicted
Disguising it
Like it's not the head
The commonplace
The victims, the villains, can shift and
Hide the plans
I ain't really care, 'til the misery picked
To bite on where
Assignments from God, sit, and why'd it
Rip apart my heart?
Although I ain't consent, who decided, I ain't get regard?
Disembark, the extra, the clever
Devise eradicating
More that I could say, but, the woman
Is why I'm activated
In this form of page, the storms, they rage
For different reasons though
Different seasons gone, but still the weeds that's sown
Just keeping on, unleashed and strong
I'm low
But Jehovah's strength is made perfect then
Even though she's gone, I be whole again
Break the curse of sin
Innocent, that person did nothing
Wrong, to deserve the tricks that satan had created
Emerges quick, to disturb the bliss
Discern the end
10/11/18

Dexsta Ray

Cosmic Osmics

The substantial stuff remain, if un-buffed, by sophisticated, frames, made to stain
Staged to blemish, whatever great, and unrelated
To the mention of different, tacit, and contributions, harder to remember
Then, it's impactful, just to the bracket, baskets full of nature though, glasses full
Of disbanded wool, managed to examine gigantic tactics
That hid a death, established by the strategy, high societies, adling places, stamped the tragedies
Then they cleaned it, so they can secretly gloat...
Acting on a lie that they understood wasn't true, before they sent a calvary
While distortion, was at the peak, and overlooking all mercy
Concocted a scheme to hurt me, for some reason, not disclosed, but completed, competing, not the wholesome
Ruthless moves of power, for nothing, apologies can't touch it
Even though before all the fullness, was manifested, situations speeded up
People let it, until it's fossil like, the heavy measures, wasn't much
Care about it, in some positions, hacking for exiling me, things that premeditates the endings
Things that been consistent, for many years, since my scription glistens
Sabotage my life, so I'm so in pain, I can't feel contentment, 'twas no accidental destructions
Compunctions moved them forever, had my sight on God though
Bullied, a constant drag, a struggle, after subtle mockeries, then it's more emblazoned by whatever
Value demons, boundless seasons, much speculations, I'm actually found in Jesus
Like the countless seasons displayed to all
Like a gown of sequins, found a reason, needed, to ground my dreams
Like a foundry even, Light's my meditation
The sounder teachings, of golden streets, eternal treasures, that can't be bounty
Or stole, at least, my focus He, the Throne, beyond in the upper
Regions, where saints remain, and such things substantial, what matter the most
Being the after, most of my experiences in the earth
Has only been of pain, suffering for righteousness, 'cause of Scripture
I'd feel some peace, aside from what's the Spirit, I'm just a line
I can't feel a thing, aside from Godly morals, I idolize, and I live for Weh'
Many testimonies, don't ask the devil, he feel debased
The Lord has never left me, my talent settle, the grass, and weather, added to

the impact

And help the plants, like to cultivate, when patches, full of vegetables, had developed

An accurate angle, from the poetry corner, who critical?

'Cept what's backing satan, actually hating, the Lord's immortal, I'm still pentameters and organized

Living for the Lord, like my portion of yesteryears

The devil use the antichrists to undermine my creativity for God

And truth about my life which is wrong in the interests

Of evils that already committed worse atrocities but uncorrected

I'm a witness so I know what I need to know

Nonetheless, my faith in God still

1/23/20

Dexsta Ray

Counter Punch

I awakened at a young age
Aiming...
Degrading
Ain't embracing
Some ways
Pondered lame of the age
Come, to be, like that...
The constants drape on the culture
Disclaims Jehovah
Confirmation, sons were hating
Vultures wait for tastes
Vehement surprise within her eyes...
Scripted dreams sufficeeee
To take your rightful place aside a Christian king
The Liiiight
Ephesians right
The triple fold cord'll hold
Forget the scissors from the blind since they are froze to explode
The pit
Descending
Slow and low
I get the picture
Don't you know?
It's official
Rapid bars, wrapped in tar, that's candy flow
Passed the rope
And traps exposed
Row the boat, lo, it's sinking
Molasses like consistency of shallow goals mostly shrinking
And poking holes
Got you going under
I hope they see the truth...
With cold adults the only hope is 'trying to be' the youth
People out to break us
Joined forces
Like the bible times
Feebleness from satan
But believers been awakened
Coined courses

Lose the idle mind
And muzzled things that...
Contradict the fight
Don't show me no math, quick, clash, succeed
And see me coasting 'cross the sky and get mad
Alright with me
So focused
Satchels, on the side of the crass
The none archaic meaning
Counter
Crown the peace but it's bound to need release
The angst
Squeezing beets won't bring a thing
I see the seething evil drinking ink
Trying to bite my style and claim it's yours to be a piece of me
I'm flattered...
Like a master would be
Truly
Blasted, dazzled, at the time
Ain't know who had it with me
The bible told you not to strive with the innocents
The wicked men be fixing sin
Making up a reason
Even though i didn't do it...
I probably should've had the police
I got a badge with a piece
That you can't see
To represent the higher kingdom people
All the carnal stuff ain't important
So I don't seek to be you
God has been the source of my portion
So I don't beef to feed you
Or even see you
We are better than the evil
I ain't never aim to hurt a soul but my reign ain't fetal
Much appointed
Just a prayer
I send them to my Father's lair
Just forgive the ones who curse Your Own
They are just ensnared
God could have some mercy or repel on His cue
That just depend on how He feel or just what He wants to do

The devil long to target us
His minions envy all that we could be
Even from a while back
The soulless sink it's teeth in me
Get angry when I don't walk into traps
I ain't trusting really
Babies in a rush, just holding straps
Making justice silly
Territory plush all on the map
In the truss of spirit
Uppercutting evil spirits
Busting up the darkest vines
Sword I wield is called the Scripture
Nothing touched
The heartless tries...
The villain flies... Go boom!
Now can't relive the lies
It's fake to advertise folks dues just to appeal to blind
Appear in size
But you claim to be a different kind
I'm riding on the bus growing much on the spirit side...
The wicked thrive on the past
Even fabricating
That is just a way to distract from the path they facing
Getting jealous when they see another actually make it
'Man, that should be me! '
'Let me think of what could crack or break him! '
'Oh, I know, let me find his life and trap his places! '
'Try to smite his gul and rise with guns so I could have some safety! '
Truly, hating never prospers but it's tied to satan
I be minding mine, I be fine, demons like degrading
I don't care about opinions since I know myself
And well aware that I ain't there
On the road to death
Satan taunts
And say you're scared because you close his dare
Life is so much bigger than the streets
Keep your focused chaired
I don't know about no beef
All I think is folks want to see us broken
'Cause I don't know they aim
And most discerningly

Serpents just disturbing peace
Then try to put the dirt on me
Slander all you want
But don't hate if I return to see
A worm to me
Only bait so I can turn degrees
And see just what I'm made of
Never felt the weight of
Or a burden, see
They used to see me fall
Now I know the footing
No I couldn't try to prove anything
That's not greatness but
Flout
Just like continuing to swing when you've taken them out
Forget the blind loyalty
Just shine
And light will recognize
And even more will hate you for it but just press to God
Uppercut the devil
Nothing that he say matters
Two twin flames together
Crushing latter day chatter
And since I'm great
Let me be
I ain't asking permission
I want the younger ones to see that you can capture your vision
Believe in God

I ain't nothing detrimental
I let God handle
Everything

3/19/16

Dexsta Ray

Cow Patty

To label all the words of the devil
Using corny conversation
Called a poem
Truly confirmation
Able to discern
And renounce the whole entire kingdom
But exalt the heavenly
'Cause it's destiny
The wicked want to fight but never come up upon me
Full of envy and some strife
Never benefit from
Right
Sit and script, I write the cow patty down
So I don't forget
Overthrow the gimmicks
Nothing shall suffice
Didn't have your number, love
Just a bible
Though, I can't lie, I wanted it, to learn
She's a queen that Jesus showed
The Light
On another subject
Hating evil 'cause it's on my grind
Trying to lessen me
Lessen saints
No respecting see
Quoted words broken
Widely opened books, and digital
Crooks, subliminal
Love the message from the
Cross
Always down to hook, don't look, society's bluffing
I took a couple steps ahead in faith
That's why it keeps bugging
Like throw a rock and break the glass of your brand new ride
Then walk around like I'm bad
But you crazy if you say a word
That's the devil's traps
Society has aimed to burn

Crazy me
For taking naps
What is sleep? We mustn't love it
Cow manure spreading far
I'm a poet but others judge me
Rhymes are universal, too, eternal, something fishy
It's a stinky page
Like the one that satan's bring against me
Sniper fuss
Like words are some rounds
They try to gun you down, society lies
Night inside
But light is all around me
Never obsessed
That's a spirit
Of lesser power sent
Giving out the full, less returned, like that's a dollar spent
Money ain't a problem
The love
Priorities astray
Cow patties on my back, want me to conform and lay
Down for the Holy One though only
Ain't no controlling
Ever since the start, been a part, while even broke and lowly
So many memories spring
We need to write to get them out
Some say I betrayed them
But it wasn't what it's bent around
I remember clearly
I ain't tripping
Been exhumed and deaded, somehow, I'm the villain
Though it's clear how evil used to test me
But I choose the blessings
Move oppression in the lives of others, never live a coward
Bring it on, never thrive on ruckus
But don't hide from nothing
Say, the devil's a liar, and now I'm police, but none came before that conspired
Without guns, telling me to run, forgetting that I know the SON
Talk about a square up
Don't even know what motive was
Life is too short, ego battles are not the focus, ones
Anything formed, that's of malice

Shall pass the chosen sons
Shedding the culture
Find a trade
Do anything to climb, life is not about a name, getting fame, to shine
If you are blessed, by the Lord, than just remain defined
Never regress, or resign
Or that is cow patty...
Focus on the holy things in life and being a proud daddy
Praying for the broken, in the Light
And the wile's catchings
Don't let that cow patty stress you, get your spirits balance
Forget about the false values
Focus on the clearest
Passage...
Still, a challenge and the Light is found canny!
Unlike the constant aggravation
And the binds of cow patty, and do discern

10/6/15

Dexsta Ray

Cracked Healing

Tell me what to understand?
I'm not too much for a "role";
I don't condone the plans, to deemphasize
Discredit me
To wreck the dreams
My passion ain't a settling, nawl
As I resolved so many times before their lies
Changes... I ignore design...
I didn't dream of being on stages
Having followers
Trying to script for praise
My prerogative, is strictly trying to live for 'Weh
Look towards skies...
See my field of grace
Different from a hill of sorrow, heal tomorrow
Jesus builds a place
And touch the ailing ones today
I stick to real life
Don't embrace the "world";, if I did, it wouldn't feel right
And I conceal my, unveiled strife, to kill time
While belonging nothing else but Jesus and the real light
Forget the way it seems
The villain tries portraying things
I'll never change my mind
They can't take away my shine
There ain't much to understand, I stay with light
And darkness trying to take me
Who they think I am? It's must another man
I'm poor, but so are most who's rich
I rise from sleep in brokenness, I'm more, I think
I plead the living water
In my thirst
It's like the more I drink, the striving gets reversed
A portal claims, all my mortal strains
Vomit up abominations
Climbing in a mortal place, with normal pace
The Lord is great
Immortal grace and love and mercy, no manipulation
But I say it just because of Who He is

If my hands are empty, still I praise the Lord...
If my plans are shifty
I would never panic, 'cause I'm granted what He gives me
An anointing that ain't helping is a form of land that's filthy
If the love is what I lack
Then I can't use the force He heals me with
Though I will understand it
First, thy branded you with who you are, as even to confirm you
Then to burn you, and exhume your dark
Didn't see you had advantage mixed in every challenge
Master had you in the back
And that was to renew your heart...
But witches come and dump a pile of dirt on smiles and worth
I tell a whore about herself
So maybe she reviles the curse
Some others call the truth a lie because they jealous of it
When they see the other side, they'll wish
They wish they treat us better
Trust me, I'm designed to fight in spirit, strike the peerless evil down
With prayer, because my power comes from God
No matter what they think
Or what they say, and I'm odd until it's Judgment Day
I don't understand pursuits of progress
Sought from constant hate

I'm honest, hopeful, faithful, unmoved
Until He comes to
Earth
Demons lie, try denying what they do, but I'm cool
True, and more than they're worth
The devil jealous of me

That's no delusion, but the product and the proof
Of what was done, when they pursued
Without a cause
I'm in tune with Jesus

9/1/16

Dexsta Ray

Crazy Thing About It (Dreams Are Real Life)

Ohhh...

Woahhh, girl, hehehe

What are you?

Some type of Special Forces agent now?

- - -

Yea, I feel you

We got a lot to catch up on

First, you showed up when I needed you so

I'm thankful for that

My only problem is...

I can't stay sleep

Long

Enough...

`Cause, now, you've got it all together

Surprised and in awe

I see you calling shots, these days, girl, I got to freeze frame

I'm falling out

Amazed, at how you're great but why you came back for me?

Could've left me there to die

And remembered all the little things...

And near the talking cats

You make appearance, all in fact, I think the clearest picture breathed

Was the cost of getting back

I had a dream within another, `woke to promise and puzzles, comics

And only you know how much I love this

True, I'm corniest (hehehe)

Your recommendation against the fate I'm faced with

Ain't fall on deaf ears...

You I'll embrace this, flipped the station on

Straight claw

Hipped me to what the age talk, ain't even got to say

Communication, not required

Naught

The crazy thing about it, God is all in the resolve

Even in this safehouse

What a great escape route, girl, you got the maze down to a science

Love, what happened to you?

Quite the angel

All the trifle just abandoned, now, the path is crucial
Me and you against the globe
Though it only happens lucid
Snatch me in my dreams and away from all the tasks of humans
Wholly, like we never separated
Twin flame
When I get back, we'll be perforating this game, with Light

Just a little more insight
That's all I need
With love
You always tell me like it is and I love it

2/29/16

Dexsta Ray

Crazy Thing About It (Twin Flame)

I like to see the ice in your eyes
Striking...
Blind igniting
Light the fire in time
So today...
An archetype in place for the longest
That's exactly what it is without a
Game or a motive
Motifs...
So to recognize
Hey... and you've noticed?
Happy means to hold the BEST of vibes
Stationing closer
Told you...
For when it's kosher it will brighten
It lightens... and simultaneously enroping so from prior assignments
You're shining...
So I have to keep it real and finesse
Besides, either way it go, it is still in
Effect...
Bless-ed
You know, a conversation more than the world
From a single grain of sand to exorbitant pearl
Girl...
What's your values?
Do they compliment a gorgeous smile?
Would you rather have direct or have
It watered
Down?
All the while in the midst of all the wildin'
Chilling... when it's real you can feel it
But listen though
Oh, twin soul GO
Flow...
I ain't one to hold you in
You can go and then still remain my closest friend
No pretend... for the friendship's enough
Do your thing and let me live
We can talk when it's...

Rough

Ay... late night conversations and such?

I wouldn't trade it for the world

OR relationships

Trust!

And the crazy thing about it is I love you like a distant lover

Time's stuck standing still while we are with each other

And if you ever have a problem I might get in trouble

Through my twin flame true friendship has been discovered

How I love you

6/20/14

Dexsta Ray

Crepuscular

I find a melody
To leave it like a love locked
Back to free the
Doves
Dropped, from the skies,
Fell on me...
Watching the dancing
Bantam lights
The high above the lightening
Right...
Bring to some degree
My... company
Mauka...
Crepuscular, time like twilight
Sit, insecticides by, right...
A mean adjustment
To only vestige, sign, dry wood
Like mites
To be a constant
What discrimination is
Hanging from the tape
Expectation weighs the greatest then
Pretty soon
To break the end
I want to hang out
And talk to
Angels
So much praise to give, I want to raise out
No rush
But mainly, on the south
On the beach
Neigh the sea shells
Sally taking tallies
Ain't no telling but she means well
In her own zone
Corselet
No phone
Only hell to go cold
Normal rest

So behold home
Like the old gold was sold to the sea
The low parts of society has thrown me to sink
I bogart
All my owing
Fortified and protected
And more to lies, immortalize, and mortified at it's essence
I need an underdog position but the
None of's fall within it
I discovered small beginnings
Then uncovered all
Ascensions
Then the muzzled got a voice and I could praise up for them
And took the image of the canopy and
Made something real
The devil fixed upon my family
And quick to get a hand on me
Will I see the closure?
I don't know, does a candle leak?
Pleasure principles
All exalted...
A bunch of pride and power
The weeds'll die rejecting knowledge but the shine and showers
Rise the flowers
Tell her...
I lied, and I can live with that, back then
And I probably should've lived the facts, trying not to lose something
That I felt was getting slack
Making no excuse
For it
I ain't trying to get it back
'Cause it wasn't really nice, it was a mistake
I wish I never would've met her
And what's the names?
Tall apples trees, carrots making a garden
I'll make it regardless
The difference
Is I'm changing the targets, they hating the larger
The fear it when it's smarter
Clear the dark
And peer directly in the Light, I ain't left,
Ain't in your sight, I'm lifted

High...
Above the mark of your vision, I'm scarred and still inventing
Heart is a part getting started
With a tarp
I overshadow all the carts holding prattle
Soul of battle, hold control and in the midst of oppression
You hack my channel... broke my home
I persist like it don't
Matter
Told the Master, rose me faster, now I'm still the richest after!
Now I'm still the biggest after!
Spirit riches with physic positions, prepared a table
For me
I ain't missing any chairs
Jesus at the table sitting with me and the men He's spared
Noticed of salvation, now we saved
And the villain scared!
And I'm still aware, discriminate please!
I own the fact
I'm not the world's illegitimate seed! What did you think?
The Father'd let me fall? You'd stop a soul like thee?
You don't know about the prospects, I was out the profit
Soon as I was born
Clocks demolished, time is non-existent
On the other side
You'll find all the livest missing, dropping down to hell
Are the sin that we got within if
We can turn away, try to live like we got some senses
But the world ain't trying to hear
Probably trying to diss me, but to no avail
'Cause we won
Now we watching different, objects and not flesh, carnal enterprises strictly
Throwing binds to get me, but it never fix me
We belong together like some oats with some lettuce, really
Like some rope and a coal
All I tell is realness!
Scraping up a supplant for the change like I'm barely living

Help when we can, we must

11/7/15

Crossed Tally Marks

Markings on the walls
Dark pardons
Hardest to decipher, I'm trying to see
But I'm not the smartest dude
I might've sparked off and gleamed up
To harken is cool
Extended margins, being a target, 'til the scars are removed
Supply me wisdom and I'll find the answers
Or try to get them
In advance, it were establishments that didn't fill the sands
With chalk and markers
What the tallys meant? And licking our wounds
The Cross observed
Appearing slanted when it's strictly our views
I'm not connected with the nets again, crossing out the tally marks
Started in the valley
Saw the half of it that sallied darkness
Giving up is not an object
Even though it's
Fixed
God is all I need to watch
I'm probably hot for having conscious
Bludgeons at my dreams
Constants questioned, like it's some variables
Struggling with deceit
Discovered, coming up for me, to muzzle...
But never let it pull me 'til the day arrived
And plus I'm coming through full speed
Like a ray of Light...
I make my own type of choices
Like with who I date
And uncommitted sin will not divorce me, I can move away
To stay aligned
With rules of saints, and can't defy it
Make the rise of faith while I pursue the Face
Of the Great and Highest...
I forgive a bunch of times so I don't miss the Light
And I forgive like I repent
'Cause Christ is living withinside

Mama been a visionary
And I know she's proud of me
Cheering everytime I spoke the talent God endowed to me
Or when some people spoke about the air surrounding me
I think about how far I've come and dare to humble down a piece...
The opposition needs to quit
Give it up for real
'Cause spiritually I'm rich and free
To mentally inhibit me
First, you have to love, the zeal, for Light
For it's a category thing
I'm cuffing allegories, truth unveiled as tight
But it's right, specifically, the mind
And get to see the height of this
Any flying soul will find the mission ain't the strife and sin...
I'm crossing tally marks
It seems I'm in the fight again
The evil hates to salve the hearts 'cause it's too busy trying to win...
According to a labored understanding
Hermit type
The latent underhanded
So it made us brand the curses nice...
The faith has gave the burdens all away
So gain the hurry is
Let's take this haste and rage out in the rain and state the perfect kiss...
The word is this, the earth is spinning
But, for her, it's fixed
The worth of first impressions, hurt regressing
What a turn is this...
The serpents stick to mis-portrayal
Scheming like it ain't
Even have an unacquaintance praying mission seeming like a date
And I got sick of paying attention
So I cleaned the slate
I'm not a normal person, faith in Spirit, I believe the Name
And I can see the pain
Oppression is just weak and lame
Like some liars strike your tires at night
So corpses be arranged...
But courses Jesus gauged and changed
You better praise Him!
Satan's kids has tried to break the grind that I embrace still

I remember sitting on the steps of my apartment
Looking at the stars
Thinking if I'd ever shine out farther
I zip my jacket up and then I pull my hat down
Think of all my classic stuff
Forever coming 'back round...
A life unbrandished but it's something that the packs hound
I'm slaving in the struggle but I'm faithful that the path
Amounts to promises
That's from the One that sits, and passes Crowns of Life
No matter what it is, I'm confident
Because I have the Guide, and my craft survived
Plus I been of baptism
Since I was a kid, no matter what the envy traps digging
I enstill the mind of Christ
And Implement the Master's vision
All I boast, revoke vain glory, cannot fool the Lord...
All these broken talley marks among me, absence to absorb
I toast, to what the Supper stood for
No liquor in the cup though, the last one
The faith restored me
Even if they won't accept it
I'm not in the satan story, but my light is still developed, forming...
What the tallys meant?
And I'm not of the baphemont
Just don't know when just few love you
How it feel to battle then...
But you can't quit, far too much was hammered in
And scattered, fixed, then shattered quick
Far too much was plastured in...
So until the Masters gives a different recipe
I'll be doing the same thing I was when demons messed with me
Inspiration, writing poems that make oppression ease
Illusions from the source of evil though it ain't affected me...
Creating pullys...
Godly concepts that connected me
And still disdaining bullies, something like the N.A.P.A.B....
It's all about the balance
Coming from a poor reality, when I became a man
I learned there's more to life than mammon, see
A family is in the bible, something that sticks
But there's some families that missed revival

Comfort in sin, and wicked men that try resenting Higher doctrine
To contend with it, is just of satan
Fire promised to them, if they didn't repent...
Same thing for women too
The physic is to die, the Spirit is forever, so to really win it is
Through Christ...
Popularity is vain, no, it doesn't matter, those with just a 'name'
Can't go, they need to love the Master
Listen to Him, ditch the world, and don't adjust to patterns
Own the dwelling with the saved souls
In the upper Kingdom, brings hope because we need it
We already clutch the answers, thing is if we trust the leaders
Not to let us touch disaster...
Stop only seeking things that compliment your bias
That's delusional if the truth is fully viewable, in front of you enough
That you can cue and you can judge
Still stuck on the illusionals, that's something we should shun
Once and all
But yet again the the rubble doesn't budge
It doesn't fall...
It's crumbled up and barely hanging, but there's still a bunch of dross
I think about an area waiting
Nooks with berries and a river, peace and fields of every flower
So my camera can devour it...
Trapped within injustice, you can feel a little powerless
No matter what you're going through
The Lord can over shower it...
Crossing tally marks, counting down the hours when the Lord
Has been restoring, sorting, forming, and empowering...
Make a sin list, and try to keep it spot free, watch, gleaming
Concept, but might could get you out clean
Not even done yet
Forever ink beyond depth, keeping tally marks
To sally scars, believe in
One death

But just for the saved...

10/1/16

Dexsta Ray

Crossed Tracks Of Abstract Glass

Black night
Track lights...
Absolutely perfect
Smiles on wild grasses
Give the urban a try
The birds arise
Getting attached to conversation
Countless testimonies
Stirring up your visions
For the Spirit is
Straight
And witnessed change
Drastic measures taken
Plentiful, the physical, and at the pinnacle
Alas, catalysts for feels forever 'waken
Crumbled fears and never shaken
Adamant and real
Cracked tar, and concrete, granite
And none sweep it off
Far beyond sleep because Jesus
And one speech of God
Lapping up the miles, this season
Piled completion up
Worry not
We got the early spot on the stylish greetings...
Milder sequences, like the sounder teachings
This, is bountiful in God, and the Light
'Round the deepest end...
Lavender, Azaleas,
Sandlewood and the suspense
And to the extent, whatever doesn't matter, should...
Uncanny
Some be like they 'could've had before' but...
I see more
Happy ever afters in disasters
Always something something
Rise, ignore the rain
Restore the
Gain

Formal order brings, former normal things
Sort of vague, or deranged now
For today, it fades out, to the main route
On the same waterfalls
Fountain in the
Garden
Even found but disregarded, mint departed...
It's a starry night
More enthralled and by the strange sight
Than the sparkling lights
Dang right, the name Christ, force the darkness
Bright
Orgins of perfections, more than second
Weh's a part of Life...
Paradise is stored in heaven
Where no death exists
Aware no self
Is fit, to live in sin and in His glorious presence...
The start of time consists of guided thoughts
The Highest
Striked, I find my type of life a different spot
From where I'm climbing off
Impersonal and safe...
Such describes some demeanors
But God is certain, tugging, shoving at your soul
Shaking up the whole, globe
Black nights and
Lights... for paths of broke souls
Focus on the Most's goals
Hold them in a choke hold

1/20/17

Dexsta Ray

Cryptozoology

Ah... the shadows, all around, in the gallows
All enshrouded
Miss the hidden, and the animals
Reported this or missing
Sightings witnessed
Pit against modern science... that we know what exists
But in the midst of nothing else
Something felt
Blending with the trees
I say
With these mysteries, how can explain?
Out in the open
Wow
The same, but it's difficult to prove, believe
I see of the exclusive things
A product of spirit
For it is darkness when confusing human facing
Keep us wondering
And pondering the questions like, are we all alone?
I know the scripture didn't mention this specifically
But Cross has shown
A time, of many signs and wonders
Set to deceive us
And catching sight of creepy mysteries unless we're believers
For we can't say the cryptic don't exists...
As said by a people
But if it does, it's illusions, steal our focus from the movement
These are ruses
Keep the muses, well aligned with the clear
Because it's time for execution for
The Truth and
The lives, the here, we hear, to see, appear, praise
God and the Spirit, the time is near

11/15/15

Dexsta Ray

Cyber World

The cyber world is next to the spirit
All-inclusive in it's wisdom
If you checking to
Hear it...
What a tool...
A way to send a word in the trenches
And I think it serves the purpose intended
It was helping folks
Getting business moves some exposure
Causing growth
And attention to the music and notion
In the soul...
Internet... was a brilliant invention
It connects the world
So I started with a pen and a prayer
Had a dream of getting money and ridiculous wealth
But the Lord resists a person who is into themselves
So I changed
One hundred and eighty degrees to name
And I'm staying there
Give me some changes and... keep the fame
I'm okay... right now
When I scripted this letter
I am strolling on the road of moving up
A steep incline...
Whether it's the internet or books with a spine
Long as everybody else can hear your mind
As due in time
Maybe one day
Until then... I know one thing
I'll be striving and grinding
From within
Until Sunday... and I'm straight
And if internet can help in any way
I'm exhausting every option
Cyber world is for the taking

Just a tool to be used... just like money

9/4/14

Dexsta Ray

Dead And Alive

All I know is fog and hope...
Talk of some descendants
Fit, this really meant to justify, the incidents
When innocent, getting hit, ripped up
Intense stuff, contention, meant to really tell me
It's some's past, which established it?
Behold, not all the zombies are evil...
Reiterating in groups, with mirrors placed, it's two, hearing pain
Exclaimed but ain't explained...
Interfering with the
Truth
A different mood, I figured if it got revenge against something I didn't do
That's consistent with the mutters from it's found, when it's grueling I
Proof and warnings
Poof, a war against the Lord again...
Mortal armies, swords uplift to scorn, for only sorting
Roots, and more, I chew the score, faith, implored, to save the new
The beasts have formed
Youth diluted, something's afoot, the atmosphere had
Called me
Still, somehow, the grassy clearing, dusts float in spite of rain
I regained, composure from closure, exposure, coasters, smolder
Things which should be marvelled, I marvel
If that was me, and that I seen, the damage, that degree
I'd have to bow, collapse on knees, 'cause that
Would mean, I saw God's provision, that's actually rare to witness
Miracles to magnitudes, that traps and trash consume, not avenues
But avid ploms, and blooms, that had recaptured few, to YHWH
Rendered portions, that pursued my body, natural news, as hobbies
Proving, I don't get, couple options, unjust concoctions, of it
Least of my awareness
Anticipation, I couldn't fathom, good is after?
Ruses, producing, a fruit that hooded lanterns
Standards, just as deep as I think, I'm not in boiling, spoiling, just for mentioning
Terrorism, tears the innocent, declared diminishment
I wear scars within me, forgetting it, is specifically, present to me
Or risk malicious insolence to kill the end
I ain't did a thing, for this impotence to lift again...

And such explains, what remains, why I'm hounded so, even if discreet
I give a speech, about the love of God
Infiltrate my dreams, thoughts
Used to think as weak talk, until I learned of evil
Spells, demons veil to feed all, I discern the sea as well
The finish is beginning, still, hidden, limit, like I'm dangerous
I don't even read and tell
I see the hell though, and hell glows
Hell grows, more wide, I be problem 'cause what God can do if hell won't ride
And find another hobby, evil trying to drop me, for nothing, and seeming right
To do it...
But the God that I trust in has only spoken life

11/27/17

Dexsta Ray

Dead Nettles

My life does not revolve around the fornication...
I'm fine with that, fine with standing
Neigh the Light
Hoards of satan's, darts and thorns, forms of shattered gems
And more, splintered nature, in the dark
Lightning being an indication
To me...
No more tributes
In a way, it's stupid, vain and foolish
Make a misconception for
Some love, when it ain't, you'll lose then
That's why I concentrate
Nothing be found
Not for nothing done, because I'm great
They're hunting me down
I ushered in the true reality, of Christ and the Kingdom
The devil's mad but ain't a factor see
I implement the Scripture
Ain't the hate, attract, enrapture me, the slander
Ain't the standard, still existed, made to catch a dream
I find, that's like their go-to, if someone's fate is strong too
If someone's reign exceeds their best's
Some hate with what they're close to...
Enchroach you, irrationally, for being something different
I seen the golden rules collapse in peace
And then unconfigure
Before I'd grasp an understanding see
There's patsies, different anarchy
Some slandered me without a heart
Towards some bigger
plan and scheme...
Half way through, the evil noticed it's erratum me
And actually, imposed, tragedies, distractions, amnesty...
Without directly ever actually confabing me
But making my decisions through some that they felt attached to me
When in reality, there's wasn't any amity reached
My voice was overshadowed for me 'fore I had the chance to speak...
And then some wonder why I'd never seek to pact nor meet
'Cause now I've been assimilated 'fore I had the chance to see...

And this was done on purpose
Knew what my reaction'd be
Rightfully so
While liars'd hide my soul
With rifles, knives
And bows...
Somehow, condemnation, just because this crime exposed
I never chose this type embracement, so don't keep the silent code...
It's evil wiles of satan
Opposite of my beginning, Light and faith I started on
This prophecy of my existence...
Watching me, of all people, just ' cause I'm a Christian
Fearing, if the truth get out, it'd stop the speed of lies persisting...
Some used to rise, ascend with
Profiting at my expenses
Clout from fantasies and worse
The Lord shall come defy
the wicked...
Sin and evil is the norm
Some even hide the Scripture, swords they lift against my faith
For something they devised to begin with
Find repentance...
For the hour's at hand
Powerful, how are they cowards, when envy devours my stead?
I don't promote no form of evil though my flowers are dead
And then some leaders more than seen
Ignoring the showers I bled
And my completion's evidence, destruction of it
Is the devil's wish, thieves from other lands
Feel okay because the numbers big, but I ain't stuck on them
They wasn't sources, of this puzzle here
My life was weaponized
For consequences 'cause my stuff sincere...
I mean, I don't own the lands, it's like I wasn't here
So control wasn't on my hands like some stuff appear...
Even still, the loathesome stand
Even open cans
The antichrist, and spirit winter, bullies picked and singled out
The sheep
The hate should be what's made to leave
The truth produced what's plain to see
The framing me

Is fake, no matter what
the satan stage
And that great lady that gave me birth
Praying hands, praying for me
And I pass it up the mountain, stayed loving me
I trust the grounds of YHWH 'til I'm up with Him...
I love the Light for what it is
No spot or blemish needed, for I love the Light just like it is
Above the sky, you see it through the Holy Spirit
In the earth as well
1/4/18

Dexsta Ray

Dead To You

And then the birdies go 'Ooooooh'
'Left on the right' 'I got too clooose to you'
'By myself in the night'
'Who wants to see you fall? '
'Spirit windfall' 'Dissing into a brickwall' 'Nihilicity against y'all still...'
but still they come for we

Time ticking, to topple the table-tapping tactics
Trine twitted through twaddle
Through travail
Tabbing
Tacit...
Twine twisting
Reticulation of dying pictures
Glimpsing at the sky span
Pigeons within my hind vision
Now I'm just as focused as I could get
Actions don't express as much as motives
Scratch opposites...
An opened soul before a gimmick
A poem? Crony, that is why I'm in it
I ain't tripping on the roast of my opinions
I won't listen to the foe of my religion
It's such a shame
What's to gain?
With your spirit sold for riches?
Got a word of plenty sense
'Tis wisdom scripted in Proverbs twenty six
Verse twenty seven
'Filasse' motive
Be the hate
Scheme to play and it'll shift back on you
Read and utilized the option to forget
A life's the yarn
And it forms into the crafter of it's knit
As established as the actions shall emit
Or lack of sense
For society's unfitting for the cabinet!
Tactics to derail

Actually has propelled
Clapping
Laughing at the devil as he... drastically fails
I'm complete
Saw the writing that the 'world' would applaud
All enthralled
Somewhat different from the ones on the wall
Try and see...
Cold society degrading oblige
If you ain't laying down for satan you a waste of they time
Although his soldiers promulgate and snake we stay on our grind
As they disguise that fact and matter they just angry we shine
Ay, call me crazy but... we all insane
Be yourself
They call you names
I'm laughing at the same reason that Kurt did
Y'all the same
Never have I ever left whenever weather choose to come
It's better when we suffer first
Then after that had new begun...
And it's crazy how things change in this life
I never lost a loyal friend or faithful dame in His sight
And satan lame, and stating fake, I paint and bring him the fight
And always winning through the Scripture
Fading hate through the Light
Don't be consumed by the change
So beautiful
Though it's
Pain...
You can never can be condemned by some foolishness you ain't shaped
And it's strange
I try my best to next up the next one
And I don't like to talk about it but I'm setting up a message
And it wa... la la la
I don't recall
But God is always watching
Long story short
Long time of shortened topics
And the spirit is superior to our mortal bodies
Shall we be reordered? Probably
Worse to be adored and...
Copy

Pardon me, the karma, is something nonexistent
But the God of faithfulness is something
Unremitting
And I never been too bothered by the guns and dissing
Product of the of the Lord's will
Even if to come and get me
That's to me...
This world's a mad contradiction
The prophecies are coming true!
But we don't grasp the
Significance
And to have discerning spirits is to map the vicinity
And you know who really for you by which
Half they are listening
Everybody make mistakes but we do not have to sin again
You can't be with me one day, see they hate,
And get switching then
Half of those, before you meet, already have that intention, friend
And they say, 'don't show your hand, play your cards, you'll win tonight'
What if you ain't even gambling
Just ardently living life?
Many things that don't apply to us actually lives inside
I refuse to live according to such
Ay, we are we!
And have the right to be conformed to the justice in being free!
Let us see...
And hopefully the truth is sufficient
And everyone around me know that it is true if I script it
Satan soldiers never will see the truth
So forget it
Don't trust the energy recieved because if we're full of darkness
That's all we vision...
The line betwixt the fact and fiction is named 'common sense'
Story telling is a mention of shaping one tense
All I say I am is who the Father said I was
And I'm sticking to this truth
HE already won!
And I'm okay
Ever since the day I died to you
And by the way, I'm always praying for the lives of you
I'm not a victim
I'm just trying to state what I would view

Everybody winning!
True, I see your dream arriving soon

I'm told I'll never make it
Many switch and try to kick you while you down
But still here

Trust nobody
But God
That's the lesson to learn
Be alive to who was good to you
If they were there
Hold no hate or grudges
Within
Remain solid

Relax..
It shall all be okay

12/22/14

Dexsta Ray

Definition Of Bouquet

The Iris: the meaning of faith and hope
Most importantly...
The flower it takes to grow
Take and hold those things that we hate the most
To embrace and mold
Shape...
On and see where fate can go love

The Sunflower: the meaning of loyalty
It really means just please don't toy with me
If you ever have a problem
Come stoically...
I don't have a problem staying true
I'm anointed see love

The Wildflower: meaning adoration
In the family of the flower that I lastly stated
Don't you see how it's connected?
It's captivating
You're the only one I really see
Do I have to say it love?

The Lilac: white, mauve, violent, pink
But what's its definition?
As you'd probably think
Honestly...
I just thought it was a brilliant piece
But I don't think we're ready for the real meaning
But we'll see love

The Carnation: meaning fascination
Actually the UK's best seller...
If you've had a taste of real then you can't
Just settle...
And comparing to the field...
Situation's better!
Now I know exactly why those relations melted in the past

The Orchid: love, beauty and refinement

Everything from the love...
To just time spent
And I like to see you smile and those eyes
Glisten...
And I rarely ever see you frown
Those vibes get me love

The Lily: they say it's definition is beauty
But the truth be...
That's already taken by you see
An admiration for your whole demeanor
And you speak intelligence
Your elegance reflecting who you be
And usually it's harder to express
But you bring a new quality
In that respect is beauty of the soul

The Tulip: said to be perfected for us
I consider this a plus
Now you have to know why
'Cause even after people cut them
These flowers won't die
No lie...
If you water them and pour on the love
Something like this connection
Us forming this bond
I consider this perfection
Look how it turns out...
Because I finally understand why nothing else worked out

The Daisy: means purity and innocence
So pure obscurity is imminent
That's fine though! I could ignore it...
Your personality reminds me of numerous florets
Other people can't see
You show them a front...
When it's only you and me
I know what is what
Now this flower is the seed of a picture perfected
If you understand the theme
You've unhidden a message here love?

The Rose: what more could I say?
I heard it speaking for itself and it carried it's weight
In love though...
Originally the symbol of England
But adopted for this love thing filling the crevice
And it usually would form when the...
Feelings were leaving
Or to show appreciation while it's still in
The season...
There's a message in the thorns
I feel like the reason is in the meaning
You can see it though love

So I'm holding this bouquet
And we met in the hour
As I waited...
I was breaking down each
Of the flowers...

2/14/14

Dexsta Ray

Definitions Ain't Definite

So maybe definitions ain't the same as fixed
Namely
Shake of a word
Lalent...
Shape attempts
Simple...
Angle played on the table with mainly story cubes
Shorter fuse on a cable
Then a painted tittle!
Hark!
Heretofore, my confusion ensues the peradventure
Swoopstake!
Do say...
If to discern the picture
Not me but...
You take
And then I learn the issue
Maybe...
I say, a letter that's still arranged as such
The traditional way
But I ain't saying the same
To me...
Though I think it be different
The final stage is plain
But there's a difference in eyes
So it covers me
Keep though...
Keep on pressing until the limit peels
Stretch the meaning of a word until the thinnest film
And semovedly observe
Asking where the paper?
Definitions ain't constricting what I wish to visit
Dictionary's twisted
No limits!
Depart an arid nature
Never ever leave contained
Unless you need
If a definition did accompany another unit
From a lost interpretation

Aye, let it be
Give the ink the air and let it breath!

12/10/14

Dexsta Ray

Deflected Thoughts

It wasn't my achievements
Indignation, it was, and plus, evil in my business, nitpick
When it didn't even fit
So much corruption, though society know
Condone evil, then, expose the evil, took the higher road
Still impose on me, sin
I told the sequel
Act surprise like they ain't know I was bit
And I ain't trying to climb back unto that diamond
In my scrapbook, finding happiness, to that extent, and I ain't half-looked...
Tragic now, I'm finally there, got a lot of snares
But I face it though...
Taking notes, waived a lot of fares, do I got to care?
Because satan owes...
Remaining strong, evil taunts but scared
And, for naught, it's there
Trying to take my
Soul...
And it's mainly shown, as my topics where, demons watched, prepared
Someone hating, O..
But I stay enrobed in my scripture fortress
And I can't control if anypicked distortion
Though it take a toll, still the faith is strong
If it's my fate to go
Then I'll be with the Lord then
Braved the cold in some different forests
The angel hosts made me feel important
I'm taking hold of my Savior's robes until make it Home, I see the hills before
it...
Ha ha ha ha ga
I see a lake in the season
With pains, and rages, it's a matrix, mazes
Blazing beneath me
I'm knowing insights can only get a person so far
So even this night, the demons, no jars, ammonia, salt
Insinuating, frozen legions, on tar, that want to beat him
Down
Eager to deplete, godly business, and think unleashing
Sound

Is benefit, conditions, repeat it, but they can't see me
Now
Provoking is okay, but if spoken, they got a reason pow
I'm focused, on a course of importance
That ain't your evil route, subordinate, distort the apportion
And it won't leave your house...
Unfortunate, I stood in the gap, for many lives before
But ain't expose the dirt,interceding for persecuting heathens
Wanting of the world, not the Lord, what got the sword
The country don't have no control of this city, it's not ignored though...
Ignored though, forced on, frivolous impositions, stored, woke
Pendants foreknown, opposite of the will of God
Blatantly, for saying it, they hating me
But repentance is it, majorly, but God isn't hanging
See, so don't get it twisted...
Independent, not
Breaking me from the Father though
I'm supposed to lose my mind because somebody saying they reading... (I
rebuke it)
Use my time
They the type to chew up the hands that feed me
Granted, if I grow, evil's scared, that I would be somebody...
And their sleaze expose, on it's own, just 'cause they reaped it, probably
'stead of facing those, want me gone
And I ain't even watching...
No matter what though, my soul belongs to Jesus
Sorry (not)
That's what have them coming for nothing
Imposing demon knowledge...
And chose to keep my wallet, flip it 'round
More need of profit
Forced to give what I ain't take just like it say 'fore Jesus' flogging...
Psalms sixty nine four, I know, the Kingdom got me, way back, a difference
My Lord, how long this evil frolicks?
I have Your hand, and my Sword, of Spirit
I'm sure, Your with me, once again, I'm targeted
Guess I didn't learn the point of this one...
But I ain't bothered
I speak the truth, and some join against it
Couldn't find no help so I turn to poems as some form of
Healing...
And condemn me for that? Go head, I'm sort of with it

Even doing good, I get shot and stopped
Now I'm more conflicted

Lord...

They don't know my heartache

Dexsta Ray

Delectable

Sin's a copycat, but I be me
I shrink the least, of my concerns
Like a polygraph
I keep clean, synopsis, passions, clocks
Light
Not laughing, got fights, forgotten nights
I'm shocked
Passing through the valleys
Truth tarry, do marry
Godly standards, ain't acknowledging
Impositions, to stop my muse, I'm not removed
Though I can't travel, some prattle
To try to scramble me
Cannons, disappearings, did nothing
But evil has to seek
Attaching, demon standards, to godliness
So I got dismissed, ink is laterns though
Backed composure
I'm seeking answers so, I circumnavigate, all my wholeness
Just kneeling at the Throne...
Tragic odes, yea, maybe, still that's a craft, behold
Nobody watch your pack
When you made it, unless your cash is long...
I watch my paths
To the Father, with all my acts composed
After said and done
At tomorrows
Then God shall have His Own...
For I'm aware
Of concerted efforts, to hurt His efforts
Planned for many years
So the Light
Is erred, and a curse is measured, hurt develops
Strife is accrued, they've seen and heard the letters
I don't want to die
But transform, from ends, to worths, and precious
Treasures, in the heavens, in store, for any
Being predestined
Darkness in the heart

Doesn't fool the
Lord
He ain't really bless it, but He still had bless it
Simple things, the really special, plenty
Learned to take a second
Just to heed
For it's delectable, the Bible is rococo
Conditions change
What I say, it is, no time, the Light's no joke
It's detectable, to who God has drawn
11/8/18

Dexsta Ray

Demarcation (Inspissating Gleam)

I could use the same sound for like a lot of poems
You can't believe I'm from the stars
Because you're stuck on earth (haters)
Mentally, just mention me, get stuff reversed
Instantly
And enmity is nothing new
It's history when love communes
How it's meant to be
In the victory
Where nothing hurts
And Light is given strictly free
Like Gospel or the sun to earth...
'Cause who am I to charge a soul for their salvation?
Plus I want to write regardless
Taking wisdom from the obstacles
Sufficiency, watch the prodigal
The chronicles of trodden paths
A lot of honest prophets drop 'cause toxic goals from goblins stand
As if it's bad to strive for better in life
Don't want to see you living right but dwell forever in strife
Like the devil's your guide
But that position's only there for Yahweh
Try to copy, but it'd never suffice
You'll be a coward for not living up to evil
That's the world's perspective
A world subjected to the methods of greed
Devouring, overpowering, the message of peace
Because the cash and worldly necklaces are set in the genes
Manifesting as need, and then progress into dreams
Unaware that's all accomplished by confessing the King
It's turning sour when we don't get what we want
I can't embrace a culture... that burn the flowers and then
Turn a hour of condemning into like a lifetime
Of hate, like it don't make mistakes
And wanting you to take the blame for shady things that satan made...
That I won't do
My lines are garbage to the binds of darkness
Quote was told for you, the mindless hide it smart
Like I'm the

Target...
I didn't sign up for the buying dreams
So what's the problem?
That is what I need, trying to blind me
To ostracized me, antagonize me
Compromise me, unadvise me
In the way that'd maybe crush or solve them...
I pray that God protects the ones that have some love for me
Storms ain't even stopped just yet
But promptly, there's some more a' forming
'Cause there is evil on the rise but Jehovah
Shines....
Guess I'm on the rind
How implosive is that? I am the architect designed
I'm explosives and flak, fully wholesome in that
Light's apart from the wretched
Wiles...
Settings down
Every now and then, I have to press to carry on
With death and absence shown
We should reflect on the Most
Until the tare is gone
To smoke and
Scoldings, everywhere, a scare of care
What's rare, in kindness, should a dare
But never air, forever there, what's better
Or at least, what's wearing diamonds
Get behind us, satan
Hiding fetters...
It doesn't matter if the public eye your situations
Why must one supply the whole globe with their information?
When some people tried to frame some souls for entertainment
Hard to trust technology, 'cause when done wrong, it's integrated...
It mirrors satan
Strictly grows by contentions
That's why if get in relationship
It's nobody's business, your rivals like to keep
The tabs on you, reasons for that, abnormal...
Sometimes, it's a trap, demons hacked your life
To absorb you...
Cannot steal a Bible verse because it's all Christ's
All Light, and if you're Christ's servant then it's all right...

All night
I've cited verses til' the qualms died
There's no evil king or prince disturbing
Make me fall nigh...
The wayside, I ain't lying, God sustains mine
There's several misconceptions
But I dwell along that same line
All the Proverbs and the Psalms
Prospects on my tongue, the world has fallen in perversion
But the saints shall
Overcome...
Embrace the Savior, though it's major tricks and
Snares and
Darts
Ain't nobody 'sent' me 'cause I wasn't anywhere to start...
I mean, not where they are
I see the Jezebel spirit
Waiting til' I find one to try to come and dwell in her...
But that's a failed frame so it's trying wield things
Adding on some pages where they don't belong
So hell reigns
But I ain't fell, mane
Really demons ain't crap
Probably say the same of you because
They can't embrace facts...
This the same type of stuff I've always talked about
If anybody don't support me
Angels, walk them out

In Jesus Name

12/18/16

Dexsta Ray

Demi-Journée, Rougeolement Entier, Légèrement...

Said it's... so to speak, at the cardinal's singing
By the bay
In the heart of your peace
And though it's late
The open door
Imparted
Haven't closed the gate
To breath the laughs of nature
Such a beauty as it dawns
Thus the shooing
Magic
To establish, true, a happy neighbor
Of the pawn in chess
Or better yet
Take the essence as the pottery
Around twelve or seven...
Keep the cast to
Decide
And not to worry, ain't no math, just the graph that's inside
And then you find it
But I'm out here by the vacant
By the side rock
Trying to find myself, to describe, the way the time dropped
Picking up some fries, appetizers, though
The sides be aligned to
Fine eyes
Intertwined with kind minds
In that, a steady talking
To you, in this walk, with the fries, without the salts
If the ball remains, indeed, upon the
Courts
Though the lines you find, thrown from out your passion
Be the black beauty flashed, smooth,
About your skin, as was captured in, every single thing you're masking
That's abandoned in...
The strength
Within
You
A sole conceptual, even though this discontinued, shelf unfolded

Raining open books contained within the gates, still
When it's raining awfully late,
Caught that women wasn't taught to break, or stray away
From all the formats
APA style
Essence, pass the world to view what's dormant, 'cause it's new
The brew absorption, as recluses
A... jewel
Or A... captured frame of all the faith in full
APA or c
Though arduous
Replacing
Chains, disposing all the creeping problems, pesticide, but under wraps
You ain't got to say a thing
It's obvious
These guidelines ain't nothing, MLA style, still fell a great mile or something
When it come to line rebuttal
Binding abstract, take your time to conjure, up, love
Where trying collapsed at
Even at the jungles, passing trees, striding puddles
Far above the single stream, or the spring, 'cause it's only human
Only chewing, on the tongue'll bleed
That is love residing, how I want to stronghold the reasons
That you wasn't smiling
Take them by
Roots
Choose the truth and rebut the science
When the tiding low, don't enclose, let's go up to Zion

7/30/15

Dexsta Ray

Design Piece

Silver settings with a setting sun of gold and Light...
Luxurious blossoms
Different colors and sizes
Presence
One of honey bees and the cubs of a lion
Precious river streams that glisten
Shimmering down, extending out into the open ocean
Vivid, underneath the newest moon
True, the ripest fruit, of vibrant colors
With the vines above them
Hues of lightning too, as bright as few
But the strike is subtle
The moon arise, and bloomed the skies
And, so, consumed the time
Dandelions glide upon the smoothness of the fine breeze
Anybody standing on the edges of Design Piece
Find things, divine peace, mind ease, manifested...
Sand carresses shells
Might see the essence felt
Light seemed a frightening thing, in spite, she'd take a chance and fell...
Lilies shine, unaffected by the hand that held
Lavenders and Sandalwood
And such as other nice aromas
In the atmosphere, that was clearly, living
Laughs and feelings, literal, not as a miracle
But actually as existing, bags of empty air
Attached to all the lads that visit
Lack of sadness, listen...
It's designed deep, intrinsic, with the thickest forest
Bordered by the prior scene...
So you find me
Lying up the Pine Tree, writing stuff that I see
Light one! Come! Let's hide and seek!

Hehehe

4/17/17

Dexsta Ray

Destroyers

'Do you love me enough to frame this innocent man? '
'Because I envy him so, within..' the wicked has said
'Though his future is bright
He'll go to prison instead, get in his head, as though
It's polite, but want this Christian here dead'
The wicked is fed, a different kind, light, that Christ did not embody
Any born again, wouldn't think of this form of sin and evil, malice
With forgiveness, on the opposite end
To win...
Misportrayed as cool, it ain't, stay in school, for kids, the faith
Taking rules and twisting them
To include the hate
Of satan
Hear me for just a second
Quoted proofs, soul compliance, though violence
Knowing right from wrong but no applying, only hiding facts
Disguising that, which bridles, stifle the impact of Bibles, titles only added pacts
To damage, tactics, some confined to idols, tied, I'm threatened so for this
But won't relent, it don't resist, but so persists, and won't repent unless exposed
My smolder big, a soldier in, Jehovah's ship
I'm hoping in, the holy hills, from where my faith is fixed
And soul was built, to prosper, in abundance too
A watcher, on the just in case, basis, even thought about, it's falling down
I saw it found, uncover, then put salt around...
If these things was not the truth
Hypotenuse, the angle, of the angst, and why display disdain for what
It ain't... especially, but what's explained as groups, with roots, I knew never
To do better, superficial, who clever, true measures, noticed, ruse, treasure
Demon seeds to flourish much later...
But when it do, it's then amusing, this illusion, sick, consuming portions
Fortunes, of respect, to get, from it, and this a snip, even, seeing, when
unpublished
Difference, in the atmosphere, concerning... ain't no passion, cheer
A burden, from these matches near, that's burning, in the deepest dark,
discerning, evil, masks
To be upbraided from the golden fields...
Frames and games
Made, staged, exalted, to break the altar up
Same thing, changes, appearance, I clocked, as watchers do, and got to sound

the horn to warn
The Spirit to self, aware of what it really is
Thorns to scorn to form a forced distraction...
Sources, farther up
I can see them, ain't hard to touch, through YHWH, harkening to nobody
'Cause it's all just a trap
Fall in laps, like prophecies, demon falsehoods
Relapsed
Spreading lies, involving me, but never crossed me, perhaps, all the scheming
Is of a god, but not the One taught of Jesus, all the reason, a bunch just hide
Behind the Son's Cross, deceiving...
It's seeming like that evil spirit's still hungry
Even after all that other stuff, it's clearly still coming, and without a cause
I'm still troubling to it, frames, ain't know about at all, but, I ain't being passive
This the confirmation, YAHW's involved...
Now, I forgive, but I don't want them around
Just plot on me too many times though God's
Had smoted it down, now, either, that was from possession, or some moping
around...
I seen it all before, oppression, evil broke in my house, for staging fake stuff, in
past seasons, in other places, that deep stuff
Ain't been a part of, and that's what's the strangest...
It's obvious that it's some large stuff, dark stuff, that targets me, I ain't done a
thing
Wiser than to let them martyr me...
This is from the Spirit, I can hear it, God's a part of me, the persecutors knew it,
but pursue the evil anyway
Figure, ah, forgiveness, God' forget, and keep our evil safe, to be erased, but I
can see
That thing you think, has angered God...
Saints don't even hold the authority for some types of judgements, plus
resenting facts of identity
Due to some emotion, led to cover something, constants planned, raped, I was
again
Trauma from the other seasons
Trying to frame like love
And sin
'Tis neither...
For me, deceit in story forms, with threats protecting, methods, the conspiracies
Just prophecies of being rejected...
Persecuted, speak the Gospel, and might be neglected
Even from the Light it comes, the church accusing

Things unsettling...
Stuff be, popping up in my car and, I ain't place it there
Wondering what it is, where it came from, hate's arranging snares...
Suitcases, truly, just name stuff, ghoulish, satan dares
I stay and stare, the prayers of the righteous is, Hallelujah, Lord
I only live for God
I'm reiterating, like many times, and I ain't down in silence, I praise Him
And speak the truth He give me
When I pray, pursuing wisdom, broken by shells
The Jezebel...
Some claim you have to 'stray away' from God's well, and say you're gay so plots
fail
But I embrace what God tells, the devil's vessels flip the script, in fact
I noticed, trying to kill my stories, quick, before I get them out, of various, sorts,
regarding different
Ferries form to carry persecutors through
Aware of what you're dealing with because they were included, partly, ripping,
dark intentions
But the masses see what happens first...
So even if you have it worse, original, they scratched the worth...
And add another curse, subliminal hints, and I ain't talking 'bout no psalm
Could be in where you live
And where you get your means of life
Though no one heeds what it is
'Cause wasn't sensitized alike so it would seem you was sick...
That is destroyers
That is death, a hand, it brings, allergic to the facts
I see the wicked malice be arranged but YHWH's heard my gasps...

I seen destroyers, destroyers, I seen destroyers, ...stroyers, yes
It be destroyers, destroyers, hath opened wide a net, demonic

But, I trust in my God...

10/16/17

Dexsta Ray

Determination

Ever since I could remember
I, always, was forced to fight extra hard
For everything I ever wanted
Or the night extra
Dark
I mean, assignments, from the heavens
Nouns, the cherished
I can't find a starting point, in time
I remember crying
Stuck in nets and measures of
Inveiglements
All too familiar to me
Even now
Some things are set in line to griddle my dreams
It never lifts, I'm just inclined, despite how bitter this seems
Entire life been on the line
For just being civilly me
'Cause things ain't
Normal
I don't get it, appear as one thing, then switches
When I take a stand, for good
Some loyalties ain't consistent
I don't want the hand
That put in, distortion, to frame, for gimmicks
Was allowed to be coerced into orgins
I ain't intended
Plus, got tired of getting hurt
So I bordered the pain
With fences
Underlined, with Spirit mirth, so restoral
It gave me strength...
It never stop taking licks at my legacy
satan slick
But greater is the One within
YHWH blessing me, though, He's tested me
I guess it be the spirit, at times, not all what flesh can see
I'll definitely, believe, every time
Seen very lines, in the Word, carry lives
To progression

It carries, so I measure mine, by such standards
My motive, I chose to seek the Lord
Not every tie is healthy
Just saying it don't mean He knead you for them
But, sometimes, it's whole and it's granite
And, plus, the devil busy
Ever quickly, stuff manifesting, and sin
Is never fitting
Evil trigger me 'cause it's wishing it's gists develop in me...
For a strike, blow
I'm Light though, ain't the right soul
I turn it, time again
Like continuums, or where Light goes...
The age cold
I'm just praying to go to Weh's Home
Roads paved gold
And the Cherubs with many wings roam
Flames, Throne
His glory, like Jasper, and other great stones
The same things wrote
God can answer but never changed though...
10/14/18

Dexsta Ray

Dexanalysis

I like the Overworld
Closer, pearls gleaming, the Gates
Estates, Kingdom, freedom, modes unfurling
Seasons awake, the regions
Revelations...
See, the dirt, I never kneaded
I just speak appearance
Of the devil's work, no appeasing, lest it eats me up
Confirmation
Biased thinking, lying, pious, terms defacing, on the deep end (Not I)
Nets to feed me drugs, and beat me up... (Nay)
I'm on a leash of strings that keep deceit and scheming tough
Leaving trust in shadows
Thus, confirming reasons why...
It seems like I had reach the end of caves
To open expanses
The air is cool
Still it didn't change these odes of disaster
For the conspirators be mighty (God is bigger)
Well learned about the physic psyche
Spiritually I'm firm though
That Light's still
Inside
The line descended from the Holy One, that strike in the mind
A plight to find another figure like me...
I continue writing, envision lightning, Christ considereth my deliverance sightly
What I can't attain on earth
I feel inside when Scripture guides me...
So I stay immersed in truth, shaking curses too, can turn anew
The love of God, if persecution burdens you
Human trafficking
Atrocious, youths being drafted in, and actually kids, closer than believed
Raised for trades and sex sins (gaslighting holds no power)
Less than, I never been, nor have I betrayed, I'm just aware of when, my path
was slayed
Who had involvement in it
And I stand away, not saying a thing
Because forgiveness happens
That won't change the nature of it though

Expanded faith has prospered...
Even think that it's a weakness, I don't eat these games
Take me while I'm sleeping, try to breed me, so my seeds enchained...
And even cheesing while I'm grieving
Things to be explained
Meaning what I'm speaking
I was being what I'm preaching
Light...
The theme of night, with a roll cloud, proceeding Christ
The dreamers of the earth know now
Slow down for naught...
Dream eaters and
Street theatre, threaten some relation, the controllers stage for hatred
Sheep arranged for danger
Indirectly responding to what I write in private
Publically, it's fun to me, since nothing's free, the mind is equal...
Seldom victim, devils in them
Stuff unnecessary, but whatever else, such ain't even, for a second, scary
Blessings tarry, destined, spiritually, they can't perceive
But even if it's possible
The obstacles are small to God
Defeat, not logical, the prodigal, atomical, I'm promised demon pressure, I can
feel
I ain't stopping though...
I predict, it get unto the point where truth's ignored
Even if expressed with no dispute
It's like, 'What? Who's aboard? '
'Your fuse is short.' But don't care, and I refuse to score
The forms of carnal constructs, nowhere, is where the nuisance going
Just illusions, scorning substance
Fruits that use the function, something else
That comers ain't knew
I watched them staying silent...
'Til the plan rise like Sanballat, ain't a reason
And it's not, I need a lawyer
Got soon
But it's spirit war, wicked men are loyal to what drags them to hell
And twisted wisdom, not to get familiar with, or it'd be over for you, smolder,
smoke
And other things
Promise rings, below the mortals, failure to repent, withheld against, but that
don't limit Thee...

Won't inhibit me, diminished schemes
Either health or death, God' deliver His from bitter ends, the wicked kill
Harassing God's anointed even knowing that it is
Then try to talk respect, but isn't showing to souls what that is
Unless they're clothed in the sin, with their goals in the wind
That way it's easy to impose and to compose what they're seeing...
I have no sympathy for what's conditioning and digging into me
And giving up and feeling low is never going to happen
Suicide, the motivations of the enmity, dismissing me
I'm forever on the Master's roster...
I'm a lesson
Foolish to provoke somebody if you have a lot in question...
And, Father, make it worst!
Stir up ever spot they rest in
Switch it from this demon net into a lot like Simon Says is...
God can give it, God can take it
Sinners have it coming, it can get it, got it, still condemned since when the Lord
had passed...
Insufficient folly, hit with any more, I'll crack
The incidents, contritions, hobbies, sorrys, hidden floors with traps...
When enforcing facts
Consistent with some forms of pacts
Sent to kill a firstborn and then revealed as more than that...
This, which wasn't my fault, specific doors were
Slammed
Quickening within to the thunder as it absorbs the maps...
There ain't nothing else to run to
I trust in God, mama, know I got my loving steps from you
So I'm humble when it comes to
I shun doom
God's the One Who presence checks the tests and stuff to come through...
If He sees where it can bless, He has a method to it
Chances are, my livelihood, will prosper
Optimistic vision, thinking like I'm rich
Even though not in physic, was told, that sleep is for the rich
Well, I glisten in spirit treasure, devoid of measure
Minutes be elusive
Energy's conducive...
I feed the positive, the negative ain't even
Useful
Every moment and hour for every month of years... still indefinite
Evil can't drain the chose forever...

Souls, the devil, Jezebel, on a throne of fetters
Act as if it's notable, wrecking sails, of the Master's vessel...
Stolen, stolen symphonies and pages reversed
Or just some flipping scenes
Inspired by the Light, I feel the Spirit breathe...
The mirror's clean
Fire in the eyes, as soon as Scripture leads, the picture freeze
And even if they killed me, still, the wicked bleed
There's a difference between love and just being curious
To clearly see the mean stuff
And that means stuff...
The reach expands to numerous nations, the campaigners'd follow, I'm not
enthralled with it
But, in my past age, was hollow, wallowed in a bad way, confused
At happen-ings...
Everything around was crashing, collapsing...
I figured, there I was, and my lamp's pit in good!
I need to camp or something
Just for peace
Hate laughed in woods
My life has been a testimony
Message growing
God increases hope, I see the yokes
And squeeze them out, I'm focus, not a string of doubt, I ink it out
Hate don't have to care because I do
About the dream, about the theme, plus, believe Yawh' about my needs, and
wings
It seems as if I'm looketh down upon, which maketh no sense
Satan's team need to stay away from me... don't know me like that
I'm rolling like that, operate in wholeness
Light, representing heaven, blessed and present, it's availability, that matter
most
I see the latern on
In faith, unveiling things, what they really mean

I like the Overworld

6/26/17

Dexsta Ray

Dexasone

I eat spam, beef, ham, see, this a spirit battle...
Clear my yokes, fore' I scoff, the score is off
Hear the souls, understand, that bread, is not enough alone
Tons of bows and arrows, I don't, but still, just
Fear the Master, hear the matter thrown, no I won't, but, know, so grow and
handle
Longing answers, questions, that's fake, escape, into betrayal, sources, formed
and
Flourished
Before I knew, 'tis important too, inordinate, it'd seem, I ain't afraid of nature
though
Promises to Light that ain't forsake my soul, I mean, I finally understand
What Christ inside really meant...
I praise the Throne
But taste is
Gone
All I needed, the piece to take it home
I overshadow pettiness, evidence, while displacing qualms, my station
Strong, and rooted, acumen that satan can't control
Just take it from a grown man
Faith exceeds, and they think I'm wrong...
I know I'll make it regardless but ain't a place to reach, a garden, in a way, is
Thee
The art is where you place a seed, regardless, just Weh' brings increase...
I marvel in shock
'Cause in these days, not all proclaiming He, a part of His flock...
But Light is larger than rocks, for life to humble me
It puzzled me, and plundered all my goods, discovered, flustered, and then
muzzled me...
But, still, it's promising, looking, towards a higher point, ain't nothing one could
say
Dreaming constantly, though it's five to one, the evil meant to buffet me, cutting
me, like some knives or trust
Who knew it, I ain't cool with, I'm choosing, and human, dunes of retribution
seems to be like an option
But I ain't searching for it...
Never let it get close, and keep the heart reserved, sharded words expressed
Here
Unadvised, below the kind of mind that would be needed, no compromise, got to

shun the lies...

Nothing good is scheming to win

I had my blood splatter, splashed across the wall, and then cleaned

Another act of God, hidden by a demon, exalting, exacted racketeering, answer
for adversity

Burdened me, even, act sincere and, strange, when it occurs to me, certainly

This, I haven't feared, but let me risk it serpentine, won't escape, I'd be bagged,
and I won't add to expectations

Some track me for education, act as if I'm ignorant, and don't grasp, it escalated

But, the good in all of that is just the power I have

And I can't help but be upfront about it, I'm no one without it, and no one can
doubt it

Let's relax and brag about the Lord, even though you knew before I knew, that
don't change my smile

Heinous wiles, to the point, my anger wouldn't mean nothing, if that's an animal

It's nothing major, good to breed something, only...

The Keys of heaven in my hands, I do like I should

Don't want too many in my reach or span though

Expressing to myself, in silence, only thing loud, my thinking, been igniting,
minions lying but I'm straight

Only God, loves my face, I ain't worried, but don't see the point in holding on to
something

That don't even want to be your joint...

But, want to kill it, if it went, because you want to kill it, soul's the villain's

Demon planned harassment don't seem so fulfilling...

Because I'm doing the same thing as if I go a pillage, still unveiling darkness

Saw the wolf gaze and woke the village...

But, somehow, I'm like embarrassing, Jehovah, lived it

Sinned in nothing different than the wickedness of those

Condemn me...

That ain't admitting what they kick is true 'cause most was gimmicks

But it didn't matter, 'cause it really drew from loads of envy...

Now, I'm stuck living, sticking glue to what's in me, demons never care

And that's why the Lord will crush many...

Why me? I used to ask the Lord, He just squinted

Then I thought of Job, put myself in check

And just listen

'Cause in the end, the equalizer will reveal Himself, my hills of help, against the
mockery and all the wishing death

I don't want what you have to offer, I'm straight with that, unless it's God's
prerogative

In which case, I would take a chance...

Frames advance, demons locked on me, 'cause I state their plans, that I ain't
frame, I'm great, never same
We can't relate in that...
You ain't make me, erase me, you can't
I'm talking to the evil spirits that had failed to
Several different times, entered mine, and darkness imploded, I stole the legs
away
It set the stage, for malice, within my sight, said, the Spirit, 'Right! '...
Tight, bring me nearer, reported these forms of terrorism, wished to get me
starving
I'm markets, here, harken, 'Living Water! ', and the Scripture be the bread
YHWH been the Source, the Spirit sword, is lifted, torched attention giving,
bigger thinking...
In my life, a bunch of wicked things we're integrated, which I don't consent
May not know it all but still my Savior does

Indirect

8/30/17

Dexsta Ray

Different Chronicles

I like it when the devil flee, writing, ignite the righteous fire
I desire, naught, deviling, the Light empire
Align, the timing
Thought I made it as clear, where I opined
If I was mindless, unto ruin
Might appear
My lightning different though, minus bitter ghosts
For a while, witches and wicked foes, been hitting low
In malice, that's darkness, evil, in crafting sequels
Don't apologize, while continuing, some ain't educated
Ignorance is used as some power within this net I'm stating
Meant to enter into the hours
The truth, I just embrace it, summoning, nor conjuring
Honestly, trust my precious Savior
Holiness I sought, the evil wished to obscure it
The Father knows, some can't see, but legions into the dark
And my ascetics always wholesome, copyrighted
Not beside the lying, not compliant, with what got the violence
Hot, watching, that's illegal
Constantly trying to
Hide the rightly earned, hype, in Christ though
For entities and influences, I guess, since there's no things
Against sorceries, as a form of war, mortal
Scorn, abhor, it's too late, food trays, I was
Like stews made
Doom, things were merciless, til the point I was used to gain
While crueller circumstances were arranged
Some portray it like we cool until they have my worth in change
Certain pain, I didn't know, what some re-wrote
Then turned the page
Trying to run me off for naught
So they rose up from
My name...
But holiness my focus, I don't see the earth the same
Satan mad because I know this
Hopeful still
I know the Throne, Jehovah made it clear to me
And can't nobody save, but Him, and certainly
In the afterlife, where nobody stays, just on the fence...

'Twas the heaviest forms, of slander, that's possible
I clocked it though, and bopped it, rocked the show
'Til it's not a joke
It's the powerful that'd wage war on blocks below
Wasn't with the chronicals, I claimed the Lord
Some opted smoke, I'm not with stage, I coach
I'm not in vain, I note, for God and Spirit, faith I want
A different thing, than what displaces souls
Emblazoned though
I need You everyday, Lord, my aim, the Throne
To praise, and grow, in faith

Na, It's not my fault what I'm taken through
3/26/19

Dexsta Ray

Different Culture

No signatures, float, and no enclosure
Or the limited
Exposing order, menacing
Things
Of many kingdoms that distort the motive
It ain't to enforce a code of showing the hidden
Conditions, this plight is for Jehovah
Growing his Christians
To witness
Different culture
Cults are fallen, false knowledge dropped, spiritually a snitch
Faults beginning, cost to following God
Among the missions
Borrowing time...
For we'll be gone before long
The most important thing with following signs is knowing when you're wrong
The devil claims he don't exist
If you expose him
Like the Bible did, the door will not be closed
Even though he still will try the kids
To step away from culture 'til it's over
Proof that you can be
Not considered traitors, by the Lord but a newer breed
You'll probably still be hated for it by the human beings
Just until they notice what was did
Jesus hung and bled
So condemnation doesn't get His kids
Unless it's from the dead...
Nothing said we had to follow in tradition, there's some children
Wanting more than the position they were given
Nothing wrong with hope to soar
First begins with believing
And keep in front of you the course and hold that
Mission and reason
With no intentions to grieve us
But some recycle plants require glass
Chipped and un-seeming
Just to reshift
And give another make and form

This is our culture, what's accepted's what will be accepted
If it don't change... let us see what we can bring to help it
Unlike a vulture, we just want to keep the breathing, well
It won't be taking long before the end and
We can't even tell it...
The last thing to try to fix is what's inside the bubble
The only thing you can control is what's outside the jungle
'Cause every soldier in the Light
Must had survived a
Couple
Satan trying to end me on the ride but I confide above him
I ain't in the same culture
Not to criticize it
Not referring to the art or the men inside it
I'm referring to the smarts
'Cause it's been
Divided...
Turn towards the Church, not the dark, if we're really climbing
Satan's hold is on the hearts, re-exposing scars
Of the lost and misbegotten
Trying to keep their
Souls in shards, trying to listen to society, I broke apart
Now I'm back together
I ain't trying to see that low a dark
I'm in a different
Culture
One that is consistent with the hope and will, Jehovah Jireh
Rose to heal, I know the deal, on the sieve...
Be the wheat and the tare
And we can speak at anytime if bleeding deep in the lair...
The false values, crossing sin, truth oppressed with the Light
The dross raffled, calling snitch, just to oppress who survive
It ain't the case
But just a fix, trying to get the mission end
Unaware that it ain't from us
But the one from Whom we're sent, a different culture
Something other than the motions of the
Earth
And we're focused, on above, try returning to our births
Subconsciously

No, it's not about what we can see

The perpetual things are the unseen

11/4/15

Dexsta Ray

Different Element

My elements had settled in, relevant
Like whenever then
Pressure, winds, and blossoms, and shocking progress
That God acknowledged, watching that resolve
Out my element, ever left in it
Feverish like some atoms, erratum substance
That non-exists, something finish, when least expected
Likely my confidence, loving this
I boast in infirmity, evil covets it, a supplement
The antichrist baphomet, legions coupled with
To come for this, from under delusions
Like it's some other meant to up from my position
To justify them from consequence...
(That's insane)
Judgements are harsh
But such don't know what's the case
One blameless man remain a target by what uphold the snake
Of multifacted design, familiar, to fold my happiness
Satanically inclined, the mode, but that ain't what I mean
Even stuff that's made to seem like it's something separate
Remain a piece of the same horn, and ain't fool the Lord
But, even still, this ain't the thing, that named the poem
My elements, remained intact, through the injustice
And attempt to silence witnesses...
Happen as I write, try battling as thy write
Facts align, in perfect proof, why after, is stuff denied?
Even still, in spite of this, these factors enough to climb
I ain't afraid of wicked rulers though laughter is what reside
Some have connections to corruption, can threaten
Abuse the substance, cause I clarified some lies
That some spreaded, ain't knew was something
I expect my God to rise, to avenge me, in any kind of form
I ain't deserve the hate, but such envied, and preyed 'cause
I'm the Lord's...
Plus other cultures that bit me and tried to hide the source
Want to hide it more, and restrict me, so suffering
I'm ignored...
It's a compounding issue and been for many years
Stuff will compound against you when living Christian

Clear...
Isolated it's not, as I was hated, got to watch
In total anarchy, plots, forgotten, some conflation
Everywhichway, even taunted, by all that run with satan
Traumatized, some hating, that smothered mine
Was another kind...
But ain't deserve the occurrence
Of all that stuff you
Timed
Death upon the innocent just because they was up to shine
Maybe stuff denied, what Weh and I know
Just was lies
Attention to my journey wasn't interests but just stuff devised...
The bible said that evil times shall wax and worse and worse
And righteous victims can adjust but still
At first, it hurts
Some tried to kill me and then covered it by merging works
Implying things that never was
Like contrivance that shoved my Hearst
Different elements...
I'm special 'cause what YHWH said
Why all the devils then
If I ain't what my God has said?
Besides I never been, the stuff that liars'd concoct for bread
As a way to label me the strangest things so probably dead
Though it was crazy, wasn't make believe
Besides, I used to think that
Hatred needed things that satan make to cradle evil
Now I ain't safe, in any place, unless I stay in sequels
Of the torture tactics, anguish, that's arranged by satan
Equals...
Copyrighted, worse been said, but this just my experience
It ain't my fault, observed the settings, just was writing
Tearing
Queens of lies, kings supplied, schemed on my appearance
Speaking wiles
Exposed the satan, now I'm being smite for feeling...
But, for the most part, I tune it out
The temporized, why wait so late before a action
When this had been as clear as blinds
The evil use the secret stuff that most don't hear to bind
So it seem there ain't a reason for the quotes and scripture lines...

Some try to put you on a side, just to undermine you
I'm still convinced that some yokes equipped with spirit binds
Sorcerers, will say deport, because their trickery's fried
Before the truth is plain to see
They want you gone, diminished, dying...
But that ain't me
Plus some wait too late to take some heed
Imposing such in spite of this is crime and just a frame to scheme
With any hopes to override, what all they ain't defeat
In faith, I stayed believing, can't erase, so satan, take a seat...
None of that ain't ever change
Still arrange of demons
Some I know that had a hand in seasons pass be
Playing conceited
And been attacking platforms and any brands I kneaded
In conjunction with the stuff I been disrupted
Plans of legions...
Expand Ephesians open, with these praying hands
I ink with, there's been war declared on God
It's clear from how they band to see me
Stuck between a rock
And hard place, reconcile with that which kill me
Or be dropped, or lock in dark places
And through the years
These were threats, from darkness, large hating
Wasn't nothing like the sort, that reached to have... my scarf
Maybe...
And it's deep, but through the seasons, I ain't leave a chance
I got to fight, though I ain't feed it, envy schemed
I ain't the friend, and I ain't speak with, the evils that make the plans
Stay with, acronyms, acrostics, and term to burn
Manipulation, but already made manifests
I ain't protected from the hatred that shall come once revealed
That satan, laying the nets, a way to bring attachment
For genes, in me, that I ain't said, I wanted such to have
For example, the demons standing next
Distortion and campaigning
Ain't worth it, I'm in my element
3/26/19

Dexsta Ray

Different Element 2

Always be too late, help ain't never on time
And that's just from experience...
Because a Christian ain't valued, because the scripture true
Different element, I'm an easy target
Because I'm humble, age of antichrist is upon us
And they just want me hurt, the biggest of the damage is rendered
What's to protect against? Besides whatever damage they sendeth...
To keep me dead within
Evil ain't been running, the mammon just keep them
Standing rigid, so an image glamour, and luster, I'm just a fossil too
Lots of tools to harm me from envy
I think what God could do, spot the truth forever
I'm not subdued by my weaknesses, plots ensued for murder of innocent
Just for clout, and things, everyone can handle that
Temperament, I ain't built for that, I'm real attached to Scripture
Like as a kid, back when that was did, I'm told it'd heal with time
I don't know, I feel alive in that
After earth, then heaven my Home
Then I can see my people, but for now, I hand the control
To YHWH, and try to toil, and tarry
I'll be devastated, they said, and I agree with that
I am, but the Lord still my Shepherd, and in and out the storms
All my battles, I had to fight, and just without the sword
In spite of Crosses, Bibles, they soughteth me 'cause the Light is bright
Christ is not absorbed in society
It's a demon age, different element, people lie on peaceful, and
Tie in violence, just to hide the time
Of the scripture, and seasons, that we live in
My element different
They always want to blame you, for the stuff that evil did
That's unnecessary, and excessive, but they're secretly with it
I have had some bullies stalk my life since back in my childhood
And I ain't even know, they just wanted, to make examples out of me
And mine, hatred, jealousy, was just a sampling
But they used that to ruin my life forever, I don't fear the devil
Partially allowed, 'cause I'm successful, such just wanted to have clout
Take me out or not, I ain't stupid, just too young to understand
What if it was their child, or kid, that ain't come up like that
Some bully tugged their bag

They told the teacher
She got something bad, with guns and tracks of blood
Her families broken, everyone is mad
Doing what their kids would do, the set-up was malicious
True, the antichrists be coming for me, ain't enough to end the muse
I ain't never feared the devil
I ain't know they did
The do, and stalked me since my early years, to later end my living too...
I never would've anticipated, the demons want to place the blame
Because of later things they made a profit off of me
In the fakest ways, though we was harmless, they arranged the frames
Just to take a life, 'cause some jealous of the grades I made

Wow, the demons was watching me for a long time
12/7/19

Dexsta Ray

Different Fabrics

Ditch the cold clutches of society
Hidden politic enrobed to control, slow to grow, though it's wrong
Though it's known to hold the big advantage
So it's off, take the folds and witness frigid damage
Then expose
Any much, which is systematic
'Cause we cut from the same cost but just different fabrics...
Measuring, one day blind, but now a pair to see...
Writing Sunday rhymes
'Tis declaring
Free
We need to shush 'they kind' and stop the 'tare and wheat'
Judgments, I was once chained... fried,
But this a better me
Tossing all the drugs and the wine, that wasn't sitting right
It's decision night
If we have the wish to light
Better yet to
Fight
Trine clovers, type mindless wishes, sight, like in floating kites
Open to the slice of the wind like
It's the rolling ocean
Waves
That's so potent, but sober, and the focus, boats, in the frame
Of mental processes, it doesn't give no hope to explain
It's just constrains and strains
Stamping out the power
Of souls
Replacing that with label, standing, landing, vanishing thoughts and dreams...
O, it seems...
Coming to and fro are the keys we need to see
Up here juggling the fabrics
With some ink
Mixed with heat it shrinks, to think, before we blink, it'd be bleached, to see the
color's vanished
Although a couple managed
Racism's death
In certain areas it continues to sustain and live lavishly
Poetry's a very small thing that's still challenging

Or at least it seems
To not, no longer need it's wings
Walking to the bleeding
Springs
Different fabrics have accumulated, seeking, reaching hands, sticking from
beneath the damage
Of the judgments of the constants and the lacking
That has manifested
Some people like trees, some people like metals
Other people like reading books about the seeds, or forming
Metaphoric, metamorphic
Anything is
Well
Linen, or it's denim, silk, cotton, polyester, it's according to the fabrics
What's in common is the order held
Everything is matter
If it's cloth
The scissors tore the shell
Of the grey colored pseudo fabric called the 'normal'
That should not at all
Absorb you
May implore who seek to leave it's reach, in society, the things repeat
And we, it seems to eat, to keep, it sneak
Match the words with
Actions
Be...
For not everything resented by the flesh is perceived by the Lord as 'off'
Or abhorred as lost
Waiting for the storm to cross is limited life
Best to get out there, enjoy it all
And live in it
Twice
And learn your fabric... and embrace until the end of your fight
And half the time, though is latent, it is within the mind
All along

7/20/15

Dexsta Ray

Digitized (Flipped Table)

I never ever intended to script on certain subjects
But I learned about the constants
How some stumbling blocks
Burn and doesn't stop
Just because one discerns it
To function underneath the shadow
Silence, violence and death
Of different hands though
Assumptions and assignments to help
I'm talking trash and starting drama
Since I function in survival tactics
That I had to find, across the damage
And unlike imagined
Walking through the tragic lines
Of tablets, that my hands opined
Wondering if there's something in the Book of Life
For me tomorrow
Fighting, and running, in this race of faith
This is all I got...
But when my stomach hurts
I'm searching for a way to earn
Caution, all legit, 'cause if this err the arc of YHWH
Then a certain fall persists
Then you'll falter quick...
Now entire situations dead
I gain attention
But last year, like cashiers
Life was adding up
Establishing cashmere values
And sniping half truths
Heightening up the last occurrences
The worse of it, emerging
And I ain't worried 'bout no ro-mance
That wick is finished, other wordings, no chance
The end, contentious, still conditioned...
In the Throne's span and reach, exhibit whole plans, if it's Christian
No land's sufficient, for the canopy
I pray to Him, witnessed hope and the freedom
Of the mind, I ain't trying forwicked beings

Filled with monetary, so there ain't no commentary
From me, only promise that the will of God
Is going to tarry...
From the jungle to the concrete, imagine that...
Some would conquer what's beyond reach
But banded
Back...
Forgetting competition
Hearing words from the serpents
The wicked stick to stuff that's finished
Fear your worth going to surface...
See, I am not the things you say I am
But I'm a child of God
So if you thinking down or not
I'm still the rock Weh' says
I am
See, some people writhing in demons
And if you're not believing in yourself
You'd likely believe them...
I rep the Highest, finest, lightening, Christ
Some heights I ain't needing, like lies and sins
I ain't feeding, the binds, nor reading things that try
Predicting, mysteries, but misinterpret
Many things like my intentions
Persecutors mock, I lock, I drop my concepts
That some use as props, I'm on the same clock
But my dynamic, ain't stop
Though the Jezebel
Made me vigilant, nets of hell
That's manifested
As a sick impersonation, of a manifold
Projected well...
She had try to cause confusion, stirring evil pots
Out of my proximity
Or in, they cared enough to do it
So I measure stuff, slandered up
Indirect and all, talking 'bout a lesson, how pathetic
Jealous, helped the treasures fall
For every toil underneath the sun
There's a season, where it's teeming
And there's some where it's set to never
Be in, devils, clip and snip, to kick him while he's down

With some petty
Reason, acting like they really know me
For a sure reward for that, I don't seek the offer
Armed with facts, and the forces that
Fortify in good, angels, chariots, exhort the Lord's, Portioned for the war
But the victory is in the patience
So the evil placements label observations falsely
Almost lost me, I don't get why some think
They scary? When, to me, it's never even close
Never seen the Most, back on my saddled bull
Letting it take what evil spoke...
Ha ha, things are jokes, I'm dreaming though
Achieving goals, switching lights and hiding mirrors, I'm delivered
Even smoke, ties to Scripture reading, O
Leaving pleasing sacrifices and fragrances
For the Father's will, incense and animal blood is not fulfilling
To Him, like the old testament
But, there's no, negligence, for now, it's been promoted
The sacrifice is resisting sins because He been
Upholded, His appetite has been, since, replenished with His Son's
Innocent blood, to offer men repentance...
Say I ain't because I'm different, stay and hate the picture
While, I'm mentally, in space engraving change
The snake's bewildered...
Fabricated and you framed things to have some dirt
I ain't offended by that lame phrase (lame man)
It haven't worked, cue, masks and skirts and hats
Gats, doom, and matching purse
Looking at it backwards, been deluded
And you lacking worth, after having cursed
Opportunities, I had to earn, I was mad at first
But, I soon would see, you had it worse...
Because I'm true to me but you're moving foolishly
Satan ain't as big as the root of the illusion be, ain't deluding me
And that's why some word to strike me
Frightened
So the only way they win is with some dirty fighting
I'm stirdy like the work of Light be, and the words aligned
Demons speaking venom, got the right one
So worried, that mistake, arrive to bite one, so powers distort me
This ain't about being nothing else, I ain't busting shells
As a celebrity, it's very known I'm in danger

Because of jealousy, but from devil kings
On high...
I have obsession with the simple things but, still, I'm rugged
Overlook the little games, don't entertain, I kindle flames...
But, it seems, the wrong perspective has been promulgated
No, I ain't your friend
I know that low embraced and planned
I stand...
Satan better fall back, Weh' is all that
I'm making airplane antics
Like I'm zooming through the clouds
Of heaven
Thanks, you're proud, I'm blessed and
Mainly, sound, and found a second
For it, and the wretched order ain't renown
Forget that memory
The evil isn't meant to be esteemed
Keeping track of shame, even brags again...
And that remains, what he's fighting for
When, in reality, I ain't the least bit phased, I see the peace shift
I turn the tables over, I'm upset about that, but ain't cursing
Saying worthless
But you ain't relevant to me as think...
But I do consume your grind
Thoughts abuse your mind, inside, chasing
Crazy, thinking, 'Who is this? I'm feeling threatened! I ain't real as Dex is! '
Truth is rich, pursuing spirit riches
I been walking twenty, getting connected
But you know already...
Stalkers watching me and up the ante
Throwing heavy, while I'm in no shape to play
Still I'm focus, open handing...
It's so demanding, goalsexanding to control me, setting
Let me off the anchor, so I flow and sail, not go to hell
Every cost is major
Ancient, tokens fail, but hope prevail...
The future could be positive for me
And, that, I claim
Though I know the same maze of torture
Still arranging for me, so if it choose to stop for real
It's only superficial, but behind the scenes, still, there'll be a bind on me...
I'm a truth speaker and I'm not a liar, though

I try your quotes, you type and joke
But you're the one defining both
They are liars, only liars, nothing real about it...
So used to smear campaign
I'd probably feel weird
Without it...
They are the fakest ones I know
Those who work in darkness
Certainly, serpents targeted me
Divergent, worthless, bargaining, schemes...
I learned the curse had started
Foolish delusions
Attribute who I am to something else
Because ain't nothing there, in them
Only zombies, being led by the trends that's set, nope, it won't become me
I'm aware of my identity
It's different from their wicked speech
In history, I made my spot because of His provision...
See, it's easy to be arrogant, conceited
But, for those who love the Light, it's bad
To be, of that degree, a sad deceiving
'Cause it's cool just to the foolish half
But the foolish laugh, at the path of truth
The mood is drab...
I don't expect the deep to go where I go
The shallow water, stay inspect, some evil know what I know
But it can't sow like I sow, or grow like so
Buy a life and hold...
And just because I chose the Light, I ain't right no
More
But that ignite the souls
Digitize the hidden
Ties
Christ is what aligns, and what supplies
But the stuff smudge the lines, plus, love denying, was designed
The devil tries but fail he does
Glory to the Most High
The strong, wise, the Throned
Guide

4/4/17

Disappeared

Who can see them riding pass?
And then see a...
Person
Sitting on a bench
Grasp and then go zip up the jacket
Sitting there
Quiet
In all white... alright wavelengths
In another world
But you can't say they cared
They passed around again
Staring...
For it'd seem he was homeless
Everybody yelling... closer
One suggested they honk and try to shake him up
Laughing and was saying he was broke
Talking pretty
Loud...
But the guy would never look up
Eventually they rode
Now, this was a party of four
They finally made it home
But I see that one lady didn't think it was less than shady
This was just degrading
What's crazy is they were celebrating
Like it was amazing
H'm...
This was such an apparent evil
She had compassion...see
That mean she really cared for people
She left the house, grabbed the bible
Then prepared to
Greet him...
Walked across the street but all she'd see
Was only air and ether

It's as hot as it could possibly get
He was rolling home from school
One day...

One was walking in the sun
She was just as an elder
And that road was long
Everybody's driving fast and focused on their own
Didn't see a point in passing when he know
It's wrong...
So he stopped and asked if she perhaps
Had needed rolling home
She's excited... that somebody had stopped
And delighted
It's surprising that she might be shocked
Then she entered and the strangest things
Would come from her speech
She would talk from the perspective of what's coming to be
Like, she remembered...
But that only was the first interaction
She was talking like she met him at an earlier passing
Absent...
Either he was crazy or she may've been right
But he never saw the lady there a day in his life
Finally...
They arrived at the place she requested
She would say how much she thanked him
For his patience, especially
And she'd offer him some change he didn't take and rejected
And before he turned around to tell her thanks
Evanescent

6/11/14

Dexsta Ray

Distant Flickering

Hear the demons call me dumb
So I'm getting this feeling of aggravation now
Struck so, with cuff, hold
Evil is crafted
Aim abound
To take me out the frame like I wouldn't expect
With such enslavement
And I bet it was crazy
I conjured angels in the rush
To protect us from satan
And this regression was lazy
The only way to keep me muzzled
Means of cover
Dreams are doubled, glowing, upper
Let the underprivileged breathe
Torn asunder
Forces...
I can see the moon's voice beaming through the creeping clouds
Hard to breach through the mess while in the mess
Lead me out
Father, since I need the rest
Trying blindness
Finding
If it's fine to decline
The wise reminded me of time
How to climb beneath the vines
Missing starts and hidden parts
Given darts of wicked marks
Fitting scars just right
Position ours
Let's fight
Against the dark...
Wicked messengers exhibit treasure of a simple sense
Had I known before
No, I wouldn't have measured little then
A riddled end
I contemplate the things my Savior brought me out
My enemies said I was done
But He crossed them out

Fought the flout and taught me how to free up some space
And tossed the x upon it's side
The completion of faith
And it ain't easy trying to stay aligned
Being a christian in resistance of these crazy times
Believe the Other Way
A bunch of chains
I hear it's dumb to place and plan above your shape
The truss of character remain
And thus it'd crush discovered lades
The clutching scavengers
Relay a message
Trying to make me out to be of satan's essence
Rush of questioning my truth
Used irrelevant things like
My pathetic youth mistakes
Overshadow my proof to try to wreck my moves today
I'm inspired by what grew my faith
The Word says it all
Regardless of the opposition
Not refurbished to fall
So I ain't burdened at all
I never saw the urgency before me
Though singled out
Satan never keep the fate from forming
I don't care
I stay restoring
This is my life
I never asked for it
Glad more in spirit ignites
And I can hear it tonight
Same praise into everlasting
For the future
And the better days yet imagined

12/22/15

Dexsta Ray

Distortion Stories 3

I spake the truth in righteousness and I ain't care who listen
Throughout the years, desperation, all it's antichrists
If, the same, despite, in spite of this, to help some mammon
Guise, by trampling Light, to damn what's right
So influences could have
Appeal...
I love whatever God created...
But I love Him more
Me and the devil not related cause he shun the Lord
Though I could tell the plots arranging so my stuff absorbed
I'd just depend on God
Ain't drop the faith, although I was ignored
Now, the same try to say
My statement ain't facts, to hide that stuff was unauthentic
That was basic, perhaps, the hand of satan
That would drag my plans to
Maime me, so I can't be great, embracing what my Savior said
Engraving death so can't expand...
Aside from the distortion, things were pleasant, at times
Though
Normal, forms of scorn, important, but ain't origins of me
That looked for more to floor my shine though
Torment, looked like my grinds slow, merciless displays
Of the portions, that ain't what I'd sow, maybe, 'cause my zygote
Different, but on the right note, I know the Holy Ghost
Personally, that's my Counsellor, flamed association
Prints all over my property, every time some hope was blatant
Limits thrown to abolish me, which'd unfold to apologies
Then it'd go to a broader reach, to control me and bother me
So I won't see a spot of peace...
'Cause Jehovah been my Light, despite, to silence me, was paramount
The holy been alright to kill, I'm lowly, broken, tried to heal
What time conceals, lies for real, by the evil
Trying to build, trying to shield
The righteous from the things that Weh' opined for them...
So one never rise and find the fields and shine aside from
Them
With extra in equations, trying to bind and tie some kind of filth
That wasn't from beginnings

In the interests of same, take down efforts, in conspiracy
Where wickedness reign
Satanic slander, God is greater though
Many more distortion
Campaigns, I witnessed many lows, plenty more
Unfair, antichrist contentions, that hid
The soul, through misrepresenting, sent intentions
That I never had, so I willn't listen, didn't pick it
Went a different, in the Spirit, witness Scripture

7/16/19

Dexsta Ray

Distortion Stories 4

Even after all this time, distortion forming still
Try to find what interests me
To defile it...
Or try to find what disagree
To surround it, obviously, confound, to pick on me
It been a mountain, ground, foundations, what didn't consider
Jesus, for the countless evils worked, such figure it's near to me
So to interfere, margins disappear, targets been obscure
It's larger though, harder yokes to break, larger strongholds
Darkness change, to harken frames, startling phrases
Starting things
Artists use corruption still to martyr Light so darkness came
Hard to trust, I'm getting buffeted still
I was a target for my talent, and regardless, evil coming still
Bugging, like the light of my life, in spite of, some evidences
Humble, though I write, all my might, with sightings that's heavensent
Some be acting like they on my side but letting weapons get me
Knowing the gravity of all the grimy stuff that's set against me...
Antichrists, abandon values, to dethrone God
Attempt to conquer, sabotaging Light
To be known wide
Persecuted heavy, jealous spirits, that badger
Testimonies from the past
I never picked to dismantle, the understanding of the
Situation, difficult, without the faith, the devil can deceive the world
What happened to me gets erased
If still the case, even
Scripture, things reviewed, the same seasons
7/29/19

Dexsta Ray

Distortion Stories 5

The antichrists and firing carnal weapons
Still a factor though
When added to my journey was some peace, from YHWH
Still around, crowded with the sound attacks
That ain't melodies
Can't turn my head in private quarters
Antichrists run the lands
Despising Christ, in action, constantly, in spite of have Him manifests
The face of new society, but minus God, where Light is not
Demons in the flesh, with finest linens, riches, rise against Him
Writhe to kill His messengers, aware, so time is ending quick
And lies ascended quick, I be coerced into who vibes to pick
And violence quick, in spite of Bible lines I kick
Not tied to sin, with basis of ethnicity, with facts that could prove it
Remain despite of viral evidence
My path actually ruined, by antichrists, with weird obsessions
That they mask after doing, backtracking shew it
On my craft because it has natural beauty
Distractions made
I'm trapped in mazes, that's arranged by hands of satan
Plans degraded 'cause I'm righteous, and constrained by my genetics
And betrayed, 'cause I decided that I rather stay with Weh'
Than pass in silence, compromising Light, the antichrists are still
Obsessing
Strangest thing to me, is the beginning of this
Not racial stuff alone, but scheming from the mention of this
Of high society, it's demons, but the Scripture is bigger
The world allow these things to eat me 'cause I'm Christian with rhythm
So many evils to deceive me, racists bitter, I'm winners
But some combine to profit off me 'cause the interests is dinner
Regardless, I ain't hard to get along with
Misrepresented probably
Makes me elevate my words, ain't joking, plus the other stuff
Ain't never been my focus, views are biblical, that's all I know
Organized harassment like a stencil to imprint my soul
Throw me in positions undeserved or they will end the globe
Extortion from those levels, against Christ, but people with it so...
8/25/19

Dexsta Ray

Distortion Stories 6

The other day, another vague, display of hate
Without a cause, this the trace
Because of Weh', plus a bunch of slain, saints and servants
In the soils, aside from myself
Distortion covers up the Lord
With toil supplied from the deaths, I'm worth a lot more than slander
That's according to the Word of God
Envy form the weapon
Or depressed the Lord, in heaven, showeth
Manifest His presence
Through the seasons, and no question
Broke it
Antichrists, my life was psychometrics, for some hands from high
Entertainment, and expense, a tiny price, and fine design
The slightest Light, get my attention
Neigh to Christ, though
I'm unfitting, to the times we live in, writing give me, hope
Like sight and vision
Of whatever YHWH said, the lies some spread
To hide the difference
Probably etched, and widely mentioned, probably stretched
No time to listen, I prefer the lines of Scripture, kind of vibe
I find, appealing, though, conspirators kill me
Jesus is the LORD
I go out saying, 'cause it's this type of issue
Crime became my life
But not of I, the fame disguised the miscue
Confirmation bias, defamations
This, combined, dismiss you, and I'm vinculum
But not comprise of what's designed to stick to
Guise, of sentence structures, at unawares, demons rise against you
I can't rest in peace, in my contribution, keep finding tittles
Seamed into the pleats
Seeing different
Fabrics, defiled and shredded, not from my machine
And my quilt was average, still feels bombastic
Stuff that demon legions inserted, with glass, and pricks from cactus
Cover up myself, with this tablet
I've learned to bare this

Pain

Focus up to YHWH, in spite of, knowing what despair await

A hostage, and a victim, finessed me, and lied to snare my name

No amount of proof is enough

Because such don't care

For Weh'...

Comfortable with distortion, forced until' feel this very way

Can't no one conquer antichrists

Until the Lord reveal

His Day, and so, just like so many saints, I suffer while the wicked

Bait, and do whatever evil, then ignored, can't no one build the case

But Jesus Christ is LORD, that's why I'm buffeted to kill His reign

In spite of that, His promise, I believe, it's what I live in faith

10/8/19

Dexsta Ray

Distortion Stories Part 1

My ability to live my life, which was God given
I was robbed different
Even if I'm not winning, and not with it
Watched developed
Seasons, lots witnessed, til the plots finished
And my body hidden
Cause of Jesus...
Impossible to be mistaken, wasn't even hating
This was done to stop the Lord from something that could lead to changes
Of the good kind, never understood, I was standing for the Lord
Which was said the lands were founded on
Counted out
Evil consistently tried to re-create me
Labeling unheard of, assimilate, so my peace forsake me
Fear of karma caressing some make them reach to frame me
But I can't do nothing, but YHWH's work, I said Jesus made me...
Demons angry, ain't heeding Scripture, stuff even hate me
Just for speaking up while I'm being dismembered for
Satanic cults, that use the cruel like poster childs
To do the evil, and the torment, the harassment, crafty tactics, at me, for infinite
And just for being a talented
Craftsmen, following the Master though damaged
After those matters...
All I ever dreamed to be is me, but at my best
Evil schemed, to keep, my light dim, through many vices
And that was tests, acquiescence, arrivals, survival is hard
When at the edge, but was said in Scripture, I seen it alive
Back in December, eating me alive still, maybe literally
Given chances, some hidden antichrists, that's the strife I'm given
Ain't know it, until my Light was glistening, mindless envy
Twisting up societies, unfairly, so some might can enter
Doors of success they ain't deserve, while the ones that do
End up in a grave, or worse, sinful, it's the age, it's cursed
Ain't no other reason for it
Other than the hate for Christ, I love the Lord
Today, just like the seasons
Passed, and that's my origins, good enough for God is good enough
And that's important to me, evil stretch the bracket
To distort and make my actions foolish, but in reality

I'm just a country boy pursuing the righteous path, ain't worried for antichrists
And those who smite my hand, for trying to spread the Gospel
Though they cunning, in self-deception, the Light expand
Anyone that know from this point, just blaspheme, if trying to bash
Like it's trash, no time for that

No, I don't lie but I am lied on
By the antichrists
6/8/19

Dexsta Ray

Distortion Stories Part 2

Legions of envy

That fixated on me, for a witch, in seasons passed, sort of tricks

Rigged, to benefit, and sort of sick, I'm more than this

Though, ain't get it from the get go, though I used to get hit

Sent me, forms of this smoke, normal order, exposed

That ain't right, how it transpired, witnessed, I'm a bad liar

Reasons why I don't do it, why I go through it, season after season

Still

Goal chasing, though I'm enrobed, by envious foes hating

Want me in that lifestyle, to rope me in, while the schemes allowed

For years, it was my talent, that's why a target, to beat me down

Lead me out, the remnants, of my legacy, they're zipper lips

And antichrists for saying I ain't honest, I just express my life...

Forget tradition, if it's been used to dead the Light

Place the blame on just who knew but still allowed this

Just to shine...

Undermining, some manipulate my quest for help

Like something mindless

And the ones devised it, trying to help me find it

Such affect the timing, and distort the mess to threaten with violence (cunning antichrists cult)

Framing me into some stuff I ain't and just to shun what Christ in...

Self-inflicted, some were rich but wasn't nothing like me

Now that truth is manifest, the wicked, plan expanding death

To brand what help a soul could get, as something that ain't

Pleasant yet...

Satanic false images, I'm not submitting to the beast

Some brainwashing everyone, deceived, some different foolish

Things...

I'll reincarnate

So they escape with using me

Atrocious persecution of a blameless, they refuse to teach

But it's the truest thing

Such join together, rules decease

Destroying me 'cause I'm

Handsome

Such don't want to see the true succeed...

On my heels without a cause

Not caring who can see, there was just a discharge

Wait? Who that was for? You or me?
Beauty queens, that I don't want, for years, pursuing me
Rich and famous but obsessed, satanic, still abusing me
Although we have no association
Merciless, yea, you should see it, but my faith remain in Weh'
Nobody care, but truth unleashed

Stalking me
Under attack still, I ain't never ask for this
Fear no evil

Jesus is Lord
6/17/19

Dexsta Ray

Doing Good

Forms of crime

Organized...

Borderlines, to fortify and border

Morph and hide this

Immortal shine

So order winds back, normal, disguise facts

Consigned flak, cordially, important dreams distorted

Torching myyy hat...

Different stories

Contingencies, sort reality, my forts, more than adequate

Restored, of course, the wineskin

That I'm in

Established after cracks and damage snatched the last

The battle scene was scorched

As channels streamed

And water dripped where life is

Recording fencing, lightning, impacting trees

Then you saw that little sprout, rising

Through the antbed

The texts said

The cornerstone was the mortal Being rejected

Jesus in the whirlwind

Jesus is the whirlwind

YHWH sent the Spirit down, a Helper

Like the girls is

Darknesses He didn't speak

Heartlessness He didn't teach

Many forms of torture

That unfurled when I reached success

And now I keep the testimonies on me like a ringmail vest...

Claiming everyone is losing it because they've lost it...

I don't know, I ain't crossed it, 'cause I draw it

All movement, all illusions fall, stupid 'cause I'm too enthralled, removing galls...

Scuba divers, salty nuisance, likened, I include the Cross

Then pause like I'm distillation

Salt is what get food to walk...

Remove the idleness, and talking foolish

Bridled, gluing faults

Haters, I embrace the Truth, I am not accusing ya'll...

Still and patient, for the hills, 'cause for years, I grieved
Maybe it's contagious, if I wait on God to hear my pleads
Fulfill my needs
I ain't great because of skills or dreams
But from what was stated in the pages of the Word
No complacency, engagement, of the faith that was obscured
Constants earned
And, of this stuff I write, is not enough of what's inside...
I find a bunch of writer's blocks and knock them flat
And stack them up
Before I actually pack the trash into the balor to be crushed
Grabbing all the stuff within
I'm happy 'cause it's through the Son/sun
These boxes from the upper room
And valor's just the Truth when shunned...
It's stranger
Learned of vain experiments
To place a label on it...
And satan's aiming at me, chambers, different hate reloaded...
But I ain't break commandment
Staying with what David told me
Evil seeks without a cause but Jesus had that favor on me!
My syringe is full of the Light
Inject society, with righteousness, who need it
Injections into the side of me...
Left for dead, by legions, a blessing that Christ' the Light of me
So I have no problem expressing these testimonies
Bless the homies though, misters and misses, He's still sufficient
For you, praises to the Most High
And baby, some spirit kisses for you...
Intrinsic gifts and portals, dimension slips and toil
Real attention, with no wickedness, attended with the mortals...
And these expressions ain't somebody else life
Just the delivery's enough
Guess, somebody else lied
And tried to hinder things, my winter breeze chills them
Checking distances, the Light from the Son/sun shine, bright
In the midst of this
Undying love, when I fight, it's to benefit
And infinitely, diminishing, diminishment, I look and laugh...
Took a jab, hook and grab, but I ain't in the mix...
Satan's shadow boxing

Me and YHWH's missing his events...
I'm too busy doing good
Focused on the Lord, spoke His own accord
His arrows on the wicked's head
And it ain't always physically
The sparrow, I was squinting at, I'm aero now
It's spiritually, and hear the wings of many angels
Gliding through without a plane...
Flying in truth
Alright, doing good because I know that God is in my future nights
Cool, polite, in spite of situations
Demons doomed to strife
But the righteous soul will be preserved
Those who choose the right path
Even when it ain't popular...

10/26/17

Dexsta Ray

Doing Nothing (Framing And Baiting)

In response to constant plundering of my inner peace...
I ain't even doing nothing, schemes to ruin something
I ain't stopped a thing, that's conspiring murder...
And who's to say who's not engaged ain't conspire the burden?
For certain, I could not explain, in simple terms
Because it's made that way, I know that, soon or later
satan's games he play will change it's shape, and wait to later
Blamed me for displaying my grief
And I could say the same of such, and it ain't just beliefs
The pain, I clutched, for many seasons, praying
Trusted, and believing, faith in Jesus, would preserve me
Now they make it inconvenient for me...
I ain't never rapped
I'm lame, my place was in poems
Just like the classic
And archaic, still was drastic, I ain't understand
How my action for the Lord is sure to land me under sand
And more, hand was up reached, just grabbing for the Lord
And, some weeks, stuff was savage, I ain't ask for it to form
Wasn't accidentally, stuff seem, like magnet to a door, that was passion
Of the Most High, I'd seek to bring my broken pieces...
Even then, my soul was reading, Scripture, on the weekly
Wasn't just because of pain, but that is what I'd grow up keeping...
Now, extorted through my means of life, so folks won't see it
`Twas satanic cults that did conspire to have some yoke to link me...
When I'm totally unrelated
Totally something different, I ain't go the road I'm framed in
Only trust the Scripture, `cause deep inside, I know the aim
And it's to stunt the Spirit, which, the truth I spake
In it's appropriate context, will mirror...
Evil sought to set me up, and now, too far to end
'Cause satan bought some heavy stuff and Christ out smarted it
But, still, I saw the persecution, as departing sin
I ain't know who darkness been, but just the what
From start of this...
Satanic artists pinned the evil on stuff larger than
So even if I manage to expose, I'll be discarded then...
It wasn't fair, sophisticated, just to plug me in
To something that I ain't originate in

Measures, margins, twisted
Flares, into the atmosphere, with nobody looking
When I was buried in the labyrinth there, I had to care
Or malice fare, and that is clear
Some tragic air, I just knew the truth, and not subtractions, every second
Evil plot to step on Jesus to repair some image...
May not understand it now, but later, who will care, will stare
Been tethered into that, although I never picked it
Since it's just a trap, to have me trapped, in whatever did it
So I couldn't craft, and advance, when I would have a chance
Such is antichrist, and never friendly...
Tried to bully me away, although I ain't deserve it
Plus, I was withdrawn, with the Lord, so I ain't discern it...
And this was years ago, but still, it can't just fade, I learned this
Those who seek the truth remain a stain on all what satan furbished
It's impossible for things to happen as they are...
Chronological, insane, if standards actually are ajar
And my attempts are worship God, and not the stuff implied by parts
Of satan body, that regardeth not, the Revelations
Focused on the simple things, the little gains, I lift the Name
And give Him praise, regardless, ain't the smartest
But I feel the grace, in darkness, or in Light, forgive the hardest
Normal Light, and room for backtracking, when it's mentioned
I'm not fast enough, a lot, it added up, abandoned stuff
Except, for me, it's lasting up until the present
Had it rough, for Christ, it'd be nice to be encouraged
'Stead of actions just to silence, dying to myself everyday
So, nah, the lying, ain't my thing, God shall dwell
Let us pray...
As He align my faith...
Constant threats, repetition, speak, and it sly away
Like satan, did to Jesus, I seen in weakness and times of praise...
Nothing new, just repeatings, this ain't my kind of thing
But life is not my own
Jesus seen this, so He had died and raised...
My survival ain't certain
I feel so close to
God
Perils near, from what evil planned for me since I'm close to God...
I trust the Word though, everything Jesus spoke is hot
Record clean as soap, flowing heaven things, so some want me dropped...
4/16/19

Dexsta Ray

Don't Forget About Elisha

Now... we have to recognize
Faith is what it takes for the victory
Second Kings
Chapter six
Verses eight on through twenty-three
Best describes...
The king of Syria sent for Elisha
It was hard defeating Israel since he was providing the people
Knowledge... a prophet
So that king was not happy
It was time for him to scheme and do some planning
Like most of us
He thought greater numbers and abundance of wealth
Would be sure to bring a victory to himself
So he sent a lot of soldiers
What he wasn't comprehending though
Is that the hosts of heaven always will be sufficient
Lo...
No matter the odds
Now, Elisha just did not have an army
With no guards or no military
Not in a fortress
When the king's soldier's came
Elisha's servant's timorous
Just because he didn't see with spirit eyes but the normal
But Elisha's eyes could see what was before him
Surrounded by angels
Elisha saw himself safe
But his servant saw danger
He wasn't seeing with his faith
One could see from his spiritual experience
And the other
Through the physical appearance of things
Don't we know that God is greater?
Even if the odds are just so stacked it annoys you
There are always more positioned to protect
Than destroy you
Fear not!
The holy angels are unspeakably more numerous

Than anything of satan's
Truth is this!
Second Kings chapter six
Verse seventeen is the proof of this
Angels aren't just messengers but they are soldiers too
Elisha knew... his servant didn't
It's up to you and me... anyone who can SEE
We have to open eyes
Help the fearful see through open eyes
That's the kindness we should both provide
We can pray for them better
That's when we close to God
We can see the demon powers in the earth and on the spiritual side
But we mustn't let that be the focus
But the road to God
Change up the perspective
Focus on light and truth
Introduce the darkness to the bright
Then fight the brutes
And laugh...
Calamities and threats of the earthly type will always be batum
When you're letting God fight your battles
Then you can chase your dreams
And remember
Don't believe what satan make it seem
Elisha, in the scripture, show how powerful the faith can be

8/17/14

Dexsta Ray

Don't Let Go

Hate without a cause
Like they did
Jesus

Hate without a cause
Like they did
Jesus

Hate without a cause
Like they did
Jesus

O...

How I wonder why my people abhorred

You can make it if you take the time to walk in your faith
And stay elated
For He pleasures in delight
And grace amazing
Hate will probably come as a result of His order
Just praise day in and day out
And hold your morals
Night time
Watch tower, oh
Prophets
Apostles
Every teacher He's assigned to His House
Just stay committed
So many need
It
You are more important, than you think, don't let go
I see your name and with a blessing on it

God bless you

Smile more

7/5/15

Dexsta Ray

Don't Lose Sight

Just an observation...

The flesh is temporary
The last thing to worry about is the way some one else
View your vision or your vision
If you work for the
Kingdom
The flesh can't compare to it
We must be run by the spirit and grateful for
The sacrifice...
There will be haters and the bullies
Are a product of insecurity
Those who talk about your looks and what not
Are only trying to hide the insecurity
And overcompensate for what who you are
Reminds them that they aren't
Stay strong...
And stay focused
Never belittle yourself and believe the sheltered
Value others may attempt to impose on
You...
Don't forget what you've already endured
Or you'll lose sight of who you are
The things above in the spirit world are the things to praise
Do what you love to do and never give up on
What you believe to be possible
Fight for it like you
Must die for it
That's any dreams you may have
Forget what the devil say
He's a liar
Everything he tell you... the complete opposite is likely true
If it doesn't bring peace and only used to degrade
Grow with your passion and craft
Nothing happens super quick
Stay up

And don't listen to those who try t deemphasize your struggles
Or your accomplishments

If you are great... you are just great
If you are legend.. you are just legend
Focus... regardless

11/24/15

Dexsta Ray

Don't Tell Me To Chill

I died a couple of times within this lonely life
Open up my other eyes
And, my God...
Didn't leave me, so there must had been a reason
Why I was alive
And it wasn't just to thrive
And it seems
All chains in my stone building...
The muzzled chimes
Sound
I don't want to be the cymbals
Lace me with the love
Promised to find holy light
Through open lines written
In the Bible
Ditching plights
Wicked sights
Just don't tell me to chill
'Cause I won't listen, only getting louder
I'm not society
Listen when I'm trying to speak
Ripping out the teeth of oppression
It's everywhere I look
So of course
I write about it
Just to climb up out it
From the other side of all the mountains
To a poet's confession
While annoying that single essence trying to see me down
Safe to say I'm hating
Things, chains that aim to break me, please
I could think to be deceived
By the stingy crowds
Keeping all the good of this degree from me
Forget the would, should, and could
Get sleep and wring
The wisdom from it, not promoting peace, I wondered
Got the scope on me, so so sweet to me
Because the conscious

Something else
Nothing felt
Up in there, is society, a form of such perspectives
Misconstruing things
Looking crazy, can't believe the way it takes me!
All I did is spoke the truth
Now they only want to see me wasted
Leaving, vacant
Eating pavement, seeing nathan, breathing nothing either
Plots and plans, another sequel
Pots and pans
Where the devil that ain't for me creep to
So afraid, I'll understand
Like I won't up the hands at a minute's notice
Only owning wicked motives
Just to get me
Gone...
Apparently, I'm competition, from another planet
Not literally, or figuratively
Just steering strictly to the truth and view that I can comprehend
'Cause I don't know about the ruse
But I know about it
Ruckus land...
Funny, and, ridiculous, the views, I couldn't get with this
Standing, I'm a hypocrite
But sitting, I'm a chicken then
Focused on the vision and the mission, insignificant
Speak against the wicked's ditches
I am not a Christian then
Society's a joke...
It's a game that isn't meant to win
Don't nobody want to see a change but get benefits
Hatred is the imminent
An infinite
Factor...
They get mad when their wickedness just didn't impact you!
The sin grasps to the innocence it gets from the captor
A fist's jab ain't sufficient
I commit to the Master, so I can sit and dish scripture at the midst of disaster
Sprinting out pure as gold as I grin at the camera
Just a sinner all alone in the
Dungeons

I peep the jealousy, I'd be darned if I see the devils teeth
Those who try you only saying...
'Please come to hell with me.'
See, they think the Lord is playing
I just pray He let them see
As I take the Sword
In hand...
Using faith more, to break doors, they can spew the poison but
They can't form, the main chord
Jesus on MY SIDE... that's the Spirit that they pray for
So the question now
Who they hearing when they say, 'Lord'?
Only blinded...
Jesus came to save the souls that's lost, not the ones who guided
Just the ones who trying to tear us down
That's the devil in them
Stir the wicked if the care around!
Asking God forgiveness
For His children and the tare abound!
If they tell me to chill
I'll prepare a sound, about all the hell that they hid
The despair was
Found...
I'm not an angel but I put the older chains beneath me
But yet some strangers use as a motive, aim: to chain to keep me
And still it's crazy since the folks don't pay a thing to feed me
They ain't even saying a thing about the souls who shame, deceiving
Fabricating, not seeing scripture
Degrade the needy
Proverbs fourteen verse thirty one
They refrain from
Reading...
Anything that's placed in the Bible that could reshape the regions
Fully focused on faults and power... that's why the nation bleeding
So don't tell them to chill
That's just the prophecies
And not the obsolete although not heeded for the sort it is
I don't feel the stuff that I'm hearing
Like such cacography
Thinking I won't punch, though I'm fearless, you must just bother me?
See, I know the motive ain't sheerest
And that's why I'm at peace

Just a jealous touch and I'm, clearing, 'cause you just out for me!
It ain't nothing prior I done, that always been the case
I don't do implications
Only direct effort, if it ain't place into my face, let the folly move
I ain't scare of nothing, but I listen to my Father's rules, up in heaven

Don't tell me to chill...
Let me take as much time as I need
As you took as much time as you
Needed trying to destroy
What God built

This isn't really about you
This is just self expression, I feel alive again
Thank the Lord for that...

10/1/15

Dexsta Ray

Door In The Thought

What is in a name?

Is it loyal?

Totidem verbis...

Stand

Never sever loyal heartstrings 'til death

And that's a word

Never shall the pleasure of the trust within a union be refused

Or dissolved by my

Step

And that's my term

Whether shall I ever set to burn?

I best discern

Because before I cheat I'd rather leave and rest unheard

To consider life a lesson

Learned...

And walk astray

Hold the morals from the winter to the autumn day

Now...

The words are falling off the page

And so confused

And ain't sticking on the glue but just to rearranging

How?

To live about without the sound of whole completion?

The reason I'm in the dark is a direct result of season

As even...

1/23/15

Dexsta Ray

Dream Analysis'ing

'Truly, truly, and I declare, if we could remember the first couple of them, the concept could be recreated.'

I don't know, it is...

'Like Epics? '

'Well, yes. Some of it. No, exactly. You can say that. But let's be serious...'

'Have you ever noticed how you can see New equations and complex concepts that instantly disappear when you awake? Sometimes, without recovery.'

'Certainly.'

'I mean, it's obvious that it's to be implicated in some way.'

'But what will you do? '

'This dream analysis... A type of priming. Doing naught. You know, create the environment internally to get results externally.'

'Meditation.'

'Remarkably similar but instead of focus inwardly, root and find a foundation on the intangible.'

'Hence, analysis... Pickwickian in nature but wholesome in concept.'

'Certainly.'

1/17/16

Dexsta Ray

Dreaming Difference

I'm not ruining my life
I'm finding balance, trying to finally slip the scandalous
Through pursuing the Light
A lot of people trying stop me
Trying to take away my happiness, but that ain't happening
I don't fear the world
I challenge
It
Looking at the flutter bys, proceed on their way
The cluttered skies, O, the clouds
Are amazing, God is great
Helped me conquer binds, you can't trust every single thing
It's a plus, how we touch, all the crush
Evil chains...
Evil plays, keep it plain or leave in vain
It's a man's world
Everything it takes to shape the spirit, let us handle this
Sustained...
By the highest power
It don't matter how the times of wicked idolize it's power
Nothing can affect us, it was written
Visions hidden, if it is
Only to the
Perishing... may we chase the dreams, faith, indeed, great
I can't rest until I sleep, but I peep the devil's really want to put me down to
sleep
In chains, but I left them on the wall and floor piece, feeling
More peace
Lord, see I'm Your seed
Thankful for the stable and the able
Circumspection raised
Firm and standing, manage any circumstances gave
Jesus ain't no joke, it's because of Him
I learned to pray, I ain't shutting up, for this don't concern the man that hate
Never changed anything, with these dreams
Let me worry 'bout my
Personals
Conditions, let me worry 'bout my business, focus on your own
I am just beginning, thank the Lord for the Word

He told
If it wasn't grace, all of us would burn below
Right now in this day, in this state
Satan is a liar, and we can fight, all the time, surely feel inspired
With my breastplate of righteousness that His will desires
Tearing down webs of inveiglement
Like you killed a spider
From the deepest trenches
So much is at stake
We have the souls, then the mind, then the homes of the babies

Just make a difference

9/5/15

Dexsta Ray

Dried Up Red Roses

Anamnesis...
Countenance fell
Rose petals on the floor...
A numbing betrayal
Those letters woken more than encompassing shell
Those letters closed the door
For the love was curtailed
Reluctantly...
Clearly wasn't meant for us to be
No communication
Broken patience plus deceit
What had I done to me?
Compassion's to blame...
Even if I went back it would happen the same
I ignited your spark
You extracted the flame
Then decided bogart was the action to take
Complicated...
And one would think the rose was unrelated
In fine fettle turned cold and desiccated
Now frozen in the pages, with the pictures, and the pain
I'd like to know the changes you were wishing to attain
Machiavellian...
So convincing it's a shame
I was focused on the sentence more than filling in the blanks

7/30/13

Dexsta Ray

Dried Up White Roses

The love, was real, remember when, the nights, if rain or not, the same
A page forgot, was young, and tough, and stuck on
Each other, instead of clubbing, stayed and watched the same movie, though
In separate homes, disputing goals, the betters days, together, hugging when we
could
So just a poem
Quoting Holy scripture, for a while, different smile, life and countenance
The soul grows, the photos, the long roads, alot of starts
And quitting, and forgiveness
You explode, then get your mama car
So distant but so close, end up, sitting in somebody park
Losing track of time, back to listening, and it's probably dark
The Spirit, at the mind, picking, glistening pass the eyes
Simply...
I fantasize about the future, all the lessons learned
Only after hard work, it seem that's when success occurs, and God will bless
In turn
His grace is sufficient
Although, sometimes, you have to let Him work
To change your condition

9/13/17

Dexsta Ray

Dry River

I don't give my contact (weird)
I don't know them, witches, steady lying
And steady trying to control him, but to no avail...
A broken shell
Nets designed to dry the river up, and tried, but didn't work, now steady looking
for some
Crack to slither in
Erase a book, from false position, lost decisions, deadly, but, I saw provision,
YHWH's plan
A different realm, I can talk about the scammings by the wicked
Stuff persisting
I mention, Jezebel, because that devil there is unrelenting...
The same characteristics
What Spirit ain't attending, thankful for the forces of Good...
The envious believe that...
And seek to see that I suffer for what I haven't done
Different schemes, still uncovered, a brother's having fun, ain't worried about
No drama
Even when was yet surrounded, and death had crowded, so in truth, that
I could say it ain't, won't change a thing
Never to consent 'cause I don't know what they talking, and no, we'll never see
A kiss, obscene, whatever, I know better than it
Name still in the mouths of demons
Trying to bring the devil in it...
Trying to age the treasure, take the measure, crazy, and excessive
No, I don't believe the promise, seen me stumble, light a fire
Hires hired to spike this tire, time and time and time again, I don't rhyme to win
I'm kind of big, dreaming, I aspired...
I'm losing interests in the concept, I ain't never liked it, I just be honest, and I'm
sick of seeing the same maze
Major sacrifices just to see the river dry, where critters lie and bake
Claim I'm hitting up, but, I ain't, and can't, the Light has reigned
Still, I'm bitter, 'cause, it's a grimy thing, a time to pray, the highest stakes, it
strive to wipe away what's
Right, and smite the day, and stuff has nothing to do with me
Trying to stir me up, for information, but I give the devil's strategy
I don't put above, what could happen, witches challenge me, I don't lie, it's to
the point
I don't try, I just express

So much time has passed that it's most likely tied upon my neck...
This stuff suppress intelligence, at least it attempts, plus all my other stuff still
true
But I ain't ink it for them, and I ain't dreaming for sin
I'm spirit riches driven, focused wholly, and holding close to peace
For Jesus be real, I'm still oppressed, even though I told the world...
What I say is important
It went from being attacked to being what some say that had form it
Although I've had no room to even act in ways that had force it
Evils out to get me
Confirmation bias ain't origin
Things remain contorted
It's a problem when I speak, and it's strange how things are morphed to be
about what hateth me, making pain for me
I'm loved enough, my trust above
Some glass ceilings present, all it takes is for someone with more to think that
you're a threat
But, I had named, all the things, about distortion though, campaigns of evils, I've
experienced, not just some stories told
I keep my faith in Weh's Spirit 'cause demons hoard some blows
Twisted, difficult, major differences, why incite me, to wiles
Which I dare not embrace, though impositions, pick me, no consenting still, or I'll
feel a little empty
Scripts and tricks flipped around, ain't giving in, delivered bold, but won't enrobe,
an evil value, I consider how my limits are
Extending far but have to manage different, 'cause, ain't playing wicked
For I just wouldn't be that careless, taking YHWH serious, maybe I would see it
again
Springs, clear and rapid waters, I can see through, to mention my Light, the
wicked try, unkind
Bites, the evil couldn't pay me for that, the first of me, a perfect dream, no good
in staging more flak
'Cause way before that, I was paving, prints in wet concrete, beyond reach to my
hand
Ink, I'm next, what's free? Andbets loved me
Without consent, my nest upstream, why I annoy, I envoy, it's nothing like
causing racket, Light's a choice, and I avoid the magic route
Snatching out the damage, glad to feel my spirit in the atmosphere, when time is
up, captured that perfection...
I salute, I'm still in mirth, if ain't nobody have the heart, o, hats to you
And stand in truth like that, I choose the muse like that, the proof, impacts
That's in a stage, untouchable, they muzzled me, can't muzzle you

Ain't trouble me, a bunch of beefs, and demons don't know me, but talk and talk,
as if it's at me
But, my dreams had exploded, and what's expected from the devil, out of me, I
ain't focused
To try to keep me from a shine but, ah, I'm gleaming, even through the others
Not a game, subdued a brother, made my muse a controversy, that's why I don't
give them time
I don't give them mine, I just feel the Guide, the Spirit, all I fear, the evil of the
world just want a reason
Jesus all it sneers, no weakness, falling here, He call the clear skies, make fog
appear
Jezebels and shade missions, reign different, set in hell, stringed in it, still, I pray
fervently, I learned in time, ain't a loss secured
It's real to sow that love, and if happen, I will pause
It's clear
Ain't acting loud, like background checks, it ain't extract the crown
I figure, there's a bad route, I don't want to impose or take, just so it's a fact
now
Bible Light in the inner realms
God made the woman
For the man, and vice versa, nights, purple ribbons present
I was ditched and forgotten
But, still, the prospects, dig the graves for innocents, but live the opposite...
I did it with the grace of Yahw, and pages, from the Savior's mouth, no aim
unless it's Spirit-filled, I'm boxed in still, and 'twas a lot getting real, and if I mis-
assess, and wicked press...
It ain't nothing for me to calibrate, I see, I be, it rightly feels good to be
appreciated
I can't even hate it
Snakes can't even date me
Went too far, to break and yet, I see the Light, it's sharper now
It's almost like it's wrong for me to talk about what God has done, but, I don't
really care, there's much to be enlightened by
Just one leads to heaven though...
Sevens, growth, unleven loaves, the puzzle just inspire my desire for the holy
essence...
Don't get mad at me for what you bring unto yourself, mocking God is just a not,
I've gotten pass unleashed
I know, my stuff is what I mean it for, not what's enwrapped in grief, the path
exceeds what evil form
To please the Lord is why I live

7/27/17

Dexsta Ray

Duds

Dropping duds

Duds...

tanding d out the highest places

And light is vacant for the kind of mind that

Sides with satan

I was looking up at the stars

A confirmation toggled

`Cause stuff is crazy, trying to double what I make tomorrow

Maybe, youngsters try to find a trade

Because they hate to

Borrow

Supplements imparted, I'm a slave to all my Savior's sorrows

Including doom and gloom

Who ain't with us only scatters

Passionate for life

Rooted in the scripture, holding lanterns...

`Cause the age is so

Dark...

And crucial, dropping duds if I place my hate in your heart

I'm stupid, not with love

It's dry

Abusive, taking the spark, elusive, watched above

Amusing, but with satanist marks

It's losing, blots the Sun, and moon will fade away

It'd be dark

The stars will fall to earth

And once it's started, nothing else can make it all reverse

Regardless, these are final days...

I repent of all my sins that I don't even know about

All the things that satan praise

Are things that I can go without...

The vision ain't presenting

Hate

That's the shallow life

I'm sent to be an image of His grace, fighting battles right

Showing mercy's honorable

Sowing dirt for appetites, is loathesome and insufferable

The wicked can't damn the Light

Since they're half aligned in knowing there's an other world

But living to dismount the signs
And the vision's slanted
Blind
On the riverbed, dropping duds on me 'cause my God's will still in effect
I ain't saying it didn't land
But my faith's a shield
Separate the friends and foes, it's time to concentrate for real...
Some people hate my poems
But some others pray I'm healed!
Shout out to the love I get
The reason why I bring it still
Bombs are dropped on me
No explosion
It's never finished, clever envy, locked on me
No repulsion, I'm never ending
Hell resisting
Lots to see, wanting holy, the prophecies
Are still in progress
Kindred knowledge, like it ain't no stopping me
Rewind me back to satisfaction and comfort
Oh ah, undamaged constants
Slashed across the cheek with oppression
Where least expecting it
And plans rejecting it, for the best
Just let me wild out
Marveling, dragonflies and the ants like I'm child now
So, soon, I have to cry, what's the chance?
So others smiles come
Fruitless works and useless words, the roots of curses
Loud sounds, and truces, moving verses...
My angel are watching fervantly
Until I do return to my station up in eternity
The wicked want to see and are
Waiting...
And organizing wars... some even go appeasing
Trying to place some others up against me
When they started with me out of envy, normal course of entry
Test me out of ignorance
Then realized their form was wimpy
My sword is spiritual...
We ain't to fight
I paid the price of leaving "physical" and clinging to Light

But that is why the evil ridicules
It can't understand it
And that conspiracy, I know that envy, staged, underhanded
But I embrace the commandments
It's not about the flows but information
Because without the substance
Grounded flows are dissipated, all original, unimposed
See, I ain't meant to say it
Sent an army for me, I've grown, and evil's imitated...
I see the bombs coming long before they hit the pavement
Run behind the wing of God
The glorious One I hid my faith in...
'Cause everybody knows the beast will be a trick of satan
Look how everything is organizing for the
Integration...
Of worldly values, and what have you, I'm just really chilling
Keep the carnal power and respect
I'm just feeling Scripture, but in the minds of unbelievers
That's a building issue
Though I grind for something else entirely, there's still retinue...
I'm never playing the devil's advocate
It's just the Truth
Because of what I stand for, my passion lasts and wasn't moved
To glorify Jesus Christ, so there is none confused
There is only One God...
Any blasphemy's just rude, tripple sevens all the time
Sprawled across my mind
Hoping everyone is
Saved
Clarity for all the eyes... it seems the devil's scared to see
My words forsake the page
When I mention that, then the threats come and major plays
And I don't even talk about striving, raising K's
I just talk about Light and truth about these crazy days
Satan's dropping duds on me but my faith's in Weh'
The only way I know is if I accidently run across it...
Trips mines set in front of all the ones who taught it
Spiritually, I mean, plus it's love for all the one's who caution...
Because of time
I must stop addressing duds and falsehood, here
The fall is clear, but my castle sits on what the Cross meant
But wait a minute, even duds can crush you unprepared

The world is mostly darkness and illusions
When there's nothing there
Of substance, harken, stomped confusion, from the One up stairs
Befuddled, where?
Just claim your peace
Don't let your joy be strained and ceased, the Son declared
You have a future, and He has a plan for you
Just stand by Him, expanded truth, until the very end of earth

9/13/16

Dexsta Ray

Dying Touch

Confusion... needs to leave
Stop deceiving
Me
The plot to lock my dreams down
Keeping Faith in God
Though I can't
See
What chains breached the way seen
I ain't free and can't reach
The same peace
I used to
Have
And drained, see, I'm doing bad
For Christ's sake
At least, that's what I tell myself, now
The truth is either swept
Or kept underneath
Me
In death, I left a freed speech
Of things need
To be exhumed... Calling to the me in tune
The sight of the vision
Before I had the periscope I used to fight insufficiency
I look for my intervention
To rival madness, kind of got me trapped
Thinking, God or Satan, then replay it to the Bible tracks
I'm saying, Lord, I ain't as strong as Job
But He beg to differ
All the mess ain't litter of the soul but the globe
Just enrobed
The trust is gone, what is much to figure?
Half the time
It's never half as bad as the half assigned
Thinking spirit...
Stand aligned again
Back to when the Light was clear to shine again
It's designed to win
Cracking open scriptures, disappointed
Now aligned again, but nothing mis-appointed

Even in the darkness of the desert
Part away from pleasure
Crazy measures
Hardened, regions, start to Jesus!
Not to lead myself, don't
Follow
'Less both eyes are open, and not seeking help
Guard the secrets of the larger visions
Know and thrown though smart
But hidden
Camels and needles
And holding on to the longest roads though the cards
Leaving
Can't believe me? Seems I overload on holy quotes
Then depart, regard demons, risk to get me lost
Like a Christian does...
Until resist the
Touch
No more

1/25/16

Dexsta Ray

Earth

'Keep on spinning'
'The world is darker than Abaddon'
'We imprison ourselves'
'People always giving in on themselves'
'Take a moment'
'Reconsider, that your faith is aligned'
'Don't listen to the earthly'
'Cover your sins'
'Or teach the kids to strive'

What you want to do? In the world of sex
Fornication
Being promoted like it's normal
And dissecting moves
Scandal wrap it's arm around the forces holding up the mirrors
Ignorance is laughing at the knowledge
The wise and wicked
History repeats
The message stutters
But it multiply in the form of broken lies
The rudders
Subtle
Something... something other than followers and opinion counting
So much, other stuff to be found
And yet the world is blind
Losing sight of
Time..
And it's essence, I mean, restoring too
The world destroys who's asking the questions
And bore the truth
Hypocrites
Ain't trying to hear what is wrong
We live and learn forgetting
Pulling one another from the bottom to a better frame
That's the settled grains of better age
Never leave your honor
Staying curious
If we stop caring we will be in trouble
I don't see the difference in-between to fight and be a lover

See rebuttals...

'Keep on spinning'
'The world is darker than Abaddon'
'We imprison ourselves'
'People always giving in on themselves'
'Take a moment'
'Reconsider, that your faith is aligned'
'Don't listen to the earthly'
'Cover your sins'
'Or teach the kids to strive'

I see a couple of lilies in a world of mess
Distorted nation
Hidden soldiers in the motion
With a test reproved
Listen closer, answers wrapped the former, brokenness to hear it
Benefits of basking in the problems
The time is shifting
Misery repeats
The lessons utter
Though it coincides with dreams of open minds
The covers
Crumble
Crumple... crumple up the dollars and nickel mountains
Much less, other stuff to be downed
And yet, a pearl is time
Losing might and
Shine...
Is it blessings? Just dream, recording truth
The world enjoyed new lasting impressions
Abhors it too
Impotent
Defying the tears of our own
To kill insurgent missions
Upping other concepts from the lower to the top of chains
Just to operate the doctors aim
Never eat a constant
Praying furious
Having hot hands will equal nothing
I don't see difference in-between the light and being in dungeons
Sickened ruckus...

'Keep on spinning'
'The world is darker than Abaddon'
'We imprison ourselves'
'People always giving in on themselves'
'Take a moment'
'Reconsider, that your faith is aligned'
'Don't listen to the earthly'
'Cover your sins'
'Or teach the kids to strive'

5/27/15

Dexsta Ray

Elders

Every single wrinkle of the elder
Whole stories unfolded
Shrunked
Into the countenance
Telling us a story
Not forever...
The harmony
Awaits
More importantly, there's more to be attained above the ground
Whereas more unveiling
Precious like a diamond covered golden piece of jewelry
Strolling on the road of broken stones
And I... wonder...
Oy! Oy!
Shall the stories be forgotten
Torn asunder!
Woe shall manifest itself as if a poison to our stomachs
Bless the elders that respect the Lord
The grey is crown of glory
For it's Him who gave them life
In Him they find their
Stories
And it's every single wrinkle of the elder
So much experience
Wisdom
How despairing if we never hear it

4/22/15

Dexsta Ray

Eleventuple Entendre

And we were as parents and
children to each other. But our
love wasn't anything like that but
strangely alien and intensely
romantic.

3/27/17

Dexsta Ray

Emblazoned Miasma

I could be of help, if I'm able
Acacias, maple trees, the make believe
Ain't cradles, I'm stable
As I could be myself, was grateful
For the simplest things
Excluding malice though
And thankful
So I'm lifting the Name
I'm usually sadder
Though...
After hope with lanterns broke, mishandled notes
It's standard so, it's mattered, no?
I just meanders, ancient fields
Like I'm trying to find my losses
Guiding Crosses at the presence
Plus I want, remain for real
I trust the Master
Light, I'm talking, trying to walk it, and not fall
What stay unveiled, shall manifests
The underhanding, prophecies, some bands and tests
That praying affect, as sands collect
Nothing to remember
Just wretched nets, from Jan. to Decembers
That dresseth death
For righteousness, familiar, the Light is this
November, to whenever, and, I can't dare
The space there, remain where the page tear
My faith care
Scissors for the pictures, sorts distort on purpose
More, my hurts, abhorred
For certain, course, divergent
Biblical
It's more important, if I didn't live, absorbed
Some envious screamers
I ain't feeling still, plenty years, somehow a source of fortune
So the sort distort me, not exhort me..
But it will appear
Like connecting normally
I reject misfortune, tied to debts

That don't exists
Plus I'm where some focus is
Because snide snares they roast me with
Was crushed by where Jehovah in
And broken then
Replace by YHWH's Word
Because my passion blew like hazards do
Some changed a lot to curse me
So my path is moved and craft consumed
Somebody got to hurt me
So it's captured too, just like some other tapes
Some was faked, others break a man
Just for taking stands against some hate
One may get slain and banned
Even if it's righteousness aligning to Scripture
I guess the rest, won't second guess, but Light we try to disfigure
I find it strange, how no justice had, been given to me
But, simultaneously, cults, obstructions
Only seemed to increased
I speak the truth, recurring cycles, like my pens on repeat
To prosper and be left alone
Was just a figment
To me...
And some influences assumed wrong
Ruinous, trying to glue lows, to use those
Consumed so, by malice
Hammering this to accrue doe
'Til the fuse gone, excepted miasma
Some just see some grouped 0's
And not what heaven's established
Truth told though
No magic, unchecking these factors
That's correct, and proved knowns
Some want my death to be platters
Aside from this though
I wish I did know, from the get go
If I was arrogant and bragged about some stuff
I didn't want...
I'd be wrong, unless sinning, like the wicked hope
I can't be no company, misery, legions, different cults
And why I'm not entitled to mine, mysteriously
Isn't whole, but I ain't turned away, but vehemently

Fight for right, the sickest, sow consistent blows to my life
Twisted, but still I'm hopeful
Made my share, mistakes, that don't take away from the greatness
And, I see, right there, depraved
Minds, aware, before it was the case
A time, out of nowhere
They aim at me 'cause of Jealous-bel
Which get away with it
Or just fake a death, while I barely fare
The whole thing is sick
Escape it won't, at the Lord's return
Trying to hide and cover
Plus, society ain't capable of supplying justice
Trying to blind others, 'cause I'm kind, nothing
Make me wonder so, wandered on my own realm
Still buffeted and trying to live, demon cults be threatening
If something did defy their will, for things like that to happen
Someone has to hide the fields
And only who control the lands can hold the hands
That tied the deals...
I never would give up my essence to some kinds for real
Undermine to conjure crime and promise lies
That time conceals...
Constantly, I search my soul, for I don't want to be
A stepping stone for satan, nor stumbling blocks
Like railroading me...
Don't tell me what it is
Especially, who ain't close with me
'Cause I would never ask
Which the devil means for controlling me
A snake forever mad
Like the devil was when Jehovah'd bleed
Ain't knowing me at all
My business is what's encroaching me
Delusional to think
What's positioned by God, ain't 'sposed to be
The issues really small
Compared to all that I'd grow to be...
There's only peace within
In spite of constant harassment
And it was worse back in the day
But now it's just as entrapping

But it ain't really been too long ago
On a roll, like some mold on doe
Light is my prerogative
That's the love I'm supposed to know
The Holy Ghost, apocalypse
Prophecies
Now supposed to owe, suddenly, but I don't hold no grudge in me
Befuddling...
A drug can be a lot, but not a piece
Of my accomplished dreams, see, stuff for me
Is different
It ain't like what's sent to cover me
And troubling the Spirit
Humbling...
Feeling sick, at times, biological, the envious did
If it is, some officials knew, I ain't did a thing wrong
Even now, it still resume
I ain't went the same road, but demonsvow
To get me moved, forget me too
Then turn around, scrimp this fruit, to then misuse
And that ain't really nobody
But, for evil, is a tool
Even, nonetheless, I'm thinking of the day
I'm thankful for
Every unrelated, graceful, simple thing
That faith restore
A hateful score is zip, like when things ignored
I used to be like you to me...
Except, to future me, I grew to see
For who believed
I'm thankful, I ain't cool with seeds for blasphemy
If something happens to me
It's apostasy, at least, for one established land
Society, destroyed itself, as I predict before I knew...
Miasma, that's the wicked, that scorched my blooms
That's a trojan horse, I know the sort though
And never been with me, like I said, some can distort though
11/22/18

Dexsta Ray

Emeraldy Flame Shadows

The flavor of the
Earth
Staying determined to err from the curses
Certain words and works
Immersed in hurts
I might romanticize it all, the panicking
The understanding in the underhanded tricks
Extra powers, just as sour, still as unimportant to me
Though misrepresented at times
I have some self respect, not to just neglect
The wretched wreck and present nets
Recollection ain't sufficient, cept' for testament
I write for me, I write for ye who find the diamonds bedded in
The inspiration...
I don't write for tricks of satan
Let it down, less in pounds
Integration, disengagement, in this strangeness
The mazes, amazement, contained...
Ain't a thing to let go, I just know what is right, and wrong
Writing odes
That light the soul
And, do I have material...
Paths inferior
Laughs and traps, maps in halves
And draft the math
The mass hysteria, apples, raffles
May I capture truth, and stamp the proof, from avenues to circles
Waxing moons and purples
More preoccupied with attitude than the smoother, hurdles
Not, actually, up that high, and one could overstep it, gold and precious
Rules, so respect it, and, as a human, fine
Removing eyes from useless kinds of fruit
That sow depression, froze regression
On the antipode, antidotes...
Seeing harvests being imparted, it's a glorious thing
People reap desserts
Sea of mirth to heed restoral, gaining
The immortal fragrace, and tenderness
Normal temperaments, that intermit, the sinners fit

And meant to prosper, spirit problems...
Not the insolence
I send it in, all net, and with that sound
Forget what all said
The fall dead
Dexamethasone, set, protect a soul from something worse
Dirty mouths, stirring
Conscious of a crisis, hurts like stomatitis
Just the brightest...
Royalty just like my Father God
And just as handsome too, I flash these pearly whites, my hands had move in
Light
For truth
The path that Christ had drew, seldom early nights
Expand away from man's abominations and embrace the Lord
I'm hard to see, hard to speak with, my sleeves thick, pardon me for honesty
My breath is like a double edge
Fake deep just ain't me
I stay dreaming, leading, mainly, ain't deceiving, means to
Humbling self
Increase in righteousness
No stumbling left
Puzzling health, grind and sue
Climb in truth
Harassing actions, badgering without a cause
I figure, ah, the prophecies came
And might need a lawyer too, rogues, foiled loops
Coy disputes to toy with whos of Light, run or choose to fight
Sower moves, soil, fruits, and branches
While I have expressed my unacceptance to the roots and tries to smite in times
before
That don't encapsulate me, not all I say is grafted to the crafted ruse
Doesn't activate peace, but masquerade, just emasculate things
Advance, estranged
Thinking everything about, everything without
Hate and doubt, faded mazes, clout
That I ain't devout
Straight and narrow, heaven
Way to circumspect the snaking route
To bring about the changes found
Even kindness is smeared, snide appearance due to everything, that disguise the
Spirit

Or just what we've been told by ole slew foot
The cunning devil, nothing, call the Lord's name, the undeveloped faith will raise
Measured, trusting
Love is God's, at core, much, alot in store
Forgotten darkness
Light before, the Highest Lord, and so I bow to that
Down my hat
Lounge around the backs of crowds and packs
Mountains flat, resounding claps, I worship God
Until the ground collapse, and turn to squash
Diverting from the ways of sin
But that is just my preference though
Confess and sow
I know, jealous devils set for the hell of it
But I'm dealt intense resistance, I persists and never quit it
Never ending, clever envy, fail, diminish
When I stick my faith into my Spirit sword
I'm hitting for it, gets absorbed, I'm in accordance
Imps and demons in distortion but will never prosper...
Better roster, hellicopter, deviled teleprompters, extra
With the bad deeds
And seeds, hands feeding weeds...
Ashing wheat, but the roster doesn't, roster loved me
Lobsters, something for them, if I have, still I craft my half
Not imposters like imposters
I ain't one to squawk, I'm one to walk, the trust involving Light
Not the crummy talk, dishonesty is stalking, still, the Cross can heal the falls
I kneel to Cross, I feel the Cross, it builded all
I'm trying to tell somebody...
Strings of satan, appreciate and it be negated
Regardless how it seemed on the face value
You change value...
'Cause it's mainly the taking and not the giving
Noted
In the pattern, focus, only on the openness of souls, on the colder scopes of the
globe
I want to follow God, even though it's wrong to the strong and souls who know
it's not...
Grating information, think I'm imitating
This contagion, dissipating, infiltration, meant to stain the Kingdom
Quarantine, the strain I'm seeing, not that instigating, sitting with the Most High
To listen

'Fore I indicate it, chicken Florentine, adoring themes and scenes
With dates and stuff, time is non-existent, but, for here,
there's some constraint and stuff
And I don't want to hear it
Stumps of minuses portrayed as plus, and if it ain't to bludgeon
Ain't for crushing, but from inspiration
What's the point of hate?
Say, enterprises, different timing, mix in spirit guidance
Recently, I learn some new perspective that have change my life...
Evil stick opinions that I don't even embrace (unrelated)
Use to dream of the position that God conceived
Me to face
Satan schemed to stop the vision through lots of secretive plays
Strange to me, but watched and listened, plots are even renamed, in secret
Just to keep it, steep, on other levels though, the shells and sails
I felt the coast and held the soul of her
That counts along the oceans, seas, chosen themes for art, to feed
The heart
Behold, the most love the dust can even hold, completely whole, and strong
Extolled
Happy for the majesty, attached to me, or banishing
I'm vanishing upon the finishing anyway
Commencement in a state of selflessness
I welcome in, benevolence, a measure of the Kingdom in us
Proverbs chapter fifteen and verses one through four, something more
Appreciating little things like some important
Stuff
Organize my scrapbooks, order portals, poems
Normalizing that look like some would probably hoard some pictures
Seeing progress everytime I place the Lord in front
Seeing prospects and conscious of the steps I take
Spirit living, minus physic vision
Still attended
Looking in the hills from whence my help come, left none
Potential meant for emptiness for every ending day
In the way because I kept none
And this is my approach forever...
Labels, titles, nothing measures, just identify, some extra sections of the
Whole environment that is the Light
In His sight, diminish, smite the evil
Climb like Peter, out the boat, and most remember
This story

Throughout the Scriptures, we behold, a many, seem we go with any to whom
We relate...

We need to change up the perspective, so we see it straight

Instead of seeing like Peter, we should be the One he seen, with faith...

Evil hates the Light and try to stir up much confusion, just illusions

Such amusements, thinking with a carnal mind...

A darker time, hard to find hearts that's large inside in the lines

I don't start to stray, embark and pray

Regard the faith and not what satan say

6/6/17

Dexsta Ray

Envy

There's a green eyed monster on your back
Smile at my face
But I know where you're really at
Subtle remarks
I'm in a room full of sharks
They smelled blood
And tried to pull me apart
I can see you tried to find a problem
Even when I did good
I've noticed it just led to drama
And I thought it was me
No matter what I do you'd never agree
I see the envy as the root of the critique
But you come a dime a dozen
I'm successful and you're mad cause' you wasn't
I work hard and this other person doesn't
And really I love it
You attempt to pull me down
But I'll still wear the crown
While you be labeled as a clown
Now I've found that you're around everytime I fall short
Feign understanding
I see you relish my remorse
Now I see the truth
You choose to stay in touch
But aye what's the use?
I'd rather cut you loose
Chucking up the duece

7/19/12

Dexsta Ray

Eternal Treasures

Treasures in the heavens, measures
Set, yet, eternal checks, testings in the flesh
Learned obedience, and heard the Lord
Discern the Light, emerging, worded right?
Curse, no peace within, the burn from all the molten stones
That's on the road, consoled the soles
Unfold the soul
The merging, sought a word to call and word this
Apparently, the cost because I earned this, in turn, "rich";
See, there's impartial understanding
Angst, it may've seemed
That's just because of weight, because of Weh'
I change approach though...
First take, my birthday, I was on note
Then, turned age, I'd grow older, but the curse stayed
Being no stronger, the Holy Ghost changed that
So the sin don't own us, the holy hosts, reign forever highest...
Embrace facts, if I could, choosing hate or love
Asking what could greater magnify the Truth or Weh' above?
So I feel the balance side, hate what's truly evil
Love what path aligned, and to this Master of mine
Factors that haven't had a catalyst, abandonment, I haven't did
I actually hid the Scripture
In my heart so I don't sin against Him
Mission picked a part, and split in different directions
And plus the wicked disregard what's did to me, to flip
To lift their gleam, attempt to make me fade, while being the wrong
But twist it low, intimidation, evil, anything to make me
Cease, can I explain the deepness?
I'm selectively affected 'cause what set up me was reckless, then collectively
Suggested, more, affecting me, from sorts and sorting
That would weaponize expression though, and windows of some persecutions
Set to hide the methods chose and see...
It's the most shocking things that only now would dawn
Strange coincidences, long ago, was actually proudly
Done
And please forgive me for my passion
Trying to grow from trauma, and some ropes of drama
I, by no means, created, but, still it wants me, longing for

My soul's grief...
With no need, ain't too many on my goldies
I own peace
Plus was living at a slow speed, 'cause roads freeze
With hopes to walk on golden ones
My soul just watch the Only Son, behold, a plot
Watched, to see, now, at these times that I would stop
Proceeding, with the seeking, of the Light
And God's provision, I don't mock, but those, in secret, who continued trying to
end me
They can do it
If I squint, I'm taken through it, while eyes is seeing it
Nothing shallow, my support come from the Lord and God would send me
When it's necessary, things are secondary
Got dimension, not derision, I don't feel belonging
Is a problem, long as it ain't everybody
Stronger, in that measure, probably, hopelessness is gone
Thrown my soul in this
No smoking pits, of brokenness, and just because of God
I know He feel the pain I feel
The same'll heal
Replace and fill the soul with spirit treasures
On the bench, thinking, if the picture better, know the risks, I go with this
I see the Spirit's letters, did in holiness, and so, it's this, I want
And, in perpetuum
I gravitate, I'm quite a kid
God, activate my Light again, I find the end
Encapsulated, terrors, mind constraints, devised in hate, a masquerade of devil
But, I never doubt the Holy One, my faith is placed
Eternal treasures, you can't always see Him, but He's there
And know He ain't forsake
Discern

1/1/18

Dexsta Ray

Eternal Victory

Judas was a part of what it took to win it
Look, into the dark,
Cue it
Just a mark, within, a wicked man, sinning
Twisted, standing on the
Antipode
Losing, for the proof is in the form of other hindrances and not...
The movement, salvation, the Light
The retribution for the
Ruses
Like Dalmatians, but reversed 'cause earth is
Fully dark, with a bunch of fights
Being the brightness
Of the Gospel
But society is blinded to it, mindless ruin, trying to hide the cards
But no matter what, final time is ours
Besides the stars, like the
Moon
Shining, true prying, through obscure, and too unsure
Eternal victory, looming over like...
God's Sun, God won
Centuries ago, disbanding all manners, falsehood
In the doctrine, lethal, evil is too febrile
Cold to that
Hot to dropping immorality, it's the only way, open jacks
Ain't locked, surprised
Live life, do watch, view slots all objective like
Through a doctor's eyes
Find a plot to stop
The crying
Stop the dying, and I mean through spirit, life won't present apologies
It's property, leery to the top degree
So eyes open...
Human tablets, on a brink, slow to blink, with a fine notion
Leave Abaddon's signs broken
We can make it
Even...
Who said it ain't love? Trying to take it easy, following the bless of the dove
While I gauge grace

Want to say it from the maze, to the
Flame's gates
Claim faith may shake straight a vain hate, a thousand years
Smiles and tears...
Several triple beams, wielded to the main frame
Spirit, it's a little
Lead
Tell the truth, borrowing time... included sorrow like the flute of the piper, the
pied
Throw at it for a reason, a normal season
Victory from up above
Something major, like my confidence
In Blazers
Only trust and love, avid in pursuits, and motivations built around the Stone
I can't trip because in winter time the ground is cold
Silencers are aiming
Muzzles silent'ed to muzzle truth
Being investigated, mauled, stalk like a cornfield, balled into a wad
Tossed paper in the trash can, messed up,
Now it's more tall
But guess what? Something out, probably like the cornballs
Or the scores crossed out
By society...
Just trying to make a difference in the night of things, we already have
Now it's time to let the titles bleed
Finding peace
Because it's of the Light and that is what a writer needs

The battle was won
At the Cross

We're just passing through

11/1/15

Dexsta Ray

Eurypterid

Harmonic scalpels
For sonic weapons, high frequencies
My rhymes
Like I sided with Light like liars would time against
Doesn't let up
Something that others wasn't supplied to fix
Struggling on the edge of society
With no mind to bend
Constantly
I still...
Being
Pushed into nothing
If I was trusting in my 'lil sense
Would've been under
Some life a constant, just a 'lil bit
Just like the mustard's
The filled pits
Thus befuddled, when a stem was discovered
I seal reals, wilderness, filled with hills
And filled with different 'scapes
Winter came, sunlight diminished
The ancient breezes
Blow
Hidden through a page, if you're different
You're lame
As satan organize perspectives
If you slip them
You're fake
I remember when society and most the piety within it
Strove to silence me exposing evil
Which ain't been explained
I still engraved though
Treasure my substance, but I was suffering for a minute
To some measure, I love it, I care above it
Nor was in it, swords and wickedness
Distort the mission
Just to mortal outlooks, abhorrence and the misfortune sought
Misplaced, attention, in this case, different display
Remit, for an ending, it's dismay, but it's insufficient

Inhibitions, torches, and mists, plains and adventures
Sorted, and recorded, it's written down
It's a part of me
But darker themes manifest, sparking into some larger grief
Didn't used to be a man oppressed
Targeting, things enlarging me, illusions
That I am the essence
Of some confusion, and thus, reducing
Judged as ruling
Just to crush what I'm doing
And to be honest, if the sun shone, after the storms
From all the darkness, when my sight adjusts
It's actually warm, and dusts gone, see, the Light's enough
And latern's re-oiled, I wouldn't know how to take this
Like the classics restored
Why doesn't evil even understand?
Want it like that, I don't
Numbered sands, entire cities threatening me for being myself
Because of lies they spreaded, which ain't branded me
I arm myself, the Armor of the Lord, Light protecting me
My faith is strong, just because they lied
Shouldn't be death for me
I stay composed
Rest or toil, doesn't matter, still persecuted
I get upset, some scorn, constant badger, still hurting
Nuisance...
I want no ties to that, disguising facts
The cost is too great
For other's benefit, my life is trashed
For false and new slates
No matter what I do, or what I lose
Some sought a new pain
For entertainment, and at my expense
I caution, who came?
I need arrangements, I can't hide from this
It's satan, in some minds, he live
Can't make the right decisions 'lest the haters stencil violence
In...
But, I'm fighting still
Cast off the charade, I loose the warring and the ministering angels
Bind all the
Snakes

In Jesus name, I declare my blessings rise
All it takes
I saw the pains, I call the faith
Harvests sown, seeds are reaped
No longer shall the evil
Be a leash, it's wrong, speaks depletion on me...
I call into existence all that's good in the Omega's sight
Then the sun came out
My countenance express the Light
Spiritual is what I'm on
For righteousness, not nets of strife
I'm fine with this
Don't really have the time to give the devil mine
Love is what's important
Lust is tiring and never minds...
I ain't responded to some stuff
But, know what's right is right
And what is by my side, I'd like to shine
And be successful
Plenty
Whatever else, regress from sinning
To be less offending
To the bless-ed Spirit, condescension, ain't intentions, period
I just be chilling, inspiration from life
And poetry is scrapbooks
Forget about what laughs took, that wasn't in the story
Or, at least, the way perhaps, looks...
But what God send will never slander nor hinders
And love is never envious, and there's no rattling or fearing
Nor sneering at that which add advancement
For Light and love, and such may not have always had
Advantage, this my hand and passion
I decide my action
Hacked, and latched onto, by that which traps me
In the plans of satan
Though I give no consent, I sever curses
Extra magnifying
If still gone persist, see, I prefer the path aligning to the
Lamp undying, evil still with crafts to bind me
That impose what I don't care
As a way to wrap my lightning...
Stamped, defying, though, I'll get more ruthless

With more champs to hide me
Trying, delete that existence, I shall keep
My bearings
No comparisons, stuff switch out of envy
And then impose just to
Misrepresent...
Unaffected, like cold fronts, guess this weather then
I ain't playing no victims, my rose buds
Ain't the devil's tricks...

Eurypterid
10/30/18

Dexsta Ray

Even Better

Can't flop if you ain't stop
And your weight top, reigns, cropping things
Out the picture
Like it's a harvest, in the garden
Hate unfrocked things that prospered
Around the mountaintops
Lies, I ain't, ain't loud, ain't sound the same
As that which crowd my fame, the hate is what I conquer
I don't lord over any, and just a vessel, spirit sword
Is what foundation I praise, a thousand angels
Found surrounding
Ain't no way I'll have slaves, and Weh is with me
Pound for pound, also, everything, I had gained
I don't receive as falling out, it ain't so to me...
I'm close to reach, although abounding, like when waves
On the sea, or when pollution, is the usual
That's waste on a beach...
Such only knowing under four percent
The depths are uncharted
And persecutors stole the boat with cheats
And said they are smarter...
So I was martyrs, in the rolling deep, the methods were larger
It's past tense, and this what's left
After nets and embargos
And that's quick, rapidly, in tacit, that's in affection
Unrelated to the trips and the happiness present, like a gift
Time has slipped, within the rifts, is my essence
I'm compulsive, in my lightning, some just krill to my message...
But I been fighting, for some years
And some been lying
For some years, while I'm in bliss for my success
That was, through violence, commandeered
And, in my dying, some had cheer, in spite of kindness
Wasn't clear, since I'm non-violent, in compliance, with society
Why'd such appear?
But, still, I kept the scripture, to this day
God is Light
And there's no sinning that's official, fuse with faith
Not the strife, some ain't my friends, want my inner peace

To fade, all my life, thinking I'm unaware of such
But was arranged for demise
So something claim on my prize, I'm humble
Stayed on my mind
Plus, even better than before but never change cold and grimy
I'm knowing Weh' roam beside me
In darkest nights
Thy rod and staff, still has comfort me
Against the grain
A Spirit thing, a different aim
3/23/19

Dexsta Ray

Everlasting

d expect the worst first so it won't
Surprise me...
But, as it is, the righteous live in the Light
So curses set without a cause shall not alight
God is fair and cares about the hairs and feathers
Of His perfect hand work...
Of course
I've made mistakes
But... not...God... Yahweh loves me
But to others, made
Some changes, does it not count for something
Trace of stumbling blocks
I'm vehement...
A bug out for justice
Plus a scrub, dusty, scum
Crumbling rocks
Bound to judge me
Trust me
If we ain't together then what was doesn't matter
I shun the slander, banter even
Latern season, light and brightened paths
I'm disappearing and I know I ain't
Tsk...
That's getting away with hidden hate...
Setting papers up for their being erased...
Longed to see me down, bad
Where the ground at
Endowed pass from 'round that
And bounced back
Retirement, I doubt that, ground pacts
A rock is persecutions, pebbles, settled, broken like frozen ice
Never whole again
Whoremongers, implore wonders
From foes with strength, a sort of forced
Betrayal, more able, to form oppressions
I don't know the hateful
Pursuing fame, amusing names
Gender ain't an object, bitter projects
Favors saving

Lives...
Fornication, orders, safety...
Course of wickedness, the Lord has shake His
Head
Of course it's dead, for more is said
To kill me, different forms
The evil spirits in a situation, evading Light
Somewhat elusive, using and abusing
The warmness of the portion
Instilled, uplifting evolution
Of the right and Light
Things
I predicted, time's specific to it
Libel didn't prove it wrong
Minds, collisions
Endless
Ruins...
I am nothing in the making, in the making, rather
Many work distortion, today, to force
My Lord away...
But I don't listen, too busy with getting stored
In faith
It's more to change, contrition, contention, the Spirit sword and chords
If I ain't say my intention was to condition evil
Shouldn't be treated like that
Especially, no sufficient
Reasons
I heard a sound that completed
And brilliant, fit my pieces, but I burned the
Sound, heard, and it disturbed the crowds
While speechless...
Wow! I needed this though, a no a link!
That's why you have to watch for traps and deceptive
Ramps, that would only treat you...
With mostly evil
The corrosive memories of that conspiracy
I might need to let
Another see
Before my breath and rudders cease
I die, and someone lie and say
It happened for another reason...
I am drove unto humility and loving people

Dexter, Dexsta, Oluwasgun, but the wholest Name's
The One of
Jesus...
So many work towards destroying all the things I've built
Which is all I have
I risk getting poison just for staying healed
And when I'm down
Some enjoy it... just the way I feel
And ain't even proud
I'm just fortunate that Weh' is real
I touch my hat towards the kindred
And ignore derision, I ain't on that business anymore
'Cause the Lord commends this...
Somebody's watching
Trying to get me into cords I didn't
Pick and choose to retinue
And this includes
The force of wicked...
Sometimes, I'm tricked into thinking
That I deserve the worse, but when I actually sit and
Re-paint it
It's all a herd a thirst... Disturbing curses, positioned
Without a firm
Condition, thinking I don't see your deliverance
I discern it, first! In terms of mirth
In those minutes, when you feel like you're rejected (to the women of the Light)
Like no friends or family understands
But, see, I comprehend... I feel your spirit
Far off, though in another land
Judging by your power and costs of freedom
Being caught in evil, made it to escape
Go enjoy it, 'cause see, we all a people!
In the Light, you're chosen in His sight
And don't you ever doubt it...
The least of my concerns are words that's from
The devil's bounty
Looking at that Sparrow, the arrows
Had never found me, I hail the Fountain
Up in Heaven full of living water
Spiritual perspective, see, I never did change...
The evil devil saw me dreaming
And developing faith, misrepresented me as being like his cleverest snakes

To get some messing with it
But I grew in presence
With Weh'
Acquired knowledge that I needed to express what was framed
And once it learned that I could see it...
Some confessed I was great
Or either tried designing
Evils that'd oppress other ways
And I don't care who do not care
I just express stuff for Ray
And all the wheat and not the tare
But they bless stuff that hate...
The evil fandoms, idolators, naturally stand
Against
The Light, reveals to them the right thing
And they don't want that
But when those idolators die, and notice
They can't go back
Reality is set in, dead in sin, but now
Can still repent...
Instead of chiding what is fake
Strive to build a friend
On the same journey in this place
Light and scripture
Win...
Sins against innocent blood
Saul and David stuff
Taking them through like Jesus
And, then, bawling, say they made it up...
You can't resolve the pain by speaking
Threatened, made
To hush, see, Barabbas they want
But the things of God are hated much...
In society
My purpose ain't to burden, nay
Some fit illumination, truth and basics
Of the Spirit life, I hear it high
Steer it right
Shouldn't have a bad thing coming
Pure, align to Spirit fruits
Have gained something, gamed nothing
Curings too, what was thought

It dang wasn't, I'll never give it up
Aside from God's will with God's skills
Who some tried to make they created
So that's not real
Not embracing nothing I don't want to
And my God lives...
I ain't in a lame limit, and I can't fit in
Evil getting more intense when I have proved my aim different
See my blessings
And get mad because I ain't miss them
My intentions ain't to end a passion
Just continue trooping
For truths and the solutions
Everlasting

2/19/17

Dexsta Ray

Ever-Present

Loving you for what you ain't...
What you make (me feel like)
Rendezvous being discover proof (Dimensional)
Which does include the Spirit...
Clearing, that I can't live without
Still about His business, invisible riches, switching out?
A different route? (Nay)
The summer cool, unjumbled truth, encumbered doom
Functions for this quotient
Overstepping the matrix
I'm a problem
Trying to solve it, I can't help if I'm greatness
A faded line, I ain't even trying for nothing (ancient)
Underlying constants, binding ruckus
Blinding, I can't find the Light in minding small
Smiting all diminishing factors
Ain't nothing really there, sometimes, the broad percentages, really wear a
collapsing root
Words across the skin of the passionate, call me then
On accident, I can feel the air
Unraveling, attached to
Wins
Asking wind, and grasping the challenges that contend, and back again
Eh, forget it, Krakatoa, had to show ya
Long ago like sown for growth, erupt abruptly, humbling, rough esteem
Luck is nothing near, the dove what it was to be
Touch of
Peace
But one belief is insufficient, if it didn't bond with Thee, and much decree...
List-ening, instructed submission to what's positioned, what's specific to the
carnal constructs
But loving Spirit Light enough to take the persecution
Destined to arrive as a result of following the
Perfect Truth and presence He opined
Especially, divine, blessed to see, progressively
Of an only mind, that's set to bring the measures, humor ain't a matter
Human nature, slathered with a slander to shatter
Subduing faith if one allow it, few creations
Cute engagements, different realms and still...

Built me up a table with a couple of chairs
Material, space and tools to use, for who running
To share
But, in the meantime, these kind of things, dreams of seedtime
Harvest like the day and night, need mine, to be fine, harnesses
Of faith and Light...
Satan's sly, why? The yokes, causing some limits
I'm not too gone on being awake
Sin broke the law but I didn't...
So it is not an even triple beam, a lot is needed, centipede, I got the meaning (of
my life)
See forgotten seasons, knees, acknowledged Jesus
'Cause, aside from Him, ain't nothing left of this man
I need the Spirit's help in everywhere I've dwelt in these lands
The only crisis is not recognizing sooner than I did before
The only lighting is the lightning and the curtain in the sky for
Heaven
Certain of the Bible's wording, quickly, I confess it, life is precious
And there ain't another time to get right...
Mind on education, just the route that I pick
And nothing's wrong with that, there's something on the back
I ain't igniting nothing
The Kraken trying to buffet...
So I don't arrive and
Stumble
Fumbling, don't apply, five in it, the minutes, floated by, I represent it longer
Presence emitted stronger, the persistent vision, target healing, loner coalition
With goals continuously transcending blaming games
That satan plays, but can't contain the grace of Weh', at stake and bay
I paved a way! They saving face for a shady day
Things I hate to say, the reign of rain
I'm stable in nature, and in a Painter's frame, like stapling papers, enabling
haters, to deface the gains
I stay the same though, in faith...
The Light has conquered known traps, God is proud of me
Like I of honor roll champs
Terrorism falls...
With no power on me no longer
And it's delusional, alluding to the trash of something patent, Truth lives
Traps to damage, plans for snatching something that you ain't give
And it's been ruthless, sinful, fruitless
I don't, owe, so, a thing, just for surviving, nor the silence, if a story told, from

me

It's the truth

Unlike unholy alliances, with a vibe a bit below me, regardless of how much time passes

My reaction, Light...

Accusing me of scheming

Just incriminate evils, if ain't important who it been,

Then it's cool when I'm inking

Shrinking, I am not

Feeling ravenous, withinside, at times, due, to savagery, of damage

But, I grasp repentance, circumspect the sad, disband it, actually happy

In whatever circumstance, I am never ravished

I don't want a turn befriending

Curses, worth the hurt distended to me, I ain't unforgiving, vigilant, to err the ruin

I don't consent with it, no benefit, at expense in this, I'm not an acquisition

That's if living or not, nothing that I script is given as possession

But it's still impressing and not lessened for it, blessed enormous, evil soughts, but lost

In all honesty, if accepted or I'm not, it's all fine, toss lying across the chasm

Deep abyss, I was right then, Light win

And nothing's different now about it, ready to pursue my bounty

Back into my rightful hands, if necessary

Through this method carried by the elders

Then imparted, spirit gifts or talent, ever present

7/8/17

Dexsta Ray

Every Edge

Another massacre
A batch of roses
Catching, sadness, condolences, to the families
In the motions of these times
Hope... a sea of signs
Nope, the evil minds won't break me
I keep resurfacing...
Grown up but, so what? They trying to hurt me still
So I'll keep reversing this disturbance of freedom
I heard about the world events
Before I see the burden in, the fabrics thrash
A curl of sin...
Just a mask of society
I ain't taking any hint
I'm busy focused, sending notice
When the Lord brings iniquity to naught
Stitch exposing
Ripped and opened
And no quitting
And especially for the wicked, see, they can't accept it
Never could, ever would
But insignificant
We went the route of peace, a crowded scene
Quick to seek it out, but kids are bound
To see... the grief
Too
Keep, he won't defeat you, the demons of the darkness
Seeming, needing of a target
Lusts for scarring
Thus, I hearken, all the figures, not the silhouettes
The Light is what is illuminates
To place the shadow
From, apart, I'm in affects, all attractions in the mess
Haul the vacuum, it ingest
The grotesque
Let it do it's pleasure, they try to frame me
Then threaten
I ain't had no correlation, for some years, now, they coming back for what?
Formulate a strategy, I'm strange, tugging on my heart strings

When it's clear I'm looking for no
Other
And looking for no trouble but it's looking for some rubble to complete
It's puzzle, I'm a sacrifice, someone, feel it's valid
Someone who ain't ever give a tablet
Or my pack of pencils
Classic stencils, shaped like fangs, in the minds, taking over
Everything, trying to break and make us
Fall up front...
As if the slander, and the censor, wasn't broad enough
The problem is us thinking we're
Invincible...
Involving such
Ain't no mercy given to me, only defamation, it ain't about the map
Communities, are something different, amplifying
The unity, intruded or imputed
Labels unfamiliar
Stable...
Unfulfilling, wonder why I write... quill feathers and ink, be the real
Muse, kill, steel fetters released! It's time build hills
Feels better to leap
I learn some blessings be attached to our connections
Well, what about connecting shells?
The flesh's hells
I'm blessed to tell, so.. so I'm not slipping, and dipping off the cliffs
I'm flipping scriptures, getting wisdom
Missing all the chips...
If you can't write, add lyric, let me hate light, anyone can say strife
Angry that you bad, earless
You're a failure
When it come to trying to stab mirrors, but I'm in the wrong
Eye the ushering of bad pictures
And, you know, the
Path switches
I ain't one to hook it, so they can talk, upon, and looking, but I pave the walk
Calling on the angels
Like a rookie, but I'll take the ball
Faith in all, hit me, giving praises, not a goody
Why they hood he?
I stood, and leave, the past in the back where it's at, for the track is set above
Heaven's rugs, bless the dove, and masks
Told you like a bunch of

Times...

I ain't on the trusses, flying, coming back to hurt a person

Only mean you crushed inside

I ain't with the clustered lies, forget all of that

Trying to make me into something

Snide

Forget calling back

You people, really evil, trying to see me, fall

How I'm envious of something that

I caution at?

Happy now, so, ya'll relax, you caught in the middle

I'm not a part of all these faulty acts

You talk like I'm in them, I snatch a fang away from satan

Bought my own type of venom

Today, I stake a grave for hatred

Hope the soul

Find offensive, to never eye or try to dig the bliss, for change

Never lived from all, that came, was the same

Keep the end, ain't no shutting up

Before it's silent... mission's to remit, because you never know

Exactly which lair is cold, when you'll need

Somebody...

Like crap, is how they treat you, then a scheme to hide it

Turn around and focus on those dreams

Then they scream it higher!

Great...

Speak your evil words... you've taught me not to care

Oh yea, be happy

11/14/15

Dexsta Ray

Exasperated Sigh

Only holding on to how I think it was
Supposed to be
The potency
Open puzzles of life
That's old to me (already)
Cinder blocks on opposites
To hold a straight of wood
In place
Peaceful, safe, my wooded place
Now a smoking heap...
Before I sweep the smoldering leaves
Hoped to grow, at least...
Mountains on my shoulders
Heightened faith
Bounce them off the ground
Crowns of tin with sulfur sprinkled over it
The doubting has
Hound and clown about me bad
I found the route of happiness
In fact, I add, the math, relax and grasp my Father's Scriptures
Glamorous jewels...
The secret knowledge
Persecutors self defeat
Newness left for me
I love it even more than when I used to script for
Self esteem
Disturbing humor...
I'm the weirdest that you've ever seen
My Spirit Guide is peerless
I can hear Him
For He dwells with me...
I set my measure on the treasure of soul
Keeping track of dates and times
I'm forever alone
Because I'll never be sold
Even sad, I stay aligned
Every dart sent, discarded
Bring it in this cave of mine
Page design

Everybody's stressing something
Dexsta's blessed and trusting in the will of God
And promises that still survived
Like a blossom, when my spirit cracked
Broken, low and heavy, leaked a lot of heart out
Pieces and shards went far out
The parts sprout large, and I could feel it
In the air waves, and hear it too
Ain't seem like the appearance moved but listen closely...
The Spirit owns me
There's no negotiating, I still sustain
Information, build greatly
Still praising
And raising my strained and tired hands to God...
The fire's fanned and hot
I feel the graces
I already folded up the tilledarrangement
In a folder with the gold of heaven on the
Outersides...
And that's not my location, along another note
Much still being distorted but recorded
I'm exhorting still...
Of course it's sealed, absent knowledge of
Some traps abolished, learning what I thought is what it was
But my mind is straight! I think I found a plate
To sink my dreams into again
Forget about the fame
In this maze
Light don't have it fair...
I been on top of earth before
I still ain't drop in mirth
The Lord
Reveals to me important stuff
Unlike that of Satan, the rise in boxes
Optometric chairs, evil watch the visions
Back the basis, forming of the stagnant placements
Blinding the
Earth...
Appreciation
Learn the hatred ain't defining your worth
Hackers stealing from me
Evil still accompanying though I do right...

Money don't define a life nor confine a height
Bind a light or nothing, for it's shining if nobody
See it...
And I ain't backwards... that's the pattern of earth
Whatever rise against the grain
Might get battered at first
I learn to do the most with less
Word abuse's unfolded deaths
I'm changing what I do not like
Instead of stress the uncontrolled
Embracing truth on purpose, yes
The hatred threw the furthest
Blessing me, with opportunities, the first, brewing curses
People fear that you may, too, succeed
I'm the coolest heat
Autistic, so they pick and trigger me
With wicked tricks and schemes
Engine screams, ha ha, I don't live in fear
Walk towards the persecutions
See, the blameless villain's here...
And I'm still sincere
With Jesus with me every second
The Lord is in the storms too
Allowing me to forge through
Course drew and battled down

Nawl, I been successful
It's just the jealous don't want to accept it
Stealing from me
Organizing harassment and persecuting
But, as an artist for God
I'm still smiling
Still passionate and raring to go, forevermore

3/5/17

Dexsta Ray

Excuses

I don't make excuses
See
Life is fulfilling
Without an explanation
I don't know what happens after
But it's yet amazing
No excuses
Only telling life exactly as we see it
At the desk, writing something, like nobody else exists
A hermit...
I don't want to see the sun
Let me stay inside
Because this one character within my play has died
Anybody lying saying excuses
The truth is different
And it shine
Though we talking only to the muses
Talking to yourself
I understand
I'm talking talking too
The excuse? Man, we crazy but we falter proof
Writers are the cables holding all the silent things together
Like the bases of the buildings or the bank in teller
And I used to make excuses as a youngster
Then I learned it ain't a use
But ruses of a monster

2/27/15

Dexsta Ray

Exposistopheles (Slanderer)

Mephistopheles, our enemy, is always scheming and
Prowling... success doesn't drive him away
You'll always have some form of attack from
Him...
But never forget... the opinion of a scoffer is irrelevant
These are one of satan's favorite tools
Minor distractions... when you stay focused
On your own goals and mind your own
Business...
Satan has to send something to try to distract you
Especially if you're making progress
Most times... he'll send individuals for the sole purpose of defamation
Or slander in one way or another... never forget...
There's no truth in satan (John 8: 44)
There will never be any proof to back the foolish accusations
But the catch is... any of satan's captives wouldn't even care about proof
They don't care about the facts... they just hate
You and want you to look bad... no earthly/physical reason
It'll never add up...
Simple... if the accuser doesn't know said individual
Never met said individual or does not
Associate with said individual
But... strangely feel entitled to say who they are, what they do
Or even judge that individual's character
With absolutely no connection to go on...
Are displaying an obvious
Amount of folly... NOTHING about satan is straight
Nothing about satan will ever add up
God is perfect and is always as such...
So if a situation doesn't make any logical sense
Satan is always in the midst of it
Don't get upset or overreact like satan wants you to...
The best thing to do is forget about it
You know the truth... now give it to the Lord...
Satan will always find a problem
With everything you do... that's his job...
Don't strive with flesh and blood but go directly to the source
You know the truth so it doesn't matter what satan said
Keep pressing and stay encouraged

You know the devil's lying so why let it upset you?
You are not defined by anything other
Than what God says

Much love and peace to you

3/22/14

Dexsta Ray

Facing Challenges

Head up
Just after I'd dropped it
Been going through
Challenges...
Life is different, depending on what the vision is
And time is endless
Depending on what decisions been
Depending on dimensions
Depending on what's presented then...
Pixels, pens
In my house of cards, or the tree out back
Since it fit on branches
Out regard, of the surrounding world
Towns, and stars, at night
When in view, the far appear a canvas
Figments
Of some comfort, the flowers, harps, YHWH's handiwork
Ancient fields, and meadows, with breezes
Seasons, of trees that's seeding, apple blossom blooms
Ample topics, room to craft a locket
Candles, logics
Like some scraps, concocted, into stamps and projects
Meant to mirror hope, ribbons, motifs, knit with safety pins
Revisiting my arts and drafts that's far from what the basis been...
Crazy wish, of healings, still attached to a colour
One of the greatest gifts is building
It's advancement for
Others!
I rip the fabrics, the clutter, and lit the matchsticks
The cover, and bit the tactics asunder
Until it's absence a wonder...
Cadence, spiritual warfare, dating, is still a statement
If the straight and narrow kept
It's degrading to satan...
And, for me, life wun' as easy
Most protected by one
But, as for me, arrangements sleazy, 'cause professing the Son
Implications, strange recieved, because I definitely won
For anything where blame is heaved

Been evidently done
I keep the faith, and stay believing, 'til my destiny dawn
I see a hate, amazingly, is still collected by some
So what I'm dealing with, is long-term
So I ain't feeling low words
And satan stick with satan, so for nothing
I was chose first, for stones
Dirt, and burdens, overlooking the truth
In plain sight
But I'm wrong, Jehovah look in it too, prepared to pull different
Moves, if all the noise, from these mysterious voices
Is any truth, I'll be with WEH', if it do
So I embrace scripture
Proof
I'm not preparing die
Believers live
Christ had conquered that, a common fact
His promises remain...
I'm always asking it when, 'cause what's unjust is lame
I don't fear no evil, not reaching, just stuff the dumb has staged
So another fade, cause a threat, to satan other reigns
I address what's secret in public and hope I'm done the same...
And shouldn't no evil be coming because what was explained
Manipulate your thoughts til' you feed into what some hope became...
Proven stuff, proven stuff
Such want you wrote insane, taking out their illness on others
Which, ain't the road to take...
Discriminations, obstructions, I can't control the haters
Write on my experiences, though surprising, just common nature...
I ain't thinking 'bout biases, like if tables turned
I know some may not like me, for righteousness
After satan heard...
Some artists kill me but that's before Weh remake the earth
If don't believe the spiritual, fine, the physical things enough...
Proof
Facing challenges
Someone has it more rough too
The one that they conflate with, has raped and taken from my life
Hatred, great attempts straight from satan
That I ain't want to die, made me want to cry
Years, month, I still shutter from it
Head up though

I still trust, the Lord to bring me through
I just reply to what I want
If convenient, to faith and mood
My harmless expression
Been changed to basically major tools
By hatred, I disproved
But still somehow sustained ensued
Trying to get me wack
Through all kinds of different traps and snares
But I trust in God
And that He's there still
3/20/19

Dexsta Ray

Fake Love

All the love I got was fake
Like cubic zirconium
Or some stuff that wasn't straight
Either way it go
I ain't trying to play
Learned to trust the Lord above any flesh
'Cause it ain't how I feel
Discern and pray
You can crush any tests
Fortified
In the presence of the angels
I can trust in them
'Cause ain't no masks, only purity, no fronting here
I don't need to ask for the cure
It seemed
That such was near
Even in the middle of the ocean
Like Jonas was...
And I'm good
Saw the worst and got refined in that
Fake love, straight drugs, and some kind of tact
Beautiful is life...
Written words to bind the mind to that
People see the strife
Give up on you
Then start climbing back
Trying to act like they was always there
I don't trust it
I was broke and busted
All the care was nonexistent
Like some funny business in the Gospel
All truth
Just like what I'm scripting
Wishing problems
All move
Downward...
I ain't dwelling on the sour
Light is in my eyes
Suffocating satan's power by the grace of God

Look out for the fake love because it'd claim it's not
And it got me going crazy
Orchestrate to take my spot
Drafted in a different area
Order lack alignment
Can't nothing in the world prepare you
Normal sacrifices
And I don't want to be degraded and shamed
Just to have some people run with me and raise up my name
Taunting me
So I choose God
I don't know nobody taking rude shots
In public or in private
That's eternally
I'm ruled out
But at the same time I'm cool
Sending prayers for all
Hopefully, to prosper if repentant or forever fall
And I ain't perfect but committed
Man, forget the folly
Need a friend, that when I'm being attacked by the wicked
Won't forget about me
Switch because it's tough
Or convict my hobby
Seeing through the tactics and the stuff
That the villain drops me
I don't trust because I've witnessed too much
Of that fake love

I thought was real

9/21/15

Dexsta Ray

Fake Pictures And Videos

Fake pictures and videos
The devil's little
Kids
Always trying to frame up
Making up folly
But the truers really know
Just let the devil's
Children
Have a time
They try to pull you down while you trying to make it out and trying to grind
They ain't got no ammunition so they lies
Really that is fine
Just the sign of the prophets
Paint is drying
Can't explain the hate within the times
It's obsessive even
Not too many want you happy
Suppressing dreaming
Scary though
You grow up in designs
The only one can save you is the very one that made you
It's aligned
Hearing rumors but not too caught on that
Stay faking pictures
Screenshots
Dissing, you fall on back!
I ain't your issue
Internet promote the fruits ya'll enact
I'm trying to change some lives
To get some saved 'cause that's the aim of Jesus main vine
Hating, people claim I'm a stupid (hahaha)
I promise ain't no videos of me
Made
I'm reclusive
Some fabricating losers
Toucheth not anointed one
God said so Himself
For you could die, what's the point of it?
Blind, let go, the steps

Control the steps
And learn to look within your soul for help
Ain't nobody on the out can tell me
Oh, I know myself

6/29/15

Dexsta Ray

False Pretenses

Abnormal, ain't what's portrayed to see, keeps my paths floral
My craft portals, I'm abnormal, my tablets border, patterns, fullness
Substance, I'm dungeons, from me, some have quarters, pennies, dimes
And nickels, I'm salve, sort of, like lamps, or the lanterns
Which are good enough
For me, though I ain't good enough, my teeth had rest in wool and fluff
Or slinky theories, seeing clearly, evenings of horrific stuff
That beat me, surely, need me fearing something
From some brackets, not accustomed to, that teem with evil...
Nonetheless, the Son of God, the best, stuff a lot profess
YHWH and His faithfulness, was there, when demon plots connect
Cults that still harass my life because I lean on God
'Til death, their tactics still are being allowed
Because the country's antichrists
Leaders of the same resolve, define the whole
And less aligned, I proved the older stuff already
How the new can yet suffice
Is far beyond me, such is not protecting mine, stuff just disguise
The same immoral, they arrange and frame some ways to scorn you
Clean the same amount of times as them, implying it's not enough
Which is just the mobbing, by the antichrists, that's not the ones...
Satanic cults, that's mad for that
And have a sick obsession, but dismiss themselves
From the equations when they really match it...
Slandering and lying on you just to win the paltry
Things I've seen for years but it ain't me, my brand extend to patent
Fragrances, and fusions, guess we find what we're pursuing...
What I can't succeed at honestly, wouldn't slander none to do it
It be leaders of demonic legions high above my social class
Reaching down into my dreams because some lie they told was trashed
And it was an overkill, my smoldering fields exposed the crap
I believe in what some say but not when it's being wrongly stamped
God lifts my soul, I hold my lamp, refill the oil and go my path
The devil use some false pretense to own my bowl to fold my craft...
Not problematic, I've just rationally opposed attacks
That rather see the Throne of God disposed and actually sow and throw
The traps, my soul is God's, my growth continues
9/22/19

False Prophets

Look at the fruits! Quick!
Look at the
Fruits...
Just to differentiate
Understanding what it is
Cause many...
Play
Say, false prophets only move for rewards
Take advantage of the people...
Financially
I do abhor
It...
And I see some twisted perspectives
Don't let accusers fool
You
Some just only want to rule you
False prophets aren't the ones who teach the gospel different from you
Not the ones who try to live the scripture too
We have to know it...
But don't be discouraged 'cause genuine ones are still there
I mean the ones who still care
And still bare fruit that bares more fruit
But that's the way it turns
Pray for spiritual discernment
And you'll get it

7/28/14

Dexsta Ray

False Values

Just an observation...

Along my journey to my dreams of a change
I've noticed that society has remained rooted in it's false impositions
And definitions of individuals...
It's difficult for children, born African American, to leave
And pursue a broader span of dreams
Because of the stigma being
Attached to them
Unwanted...
For example, when I first set out, I made it BLATANTLY clear, and still do
That my visions is not in alignment with the hunger for power
And the culture's ways and understanding of the
Surroundings...
But rather, my reality is of the Kingdom's
In the gutter, I've noticed how I could be chided for not doing
The things I never consented to embrace
If a man is grappled by the authorities of this time
And modern age
Due to his own thoughts and actions, a man, not apart of that
Culture is in no way confined to the rules of that culture, that's not to say
An individual is responsible for an offender's
Punishment
That's just the product and result of that man's decisions
I don't live a street based life
I live the life and a regular human being
In the Light
But I'm not afraid to protect the things I love by any means
Society tries to attach this perspective on people
That it wants to get rid of
It's all about living a Light-filled and righteous life
Not one of darkness and deceptiveness
It's matters not what ethnicity or geographic locations because the
Reality extends far beyond the flesh, it's not about being
What's 'cool' to the masses
But it's about being true to self and maybe others will appreciate that
But do it regardless
There's no rules that automatically say we can't have a better vision
For ourselves and our youth

There's no rules that say we must be a product of our environment
For the rest of our lives, we can change
This has been the message I've embraced since I set out
There's many false values
It's never been prerogative to be that
I don't want to see that
I wish to re-knead that
I pray light en robes it before it sets out

10/19/15

Dexsta Ray

Far Away From Me

Believe me, I'll make it public...
If I choose to marry
Guess the persecution changed the way I interact
Heavy damage to my trust muscle
Unjust, world, full of pain, wool and things used to make malice with
Plus lusts, factors, it ain't, I'm feeling very threatened
Depth affected, left the message though, so the bless-ed know
Tests are seldom pleasant
Cultists hail the devil, but my hope in Christ
Even as it were before these seasons even came
When I seen the evil reign, just for me, to be erased...
Had me feeling special...
God'll get me through the grief
Only time would tell
So I waited 'til the proof was seen, some saw my evidence
Arranging frames, pursuing me
I ain't in the nets again, though demons aim to fool, deceit
And other stuff be spreaded in
That leads to frame for bruising me, accusing He
Of satans tricks, which ain't what Weh' attuned to
See, one can't repent for that, it ain't forgiven, when it scorns the Spirit
Blasphemy, insurmountable, and that's the thing the sort exhibit
More diminished, is my arm extended, to some forms of trickery
Formally, I ain't been told, and when I am, I'm sporing with it
Chords of envy, slander, what's the reason? 'Fore it's implemented
Then backtrack to sources, and the rights and all that formal business
And then, from there, what 'bout the plight that been before
This instant, witches and the warlocks, trying to bind my Light
For Lord and Christians...
Sure, in my business though ain't give the type no form of entrance
Such already guilty of some grime but rise to scorn my spirit
And that's examples, it's alright, I know my Lord still with me
Persecution, prophesied, I'm weary, but the Lord replenished...
I'll go public, if I do absorb the ordinance given
In Corinthians, the Lord's position of the sort ain't switching

Fear no evil nor cult

Fashion Forward

I heard that first impressions are standard...
Worths, of course, it's safe to say, the perfect
Sort
And divergences, at the sources, fashion forward
Choice, submersed, or the reason
More, discernable
For seasons, a lá mode, glistened single
Like a jingle
Hot, tesseracts, with Scotch, taped melody
Like a box, graced, contemporary, not necessarily
'Cause a lot changed
Still you never blend, but never did
Rip off, whatever trends
Better then
And I been seeing this all, stylish, at your mildest
You still this raw
It kind of lift my spirits up, how I feel, in awe
Of energy, before, my thirty somethings, whirl
Like a surge or something, cursing nothing
Color blind, life is colorslides, with enough designs
Adjusts to time, with coordination, orchids bracelets
Though conformists tracing, formulating, normal ranges
Still, your custom thrive, like it's another kind
Eagle love, I dream of her, leader stuff, keep it up
Best foot forward, with, without, heels or gowns
Different clout
Still renown, if without, still, with pounds
It's real astounding
Checking nothing else, expecting nothing fail
The best be the humble, beauty's well, but more's depth
So you was blessed and I could tell from how you carried yourself
God be with her, just because, and all the parents who there
Some hot Decembers, wasn't drugs, that brought the feverish heat
Where
The evenings lead, peachy keen, dreaming things that lead to peace
Out the corner of my eye, see the wings, these pleasing means
Of relating, the pleated, and the kneaded
And things that's in nature
12/2/18

Dexsta Ray

Fear For None

I am nothing like you and I'm happy
I don't need your good graces, or connect because it's crappy
Like you say about me
I ain't bashing
Back
On some more important stuff, I ain't even on your graph
Mainly spiritually, a maze
Satan probably coming out of line
I don't care about
In the craze
Sending prayers on behalf of who degrades
I ain't scared or afraid of nothing
Period
Want to crush the spirits, prompting havoc, which is better from a tablet
Speaking down on all the darker bargains
Rooted hearts are pardoned
All else, trying to see a fall fare, fall there
I ain't paying attention
Hate involves Care
And it's crazy 'cause it ain't no telling who could be an enemy
You think it's all great but secretly resenting peace
Want to help and see the whole world
Grow□
But, to be honest, that won't happen, not the whole world's souled
To be constants
Let me needle through the phonics
Leaving out the meanings
Because, to speak about, purposely pronounce un-seeming
Years ago, I heard there's no rules
Devoid of limits
In the carnal warfare, from satan, we're in the spirit
Then I saw it for myself, unmoved
But still surprised
I ain't talking for my health, I'm mute, 'til feel inspired
Standing firm but for the right thing
Captured my going
Arriv-ing
And back and then to forth, you noticed before, I'm fly-ing
That's why you want to smite me

But I ain't afraid
I got the Lord, spirit sword, angels, light at my aid
Live according to the Word so I try to behave, and if I see no other choice
I'll throw this right if I'm made
But I'm a peaceful
Soul
The only thing that people know is defamation, prating hatred
But I still stay rooted in the path of faith

Demons say I'm full of this and that
The only thing full of it is you
Full of darkness
Which make you unable to see, hear, comprehend or accept the truth
Tsk...
I ain't stressing nothing
Never is
I know who got me

This all pure over here, satan go to hell

And fear is paralysis and not the failure to perpetuate folly
Know wisdom

10/20/14

Dexsta Ray

Fearlessness (Cinquain)

Fearlessness

No fear

Fight against evil

Don't fold, control, behold...

Fearlessness

12/17/13

Dexsta Ray

Feathers From Heaven

I remember times, in the valley
With darkness all around
Bible sermons, the perfect Word, during the persecution
If insubordination, Father forgive my debt, I forgive my debtors
Helped me, I couldn't heal myself, filled my health with
Great affirmations, and things I'd write about, finding out
Your goodness, and mercy, while in the spirit battle
Warfare changes forms
And just this year, something panned
Observe experiences before
But, this here, ain't understand, exactly what explain the sort
But still, I know, must be a major thorn
You called me for a purpose
All I want to be is great, for you, I'm thinking back to days
In a maze, all kinds of things transpired, glory to Your Name
Forever, stories, that You brought me through
Thankful `cause You favored me
Important, just because of You, God, O, Alpha and Omega
You're my I-dol, I know, Your depth of love unmeasurable
And for myself...
Through the years, You gave discernment, according to the thorns
I ain't never see coming, and it's more than I could count
But You're definitely above it, still I look to You for strength
For Your grace remain sufficient, and You never left me...
Even now, I look around and see Your presence still....
Just like in those seasons, no one knew, but only heaven's hills
But I won't question it...
Because, at heart, I sought to learn, but all Your lessons build
And grow, no blessings withered, fields of more and more
In faith, I live with hope, that Christ remain the Light and Truth
Forever
No declining that, Savior, guide my steps, in times of strife
Provide my help, the wicked have a lie against me
That I trust Your sign to melt, and I accept, You're still consuming fire
Highest, I can tell, don't nobody have to tell me
But I love to glorify Your Name, eternal is Your doctrine
And Your power fortify the saved, I wish the world can see
The full extent of all You've done for me
I want to lift You up, forever Father, You're enough for me

I love Your light forever Lord, remembering, when there wasn't peace
You comforted my soul in tribulation, so excitement take me
Opening wide, my mouth, to praise Your Name
Until the end of days, and then I shall continue with it
You are worthy, give You thanks! I'll still embrace Your
Lovingkindness, anyway, I trust Your Highness
'Cause You're righteous, just and wise above the wisdom of the
World, I'll praise You 'til the seasons change, just like back in
The previous days, I witnessed, so believe the Name
7/23/19

Dexsta Ray

Feathers From Heaven 2

Visualizing Light, things incomprehensible, time
That ain't, Thy remain, in Christ, I shall find my place
In designs of things
I embrace, this feather from heaven, there ain't a higher Name
While the satan hide all around me, devise a way to hide You
But I give You praise, anyway, in faith, my eyes can find You
Remembering the great, simple things, that ain't at all unnoticed
YHWH, the Pantokrator, created the whole universe
The stars, marvelous, are Your works, from the heavens
To the earth, love ain't questionable, from margins down
To particles, my articles, I hope just show Your presence
In the theme of things, Lord, You have my soul
And my heart long for right, when I'm alone, Your Holy Spirit
Make my dark moments
Light, my God is strong, if I can't even jot a poem
Your angels by my arm, I pray that I can please the Lord
In everything You made me for, and been so good to me
I can't ignore, I'm taking score, so grateful for Your faithfulness
Throughout the years, I praise the Lord
My main accord, and that's forever
Grace galore, abiding in faith, restore, any times unsettling
Want my all to be unto Your glory, thank You for the story
In faith, face whatever more before me, not because my strength
But Who You are, and what Your Word has said
7/23/19

Dexsta Ray

Feathers From Heaven 3

I can see, the other realms, clearer
Than I had ever seen
Extra green, plush, still loving the Father, and the tribe
Light is still my preferences, from time, to eternal
Through Jesus Christ, I still stand, the real land, is on the other side
In life, the simple span, like fields with plants, attract me
Hills of sand, glory to the Lord, towards Your craftsmanship!
The core and more, adore, restore, appreciated
Massively, Your art, to me, unimaginatively, admirable
Sophisticated to an atom size, matter, physics
Spirit innovation, and satirical
In scripture pages, looking at the nature, it was good
Like You proclaimed, it was!
I couldn't picture living life without You, Lord
Through the pain and scorn
I still shall praise Your ordinances, meditating on Your Word and statutes
Like my younger days, immortal Scripture, still important wisdom
Of the Light, remain, the torch, that kept my stories kindled...
Dwindling stars, up in the night sky, You placed them there
Even when in it's darkness, knowing that Christ by
My faith remain, and Hades won't prevail against the Church
Although it's framed that way, the greatest Name is Jesus
I proclaim, I spite of what I face
7/25/19

Dexsta Ray

Feathers From Heaven 4

Eternal life, I've sampled, expansive, distend beyond a limit
Spirit unrestricted
For tons of Christians, those really God's, figuring out
There's not really anything that compare to YHWH
From the olden days
Still it's Christ, that lead me, my hope and faith
In this race, through all the pain, and all the broken seasons
If my roam, through seeded fields, and plains, of gold
Where creatures live, should cease, don't feel degrading
Just praise with me, I'm where Jesus is, won't be long before
YHWH visit back for the Kingdom Kids
Peace be still, there's time, where our lives collapse
Just so things fulfilled
Plus you'll find those feathers, aside from nature
Uneasy feels, but it's all in holiness, quoting this for those beings
That still, harken to my substance, regarding Truth
That's the Lord of hosts
More, the Ghost, or Holy Spirit, sent by God to arm His souls
With knowledge of the Spirit Light, and what's inquired
Implore the Throne

Of course, what's love, forever
8/10/19

Dexsta Ray

Feeding Ants

Hiiii...

Feeding ants, like some pets, leaves and sands
They take, it seems as if they wander aimlessly
But I know they don't
I inspect
The tinie land, tiny beams of structures stand
Even to a little life
The kindness, seems to understand
Feeding ants...
Hi, hi, little creatures, here's some nourishments
Cancel out the sleep and be in meter
See, you flourish then
Chips or popcorn, soda, bread that's not warm
Some better stuff to work with
The toil is not scorned, by me, intrinsic webs and tunnels
Underground, I relate to this
A shoe print embedded in, watch the work be faded
Got to turn a place that's vacant
Into home
Away from change, in this case, the critters have to eat
I admire nature
Different types of ants, from the sugar to the fire, danger....
And it's adorable how they join up to aspire greater
And communicate some kind of way, I ain't surprised to say...
But never get lost
It seems like they arrive the same
Here's a whole food, not just the crumbs, now let your grind sustain
Oh, don't mind me critters, sitting, chilling
And just feeding ants

Hiiii....

10/14/16

Dexsta Ray

Feelings Be The Oxygen

We're loaded completely
With various types of findings
Fairly bright but hiding
Staring
Chaired to fight the blindness
Owning motives of freeing
With care to smite the violence
Feeding off the wheat!
Let that season talk to me!
To call the ink the muse's blood
The sea
So many rooted buds
So to loose and scud like some nitros to speed!
But a couple of views bug...
How the devil spew his mud
As a human, you should feel, before you live entombed and such
I think poet should do as much
If what that is what was set
And validation ain't required But
What is...
Just express
I feel the feelings heightened
Love, angst, happiness, grief
Deflect psychosis
Though compartmentalize
Attach them to me
'Cause life is all about the moment in a sense
If it's lust
People still dive wholesome in the midst (but that's a sin)
These are feelings too...
Oxygen, is so, 'cause without it, we are concealed and mute
Turn us into stones so nobody care to field the Truth
Come outside of society where the tides recede
Aligning to the blinding schemes
Defining all the little youths
Feel free to speak up
Or risk a life of shadows
You don't have to do it, but if so, that's a higher channel
You don't have to keep up

Just set your own value
Jesus saves our souls
He condones all but wrong prattle
For we're in a strong battle
It's a true experience
Living in the flesh and living right don't mean that you a sinner
Actually, you a winner
Ballot my vote
With oxygen is life and feeling
As the Crafter has mold.

1/9/16

Dexsta Ray

Feelings For You

Might be surprised to find, through lines of pencil marks
And thyme, some simple spark, from art to art, harps to hearts
Some riddles dark, a little scarred, admitted to the farthest
Part of landscape drawings, the sands ain't warm, your hand shape
Fade, to trace around, with canned paste, paint
There's grace at dawn, in faith, that is, a place amidst the easel's light
With peace, outlined, to seek out, time, must be out mine
I'm weasels right
My dreams divide, I see the smiling teeth, that's white as fleece
Inclined, to ink, aligned, to sightly gleaming colours
Even others, not perceivable, to find, I'm readable
Kindness feasible, not quite a vet in ties of love, as I collect myself
Expressing, right affection, depth, affecting, I got feelings, madame
4/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Fiction And Storytelling

Just an observation...

Literature can change the world

I believe this to be

True...

Indeed, words have made significant impacts in history

One of the more flexible means is fiction

It's lack of rigidity and constriction allow you to go where you want to go

No limits...

I believe anything to be possible and everything to have potential

Whether you decide to create a story about one stuck in

Society's 'cage' or nature and fantasy

Just as long as you are able to express your message

It's a success

For instance... I can recall an observation a year or so ago

I had a revelation about... society

My spirit was heavy when I learned of some youth

On the tube

That became casualties of senseless violence

And though I wasn't involved or connected to the situation in any way

I was moved from silence

I felt as though there were larger forces at work

This event was thousands of miles away from me

But I felt as though we are all affected

And just as guilty for not speaking out

These things matter in

Our communities

Proverbs chapter twenty and verse three came to me

And I believe that's around the time I really started

To look into the spirituality

For verses like these were not the means to destruction

But for harmony

I saw a fictional individual stuck in the darkness of society

From a product of the 'stereotypical' lifestyle to a person functioning aside from evil

Aside from satan

I felt as though it encapsulated one of the major problems in society

And offered a solution

Though it be one not for everybody

It's like... hopefully someone could use that to positively progress in this
negative world
So, to me, it was an success
Though I can't see... still I know it connects
That's why I say
Fiction is a wonderful tool to use
It doesn't have to have a message and storytelling doesn't have to have a deeper
meaning
But if you fo have a message
It doesn't matter how you get it out...
But do it

Influenced 'Any Fool Can Start A Quarrel' poem

10/24/14

Dexsta Ray

Fie! Fie! Fie! Oh Pollen

Microgametophytes...
Keep the anemophilous away from me
Where there's heavy wind and pollen
There I'd hate to be
I ain't tripping 'cause that's probably what it takes to breed
But the situation causes problems
Just you wait til' spring
Crazy me...
Oh, I just want to relax
Out the door
On the porch
What a pointless reaction
I'm complaining...
Scratch the drugs and medication
Lest... you spend the spring under a sedation
Have consideration
Dear pollen...
Keep the anemophilous away from me
Where there's heavy wind and pollen
There...
I'd hate to be
I ain't tripping 'cause that's probably what it takes breed
But this situation causes problems
Just you wait til' spring
Microgametophytes...

10/17/14

Dexsta Ray

Fiery

Fi... fiery, fi... fiery fi... fie... fire, soon to burn upon the roots
Of all the deepest trees, seeping, through the atmosphere and... Poof!
True to move, the spirit, though in flesh
I'm exposed to all
The fiery
Trials, society will ride you down for speaking the truth
But... I ain't afraid to go toe to toe with evil and sleuth
I made a choice, that was to follow Light
No matter the cost, I see the devil steady coming for me, mad that he loss
People looking from the outside don't know how it is
And some others just rejoice
Glad to show how
They did!
Telling you to hush your voice in the midst of your testing
But the Bible told us everything when they lived, our lesson, it is our blessing,
and their testimonies
Empowering people, and you said the Light devour the evil
I don't need it easy
I embrace the struggles to the fullest
But I need your hand
Knowing if I regress you will no longer need me then
I can see the sun on the horizon but I'm in the valley
I don't care what they conspire
I'm just getting tallies
Really ain't no cause for how they treat me, some people cool but soon as I
Can speak of this, they leaving
People from across the planet pouring brine
Without a reason
I'm a faithful servant, doing nothing to receive it, just speaking truth
I don't really trust too much, o Lord
For my mind is numb
I'm writing poetry to see if I could liven up
Ain't nobody knowing me, imposing but ain't sowing seeds
II feel like I am swimming in the ocean of our growing
Needs
For spiritual exposure
Gripping closer to our going dreams
Ain't nobody here consoling
Me

I been on my own, with no help, own self, step to growing strong
And I'd recommend it for another
Listen to your soul
Live it bold, mission, give the most in any knowns
Society will try to organize itself against you, coldly, resent you strongly,
Orchestrating stuff to get you folding
Sticking filthy hand into your personal business
Try to break you, switch, then play it, 'Why you irking or tripping? '
You don't supposed to speak or say it 'til you turn that position
And if you speak the truth, 'it's dead' for every word that you mention
Attempts to lessen what you are
To disturb your ascension
Want to scar when you embark to try to err you and trick you
I'm telling you, be smart, even top ones pursue you
And God does not respect a person
There is not one to move you, so stay rooted, Lord knows, I have to minister self
'Cause some stoop as low to even wish on my death
But I'm aware of where I stand
In your plan
Father, keep me focused, on my mission, goals, and your sayings

7/27/15

Dexsta Ray

Fight Our Own Battles

Spiritual warfare is
Complicated...
But I bet we break it down in the end
Most importantly the spirit
Founded within
Being script in panegyrics to the Lord
Through a pen
There's not a thing on my mind but exposition
Which is a discription...
Being written in unique composition
While efficient and productive no condition of befuddlement
Hope so
I would have to write another then
Now my only message is to fight our own battles people
Think back into the bible at how Sampson beat them
Even though the Roman legionnaire would laugh at Jesus
Still He gave His life and died just
So they would have an equal
Shot at enternal life and living with God
Up in heaven...

2/8/14

Dexsta Ray

Fighting Demons

You know I like to write
But when I'm
Not...
Sometimes I'm fighting demons
The other night...
They were scheming
I could hear them breathing
While I'm dreaming
Empathize...
With ME
I believe defeating demons justifies the means
See... I denounce his kingdom
That's the reason he's
Mad...
So he sends his little demons for a sneaky attack
And they think they have achieved this
Until Jesus reacts!
And because they're only weaklings they just leave it at THAT
Fighting demons...
He tried to keep me down and off balance
But the Lord is more IMPORTANT
He endowed OUR talents
Anytime the demons come... I'll be fighting them off
With the knowledge in the bible...
We've no right to be
LOST

Well, fight your devils

4/19/14

Dexsta Ray

Figural Blindness

Because of eyes
A lot of things become defined
Just another line
Cancel it and lust after, answers, in the abstract
Without askance
Figural blindness
Literal guide
To see without crassness
The preconceptions of the world around us
Television sets
Youngsters bound by the cloud
Leaving books out on the
Ground
Though adults fall victim to as well
Seek reducing limits
Blinded to the praxis
Just enact the definition, shell, cracked
Noting that squares (some rectangles too)
With high or low type
Concepts exploding like figurative
The eye might
Fool
Because it hide like jewels, signs of typical
Forget about the lines on the
outside is where to grasp
Dismissing, fixed alignment
figurative blindness, in

10/20/15

Dexsta Ray

Filmmaking

Filmmaking...

I like the sight of minds turned to real places
Things, scenes, and settings, actions, life assigned
Or changed at will
You know... a way to break the feel of things
Explained as real nature, possibilities are plentiful
Like steel grates
And cameras, I imagine, time abandoned
If for just a second
Try your luck, then perfect until the function feel safe
Minus acting
But I eye inaction
Quite the satisfaction, stepping out aside
What it be, or just let the front deplete
Or just be a one with peace and dreaming self
Call it filmmaking
Toos me in the scene, still praising God and placing ink
Brilliance to explore
Who draw a plot, amazing things

2/26/16

Dexsta Ray

Finding Leaves

I wish they would've told me that plastic was but
A form of oil, extraction, as we have it, the water
Unwrapped relationships, from packages
If facts were convenience, I'd gravitate to that and manage, and respect it
'Cause any would trade the place perhaps
To standing in the rain for that...
You chose to go and get the fuse
I'm mad at your refractory
But, can't control your different views, just glad at what the
Passage brings
Imagined we were matching things, like fabrics in the plaid, stay styling
You activated light, for last or if it's first, some majesty
With the birds, I'm out the jungle for your love
So travesties, simply, hurt, a couple of dreams, plus the peace of me
Tuned, a long time ago, discovered what you mean to me, puddles
I blow dry my coat, but knowing, these betokens
Discerning, the beasts be on it, something's worried
Spirit warfare, in mirth, when teeth be showing
Peace be burdens to the lures
I don't get
Has evil learn it yet? I circumspect because I heard the Lord
And hurt restored again...
Urban depth, statues of abstract lands, collapsed paths
Tablets full of slashes, and baskets that's full of blackberries
Zippers, bags and cases
Filled with energy, and atmospheres, similar to fragrances
The mystery, appeal to senses, but a seventh, must
And has to be, trust and actually, a failure to accept this
Truth
Could equal some catastrophes
Because it's passionately, approaches
No debauchery with it, actually visited in scenes, reality
The in-between, originally, but, still I'm scripting
Like no hate attached attacking dreams, cause that should be
The situation, extra just a scandal see, I passed the needed checkpoints
Unlatched the strings of limitation
When I learned what love's appearance was, without some flashy paper
Gladly, inspiration that enwrap me, winter stuff
Cheer it up, withered types of tough plight, in faith

Into existence, maybe, but, all I truly know
Is, Truth enrobed mine blooms in hope
But, slowly, longing for unknown, unknowns
Like in a snow, for kiss, I'm frozen in it
Jungles and conceptuals, of wholesome gift, dimensions noticed too
And so I don't forget, and loads are meant, and fit
Depending on the fig, and roses fields amidst
The physic barely factors, closer is the realm where Light
Is big, and dominant, the coming scription of the King
It seems, fulfilling covenants, His promises, I never do wonder 'bout
'Cause He's never lied, salt, not pepper, times
As I'm victim, and not who terrorize, solemn, petrified, and I'm being it
Exhausted, ever trying...
I'd rather that than giving up on God, Who never left me
Ostracized myself, somehow the devil tied, through, clever
Methods still... (evil spirits)
Lures and snares, hard to trust, for every step is rigged
But, longing, in my heart, the home of many, God is welcome near
The wellness of a soul is where He starts
There's jars of several tears
He treasures like a precious stone, dejection, no!
He blesses those who've accidentally stressed about their circumstances
Set the Throne first in life, emerge a mind, that birthed in Light
And words aligned, discerning, having passage
Laughing at myself, at certain times
And damaged, so I turned to God, and ask Him
For His guidance too...
And, worst ain't what I'm trying to do
For hurt ain't what I'm tied into, in cursive
Plus, they're worth it if a love they feel inclined prove, priceless
Every night
Confiding in Light, different kinds of fights
Some rising times, of seeds that's sown, believing strong
And dreaming on

1/1/18

Dexsta Ray

Finding Something

Sitting on the back porch
Underneath the Japanese Cherry Blossom Tree
Looking at the many fallen blooms
And the cloudy sky
How I wish it was a starry night
Turn the jazz down
Wishing just a part of life
Keep it simple like a pair of shoes
But there's complications
On the antipode of
Hope...
Looking for some lightning
Looking for excitement in excitement
And finding something

It's drizzling...

3/24/15

Dexsta Ray

Finesse Gods

My will to want to write was heightened by tribulations...
It's like a healing, I was fighting for my right to just exist
For Light, to glorify the Highest
Plights that violates, the laws, of them, and falsely label what's in Christ
The story still persists, for years, the wicked seek a way to smite
The good, and temporize, the lies, to overlook the righteousness
It's snide, but have a little patience, such despise the Scripture
Pages, such inclined to flip the basis, much disguised to strip my freedoms
Build some kind of labyrinth, been designed and then established
Why devised, the overcomers, cherish
Might survive
The overcast, the strong, emotions overcome what
Don't provide the thorns and thistles
Present
Times, of ancient, tides and fragrant forms of myrrh
The fragrance of the lushest fields
Oasis, precious, pleasant, more confined to settings
Tests and subterfuges
Too
The dwelling, wasn't compromised, and trust, was just enough
And humbly mine, but just until I realized...
Then I'm crying blood
To God...
I must've loss it, like some sand between my fingers...
Lack of comprehension
But I understand, and stand in favor, of the standing substance
Beneficial, to the beneficial
Plenty miscue...
Plus, other stuff designed in spite of Light
Mean death in spite of height
To self, the goats, devise the plights for Christ
Which take Him out the lands
Forever...
Such desire lies and strife, it'd band together, branded
Ever slightly, evil'd span forever
Spreading like a
Tree...
But you, I wedding, long before the modern times
And fighting scene, a witness, being the devil, stretched the

Bond, and broke reflections up, to dead the bond
To bring unending misery
Since we praying as one, sophisticated stuff to separate us
That the devil sunt...
But he never won
The LORD, I trust, if all I see is evil
And some finesse you, clever stuff, to form some means to reach you...
Even greet you, like accepted, maybe seem it's peaceful
Moment you acknowledge that
It's used to snatch the things that keep you, wings and dreams attacked
To leave you on the edge like sequels
In conjunction with the plans
To make disposal of you easier...
And bruise whatever care so torturers can knead some prequel...
With nothing opposing it
But good don't go unnoticed though
By God, concerning His
My times completed, I revisit often, blind to what the world become
Tried and true are scripture Words
With history in my fingertips, a stream of Light await in heaven
Water-like, don't count me out
If I had known the fullness
Of the heart, I would've hugged the sparsels
In the night sky a little tighter
In my tike days
Not everything about the stuff they'd try to make it 'bout
I killed their lies, with pure illumination, wiles to have some kinds of
Ruse, because I'm great for God, the facts enough
Then Wormwood on his way
Some specialized finessing but the LORD would leave the tactics crushed
Such have a rush attaching what excel unto the best they have
Upset, afraid of change, or just intolerant of another talent
Nothing done for them
And such incognizant of what doesn't matter
Hanging on to lies
But some cacography become a
Candle
Such are idolators, everything but the LORD, the Light
Esteemed below satanic fruits exalted, far above the measure
Such are really scam artists with misconduct on their side
Evils on their payroll
To stop the LORD and own His shine...

Until those lack the competition
That they want to hide, just the fact they dragged it on
Shows that they commit the crime...
The proved convention with influences that temporized
Unresolved demonic stuff not long ago that still can thrive
Societies of just finessing
They infringed my stuff, not sure if they was trying to test or what
But, yea, I retrospect it...
Paid attention, though was cannons present
Every single day for that duration
While they plans was steadily being allowed...
Until fruition
Other places, I can't figure how
They threatening me with something that they did I ain't consent to...
Wow...
And when you think about it, the intentions split the ground
Envious at the thought a true success could have a different sound....

I said no
and I didn't sign off on anything
That's weird
How can such things still be in spite of evidence and facts?
And for such a long amount of time...
The constant "sonar-like"
Concentrated harassment torture tactics
Everywhere 24/7
Since the end of last year and beginning of this year...
A time in which I also been
Exposing the same
Antichrists

Yea, it's truly the age of antichrists
9/28/19

Dexsta Ray

First Peter Four Four

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only Son to die for our sins
Stay brave, hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Drunkenness, lust, and all the other types of folly
That was known within the flesh
In the mind and
Body
Left, but not too soon, a death, of all the sinfulness
The Gentiles looking on... but, just can't make a sense of this
Certainly, think it's strange
Not to get why
You change
To break away from all the same dissipation they crave
And so, beloved, when they speak these things
Against you
Don't you be disheartened
For His judgment ain't
Against you
And stay refrained to reign the Day of Second Coming
Ay, the flesh is conquered
Just rebut it
Know the Spirit hold the future's best discovered

7/5/15

Dexsta Ray

Flak Compactor

The devil shrinked it all...
Expanding, Weh' collapse 'fiction, liking the excitement
Crying of laughter, satan thinking that he got control on me
Mirrors... the flak, I've clearly, cracked, lightning from the heaven, I'm writing
whatever I desire
With no worries, certainly, discerning the worthless power moves
And nothing near delusional, rulers, the angels stay within my radius
The satan has attack, intimidation tactics, I ain't being funny, when I say, it's the
devil
But, the wicked probably laugh too, thinking I have mention them
Because they did get mad, who, think of what that math proves...
Claim it ain't before I get it out
Presenting flout
Whatever's watching me, for sure, has clocked what I have seen...
And probably witness all the little stuff, consider time, aware of the formality,
that ain't my contender
That ain't the enemy, after me, a lantern gleam
I know myself, but some don't, won't until
The biggest patterns freeze, the chatter leaves...
I gathered dreams and shattered streets, exact my lamentations
Stand in wait and for my Master's Wing...
The Light and kingdom is a spirit reality
Opposites, might can see them, thus appear as some casualties
For the Lord is life, death is just the curse
I'm embarrassing because there ain't been nothing anything like me, for all the
slandering
I want to master love, capture what's above
And if I'm famous, it is not for me to relish in, and I don't fear intimidation, that's
the devil's realm
Selfishness, offended, help resented, from the Father's hand...
When not a man, and feeling bad for what? Ain't nothing happening to me, my
path is peace
Not compromising mine, let it trash for what?
Character assassination still a form of malice
Hacking, snatching my ideas before I publish them, the plus of such alliances,
the colors of something
A bunch of trenches and onesiding things, why they trying to bridle me?
I write the dream and how it was attacked
By evil I ain't need, and I'd keep the screenshots attached 'cause they may lie on

me...

Nothing for it, rustic, some confirmation

Even though I love the Lord, ain't running from 'confrontation', I'm like a mattress

That was full of water, since I'm a Baptist

Satanic things won't take it serious 'cause I'm still with the Master, He's still a factor, pray He builds the pastors

Leaders, that can teach the youth

Some people in my stable who don't play about my need, and see, they've witnessed how the peace is the root

And ain't gone let nobody hurtme, though their regions are truly, far, but even, so I'm certain

But I'll swing in it too, I've spent my life just fighting demons, I ain't even amused

I might just flash back

Start to thinking... when I wasdoomed, waiting 'til the trauma catch up with me
Needing some room

I ain't the toughest one, but I ain't one to budge

Especially, when it seem like I was led out to fight, that's why I set out with lightning, strikes

Just bind alike sizes

Find, the time but not for free, a light could cease, that's never happened...

Disliking me? Alright with me, see, I'm built different, much is still missing

See, enjoying life, I mind my business, but, I can't help that I'm resented

'Cause the Highest fixed it, image of defeat, of I, the devil want to see, will not Suffice, without an equal portion, 'cause it isn't fair, fulfill the dare, I'm still ensnared

I love the opportunities, to prove why I've the Spirit's share, a chair

Took me through a lot of stuff before my vision fared, and I'd be lying if I said that I knew (then)

I'd rather die than let my legacy be deaded by you, my truth...

I'm fast molasses like, slower than a rabbit, although I'm not the scrapping type, I know of souls who damage...

I don't fold or panic, I just wait to own, disband it, so much hatred built towards me that you may explode

I'm dancing, sick of all derision, times to size me up, I'm skinny, but I'm plenty
Strictly sticking to my spirit sword...

I cannot stand getting tested 'cause I don't test nobody, and can a man be respected?

I've seen it all before

Crosses, doors, and caution, my life is extra sloppy

Plus I'm like a train wreck, try my best, to contain mess, but rename nets, the

flames set
Neck brace set, breastplates, of righteousness
Love, I stop for the pearls...(Twelve gates)
And who actually stayed 'real' when at the top of the world?
There's not an answer, for the soul, is God's, a man can choose, His plans or
ruse, the sands abused
But, on another key, that's my tribe, that's my eyes, not the spans of doom, but
stands exhumed
Ye, I'm a soldier, ayy, constants that surprise, a bunch surmised, ye, life's a
coaster, say...
Bible pages live in action, no disputing God, the flesh is weak, and it could die,
and plights can beat me up
But never can the weeds survive, aligned to Yawh, in fact, the seed of time
Today, decay, or shine according to decisions made
Contention fades, for me, I'd pay to see, so much arranged for me...
While I'm steady, facing God, unto the skies, I'm praising
I ain't sweating what was made for me...
Unless ordained, I preach, the things I try embodying, my anger just as bad, I'd
bring a storm, or rain, I'm sorry, then
If more is strained, nature is my partner
Through the Lord of grace, He formed the faith, and finished it
I'm more than strange...
I'm cringiness, but innocent, in that
A mortal brain can mis-assess, and mis-present, I'm sick of sin
I wish it didn't exist, and in my own life, as well, I ain't Jesus, but I've groan at
Christ's nails...
I'd had fell, and on my face, in front of God, more than grateful for His grace
displayed... Gracious on the spot
The veil was ripped in two, the earth was split, and lightning, dead was risen too
And visib-le...
So, when I ask myself, is this a Spirit move?
He said, 'Behold, a new creation.' Who replaced the sinful days with Him?
If not, it's really stagnant, ask for help, I do, unto the Lord, or lose the course
But, I have come to far to let it slip, and chip
I lift my praises up, like His saints, enough and straight, the evil that was done
I need not revenge or concentrate, another way, so I'm persecuted again
By who's done it, ayy
Because I keep refusing to be evil like encumbered faith...
Some want me covered in sin
So I'd be done away!
But YHWH gave me wisdom to see it
I fight because I pray!

A loving thing, been through a little something, only some relate...
Most of what I 'shouldn't see' I've studied million times...
Just replayed, and repeat, and God be working on me
It ain't so crazy for me, to where, I'm milked and crying...
I think, 'How faithful is He! ' And keep on serving, lowly, little that I don't know,
Jehovah owns all the universe
And things specific to your calling, He reveals to you... and to be absent from the
body is to live with Truth
The fruit of trees continue growing after the origins are through...
To become their own trees, bear their own seeds, no me, see, YHWH does His
own thing...
On the narrow path, ain't worried about it's road speed
The race ain't for the fast or strong
Obedience upholds each...
And the spying, that I hate, to understand my mind
And be wrong about it, and be dead wrong about it
Twist a word, inadvertently, the flak bestow a mountain
Or on purpose, either way it go, the plants can grow from out it...
So much slander all around, my truth is all I know, it's all a show, that I ain't
putting on, appalling though
One's identity, protect it like your heart and dreams, regardless of how dark it
seems, the Arc's complete, the spark is mean... (angry grin)

7/25/17

Dexsta Ray

Fleeting

Fleeting

Methods of the same kind
Manifest
Evil things rise, in spite of no direction
At least, for me
Shouldn't be, for I ain't even on the next
No collection, of demon
Teeth
Good for me, foes expected, sowing death
Letting legions breathe
Won't accept it
Leave me be, only jealous, still dreaming schemes
Mean to me, cloaks and weapons
Directed energy
Meant to senses, sent, diminishing
So you're destined
To enmity
But, a friend don't need your death
Nor your blessings
That's enemies, I know, aware
Such outnumber my, hair
I'm still with Jesus
Though
Where, is my struggle of, care?
'Cause I don't even know
Snares? Let me seek them a, chair
So they can see me grow
Dares, misery and despair, why they won't leave me 'lone
Air, feel no peace, you ain't there
Then I can't even cope
Paired, spiritually, everywhere
Sometimes
It keep me woke
Fair, with this me being some mayor
Guess, they can keep those
Strongholds
Broken lowliness, hopefulness in the Light

Still...

Everything you wanted, that's in my strength

I can find, if aligning

I give God honor, glory, He glide before me

Praise, imagining the Cherubim

From the stories

Important things, normal

If it's all in perspective, 'cause spirit fortune

Reigns

Mortal, even all in the flesh, a set reality

Forgetting forms of swindling, I innovate

Light restores distortion

Seeming problematical, from it

But, yet, it's more

Proportion

Favoritism, sins, of intelligence, opens doors and portals

Never been, a thing, that the devil wish

Since the Lord uncovered

Me

Puzzling, can't discuss, a couple of other things

Love and peace, and such may combust

What things could double me

10/12/18

Dexsta Ray

Flickering Oil Lantern

Coincidence, it wasn't, witnessed constants, of different sorts
Giveth me infliction, to limit, my creativity, giveth me distress, and intentionally
So my world is grey, indiscreetly, envy, consistently
Mixed with hidden violence, sent to me, a story of tribulations, success
accompanied
Through the love of God, kept my hope about me, to present times
In my spirit journey, lack of restitutions, was never seeketh, my Light is
wholesome
Smiling on my prairies, ascetics, I got a berry basket, full of cherry
Abstract and marmalade, for the colder nights, YHWH still my Savior, like olden
days
In the wilderness, fighting through the psych and lie campaigns
Meant to hinder me, but spiritually delivered though, take the church everywhere
you go
Faith is mandatory, the miracles show the Father's presence
Writing been my go-to, excitement, glee, up the Pine with me, shiny dreams
Of heaven, with righteous themes, and my smiling teeth
Been a while, beginning, but still, it seem, like it'd just had start, etch my scars
in tablets of stone inscriptions
With heavy darts, victory impossible, for the devil, he edit parts
Branded hearts, my scarfs, is a trendy concept, for fashion, settings, fragments
Blessings, YHWH created me, never had impressions, add me
To the bookmark, or stand with me, in that glasses section, I remember, back in
the scary chapters
My fabrics shredded, by the malice, though I transcended, still had unanswered
questions
Ain't consent to baphomet measures, made to subtract my letters, for my talent,
extra stuff implemented
So paths sequestered, that's the Lord's
4/11/20

Dexsta Ray

Flowers, Doves And Onyx

Mulch, corn gluten, stale seed beds, and flame weeding
Everything, even herbicides
Protect the harvests...
Check the garden for the saplings, yea, they extra targets
Somehow, in this farm supply
The essence didn't affect the margins
Readied up my sprinkler...
Soil PH in the right percentage, last year it spiked
But the Lord create
So I'm right within it, still in my mahogany
But my soil looking like it's rich, charcoal with sprinkles
Setteth my stuff up for success
Major ones, or micros, hating 'cause I ain't like those
Accusing me of bullying
Snakes the ones playing in my zone, and taking my own, growth
Place contraptions on castle walls
Make the light glow, when it's motion, like cams installed
My tablets house reality
With my Bible in mountain country
Tumbleweed and cactuses, got my liger, and pipe tobacco
Saw the path divide
I chose close to Light, so I stayed with that
In the coldest nights, glory to the Lord, I don't play with that
Nature honors YHWH...
Quantum and the cosmos, chaos theories, entangled still
Demons risk it all though
Wanting Jesus to fall so, no matter what it is, my souls relieved when you call
though...
Really, just some kids, that we are, that missing shards, holding on
To real dimensions, the heart connect
satan meant to kill this, Weh' is still consistent though
Build your faith with the Holy Bible
Spite of what you hear or see, the heresy, ain't really wholesome
Just the spirit things, I have more substance than mysteriously
Light and Goshens, through the Holy Ghost, I write, the vibe is cozy
Ricin is inedible, plants that's potent
My rhyme is olden, I evoked, in time, innovation
The lies are comatose then
I'm tied unto the Throne, and aligned to God, just the natural stuff

2/20/20

Dexsta Ray

Focus

Listening is hard
Especially to
Self
Many of us get distracted so easy
Hear the chatter of the
Muse
To discard whatever, after, left
To attune to the
Actions
Repeating
Forget the T.V.
Scratch the satisfaction
Focus on the breathing
Listening is hard
But only if
Believing it to be
Even it's a picture
Drawing
What you want to see upon the internal
Which, for some, is only fuzzy screens
But peace... in the listening

7/5/15

Dexsta Ray

Focus In

As I think about my life
And what I have, the absent, that
One thing, about me...
Ain't playing with emotions, saying, it's plutonium, hands can lose it's grasp
The heart is made of atoms, hark, the plays, the actors, in the matters of love
I see, from far away, a pasture, lots of blooms, in the hot of noon, everyday is
faster neigh the laterns
Smitten archetypes, maybe, I'll just gather some shrubs, because, these days
I lack the issue, and in fact, art is sight, and getting out cocoons, lots of new
conscious
Objects, clues, options, paths retinue, that a fruit of structures, cooled,
demolished
In the same way, kites, why
I might have dismissed you, inadvertently, it's urgency, not serpentine
Or fight the signs, imperfect, hot, the third degree, a life time, the merge of
each, purging things of satan
Phases labels hereby enroped...
And not to run amock, Sun and love, a lock, on top of skyscrapers
Jump beyond, beyond the fun, of clocks, and we can die later, time changes
slowly
Evoking, if I played a role, the right day to grow, never hater, the Light staying
though
I'm saying so, impowered, ain't sour, the right way to go, is often in the front
But distraction devours, lets me know, this hour is significant, vowels, as my
faith is strong
But wavered after plentiful showers
Until I'd take control...
Escape is wrong, if cowardice, mainly, holding a kind of magic, winding
backwards
But the hope ain't lost, since God is in the fabrics, of the present world, precious
pearls and tragedies
With bless-ed turns, changing rhymth, I ain't, I stay, on the same thing
Can't forget a face, that came plain and ain't hate, ain't fake, ain't make a
mockery, paint apologies or not
The grace is not for me, for God, His prophecies are broad, ay, vague mistakes, a
pain, apostrophes and dots, hot
Eavesdropping, harassment, everything is loud, when you seek a reason, the
tactics, cannot threaten me with malice
Terrorism is illegal first

I seem the worst, if ink were dirt bikes, I'd be scrrrrrr'in
Through the onionskin, I'm onions then, see a curse spliced up, ain't nothing
funny, hist
My insecurities I kill, before it got me killed, stuff is different, what's the business
being
Stalked against my will? Stuff is twisted, guilty until proven innocent, by loser
imps of the spirit realm
Picking still, in spite of warning, fire forming, hand of God receding, to expired
fortune
What is good don't do evil stuff, and keep it up, be adjusting
I do, when things are rough, I've seen enough
Of Jesus love, to presume, and keep the trust, in He...
Mustn't cease...
YHWH's slow to aggravate, but I'm sure, He notice, soon or later, sown would
activate
Molds encapsulate, and captivate the latter saints, after they, align...
Come with me, ain't nothing, see
Just a weakened vessel
And, honestly, the dust of me ain't even special, just above, is He, the King
That is a Spirit, loving deep, and wholly, merciful, and neat, if we make mistakes
Still, emerging full of peace, if souls repent, but these words are clean
Never mistaking... and I am sure to clarify, for the devil that's waiting, measures
I'm breaking, facing with some clever arrangements
Whoever plot on God's prophets definitely hailing the satan...
Forever, I'm praising, in spite of that, scoffers deluded, the very Scripture that
they read
They have the opposite movements...
Dropping acumen, praising God but blocking His future, what made it gravitate to
me when I was not on the rubric?
He told me wisdom is my sister, I believe it, I receive it
I would consult with God, if I could be, and I achieved it...
23, with no record or nothing
And I ain't better than nobody
Just expressed how
I'm coming
And some ain't even on my radar
They mad and just bugging (haters)
And tried to keep me from the way that God would pass me His promise...
I rather not embrace, but, smite satan, not today, forgotten baits, some mouths
would write
For actions, the behind can't pay...
And soon enough, without repentance, to abide in flames, confused at how it's

happening
It's simple, you were not with Weh'...
Can't be cold for Him tomorrow, and be hot today, even if I messed up in
something, it still applies the same...
As I think about my life
And what I have, the absent, that
One thing, about me...
Ain't playing with Jehovah, uncanny smolder, been already seen, I've saved your
life and you don't know it
Though, your heart for me is dark, I wade in the Light...
And what is right, for YHWH, dreaming art, I prayed, it was night, and by the
morning
There was peace in parts... such a long time ago...
Seeking spirit rewards, if anything, anyways, still be fine if it didn't report
That isn't Weh' though...
Impossible...
A rhyme to flow, for the mind, the soul, the serendipity, inside the dome
And Guidance from His Highness
Disguised the lows
Crucifix and luminosity inside my home
I'm focused in...
Feeling whole, and hope again, it supposed to been
Like an open bin, after YHWH smote the sin, and spirit tactics, folded hidden
fabrics, like some clothes
And then, bestowed it in, the tote, to mirror passion, that is solely His, it shows
as this...
I'm focused in, invisible 'cause hate can't see me, and I'm far too big, I squint,
but nothing's in
The range, I need, binoculars, oh, oops, I dropped them

Sign from Weh'

8/15/17

Dexsta Ray

Follow God 'cause I Ain't Perfect

See! See! See!

Tehe...

I speak? The praise is not for me

Amok the preconceived

Ain't that

'Cause you and me are in this battle spiritually

And half the

Time

I breath, within that little window

During blinking

And remain the same as he before you blinked

And can't regress

Never would I break His word and sin within my fleshon purpose

Ain't His aim? I stay away, can't bring deprave to church

And lately

I've been placing all my efforts in to up a level

Facing all the latent pressure of another vessel

God know... what I sow

My fellow Christian

And I'm sure you've had a couple of bumps along your humble mission

I'm to learn...

I started to express myself through what I could

And trying to beat the wretched devil like a brother should

All the expectations

I ain't never promised nothing other than a brother living life

And bound to make mistakes

If there's one thing I know

That God is going to

Reign...

No matter just where we go and if the tide is going to change

I'm human...

I ain't never spoke the word with wicked evil motives

I ain't never hoped or yearned to earn from people ownings

All I said is I would live and fight the fight of faith

And write my words of how I feel and just 'cause this my life

If I'm a hypocrit to write my story

Then that's okay

I can live with it because I know that's not the case

If I couldn't benefit from something then I'm still okay

And if I'm 'false' for speaking real then God shall seal my fate
Let me be...
I'll write exactly as I will regardless
As long as I ain't speaking out of lies and blasphemy
And I won't fit this limit that society has for me
And I don't believe my art's of any darkness
And from the
Start..

Switch the lamp on the desk
And only sit and
Writing
To myself, no attention, why, to mention, chiding?

If being real about how you feel is wrong
It's spoken the new fake is old real all along

2/3/15

Dexsta Ray

Food Poisoning

Yet again, Babylonian hatred of Christ, is manifested
Only affirmations, to antichrists times I talked about
And this is simultaneous, to national awareness of it
Crime that still remain because wicked still disdain the Father
Entities had warned me, yesterday, through the troll campaigns
Remembering back in 16,17,18, all the same
Stuff happens `cause they letting it, antichrists raise the Cross in vain
Stalking but ain't helpful, I fear it not, evil fall in shame
Jesus still my comforter
Envious witches, still obsessing, cynically, desiring to protect their lies
Make my life battle, still allowed to do so, plenteous lusts
Such wish it's me, but twisting things, and picked out my life to
Come up from, by degrading, ain't my first of rodeos
People were cat-pawed, for this reason, like destroying God while it's
Claiming Him, just like He can't see it, but I witnessed worse
Shouldn't be hated for stuff that's did by demons, situations stemmed way back
Before the present times, sovereignty was given
To end the Lord, so the devil rise, got the jump before
Higher demons failed, Light ain't made for them
I never wanted what they had, such tries to frame and make it this
I don't survive on bread alone
The antichrist just hate what's real
I serve this to their appetites
To higher up
God greater still
1/12/20

Dexsta Ray

For Everything I See

A couple of things'll catch my attention, it can
Most of which exist outside of
The mix
For every single thing I see, that ain't inspect
Become necessity for evil
That ain't even in my
Business
Tests to mess with me, I'm chilling, but ain't sipping
But ain't slipping
Something different, every time the pictures visit
People claim that I'm contending
I'm an enemy
To who? I do not know, and do not know why
I guess I'm focus on succeeding so they
Want mine
Organizing, scheming, just to see me on the wrong side
Bragging at the sinning, for no reason
People don't hide it...
Just disguise
It
Why they all on my stuff? Some can't sleep unless they make a brother fall in
dumps
They on my dreams, on my love, all involved in my touch
And then to threaten, screaming guns
If I shall call in on such
I see...
Every single thing I see, that don't concern them
People coming out the woodwork, that I don't know
Trying to take my interest down
Gather up and burn
Them
Try defiling everything just to disturb here, all the people in this world
And I ain't wishing bad, but everytime I try to 'purchase'
People in my 'bag'
That ain't even want it 'til they noticed that it's in my hands
Just to say they stole it, what's the motive?
That is envy mad
But I ain't tripping, I ain't sipping, I ain't slipping
Everything'll come right back

See, the tables stay
Flipping
Satan try to take my happiness but never succeeds
And he never will no matter how clever his scheme
Jesus got me, still preparing me for better, believe
I'm still wishing folks the best
God'll settle the seas
People I don't even know trying to lure me in an evil way
But not all, there's some people out to keep me straight!
True without a doubt
Ay, keep your
Faith!
God'll get you stronger
Some don't want to see you happy and it get to showing
Ain't no type gender, it's the spirit realm that's really throwing
Even trying to battle in the flesh
Knowing the Scripture's
Quoting!
Everything we see's a test, at the end we're saved
Maintain and endure, don't give in to
Satan

I just focus on me so what they mad for?
Folks that don't even know me can't let the past go
But it's so much that's coming
I have surpassed growth!
I ain't even tripping on it
But it's really
Sad though

Judging who I am today by trivial and irrelevant mistakes
Just hate that I'm great
Really

It's crazy
This society is pure evil
Tsk...
I know, I understand, what you feel...
But we don't even have the right to give up
So
No matter what it is

Hold on

8/5/15

Dexsta Ray

For Whatever Reason

Whether, it's the beach sand, wheat, within, the heated fields
Beaten wooden cabins, with rocking chairs
In the rustic life, evenings
With the sun in front, peaking through to some hanging paintings
Of some things that's ancient
Out the door, a sixty seven Chevy, with a fading frame
But maybe functional
The summer plants, YHWH's wired through the themes
And beautifully, the Light the same, amusing things
At night times, in the right day, the sky be full
Of sparsils, in the right mind
Therapy, in just nature's presence, crickets and whatever else
Still life, or some chiaroscuro, depth, and hyper realism
Like it, the vibes surreal, in this mahogany
I wouldn't be surprised if they set fire to these
The devil envies YHWH
Glory to the Lord forever though
The devil make a counterfeit
For everything that's better though, clever, ain't envelop though
I catch the persecution, in a letter, overshadow it with relevance
Like ever so
1/11/20

Dexsta Ray

For You

A vegetable for all the
Tribulations...
Different meanings with them
And I could name it but I'm mainly trying to
Sight the Savior
Rightfully, I suffer, might could say, for my flame
Conjoined together
Like the summer, hides the day, when it rains
If I should walk away from promises
Or fall, the walls are crumbling
I think of you in pieces
Brought together by the Covenant...
Plus I see myself in the
Same...
The trust and confidence, extend into the spirit realm
Not something that we've stumbled in
I locked the box to my heart...
So here it goes
I must've dropped the combination but you changed the
Fear of codes...
Not too many, tried to get me up the mountain
But you hung around me
I don't play about you, pray without you,
'Til I'm done amounting, saw what you'd become
I ain't shun
But I'm just renouncing any type of strongholds on you
For we are one, I'm counting down instead of up
We suffer for the Lord, Who, so, upholds you
Focus on your strengths, forget the sound of evil
Focused on you, don't condone you, tossing peace
But we remain unbroken, holy soldier queen

It be certain
I believe you're worth it
Because I...
Suffer for you

7/19/16

Forever In The Dark

Another cold dark night I saw a shadow
The demons were screaming from being defeated in this battle
Like castrated cattle
They didn't have another chance
Susceptible target
An ignoramus from a glance
They didn't understand that opportunities are vague
Entangled in consequences from gambits gone astray
If you can sit and stay past heart wrenching shrieks
You'd then gain admittance into the darker part of me
Where specters start to grieve when a demon passes by
Subjugated by hate
Where every inch of passion dies
Like an everlasting lie
They're forever in the dark
I've been promised a pain to stay forever in my heart

10/17/12

Dexsta Ray

Forget Attention

Forget about attention since it's fleeting
That ain't ever been my
Mission
I'm just fighting for the misc. that I believe in
Going to school and then promoting
What I'm preaching
I pray to God
And can't embrace the ways I know opposing Jesus
Some may pay attention if they want
I ain't asking for it
Either get it or I don't
Got to chase my
Goals
In the shape of flows of sea of poetry
I'm trying to swim
If I could stay above the water...
I'm just trying to live
I'm just trying to give
All I got
The devil trying to take me out
Just because I have a goal to make it out
But I'm focused on the prophecies
At hand...
That are all around us
That, the profit be, a stand and for the whole amounting
If you ever fall then you can rise back
All you got to do is find that
Calm place in dark when you
Shine at
Mark where your line at
One may get attention but that ain't where heart and mind at
That is just a part of doing different
And time lapse
Chasing dreams, O, really ain't a blind trap
Smarts is what it take to break it
Just remain aware
And of the world, one should never be afraid or scared
I ain't saying adulthood ain't hard
So I ain't growing up

Until the day prepared, the Savior, shakes up satan's lair
Come to pass...
Nothing done for recognition period
And not for praise
But just because of what's in spirit in these final days
Ain't nobody else will do it for it
You have to do it
So no matter what your grind is... get wrapped in to it
Not too many people'd understand your actions
But attention seeking ain't the purpose
Bigger than imagined

Yea, forget about attention
Just because one may receive attention
Doesn't mean that why they move
Sometimes
It just comes
That's not important
It's not about outshining anyone or anything
It's just living life and doing what
One loves

And stay in college
Education can benefit any of us

5/29/15

Dexsta Ray

Forget What Your Ears Think

A poet's confession
Double mindedness get me
Too many hate to see you blessed
Trouble finds
It's restricting
A bunch of vines, I cut with scythes, intertwined with the message
But other times, I just decline, and get blinded by flesh
And call on God
I ask Him what's the problem?
Not His fault
Satan trying extra, God said He'd let him test you
But I wonder if it'd let up
False accusers
Bitter enemies... attaching to me
All the litter...
Bitter entities, just forget the words of the wicked
That's in the Scripture reads
Everything is dinner but the sinners that fulfill their needs
Now, they're fixed on me
Faces I ain't never saw
Love to all the Spirit's seeds! I made it through the weather tall
Because of He we'll never fall
I ask the Lord forgiveness
So I cannot hate anybody that has formed against me
Put the sword against me
So I'm not as poor in spirit
Everybody talking but nobody has consorted with me
Because the ones who had the opportunity
I got the shift
Before I met them... this would be an opposite of me
Before it happened
Now the villain forming tactics
Sure to turn the crowd on me, but the Lord had said it'd happen
I'm light...
A tad of darkness, in the soul, it add to scar me
But I'm conquering myself because I'm knowing that's a part of
Striving right...
It's like a movie, how they do me
Using something small

Blow it up
And store it as a ruse to keep me under all
When accusers know accusers that will do the same
Sure I've messed up
But the blamed is what you do today!
I was checked up, by the Father and the Son
Pulled me out the dungeons
So I'm only following the One
Everything accomplished
Has been honest
All the true ones see
It's just the fact that changes are rebutted
But it's drew in ink!
They misrepresent my actions
Like I'm meaning different, I say their accusations backwards
Then I'm 'leaving fearless'
Earth is like the sea, and some humans are His means of Spirit
Soon He'd take the wheat from the drink like when eating cereal
And the tare
Which is depraved
Get to sit enflamed, Father please forgive me for my sins
When I went astray
Watch, the wicked used this and try to twist the phrase
Anything to get me, moved, wacked, just to get my place
I have no choice but to talk about the villain's plights
And I don't like it, either or, but this is my life
But I'm happy with how far I've come, I'm a living kite, hanging by the Bible
In this world trying to get it right
I see it in the night
The wicked seeking life, it's twisted, you can't get it
By the sin against the High
Which gives it, spirit type, it's either that or in hell
It's taken lightly by a lot except the ones there that dwell
It's extra painful, extra hot, and there's no one you can tell
There's no escape, you had your shot
But you played in your shell
But then it's too
Late...
I'd rather ask the Lord to keep me cool, straight, 'cause
Heaven is the opposite, a beauty, with a smooth break, the views great
Second earth is a blessing
Without the evil or the sin or the curses and wretched

You're being tested...
And one day, God'll ask you some questions
What will you say as your response when He's done all that was necessary?
Yes, it's scary, when it's Him, all involved in the mix
That's why I'm caring, in this skin,
'Cause soon it all won't
Exist
And they can talk and they can talk or even walk into sin
But God ain't slacking on His promise, no, He saw what you did
And I ain't perfect but I'm certain I ain't call with a hiss
We slay the serpents with the Scripture
Meant to lift you
To a higher level, then send the vision, through the curses to inspire kids
You claim to hate me, well, I love you like desire twist
We're here to save your soul but will
Crush whatever try to
Snip
False accusers lie a bunch, trying to flip to skit, but long as Jesus
Know, I'm consoled, I can live with this
I ain't doing nobody wrong, Lord, forgive, if did
Some folks just want to hold...
Blade, to scope a place
To stick it
In
And that's all that I have known, so far, and not too many won't
You ain't problem, staying locked and not a 'friendly' folk
That's not to say to stand, flopped, if the Spirit spoke, but just be careful
'Cause they'll claim you plots that you didn't know
Spread the word far and wide, try to end your hope
Envy is the cause
I'm with God so I'm rigid though...
And never take what they say and script it in your soul, be who you are
No matter what they devil's kids impose
Wicked men and women
Perish
All of His will grow, all the faithful servants He will cherish
Like we did with gold, I'm on another realm, wow
I ripped the film down
May try to ruin the vision, but it'd backfire, attract mire, mind accruing venom
Now it's blind, or known as real now...

Many speak on persecutions...

Not just me

Praise Jesus Christ of Nazareth! I rejoice!

11/25/15

Dexsta Ray

Forthright Facade

A wolf in sheep's clothing
You can't restrain a pain that keeps growing
A-ok masquerade
But hey
You left your teeth showing
And I can't keep going on with this
Once astonishing bliss ending with a caustic twist
Instantaneously dismissed
If you love a person why let them go?
What if dishonesty's a factor and they won't let you know?
Should you stay and hope?
Disappear at ease
Fallacious facades are just as clear as crystalline
But what really gets to me
Is denial with proof
I guess if I was insecure
I'd lie to you too

10/17/12

Dexsta Ray

Fragmented

The influential, put claw marks on me, like monster paws
Claim I'm thinking this or that, but isn't fact though
Fragments, different tracks, what they really gain
From a Christian damaged, wicked, other stuff, being dismiss
Through passion and other arts, darkness, all I've seen
Some can look at me, I can't glance it back, such the same to slander
Aid the slander, til my Savior cancelled, chose the wicked trees
Underhanded, stuff did to me, the attention meant to ease
Dispositioned for enmity, it's of antichrists resolve, and one mind
Like the holy scriptures foretold about, I wrote it down
Stuff too close around, if I ain't quote a sound, plus losing livelihoods
A pattern, that the libelous would be happy 'bout
It's easier to brand the truth as clamor now, to keep the factual down
It don't matter who destroy me, on the hands of just the same lands
Covering up a morbid reality, other speak their lives
With more disturbing wording but they're fine
But I just spoke of Light...
Witches falsely labeled me through blackmail and violence
Which been exposed, the misportrayal teem, and traps failed behind it
Sabotage to try to draft hell, methods never bother me
YHWH can return the favor
Greater, astronomically, plus they seen the evidence
Of God, it X the obloquy
Positively, inclined still, these times, you got to be
God can beat the antichrist cults
He speak the opposite things, the keys of life and death in His hands
Like Jesus' prophets be, I won't conform to lies 'cause the spread, of evil
Claw on me, expressing Kingdom doctrine, schemes concocted
On a large scale, as a form of getting back, through race
Because of dark veils, that art tell, unrelated to my stuff
It sparked flares, details is important, stuff apart of it as well
Targeted, to bring me in it, like when larva usually sell
The antichrists threaten the Christians since they heart the truth
I'm snails, from what's imparted to me, so what's unauthentic
Disregard what's human, just so falsehood flourish anyway
Although it's hard to prove it...
Guidance is what's needed, love of mammon is greater
And the slightest stuff can feed the plights established in satan
Antichrists cults unleash

Prophecy on the

Rise

Father guide my soul from sinking, lots of evil devised

Couldn't no one find a home for Jesus

Fox have holes, and birds have nests to rest

I want to bring just Light and hope

But somehow, seem a heavy threat, consecutive nets

I'm used to, every step, some ruse loosed, it's proof too

I still depend on God

Though they can shoot you, for standing firm for Christ

Though liars cheat and break the rules to

It ain't some minor stuff, the origins high, but can't dispute

Cruel, activity, some'd claim that you're responsible for that

Energy, resulting from exposure of their evil that they

Really feed, destruction of the righteous mean Christianity a memory

The lands can't be up under Someone that it's killing willfully

Now, it's no excuses, Christ is blameless, but it'd still proceed

But that don't mean that I desire hatred, no, I'm still for peace

Just better if the saints can know the time in which we live, at least

The Bible is the truth in blatant sight

Unveiling visibly

They kill you for your talent, or just silence your dreams

For following Christ, they want you binded, 'cause Light is the

Key

Some blinded stuff in high positions been knew Christ been with me

Plus evidence and testimonies mean I'm righteous and clean

But, even still, I seen the violence I ain't heightening with these

It's been a long-running cycle, diabolical, and unassuaged

But that don't really mess with me, the heavens where my presents be

Depressing legions pressed to see me take a word to just delete me

It ain't happened yet but that's ignored to try to test and leave me

Stress, deceive me, lead me to the mess that they'd distort to eat me

Hiding the fact that maybe I'm just blessed and Weh supports the

Theory...

And I like the banjos, might be tiny like nanos, my chances stole

My hope is living at the Throne, like granite strong

But there's a lot of different angles to my fragments though

But none of it deceitful, knowing the consequence, is evil

Growing, with nothing in, but Jesus, knowing the Covenant

Ain't nothing this, innovate my generation, haters come for this

Coupled with, some integration, wasn't meant to come from this

Limitation, anything to end the saving, cover it, diminished praises

Never had too much to name, but confident, the Spirit riches
Just as lit, compliments, to my willing Savior, satan want to ban me
From the dictionary, 'cause my wisdom flaming... (woah)
But he wants to keep the souls within the pit he frame them
That's why some said Christ wun' real because He rose and it amazed them...
But, just because of what was said, before He did, was hateful
Some had much to lose from all the scam
Which showed the proof
He's blameless...
Everything in God's hand, including that which kill me
But they seen the miracles, now visualize the latter half
Which, in itself, is affirmation
For my latter craft
The Light shall still live on, and the Scripture will eternally
Standeth

8/25/19

Dexsta Ray

Freelance Journalism

It can be a battle... to constantly come up with ideas
To try to land a good assignment
A struggle for real
But still...
There's no mistake reporters, some,
Have freelance careers
Honestly... after college I can see that from here
The possibilities are endless
Still it's quite a shifty business though
Depending where you
Go...
This could lead to many roads
Create a network and continue to build
From experience...
That's exactly what would give me the feel
Linking up with other journalist and editors help
See... they may open up some doors
You'd never yourself!
Then do homework on some potential publications
Interesting ones...
And while you're flipping through the pages
The submissions and pitches... what'd she like?
The editor... what angles?
What topics does she write?
Connects may help fight through the stormy pitching skies
Networking in any way is important if you're trying
Journalism... there's no better way to earn a living
Then again though... I just like to write
So my opinion is expendable

4/7/14

Dexsta Ray

From Beginning To Finish

Poetry

Expression or feeling

At a given time...

If we are going to judge

Someone

Let it be by their

Full body of work

Now...

Whether it's poetry or

Any other form

Of art or hobby...

Let us acknowledge the full

Scope of it and not just

One or

Two sections or

Pieces from

An entire collection

That's the only

Way to fully grasp

A person's story

And not exploiting

Certain parts

From it...

Let us judge from beginning

To finish

2/17/14

Dexsta Ray

From In The Abyss

So many different stories and contingencies...
All meant for a reason
Nothing's normal
The unordinary
Worlds
Finding peace in others
Learned of plenty backdrops
Covered up under values
Over too...
Finding something to get closer to
Being gold or truth...
And all do share a common fact
Proof of care indeed
Attached
The I love you and the broken hold this jewel
If we're wearing masks
Plastered on the earth
But in the form of values
Which are more of diamond cut than of the core
Which grabs you
I don't know nobody these days
To say, the funny crap
Action
Don't' align
You can tell the evil won't resign
I ain't been around but I would love to be
It troubled me
But just a piece of several
Other grounds
Set another
Free...
Unattached to nothing but to some love
From the dungeons to the place where you reside
I move the sign
Such a constant is 'I wait'
As I wait, for you... and waiting too
Intuition never shaky
I ain't playing a
Jewel...

Making moves on the Light side
I serve a higher power
So true, from the morning to the finest hour
People talk as though they are
Closest
To throw a blow or two, only molding hopes to control me
Unfolding broken rules
Crazy how it play, satan spewing, I'm down to say
Ain't nobody taking up for the
Truth
They mounting pain
I'm a lover, not a seer, there's never an ounce of hate
On the cover, not concealed
Better if out my way!
Trying to hold a brother back, I talk to God about the envious
Subliminally enacted little traps to try to limit thus
And I don't take it
Kindly...
I do not consent to anything, I don't know those binding
This is really strange
Poison darts and then a mold to hide it
Well, Jesus put me here...
The devil's angry but my faith won't let his
Foot be near
Maybe if I could see clear
The time would
Collapse
And since I do, God rebut the fear, I'm tied to my craft
Went from a child to now a grown man
Own stand of known lands
Some one to respect and clear reflection of the cold hand
Know that I am for you, my lady
That's if you're there for me
No matter what's the story line changing
Another letter free
Think about what's best for we
From in the abyss
And no confusion 'cause it's destiny, a wish of content
Just mess with me, I'm never tired of
Truth
Or leaving, trying to find a fool, don't listen to nobody else
The reason, some confine the truth

Twisted up so I'm accused
This is nothing normal, super crazy and a wile and ruse
Want to see you happy, and make it
Some, take my name away from all the crazy crap, and degrading
The trying to smite a light
One thing that I am is
I'm worth it, though haven't signed a line
We're divergent, not perfect
Igniting quite a
Time
Everything they say, I've reversed it, but still they chide my mind
Hating is a miserable thing, the devil on repeat
Scratched up magic and strings
But still it hold my feet
Devise against the quiet in the land and no one knows of peace
Attacks against my character and and...
I'm not supposed to speak?
Know my religion...
Common sense will tell a soul my schemes
Sanballat ain't stopping me, I'm firm until the
Goals achieved

10/11/15

Dexsta Ray

Fruits And Vegetables

Even Daniel saw the difference in the living of life
Flesh
The drinking... water, eating vegetables, and it's alright
Bless the products given to earth
The natural things
Of God
To take effect, influence work, bestowing health
The highest quality exhumed
Removing dirt
That we don't think as odd, although it's living, while we get
It for the nourishment
It's better that
We pick
It
Balance, killing life to live inside, because the bible told one so
In that, it's still advised
Though the fruits and vegetables
Whither
As with the changing seasons, shrivel when we shiver, some types
The winter feel denied
But they still
Supplied
For His grace has stayed, remained sufficient
Carrots, parsley, grapes and the lemons, manipulate conditions

7/22/15

Dexsta Ray

Furrowed

I don't know which is better, to speak or not to speak
The substance, not the theme, of the utterances
Or the subjects chosen, constants, notions, built on discussions
Behind the closing box, wasn't as susceptible
YHWH had placed a bubble 'round me
So I had a breath
And the depth, ain't have to plan a theft
Jacket wasn't green
Wasn't hugging trees, even if it's right, to some
Was encumbered by catalysts, like a magnet, absent from the
Conversations appropriate
Though my likeness
There
Heightened hair, above eyelids, I'm different, minus snares
The angel of LORD still encamp His servants
I've learned a lot, shield of faith
I'm under the Bible, some thorns would hurt a lot
My kids is poems, cherishing, and metaphorically, I'm spirited away
But the LORD achieved even more than dreams
That's literally, intrinsically, wickedness, sought diminishing
If I was right, it's worst, since the Lord is hated by demon cults
Since I wasn't mumbling, mumbling
Witches seek a fault
Honesty is different from coveting which is demon taught
Legions crawl, combine to dishonor YHWH and justify it
Wishing more misfortune
And start a war if the Light is shown
But my Kingdom up in the
Heavens
I've had to fight alone, disadvantaged, lessened, with hidden
Tactics, so I'm controlled, to graft me, indiscreetly
To damage imposed, to end the passion, limit that and
Ravish the Throne, by dragging Christian
Standards, misportrayed as matters to challenge the statutes
Which is wrong, that subtract what's wisdom
From the pattern, so it's still
The Word
Never left, to come back, different physics, but still the whole
Acknowledged by what matter

The Spirit's with me like Matthews, back to Psalms
And what have you, the Ancient of Days remain my strength
No end, no beginning
Some thinking of ways to maime what's real
So satan builds with malice
And half-truths, falsity, disproven, stapled, by entrapments
That benefit, envy, trying to finish me
Before the truth out
Excuses, that ain't sufficient then, temporized for casualty
Fruitful, so evil didn't win
Even hid, the witness of Jesus, but now
The scene is lit
Bushes in the valley, that ain't consumed, when He speak to His...
Even then, all original, springs and
Vegetation, in the snap of
Time, like a pod, the treasure gone unnoticed
To control this, though it's of YHWH, and God's the One exposed this
Such encroachment, and negativity, to defile the Light
And to obscure this servant
With darkness, when it's been out of sight
Near to me in speech, are the hearts
Of some, that's renouncing Christ, renouncing life
Before that, I AM, it ain't about the strife
YHWH is the Alpha, Omega
And isn't bound to time, out the lines, legitimate though
Eternal crown supplied, the flesh would not consider the stone
But still I'm proud of Mine
Irregular and still
In control, of what foundation, I'm embracing, lies were basis
In low dimensions, transcendent though, kindred
Soul divergent, I minister, those afflicted know
Chased to waste my time
I ignore it, unless the Spirit shows, different bracket
Different reality, ain't the wicked road
Blasphemy, mislabeling
Sacredness, lying to centerfold, incognizant of most the conjecture
Too busy being the chose
A lot that I could say I was right about but I didn't poke fun
At any fallacy, though it's noted and open faced
Behold, I go away like I'm told, then evil yoke my name with broken
Chains and falsehoods, that smolder
Whenever hope is made

Manifest, no need for new sheers, those ropes and spreaded nets
Stretched still, to tread back and forth upon, 'cause it's dead still
Left in position, like giant logs
Or a sand pit, covered up with leaves, that's supposed to hold you
If stepped upon, treaded on, and danced upon
And ran across like normal ground
Seasons, metaphorically, legions that abhorreth was absorbing me
Ignoring their "obsessions", more important things
Hate the scent of righteousness
In hatred, some could normally breathe
In nature, I can see the Light
It's major
Like the Lord to me, my countenance is change
I exalt the Light, the Lord is King, so distortion threatening me
With evil forces, armed to teeth, which is in the Bible too
That's how I know the Lord with me
Some rather wicked stuff
To flourish, 'stead of seeing the Lord's succeed
Times were prophesied before this, shield of faith
Though swords are deep
Forced to see, the frames that they create as ways to torment me
For faith, it's been a bunch of years straight, but the Lord's my peace
Weakness that I boasteth in, don't get how this is formed for me
And went this far, considering that
11/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Galatians Five One

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only Son to die for our sins
Stay brave, hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Christian liberty
A freedom of heart
Broken yokes
Throwing down a conspiracy
If the mustard seed in the green was to sprout
Or dry away into the vague sands that is misery
Reaching out...
Christ made us free from the enemy's slavery
Spiritual scrapbook
Ever changing
The pages seem
More than physical
Maybe...
The emancipating themes
All true
From the evidence that Paul brought you
Any way that we can change
And His call's our cue
And liberty...
Yea, I think it is glorious
And nothing else can touch it
Honored promise
That be...
And that is why we praise Him
Shall we turn our lives around because the time is wasting
He provided freedom
Will we take it?

12/4/14

Dexsta Ray

Galvanized Cacography

Before that ever was, I was ever, and true to rules and regs
Nurturing my organics, like normally, 'fore the thorns developed
Meditating, the abstract, with the Lord, the entelechy
He meant me for, ignored the different doors, that ain't the scripture sort
Smokers for effect, got them wooden pellets, of varying fragrance
Incense, not so much, guess it's good unless it can flare your ailments
Rather solitude, since my prepubescence, in moderation
Not a lot embraced, just what God allots, I ain't got to crave it
Massive stack of papers that's beige, decaying
My artsy vibes, fruits and vegetables on my plates, in paintings, in festivals
Complacent in the Kingdom, of YHWH's glory, my only focus
Only He created me, not a product of stars in circles
Larger, praise the Lord, through the temple, and every moment out
Martyred, for my talent, and sharded, my lantern's sparking light
Darkness always followed, vengeance is for the Lord alone
Bottles in my cradle that's full of wisdom, the heart of tikes, margins spliced to
target my carnal life
So some could condition, but the good, consistently, give me joy, like they full of
scripture
Witnessing the Light of the Highest God, and the Lord of hosts, not what's false
For mammon, presented to hide the Gospel truth, swipe the wool for business
A lot the proof, God resolved the scamming
Personal and hateful, certainly knew 'bout my greenhouse
What is your R-value, factors that do reflect my bracket, clean out the extra
Seen now, is to deem sprouts, weeds, fowls, wing-ed blessings
That God commends, in my carrot patch
4/9/20

Dexsta Ray

Gama Burst

Attention really variable, ah, my arts and crafts
Fulfill me, discarded scraps of paper, changed to macaroni art
Limits placed on YHWH, for deep arrangements
That wasn't this
Still, it's pain, and probably, some trees that's stagnant because of it
If this was a hobby, I guess it'd break the convention up
Hidden stuff, events that reflect the best that affliction bring
Lose lose, either or, cruel tools, to deem the Lord
Things that's meant to conquer, and beat like cymbals
So grief absorbed, orbits of sufficiency
Spread my quilts by the springs and orchids
Squeezing oranges, Lord, it's the sunny times
That reheat, the fun inside of life
The leaves, for the healing, I set my gaze upon
Thorns and thistles, tag all the normal
I wet my stamps with olives, stripes of Yeshua passions
The love is what kept Him on the Cross
Status ain't too relevant
Rather, it could be recognition, I don't seek the spotlight
For YHWH I live, and heaven's different
Heavy figments, light as it need to be, for what essence enter
Presence of the Most High, revered, by all the blessed delivered
I was for contending, and earnestly, for the faith commended
Wrapped in mummy tape, it occurred to me, I can't raise defenses
But I heard the Word, it ain't burden, certainly, Weh' is with me
Praise and worship, endless, deserve it, the Lord of hosts do
Perfect strength in weaknesses, tablets and stuff
Attention cool, platforms that show what I'm really about
And that's enough
Grounded in the Scripture, I'm really about advancing just
The fabrics of the Light, that's presented by Yawh
The matchless stuff, faction by the Light realm
Deeper than vessels recognition, glory to the Lord
Since this me, I script my dreams, and with my wings
Seek to be an instrument of His peace, like things I seen
In YHWH's testimony, indignation nudges me
But God will wipe the cry of all His servants
Disembodied even
Persecution certainly, satan looking for reasons hard

Remind him of that lake of fire, he destined to
Heavy too, is YHWH, but He doesn't have to scream it nor be extra cruel
The Lord is not a demon, like some claim in evil
Just to do, some evil...
12/29/19

Dexsta Ray

Gas Cans And Coffee Cups

First four fifty factors for folding faith fulfilling
Turquoise tint and taxol
Torque towing traits to tillage
Mirth more...
Miffy matters moreover makes a 'millirem'
Of the plenty panners pouring something toxic
And hard to mop it
Drop it...
Over there by the truck
Where many things were smoking
Not the place where it imploded
And not enough
Way before I came into the building for a java cup
I would listen to the folders
And in my pocket
Lonely...
A locket... any motive being as to open is the phoniest option
Broken notice so goals to throw it is symphonious logic
Opened... and trodden
On...
Copy a result of a crime
That consists of other's problems and me calling them mine
Lived and got it wrong
Tried to save another
Tried to save a youngster
Tried to save a mother
Like anyone who's got a soul
But there's only one real thing we've got to know
Saving folks is really on the pedestal for God alone
But I had to learn
So I learned the had
Switch minds if society's immersed in gas
If you light the wrong fire it'll burn you bad
Everything changes
Like the bible said... 'The first is last'
I admit...
A lot of things sort of got to me
God sending you a vision of a plot to be
Found yourself in a position where you got deceived

Probably wasn't living like you should
I was NOT redeemed
But the moment I acknowledged this I got the peace
All I had to do is pray, repent, and strive to stop misdeeds
And the truck was clearly over going the proper speed
Everything that captured next was nothing near a shock to see
But it was... ink all over
Writing fountains full of doves with a recall motive
Let me loose
To set the coffee mug on the corner
If I leave it you can throw away the cup and the brew
And exploring
So to gather the etchings of she who scripted me
Have this be none but Mother
Is that golden poet of mine
Then to climb through the lines unto a steep decline
Where it's dark at the bottom
And there was smoke and stuff
Then, I saw a finger pointing at me from amid the darkness
From behind her came an artist
And twenty easels
Painting pictures regardless
And a couple of truths
How the devil had the L's and Christ the W's
With plenty sequels...
I saw the one at the diner and went to stick with that
Before the truck's blazing fire made the silhouettes
Café au lait... what desiring for this inner clash!
Long arm the lighting that it might've slipped the hidden rag

Now is what matters

11/7/14

Dexsta Ray

Get Stronger

Get stronger... (hum) (ham) (hum) (hum) (hum)

Get stronger... (hum) (ham) (hum) (hum) (hum)

Disclosure... wrapped around this culture
A certain ground to pave
In ambrosia
Not the type that's in the ground, on plates
But found in grace
The captured rubies from around the way
If that ain't really tack it
Snatch the passion and endow the faith
That only comes by reading
Such passing by sleep
Imagine all the masked light seeping, and asking why?
Hate, the never question...
To inhale and inspect, to be a better method
Even though it's felt in the chest
It'll never settle
Get stronger... get stronger... lift that metal, leverage
Freshen from the stress, quick to mold
Eat the set for breakfast
Curl the next, earn your sweat until you get in heaven
Out of all the numbers, no contest,
I would pick the seven
Get stronger... life ain't always been depicted pleasant
Minister to self, or whatever, you must fit
Don't leg it

Get stronger... (hum) (ham) (hum) (hum) (hum)

Get stronger... (hum) (ham) (hum) (hum) (hum)

11/25/15

Dexsta Ray

Get Up Off

Get... get... get... get... get behind me

.
. .
. .

Get... get... get... get... get up off me

.
. .
. .

Get... get... get... get... get behind me

.
. .
. .

Always all up on case.... Satan hating on me

Devil, go away

Let a young man be

Get up off!

Go away

Jezebel harassing all the speakers

Hate to rationalize the evil

That we all intake

Anytime we

See it

On the internet where the devils dwelling

Little do he know

His whole arrangement has been failing

But let the devil tell it

Certainly, we the

Felons

For he lies like that

And can't deny

All up on the Christians so

Persecuting

Hating

Lie

Breaking up the chains and they despised

Flames within my eyes

But you'll never make me heartless

We are only made to thrive!

Down to earth at first since birth
Now the aim is the skies
Why be so focused on the dirt when we are fated to fly?
Won't you get up off my dreams and my goals
And all my work
It don't hurt
Won't you take the time to listen to your soul?
Lying on the truth speakers
Then, behold...
Just like he to Jesus, you just wanting the position that I own
Get up off me
Only focus on your knows!
Satan get behind us
You ain't never gone define us any mode
For we roll with the Light
Ain't nobody like
This
The scripted soul is a kite and can't nobody guide it
But only God who is incomparable
The silly demons make a goal with comparing you
Just to steal your shine
When it's coming from within
Get up off of mine!
These things that I believe to be the truth and my talk aligned
With scripture and nobody can undo
See the world don't know me
The evil part don't know us... it never will
Looking at the Bible!
Spread the message
Let it heal
'Cause if it's negative and said to bring a wreck or drill
It ain't no connection
I don't even need a second feel
I'm in a peaceful mind state
Writing line breaks
Meditating on the Word and thankful for my goals
No matter what the lies say or what them
Satans serve
We are grateful for our roads
Bold to know the Truth!

6/27/15

Dexsta Ray

Glorious

They condone the evil, the odious sequels, loathed the Lord...
That's why I don't deceive you, thy hope
The way it's grown to be
Too
No approach, to neither, thy soul
Seek though, to go through needles
Predisposed to
Ether, my notes, Light wrote, to mind awareness
Find the tare, dividing, the angels will
Though the times are
Careless
Wine, I'm staring at, through the onionskin
New, and conscious then
Consequences, far off, so viewed
As something nothing
Is
Unattended, scars, costs, and large Cross
I don't live impressing
Biased, 'cause they're satan, contrivances
Which ain't our faults
I unveil the Message, He'd die and rise, so the righteous
Thrive, regard, minus sin, if I'm trash
They liked me then
And tied their bibs, despite me being
In Christ's hand...
Some lightning split the surface
Then, types of wind, picked my bag up
I'm a kid
No plight pretend, willn't add, some different brags
'Til I ascend
Different damage...
Owing me, antisemitic, but low-key
Somehow, I blew up, some hands try totwist it
To roast me...
I was never overbearing, conditions, I don't need
On a mission, no cheats, no derision, and no sleep
Those who envy, don't relent, even witness the globe see
Thrown a lot of different lies in my business
To own me...

But I don't have to sabotage, if I win it, it's OT
Virgin still, though I'm mobile, the Scripture
Evokes
Me...
Christ is glorious, through my phone, some committed
Encroaching
Inauthentic, you can tell it, off limits
It's no prestige...
Time and time and time again, I resisted, I find a wife and friend
Convention ain't an option, they killed it, with all the times they fibbed
Contention ain't the
Object...
And really, it's like some kind of rig
I'm trying to live my life through opinions of those just trying to
Steal...
I'm smite for being alright...
Threatening my family and those with righteous will
The wicked get exposed by their own ambrosias but strive to kill me...
I'm volcanic, my smoke is wholesome
The wise can feel it
I ain't close to manic, no discomposure though
Light is with me...
Get the sources, if this misfortune, shall end absorbing
I present the truth, no fiction forming nor switching stories...
I need pennies too, plus love and hope to the women who
Didn't get consumed, by the tempter, and still commit to dudes...
If shadowbanned, it was partially for my Christian views
The other hand, I'm target, they pardoned the fans of wicked rule...
This reality...
I never did seek, but caught four hundred something rounds
From the begin to this week
I glorify the Lord forever
I've experienced His peace
His gloriousness, without a measure, I'm committed to He

So glorious
1/2/18

Dexsta Ray

Go On Satan

Tell satan coming for me
For me
For me
Yea...

Tell satan coming for me
For me
For me
Yea...

I promise that whatever vessel formed against us
Shall be defeated, pulled down, and
Decapitated
Now or
Later
Don't fret
It's the spirit battle rather, fated
Jesus in control of all the kingdoms
Reigning over satan

7/11/15

Dexsta Ray

God

God is all I have
God is all I got
God is perfect
God is worth it
God should call the shots

God's amazing
God is great and I'm lost
God's the reason I can make it
God has paid all the costs
God is major

God is best
God's the shaper of faith
God will separate the tare
God will straighten the way
God will bless

God is worshipped
God deserves all the praise
God is helpful to His servants
God does yearn to sustain
God is urgent

God's my peace
God shall orchestrate change
God's protection when you sleep
God is more than explained
God is real

God is just
God is fair with no doubt
God shall heal each of us
God prepares better routes
God's a must

God predicts
God commits
God shall honor His promise

God is love
God forgets every sin
God is honest

God just wants us to repent
God doesn't pleasure in hell
God is patient
God is rich
God forever shall dwell
God's my Savior

God's a Spirit
God is three into One
God shall listen to His Children
God shall be in the front
God is fearless

God created everything in the earth
God has planned everything
God has planned every birth
God is everywhere at now
God is present when you're down

God is coming
God is wondrous
God is glorious forever
God has given us His Son
God restored and developed
God is Alpha and Omega

8/14/15

Dexsta Ray

God And Teleology

Two handles, a bolt, and a nut
A pair of pliers couldn't bring about themselves
That's a simple tool
Like a hammer with a nail
Somebody had to make or manufacture it and sell
Teleology...
Evidence of design
Everything is for a purpose
Who could give you a mind?
Think about your blood vessels
Nervous system and eyes
Our creator had a special reason for our lives
We don't fully understand because He's infinitely wise
What's the purpose of a man?
Send the Spirit to guide!
Two hundred plus bones
Who could do that themselves?
If we're evolving from the apes why are monkeys still left?
See my argument is this...
We make tools for a purpose
They benefit our lives and we use them to work with
We see what human minds can imagine today
You expect me to believe that we just happened?
No way!
Look at the complexity of our bodies are skilled!
Oh it takes a higher God to make technology feel!
Basically...
Everything was created for something
The mental level of the crafter is reflected through products
We've been making things for years but look how far it has got us
Even tried to make some humans but can't mimic the knowledge of our Creator
Almighty God!

1/17/14

Dexsta Ray

God And Thermodynamics

In the beginning...
The universe didn't bang in existence
Simple explanation of a finite mind
The truth is this...
Even scientist could disprove this
Big Bang couldn't be because the rules didn't fit
With the laws
Thermodynamics...
Get enthralled because material things can't create themselves
It's resolved!
See the universe was not here forever
It's expanding so there was a point when it came together
That's the start
But it couldn't just form out the blue
If it did then it would've been violating the rules
First law states there's no new matter created
We can only take the matter that we have and reshape it
So there has to be a non-material source who had made it
Something of a different universe, material and nature
So the thought of self creation is disgusting and odd
See before the Big Bang...
There was nothing but God!
The Big Bang couldn't have happened if wasn't for God!
I don't understand why they refuse to believe
And it hurts me to my heart...
Why do you do this to me?
God is real!
We should turn to Him while we have our lives
It will be too late when he decides it's your time

1/15/14

Dexsta Ray

God Is Great

Too grateful
this peace
no problems
It's free
so free
you can see
clearly
To the dreams
you'd reach
soon be
Elevated...
by God
not you
not me
He leads us
to our destiny
Life is great
Blessed to be here
Woke up
chances...
Life is hard but
Why stress?
Just pray
now proceed
Advance into
such victory

3/2/14

Dexsta Ray

God Is In Control

I can't see what lies in store for me
But God is in control
Even in my time ignoring Thee
Did not resent my soul

7/11/14

Dexsta Ray

God Is Listening

As long as Light is educated, YHWH's dominion
I'm straight if knowledge tarry, God is watching
If nothing cared, so I ain't got to stop it, prophet conscious
Sent up a prayer, 'cause pride is not the object
Hold my faith in full, while the demons got things to clobber me
Property, I know, it's just relative
Wealth can override it...
If somebody kiss themselves and choose to fold what God in
Since a problem to the wealth
A must appease to
Lead
If some could see the objects for themselves
Such might believe in me
But nonetheless, God is my witness, though evil legions reigned
I think if it's my fate to be in this
What been arranged for me, and even deemed a factor
In business that ain't a piece of me, believe in He regardless
Not smartest, I just know Jesus sees...
And God is listening
Garbage, He never seen in me, margins never heartless
I'm artists, but just what Jesus keyed, part of this
Just relative, la, la, la
Bots and smocks, leave me in garden for prayer time
By the godly rock
Poetry is life, broken openly, time can stop the clock
Mind still on the spiritual
Even though was in scopes a lot, untold, of various contingencies
Til my roses drop, even now, it's scary, such, enmity for beholding God
Hoping not...
I write 'cause I have to, though soon, it won't be hot
Motions, slot of audibles, potions, and clone a soul that die
So nobody notices, Goshens, I dreamed about
As a lowly youngster, ain't know, the posters of trees and clouds
Be so difficult to touch, when I'm older, I think of flowers still
But I'm so inhibited, closed up, it does not appeal
Lots were built, concocted, illegal, to try to hide the real
All I done in art unto Jesus is where my mind had lived
God is listening
He ain't evil, it's just sometimes, it heal

I don't always see it though
Faith is that, which has wings, I kneel, or prostrate to the Throne
Of the Father, I see unfolding, pain acknowledged
Getting shadowed, consistently, but I'm praying for God
To come to earth, and after He visit me, I'll be standing high
I know the mirth, some lanterns on mysteries, with some passion
I'm, histories, I added not the evils, though it glitter me
I'm spiritually inclined
Felt a lifeline of pain, and I'm no stranger to the times
Seeking nice vibes again
Repentance isn't just debatable, and Christ not a game
But in this world, it seem it ain't the full embrace being displayed
God is listening...
Let my words align to all that You are, and Father, order all my steps
Within Your Word, that's all I want to do...
And if it's better, then I guess I won't embolden proof
I know that You in charge, from beginning, to this moment, true

Your Words, I'm holding true
5/10/19

Dexsta Ray

God Is Strong

Baptist since a kid
And those values stayed with me
In spite of all the persecution
God is still the Lord, the evil had attacked my faith
And making fables up
This stuff had really happened, now, erasers aim to maim the truth
The blood of Jesus keeps me covered, there's no dabbling
Nothing disrespect like claiming God is of what satan plot...
Speak no lies, I know I don't, if it ain't now, it's the past
But either way, the Lord been with me, I stayed down for His plans
Extortionists, and blackmails, evil spirits, distorting my resolve
Important, for the source of my praise, is still the Lord of hosts
Never find me lying, stuff been proven, but some resort to lows, and strongholds
Regardless, I'll write, and God's my witness to it
Witches used some spell to tie my thoughts and their words
So even when they wasn't there, I'd die from all I've observed...
Stuff not promoted, even taught in the story books
Yet important, took the best of my existence, destroyed it
And meant decoys to break me...
Demons lie, and ain't no drugs, that's feeding this equation
That's, at least, for me, and ain't no stuff that equal me being crazy
Such must leave, 'cause I'd leave, but evil schemes just chase me
'Cause I'm Jesus' baby, He made me, and satan hates the Savior
God is faithful though, and stable, through time,
I pray and hope
The Light be manifested, for everlasting, the way to go
Weh' is strong
4/14/19

Dexsta Ray

God Is Within Life

We'll never understand the spirit in the flesh
Certain things are revealed
In the midst of
Tests
But the picture set out before us is not the whole of things
In the knowledge that He give us
Hidden objects
Then the logic is confusing in perspective
If we didn't ask Him
What He doing?
Not to question Him but get some help and maybe understanding
For the projects that He want us working
Though it's perfect
In His will, we exposed to hurt but brokenness
Is urgent to be healed
In a way
Transcending, human knowledge, I remember what He told Job
We won't always understand His ways
So to learning still...
Often times, we enter places and occur in fields because of
Not our faith, but because of other pages
Real, from who supplicate
And He heard
As the hand of God
Open to His presence, just embracing all the branding, hot,
Still it's got...
And so amazing, deal
'Cause still He's given us a shot and didn't replace us

7/14/15

Dexsta Ray

God Pays Attention

Have a person's name tatted on you
They are added on you
Curses only break, probably if you got it burned off
God is paying attention to people
He's not too far away
Listening, and watching the evils, and all the good alike
I find crazy, blatant things were not too clear to see
Until you reach a place
Where the day can be revealed, even sealed...
Stuff appears to me
And previously, I got a word, ahead of time
I've got to dead the mind of yesterday, refresh and pray
The world is in it's own situations
And will never change, so no longer hoping that, but arrange a better aim
The goal is separating the Light
From the devil's maze on earth, shaking off the minor difference
For a major turn
I learned the hell that I was missing
I dismissed it, for a righteous life, everything that's kindred
Just trying to get the timing right
God is paying attention, so I do not fear derision, I forget the foolishness
Like I do not hear the minion
Scratch the flesh, the truth is this: We are in a daily spirit battle
Living in the faith, in the spirit, in the grace, with fruitfulness, or
At least, should...

9/24/16

Dexsta Ray

God's Canvas

Colors add life to our surroundings
Looking at the
Nature
The Orange, Yellows, White, Green and
Browns and
Blended
Perfectly into our leaves
O, the nature
Shrouded!
And the sky reflect the grace
Water colors painted
Mountains
The Orange, Yellow, White, Green and
Browns and
Blended
Looking at the nature
Colors add life to our surroundings

5/5/15

Dexsta Ray

Gold (To A Pet)

Nothing wrong with dogs but you the true companion
Take into the crazy
Picture
At urgent times, no coincidence, the turn of circumstances
Spirit warfare being imposed
Being absorbed within
The knowns
In accordance with the roads and goals
Probably ain't our home
But just a passing
Through
That's supernatural, 'tis an angel, incarnated to continue battle
Witnessed many things, a couple of times
Reveal a true example
How we're to remain resilient
And subdue what
Matters
Shattered, principles enwrapped in shiny covers with a gratis thought
Though you ain't the largest, you remaining by the side
Saw you fight a couple of dogs
Out your class
May not win, but you still did try, no action lie, and
That's why I love you
In my life, I witnessed many supernatural things
Among the best were all the angels in the
Presence
God is great, the humor, blessings sent around in every way
From this little gold cat to the glory unexplained
From the forest to a name tag
A chance to be a
Saved...
Something everybody needs, so, we pass then we attain

God bless you Gold

8/4/15

Dexsta Ray

Golden

This little gold cat is just a memory
Minutes long past...
Figuring, you've 'gone back'
I've witnessed supernatural things, but wasn't this degree
But to the physical
I'm probably wanting sympathy
But kidding me
Kitten
My cat would be with me, I'm not jumping to assumptions
But facts defeat fiction
Where you at?
Come and chat with me, that would be hitting
When I had no one to laugh with
You sat with me
Chilling
It's amazing how the time unwinds so fast
Standing on the step
You never came back, that ain't like you, not to race back...
I tried to find you
But your name bounced, the same out-come
Basically declined your appointment, and they missed you
Not as much as me though
A point of years, they may forget you
Recognized by me because the Lord ordained the same position
Now today, I paint your sickness
Purple ribbons too
I'm sitting by my lonesome, but I'm chilling like we used to do
And Golden? Who's a fool?
I know about the truth to you
But I shall say, I found that faith, I'm proud to say that God
Is perfect...

9/17/16

Dexsta Ray

Gone Was Maria

Alack! Afore! Alack! Afore!
Restrict the 'have to ponders'
The rope of borrowed span forbore
The current thrashing wonders

As if to say of after life
'To listen for the echo'
And 'You don't have to answer twice'
Let it 'dry' like secco

On the prairie near the horses
Gold does not appeal
In the midst of all the forces
Gone was not Maria

Has the spiral finally made it?
I can see the waving
Like the heaving sea, the heart will peak,
And leak the strangest

Between the motive and the actions
Up below the tears a day
Single 'love you' for her passing
From a trouble clear brigade

'Tis a blessing in a spoken word
Of victory in life
But if better wisdom don't discern
Sufficiency is strife

For we know it had been over there
Amidst the golden grasses
Near the horses and the forces where
It hit with total damage

Will the fire burn or sickle mold?
The cloak in this ordeal
An inspired urn of mistletoe
And, gone, is what's Maria

For the union since before the flesh
Would fail to be consumed
As her prince avenged her, order left
And well to see her soon

12/24/14

Dexsta Ray

Green Sour Sickles (Food Idea)

Inspiration for this idea came from Revelation...

How, in the end, the Angels come, and separate, and take the wheat

And reap the harvest

Indicating the

Good...

Light is nice, and this embracement, never taking from it

Green, sweet and sour, slices shaped like a sickle, with Bible wisdom on the packs

Please devour these delicious facts

The flavor great, the green is kind of deep, some are light

But an amazing taste, in both, are mixed throughout

The flavor lasts, and I can't get enough

Let's go, because, you know, the store is only like ten miles away

To feast on sour sickles, showers trickle down

The smiling faces, childish nature

Candy

9/26/17

Dexsta Ray

Grooming But Not Everything

Life is passing fast
I treasure the pleasures
In letters
Measures, even fetters
Glad I had
Seethings half and half...
Passions settle at the lower points of living life...
Don't ask the devil why it's going tough when in this fight...
Of living right
Or at least, trying to forage peace
Fumbling through the rubble
For the dreams
And for scorched receipts...
I find my disposition different from what I expected
Consisting strictly of conditioning from what I rejected
But time is precious
Through her eyes
I see figments, in view of moons and rooms
The window seals, diamonds
Expectings, respect, expressions
How this tempo feel? Aligning, move crescents, to
Light and treasures
In this spirit journey, clearly discerning
The indo kills a person's spirit sight
But this just my opinion
Just like the fact that I could fight the flak
With poetry, but not inciting that...
I'm writing facts just to unite the cracks
I'm trying to find my path, not bad
But actions like confined to that...
The Light is hidden, if it is, then it's to minds that hid it
In the binds of sin
And strife, derision and the snide religions...
For God is at the heart of love
From the stars above into the part of us
That harbors lusts
Where the hearts succumb
That which so easily besets us
All the leeching sins

That we depart and crush
To leave the nets of just when we repent...
Don't step on me
I'm just a messenger that Jesus sent
Rebelling the event of hell giving people
Tricks
To kill them spiritually, and we can see it well
Almost spherically
I start the unconditioning spark
The darkness can't consume
Harkening to the Lord
Concerning Angels, warring, ministering...
Grooming tactics
Doing it backwards, tune
'Cause while I can
The passion of my hands will never everlastingly
Attach, to any patch as cruel and merciless
What fuels my work is this
In death or life, my spans survive but never shall it merge with this...
The evil curse my pens and quick to give me burns within
My happiness and best interests
Less picked, less' nitted first...
The damage is a tactic sent
And rationed, isn't
Prospered
Fallen for my archetypes 'cause that's the trust that isn't conquered
Conditions plundered, by some heart in strife, positioning monsters
Man is banded to the hand
Of happiness extended
From him...
A crown of rotten bones
Or a crown of godly soul
Not imposed
But a product of the fountains God control
In positions when my soul is down
I'm not at home
And you can count on wicked beings
To focus there and try to hold...
Evil messengers proclaiming so, 'Just let them die'
And double speaking, like I'm crazy
So I never rise...
Another season of distant boats and the devil's lies

I used to love the seas, now, forever scoping for sails
Just tides...
See, I won't see one, because I'm 'hopeless'
As clevers tried, to dress it up, disguised it
Some powers spirits are clear at work
But why they bothered me? If I try to veer it
My tears and worth incline to higher levels
I never see, how this fell on me?
I'm well at peace...
I predicted the way the devil'd scheme
No matter what I go through
I'm rigid 'cause Jesus
Dwells with me...
And welcomes me, to that eternal place
I wish you see
But malice unto my death is demon
And won't switch or cease...
'Cause there's a lot of money in it that's not meant for me
That's why a lot of plots
Gravitate around me being deceased...
I know you're proud of what I've done
And I'm just glad you care
Though we ain't around and stuff for fun
See, I'm just glad you're there...
Because, sometimes,
I lift my pen and try to draft despair
But then I feel this gentle peace within
Just, knowing, that's your prayers...
The enemy just wants a chance to try to see me broken
I ain't going too hard on this paper
I saw a marvelous Angel raising up from next to me
God knew that I'd see it
And not afraid
I need that presence, see, to move into that destiny
The wretched beings continue with this misrepresenting
See, I'm the type to build my own castles
And lift my own lanterns...
This don't concern you
Evil with the stone hammer
Bold slander
Old candor, what you may call it
Alright

All tight like all hype
'Ya'll could hold him little longer? '
Saw and, nawl, Christ is with me
Let His Father's people go, let evil know
And all night
Is prayer times and holy watches hours
For His called's life, all over earth
I'm fine with being rejected and disliked
I don't even care
Grooming me, it backfired, I'm, too, at peace
I'm not an animal, a lot's expandable
But not de-humanization though
Can't nobody doubt the Light now
You've saw the Gospel right now

I ain't deserve

3/16/17

Dexsta Ray

Growing Down

Not caring about the distortion of my words

All I hear is the Light

There's different type perspectives, for growing up, or adulthood
And since I didn't lift off the same as others
Can't meet that standard...

In the eyes, of what satan conjured, to take me under
Things, that after, peace is shattered, try to feed some matters
Seeking answers

But, a done mistake, the honest way, misc. exaggerated, kicking heel
It ain't my fault, I just embrace, aside from what has add the pages, trapping
pain in

Sadness, faces, misc. concealed, a different real

The madness, but my passions strictly Spirit-filled, sometimes, I lift the quill
And get weak, the Image heals though, I visualize the Cross in it's glory
And, then, I still go...

If I grow up, adult, it's only right to humble down, just like child, like the Bible
said

When a soul awoke

I find there's boundless room when a pride is dead, what I've focused on
For my idea is different, as long as my twenty seven, is respected, though it
wasn't, not allowing a second

Chance, just to do it over, nothing, found the seven stands, it's unforgivable
The whole of the journey, some think I'll snap or something, act up, attack stuff
Tossing wisdom, to grasp some dusts...

But, that, I'd actually shun

For whatever reason, I'm seeketh for homelessness, like an operation
Seeing what hole I'm in, being to close it in...

Need a way to smite my success, and legions feed the hate, I guess whatever's
Interesting, I'm good, my skin as thick as this

My business is the truth, they told some other folks to take advantage
Then misrepresent it like consent is given, sick and twisted, wisdom spit in
But what's something backwards, is intention with this

I ain't never went against the Bible

Stuff the Spirit shows me

Feel it's love, I don't care about, messing up

Lessons come, adjust...

Tsk

My passion, muse, got me focused, the soul's avenues, though I'm broken, but
rather not elope
In case, the matter boom, and shatters, hopeless, no I'm not, on the spot
God can turn it around
If only they could learn to trust Him, first, in judgement
Earth is conflict, certainly wasn't His intention
Just a purpose endowed, thus reversing it now, because the serpent didn't bow
To Adam after God commanded
Not withstanding...
Changing, curses present, lessons, overshadow demons, burning them with
Words from heaven, under thirty seconds, verses, methods, opposites
To curse or bless a prophet, in the dirty nets of
Obloquy, concocting things, to model me, no periods in my story line, just
commas and
Apostrophes...
Not hot to me, or got to me
You said it, I'm dumb
But yet, you hopped into my pot of proof
The weapon, the tongue, it's numb, but, ain't too many biteth it
Bridle it, or be a fool
Leads to doom, a fortress of fire, like satan's substance, scripting faith
Can take some months to decipher, stuff in the way, if the devil get upset
He alright, the Spirit best, still a mess
Ain't nothing at me, 'cause there wouldn't be a reason, but I can sue, if stuff
attack me, many ways
Been exposed already...
But alternatively, growing down for greater hope

8/30/17

Dexsta Ray

Growth Without Rigidity

No, I can't...

No, I can't...

No, I can't...

Grow up... (Nooooo)

I... am... forever... young

Forever.... Dumb

Try to see the free as something not wrote in sand

For society idea of growing ain't really right

Sooo....

I remain a child

At heart

So Christ controls my mind

Keep me from the left

To the steps

That ye know align

Though the physical probably grow and change into the fate

Of one

Still stunned by the little stuff of the place...

Because of... what else is?

Muddled sins

And hindrances holding us in our inhibitions

Not to mention all of the false beliefs

Within our midst

So it's up to us to break away

Disrespecting stress

Call it something, anything, but just make it less

To stay a child and free

Mentally

But understand reality and that the world embrace the things that's wild and free

Not too loud to think

No, I say

No, no, no, no.... I cannot refrain

From all the things I feel right now

Receive your deeper peace

And never compromise what you focus and what you need to see

Because you need to reach for the Promise

Because you need to breath

Break away from rigidity and

See through the mind

Of before

We learn of the rigidity

7/11/15

Dexsta Ray

Ham

And, once again, the holidays do align
Give thanks
Reproving binds
True
To minister to self
Cue change
And witness time, don't grind...
Behold a moment
Broken
No lone components
But just conditions, of sufficient
Giving praise
With appreciation
Grace
From the Image of the Cross
Unremitting
Saved
This resolve, spirit cost, a lost re-gathered swiftly
In the midst of calls
Convincing all
It's forbidden to fall, of course, food
Mix of poultry
Stuffings
But touching nothing, contradicting, what the fact
Man shall not survive on bread alone
Killing sadness
Rigid fabrics, sealing, kegs of growth
I look towards the lack of
Clouds
Knowing, imperfect, is a lot of things, though, for certain
It's consistent with a lot of gain
So, for this, we not
Complain
Hot, to live, or die the same, but, for now
We relish in this mercy
Out embellishments, the turkeys, hams, spot remains
To pray for who ain't got the same
Speaking, to and fro
Proclaiming thank you, to what God had made

Thanksgiving Wishes

11/24/15

Dexsta Ray

Hang In There

So you witnessed a change
The minor madness
Growing
Feel despair, the finances ain't establishing
You're praying
Heard of casualties
Some family passed away in fire
It's looking bad
Little children in the grave
Desire happiness
But pain's in your heart
You took some losses
Just can't handle this... it break you a part
But yet you pressing
Still...
Don't nobody see your strength
It's just another day
And they don't know about the venom
You just wanting to escape
But ain't nowhere to go
But in the arms of just the one who trust you
While they paying
The only thing they saying is stuff that try to crush you
Though it ain't permanent
That work position keep you leveled
And thank the Lord for that...
Otherwise
You feed the devil
Living low
Habit of the cycle, spending doe on killing smoke
In the morning times...
Still in bed
Don't feel like you can go
Ain't no one to call, mama sick and dad ain't living so
Sitting, there in silence, when alone
Wondering is there hope...
Well, I come to tell, it's raining... but an Umbrella's
Waiting on your soul
Don't you know? To just confess you need it

Telling you to just hang in there

Sometimes...

A blessing grieves us, even in the pain, know He care

Your cries collected

See...

9/15/15

Dexsta Ray

Hanging By A Thread Until It Ripped

Life before an understanding, of what matters
Distorted me, painting quicksand
It's unfortunate, a stage when I was misled (by satan)
Some different coordinates, I didn't
Back before I went a distance from a porch into the spirit
I ain't form it right...
The Lord is Light, a capable Master
I paid attention since
Awakening in His midst, grasping vanity, matters, vague and fragmented
Any more, glass visions, that's actually shattered up, but cluttered mine
After something was aligned
Wasn't God though, a younger mind
Trapped in sad feelings
That's building, still attached, at least, believed to be
To some crass dealings, yea, that's silly
But the years, the peers, the media, impacting, the impressionable, the nature
sown
The taken wrong, then, later on would come my Oluwasgun Chidike, a single
concept, things to run with, all original
No name when I opined, in '13, no subliminal, a notion trivial, the subname (no
hurt things)
Shadows put together, for the definition, that I love Weh', stuff to up faith...
And this ain't about a thing else
'Cause it ain't hard to be distorted, that's the reason for this page there
Thinking, since it's poetry, life probably ain't care, mistaken, wish I had've known
some things
Before my reign fared
This a supernatural life, God is what's super
I pray to God, in youth, to answer right when clocked as a truther
It didn't come until my understanding broadened, under stands and options
Dropping from the Throne of God
And race isn't one
I see an error in the pattern of the earth
So caught on the flesh...
I had to check myself but not because I felt the same, I like embracing concepts
But some stuff is not a dwelling lane, to step in, and I know it now
Not everything we hear is healthy, Spirit help, discernment, gives us everything
that's pure and helps us learn it (I'm sure)
Sail divergent, from the Father's point of view, accept, determined, seeing

pictures on the wall

While going through if Christ unveiled the curtain

Souls are a transparent being, the glorified, the fortified, the fail proof, the perfect

Looking forward to immortal lives

The normal eyes, detergents, Lord and Guide

The Source that really is, and did exist, and will persist, the more aligned we live within...

A simple wick, a candle stick

No threads on the

Cover, a setting blazed, less engaged, second take, minus extra measures

Pressure that's unnecessary

Love just encumbers, the Bible's message, set to levitate

7/12/17

Dexsta Ray

Happiness

Happiness is but an unction
Denying our realities
Possible...
But joy is more fulfilling
Because to be of happiness on earth is like band aid
To the hurt
What about the faces laying in the worse?
What's altruism?
Happiness is
Shiny
But the joy is rather blinding
And in time we see the fallacy the more we try to find this
Ain't a way that we can notice it aware
Creeping up to
Bite us
Seeking happiness is grasping for the air!
Joy is equal to the fabrics of despair
But just flipped around
Up-side down
It's the opposite of that concern
Happiness is swift but joy is firm
Happiness will burn

Joy is something that we catch as the net

4/1/15

Dexsta Ray

Happiness Is Overrated

Happiness, the overrated, maybe, overstatement
Different brackets and designs, this can misalign, perhaps
A different kind, limits, different factors, in the times
Ill-inclined, but Spirit standards
Will survive, the hills and skies, that fill my mind
A different average
Some ascension faster, what's consistent, but the Spirit
Just repentance gather, it's the latter
Happiness is relative
I need the Lord, to keep me, joy, forever more
He lead me, neigh the pastures, and the still lakes
For His Name sake, still paintings, for the same scape
Normal range of concept, for me, stories, sort, exhort the Light
Some more, in Christ, grace reign, the Lord provide
If faith remain the source, I'm of the same wavelengths
Things that Weh teach, origins of eternity, importance of wisdom
And just as sure as the misfortune seem, restoral is Scripture...
That Jesus Christ is still the cornerstone, immortal
Since before the rose thorns, bore witness, to the scorn
And they tore His robes...
Just a servant, just a vessel, just a child of God
To seek the righteous path, enlightenment, I'd like to have
If Christ in it, just like the tab-lets, lightning hit, the Light
Command, to guide the minds of Israelites, incline
To such that please the Lord...
I need that form, it be implored, until the Kingdom spore
Happiness is overrated
Joy is what we need, of course
7/10/19

Dexsta Ray

Happy Birthday

Happy birthday, happy birthday
Worth the turn, and the words, certain friend
That is relevant
If ever missed, never is on purpose
Letters, gifts, and candles
Cakes, to treasure it, special, bakeries filled with fragrances
The merriment, is better than
The stress and strife
Perhaps, treasure relished in, to set the sight
To see another year, being blessed again
Yes, to see the Light
I think it's nice, to join in such excitement
I can't even lie...
The earth is cursed with sin
So this should really be why people cry
Though

Ecclesiastes 7: 1

Loved and acknowledged
1/29/19

Dexsta Ray

Hark! Sweven Cherry Blossoms

Hark! Hark! Love hath giveth thee... treasure
I see— heretofore... meseems
HID!
From the pleasures
Natheless, whichsoever wist her love never'd eyne this measure
For MINE lamentations are far away
Hark! Hark! She hath liveth semovedly with the stars
To siege— somedeal... sift we received our hearts
Belike thee will change... erelong, won't see that part
Ye won't make it if ye don't guard
The faith...
Now as I sit and wait here patient at the end
Of this bridge
Now the wind has been outrageous and
You're missing again— that
Impressing cerebration is what gives thee suspense
And can't nobody else replace this in a figurative sense
They say... the picture looked a lot like
Cherry blossomed
Japan...
With two lovers in the spotlight... fingers locked
Hand in hand...
They said this was a good night for the moths
And in fact... they may as well had tried to shine
The open light on some lamps

4/2/14

Dexsta Ray

Harvested

I'm fine, by myself
Just let me fight my damage
Far too childish to
Want to serve any dishes like it...
Not an angry man
Nor bitter
Not a crazy man, I'd mainly stand at landscapes
Admiring the Lord...
For hours
I don't see the harm in that
I'm not mean and rude
Or seeing through the broken glasses
I'm supposed to
Which would lead to more attacks on my life
Which would be justified, but I don't dare embrace
Such an evil, but still felt hated though
It's not about judging people
And I was framed to go...
Back into the heavens before my time
And my life was taken
I ain't did a thing that would force that kind or
That type of nature
But, nonetheless, what it is, reality accepted
I ain't perfect anyway, but I was frame with master
Methods, slander, weapons to control and silence
While the evil passed the message...
My only hope is in the faith I have in Jesus promise
If evil cometh, I ain't scared, and it should know by now
It's like I'm not a human, evil do just what it wants right now, no right right now
Nor right right now
And neither do I want some friendships...
I don't want no euthanizing, I enjoy the lows
Harvested, like poultry, fruit, or vegetables, or cattle
At the time, how I felt, not that it matters
But I am this book
To have a look may end up scarce
As light in darker times, but hard to find a heart as large
As mine
Just marks and lines, a project to eradicate my- -

And plus I never heard the first...
Which serves it worse
But I live for just that upper room
Just passing through the earth
Subdue the curse
I see behind the bait and fall people...
Seeing all evil, and the call equaling up to my annihilation as a child awake to
Light

1/25/18

Dexsta Ray

Haters (Quote)

Those individuals who try to make you look small just to make themselves look big... are haters. Those individuals who don't know you but spend a whole day looking for your faults... are haters. Those individuals who dislike you when you never even gave them a reason... are jealous. Those individuals formulating plots... against a man who never did them harm... are haters. Those individuals are angry at themselves but they take it out only on you.. are haters. Those individuals who really don't matter and try to pull you down with the meaningless chatter... are haters. Those individuals who hate to see you shine. Smiling in your face at one point and changing on a dime... are fakers. Those individuals who know that they are fake but they act like they are real around the people in their face... are some fake haters.

1/31/14

Dexsta Ray

Healing Sickness (In Faith)

And the Lord to take your pain
Marvelous
Gift...
He doesn't orchestrate it
Through His power
Laying hands
Then no more complaining
No, the power ISN'T of my own
Acts four thirty
Ay, no more hurting
Miracles are witnessed O
This is just a gift the Lord bestowed
Hey, your faith can heal you
Regardless of the ailments
Let His grace fulfill you

It's the PRAYER that heals
Not the vessels

3/11/15

Dexsta Ray

Hearing Aid

Persecution still though, still yokes
That the Light
Destroy
In Christ, I joy, in worship, in cursive, or print
The right envoy, my mirth persists regardless
I learn with this, burden, been determined
Quick, discern it, jargon
Fruitlessness
Truth extend, discard, producing
Tools to win
Use within, I'm fusing pens, with life
I started, rules had bent, to enswarm me
But righteousness
Exists, no matter, types of wickedness
Incline in this dimension
Being the end times, with signs all around
In faith, adjusting though...
If I can say a word, the jealous, change things to knock it
Make arrangements, unrelated, envy think ways to drop me
The hateful stuff seem unremitting
When it is, nothing quit it
And I awake from rest to find what satan's ones be consistent
It's not about just one location
Technologically
Savvy
The unconsented, unembraced, with left my property ravished
But as a way to bring me in it
Take what obviously matters, to just erase the substance of it
So that obloquy's candor...
It seems to be esteemed in earth
First, you got to be slandered
Been going through evil schemes that hurt
Of course, it got to be handled
I know that God would never hold out on His people
I don't feel deprived
Especially, knowing the motive of the legions is to kill my mind...
The moment I oppose the wisdom YHWH build inside
Leave the Arc, and go into a realm
That I don't feel

Designed, for me, aligned, to beat, stuff ain't destined
Devised to bring me low, or keep me broken up
Into pieces, so eyes can see my soul...
But I was born for succeeding, I can, 'cause Jesus rose
Evil shake me up, to delete me, but still can't see me though
And neither be me, to snatch the fruit of my dreams and goals
Cities shouldn't be 'round me, through malice, that keep on keeping on
To justify the theft, plus they badger, so I won't think it's known
And by the time I find out, it's backwards
And cannot be consoled...
Even now, atweel, as I manage, the evil feed what's gone
Stamping out a lamp, so it's challenge, can be an easy one
But any with an ear, for it, hear it, just as an eye can see
I care about my flame
Evil trapped it, as ways to bridle me
And then misrepresent
What is lying as truth for what they dream
That way, when I speak
They can tie it to ruse to smother me...
And I don't know persecutors, but they've discover me
Heard about my talent, now evil stalks me to trouble me...
For a long time, this has been, not pick who did it
But who guilty, feeling hit, by the evidence
Is a good beginning...
That so critical of me, and did take risks against me
Even long time, scheming future-tense, make no sense
To end me...
Compounded lies, til' I'm bound to grounds
And surround with envy, proud dismiss me, but Light amounted
And things endow replenished
For it's a constant reality, would've never thought
Doing what I love, fighting evil with good, the devil loss
Anyway, no matter how intricate, stuff repel the Cross
All I speak is truth, Jesus dwells with me, so it's never false...
It's not the way things were meant to be
Things to limit me
But now it get exposed and relentlessly
Even if it take some centuries
The jealousy on, inflicts intentionally
Knowing what the truth is, with loads of proof
Dishing ignorantly...
Nothing better to do, by those, diminishing

Wickedly, the Scripture exposes it, to infinite...
I try to grow with my life, but evil still with me
Ignorance is demon and blinded because it wish to be
Enviously, malicious, consistent with stuff in history
I shouldn't run, 'cause innocent, which is why I ain't in the beefs
But still achieve, consistently, 'cause I'm still with the Spirit's lead
Success is still success
Even if the devil against the dream...
Enemies, not bothered, my God is greater
Than enmity
I have to speak this way 'cause it's equal to what it's been to me...
Spiritual warfare, left destruction, while legions pick and eat
Ain't too many been through my struggles and this conditioned me
No misery though, thinking spiritually
God can get me through
A lot is messed up, but predicted, it's in the Scripture too
Hearing aid... But nothing mechanical
Just the Spirit's truth
Illumination ain't wrong to anything not pretending too
What else to do? Even after this, matters still ensue
Can't worry about much romance
It's used, for hate, as some big excuse
Plus I'm humble
Knowing that I'm nothing without the Spirit's move
And it ain't that I don't love, resisting, so evil's missions cued...
So I can wait 'til it's gone away til' I know embrace
Because I know the pain
I don't trust a thing in the loathing mazes
My soul disdain
No, I ain't dumb, just against my will, stuff unfold the same
As if I never mentioned this persecution which groped my name...
ENT, 'cause the stuff that nosy ain't want a change
Focus on the Light still, Christ still

11/12/18

Dexsta Ray

Heart In Marriage

Lunar symphonies, are infinitely, jewelry, valued, priceless
Higher than, far expenses, within
Intangibles, but marked in, like with marble
With fire, igniting, parts aligning, cooler
History are the cryings though
Lightning boltz and violets...
(Sigh) I eye her glow from the fields
At night, awoke
The shining of the light that flows over hills and buildings
It's spilled these feelings, though
I eye the brokenness too, the lowest points
From long ago, the trials on the side that shows
I hope she knows, the brightness, of her whole abode
Higher, and it is enough...
Meant, but unexplosive fire like Olympus Mons
With success, feeling empty still
Like I'm big for what?
I'm sitting here, thinking of you
Two hundred thousand, thirty eight
Miles away, the nine hundred is the words
Vows I make, grounds of space, it's like I can't breath...
Without you
Don't believe much, to tell the truth
The devil keep bugging since I fell for you...
More than friend, I'm forever true, and when I can't see the stump
Then, your waves gleam the devil's ruse...
Caught me marveling the beauty of the precious moon
God's the Master artist, He imparted dreams
His special blooms...
And I ain't got much but still what's mine is hers
And what's hers is hers
But, she, herself, is mine
To see your nail designs and wellness shine
I'm kept and fine like peltzered wine
I'm certain...
That God developed time with depth in mind
A swell design, the beauty in the night sky
Has melted me, I'm like Pine trees, like the amber
From inside, your mind has captured me forever

Heart in marriage

I ain't asking for a thing but your heart in marriage

4/25/17

Dexsta Ray

Heaven In Proximity

Heaven in proximity, yes, at last, the checker flag
Rag, waving, so many angels, where even grass sang
Used to have anxiety, at the thought of to have impact
Expansion, dragged but passing, humanity, some remove to fashion
New, reality, all-inclusive, and things not really free
Keeps me in proximity, enmity, God is still in me
Different, wasn't fitting, in social circles, just physically
But spiritually, ain't know, God was on the circuit
This energy, kept me blind to stuff, I ain't know the purpose
Originally, but then I'm thinking back, to the moments
When I'm on bending knee, asking God to order all my steps in His Word
And Yawh the wisest, He fulfill His will in spite of
Everything we feel, and any who was standing by my side
I pray the Lord remember, Heaven I would rather
I'm sufficient up there
I matter here, but still in heaven, I'm dimensions up there
It's been some years, the Light my focus still
I live with no hair
For YHWH's servants who were slain by demons
Live on up there, consistent pieces, do your do
I bet persistence gone fare, if God's provision meet it half way
The vision won't scare
The devil thought he did something
Killing everything I love
But no
I live justly, and I still forgive stuff, I heal up, I fill up the little Christians
With the Scripture, still son, I still trust in God
They ain't did nothing
Writings still
Plush...
The hills up in heaven, is my focus, not this lil stuff
Although, at times, the road a lil tough, it can build us
Evil hates the visual
But I don't have to steal such
The only way they live is through some stuff a man ain't give up...
Look to heaven, that's my Home
The tests ain't got my
Soul, I wish that they could see the Light and settings like how I'm supposed
I'm affected, but it's not from what they tried to sow

Responsible for testaments
That's heaven sent, my God is strong
Heaven hills, bless-ed still
Just look
The Light is bold, and on, my loneliness, ain't broke me
Nor does it control the psalm
11/29/19

Dexsta Ray

Heavily Persecuted (Jesus Is Lord)

In spite of the conspiracies, writing pass like they ain't exists
Their heresies were manifest, bittersweet, just to interbreed
And speaking of conspiracies
Unrelated, my stuff is holy, caught what's done by satan
To hush my praises, and made a shew, and anything pertaining to
My demeanor, they tried to smudge, to darken YHWH's Light
Through corruption that help the jealous with it
Cynically, obsessive, to sabotage, somehow, ever stricken
Such just hateth God, but it's everyone if they let it, simply
Better stuff, was crafted
And satan reject whatever's really, quality, but ain't come from them
So tried to snag and bottle things to save until distractions made
Where they could prosper from it...
Situations caught before
The present days was here, and things I noted from experience
Clearest just to what ain't guilty
Seeing my cries for help ignored to finished evil that was clocked
Whatever else, that was conspired, to unfrock my righteous vibes
Was them, even if it's crime, they ain't subtracted from
The evidence, of negligence, that help the jealous better rig
My life for nothing, which already proven though
But still harassed like then
Backtracking, some not, because the sham revealed
Then it's hid, back back in it's spot, I proved the traps again
Ain't thinking 'bout the brackets
They arranged, whatever choice, that's it's to them
I choose the Word of God
Whatever scripture say, my interface
To represent the murder of
Christ, is not a Christian thing, forgot the Christian name
Whoever does that, ain't of the Lord
Witnessed plenty hate, simultaneous, to my scripture frame of mind
I did embrace, everytime, they still engaged though
But I still behave, according to the path I chose
Like those wicked days, and hidden pages, that were manifested
Of my life, illuminated, of my writes
I was unrelated to the stuff
Devised, in principalities and powers, God would help me since
They kept on trying to frame me, so they hated that

The Lord enlightened me, stuff tried degrading, and to disinvent, through
confirmation bias
Tied to racists, just to larcen, all my substance indiscreetly
Bits and pieces, still allowed for plenty years, since my rhythm sounded
Different, overlook, the obvious, to overkill me countless seasons
Endless plots against the Lord
I saw the devil, and his vices, fine without tether like
Couldn't defend my self nor cherished valuables
Intangible, mammon used to brandish truth informally
So candles blew, I never did consent
To any form of being, hacked and used, by sordid demons I ain't know
That make a lot off false pretenses
Everything that's new connected
To the very same
From then, noisome pestilence, ain't err me
Plus they still hijack my art, in order just to larcen it
The owner used to be another, 'fore the fires burned the church
In lands that used to be the owner
Then the antichrist would use conflict to threaten them from
Justice, threatening someone for their ownstuff
I proved they trying to smuggle
While it's been allowed to happen til' the point the crime is subtle
1/12/20

Dexsta Ray

Heh

Only hope, soul and growth, these flows are home-made
Sown phrase, controlling, soap... got the wrong name
Long ways, like open roads, or the old days
Zones, the wrong lane, foes, impose, but I got
Road rage
My domain has blown like the trumpets 'cause it's around that time...
Just ain't recognizing He though, ain't using carnal methods
Only exercising the growth, that shew, some part of heaven
Martyr presence
Pleasant...
Needless to say
And I'm connect to lightning, blessing, striking, essence, I check it
Expecting all disclosed, call these clothes, insignificant, hear, end listening
To only some
Sorts...
It's clear what evil fear, the devil's jealous, yea, I'm zealous though, and I never
held nobody back
Ever
Ignoring all that is unfair, clever methods, I'm focus, on something other than,
butter and
What's said from the devil
I strive to tune it, O
Seriously, mysteriously, punishment from the One Who sent me (Some deserve
it)
Petty but the others ain't, I rub the page, and smear the pencil marks, the
venom starts
From the slightest, I picked a fishtank, random, nights, I wish hate would
disappear
And this change...
For nature is my therapy, grace, declaring peace, while leery of the devil's wiles
'Cause demons want to fetter me, with curses, dirt, developing evil
The peaceful welcome me, the sweltering, I shouldn't have to err, the righteous
fight of faith
A medley of nothings, no function, or gumption, in my light
I edit what I do too, dumb, is what I am, never sweat it, give the knowledge
back, for justice, since my college path
Have no clue
My run of a day, and what I may be seeing, claim attention, fongs what I'm
saying

But that's baloney though
I wasn't molding, chain of the wicked, that's lit, on fire, in hell
On me, but I snicker
The liquor, is what enables satan, bitter, I can cue if want, and most the jokes, I
never think about
What's making ground in hell is what degrades me now...
Flaming, loud shouts, persisting, wailing, but, can't see out
The church can't mix with world
That'd be crazy, and what I wonder, mainly, why this still occur though I crowded
And crushed it all together, shown it and exposed it, I've founded, must think it's
got to weather
All the sent correction of God, but as we know, from in the Old Testament
His warnings are followed by destruction, sow blessings on this, my Father
They set the traps to wait, and take whatever given by You, to see Your servant
hurting (Leave me alone)
Start that, I'm sending Light through, and probably merge with currents
Heart, facts, not digging in friends, reserve the bars for curses, and not always
instantly
Hist, but God ain't mocked
They've no reason, ain't no season, ain't no reaching
Weapons couldn't even prosper when they wanted to, my faith is strong
Ain't one to lose, the lies I despise, and I judge them too
But just in truth
The stuff that don't concern some
Burn some...
And just a fool distorted all my words and then promoted stuff that wasn't
truth...
I like looking at fishes, and animals, just in their natural habitats
Something cool, my life ain't 'bout the critics, and whatever useless excuses
To justify the wicked, God is not a part of, it's futile, I think about the fact that
evil pick and
Choose (Why me)
What it bothers, the casting lots, and I don't even have discussions with such,
but, keep it
Spirit led...
When hate becomes the model, it's the problem, but the opposite's portrayed, in
lots of ways
'Cause that's the pattern satan has the earth in
That's the worst end, and certain, to grab the mirth in, some masks that's
worthless
All I need, my Savior, and my first pen...
Staying determined, I heed, the evil things, though evil reigns, with a

masquerade

That's okay, my Savior's worthy, speaking praise

Things will change, and disturb, the legion keeping hate

In circulation, 'cause it's breaking stuff down

But, yet, I'm made the worse of things, just for saying

What's 'round, and probably fake for not letting plots arranged, overtake me easily

Hop up off, not a loss, got the cost paid, by Jesus, by the Cross, time I saw

The greatness He be, chose to follow Light, and ever since, I've been enthralled to

Teaching

Learned to think of what's to come because of what I saw repeating...

A lot of things ain't even promised... but some stuff secured...

And how I know that it ain't something that was just a lure?

And once I let go of my constant

It was just manure

But I can't live my life just in a consciousness, upset, unsure...

So I looked for God

To calm me, see, He knows it all, controls it all

The lowly fall and rise 'cause He is close, we call, the obstacles, problems, but blessings

In His eyes, and the angels follow

Neigh, tomorrow comes with strength

So I won't need relaxing from, a stack of carnal stuff ain't prominent, I strive with none

My riches are in heaven

It's a supplement of His glory and I want to be

In likeness of God

Since I know that we in likeness of God

Chasing what? Other than salvation, kindness is odd, I have the heart

Minus fornication, lightning and cod, pods, we be, not greedy, needy for Jesus

Though ain't did nothing, acting like I hid something, Psalms thirty five verse eleven, still, I pen justice

Conjured up, from bitterness

I'm still humble, still wonder...

Prominent but not false

And when they say how good my Lord is, it's just a compliment, absorbed in...

Giving up is something I don't condone, every goal is wrong, I ask the Lord protection

From the 'natural causes', stalked to death... through genetics, not, that all, can make it

Saw the pain, and even knowing of the ailments, still, some hellbent...

Murderers, that's terrorists, organized, using hell's tricks, distortion, trying to slowly destroy
With certain types harassment, which is unnecessary, for some reason, just ain't scared of
Seeing punishment for such actions
Just crushing more of God's, and more designed
I'll keep welling then, and just ignore the lies, ain't no way snakes replace
While freely forming chords and trying to harm the righteousness,
Right, if that was consummated
Backlash would be major, from God...
No telling what'll be...
And I ain't one to hate, I pray success just devour, but all the things that I embrace, I have to state 'cause it's sour...
Figments for free, mirrors, visions of me, I give in plenty even if it didn't benefit me, no enmity, resisting
Feeling, when it's spiritually, and implement consistence, based on God's ascension and themes...
To see it far and wide...
I used to think I'm fake, the promise, repent...
Instead of violence, find, I'm just an opposite side of this fence
So ain't the case, as a man, subconsciously, trying to defend
What things He gave, which would coincide with
The Holy Spirit...
Thrives within, I know the thoughts, I'm wording, naught perverted, saw determined things worried
That my purpose fades...
When the purpose stayed on matters of Light
And not the imitation kind, just the lanterns to night
And, still, my inspiration shine, and just the fact that you try crack me like that
I'll never clasp 'this' to 'that', no attachment, in fact, it last had been when in the paths
That's hid in back, branches, and different means
Of damage...
I made it clear of what I stand for
Righteous
Not physical, it still erupts, the pinninacle, of common sense, reveal, that's if it's Light
I mean it no problems, express the Lord, if ain't alright, it's impeding some progress
Like hate and
Spite
Needing demons abolished...

Think it's fun and games 'til none remains

Discuss the name

Judging fake like the ones became

Not for evil do I do, the terrorism can't compete, forever I express until it change

But it ain't changing me...

Yea

For who I am, God commends, and that's all that matters

9/8/17

Dexsta Ray

Help Needed

Double teamed, by cults,
gangs and jealous artists, and governments
They don't even know me, coercing me
To be stuck with them
I can't get no help, their obsessed with me
Since my toddler years,
and I'm being ignored, my witness, is still
being tampered with
Stalking me, and hacking me, throttling my services
Then claiming that my fame the reason, I
witnessed different
In years before, they are antichrists, and in vain, they using my Fathers name
Stay away from me, don't nobody stop them
A lot insane, got manipulated,
into connecting, I'm not like them, they thrive
on crucifixion of godly servants
They stop my service, so they get to torture, and force me into depending on
them
Which is trafficking, trying to make me slaves and the world support
Structures, other places even, and my own race condone it
Since they made a scam off me, in my youth, for my talent
There's injustices, installed torture strategies, in my early youth
Because they saw the blessing of God upon me, and since I'm older
Now they still inflicting me, at discretion, without a cause
Surgical implants, did without my knowledge, in case, I did become some kind of
leader
They knew what they hide was evil, and
some even knew the Bible
But still conspiring defeat and such, veiling my material
Original, lying on me as well, so their favorites artists, can benefit, though I
proved the scam
Artists have injustices helping them, in the larceny, murder and much more
On my life, specific, for many years, but I'm being ignored still
To complete it, they're baphomet, the name of God ain't on them
I told them no, they harass me still, force my disappearance, they used some
witches
As bait, that I ain't take, they misportray it as trivial
Was premeditated, jealous of my skill, so they stalking me, just last night, I've
gotten threatened with

Gunfire, for nothing but being a natural talent, as an author, and that's been
happening since 2014
There's a difference, I'm hunted still, since my toddler years
By a demon culture, and militaries, that work for artists with injustices
Commit war crimes, and they lying to do it, YHWH shows some miracles
They ignore, for some time to do it, everything I been through, had been staged
by the same influences
Since my childhood, and it carries over, until this day, no association, I want with
them
But they still engaged, "blaring" me with implants, that's illegal, to
kill my faith, all within the borders
Entire life, and it's still today
7/5/20

Dexsta Ray

Here... Outside

Close the windows and to button the curtains
Ah, fumbling with the doorknob
Locked...
So this wasn't working
I don't know
Sort of feeding the doubt
For whatever's busy keeping ye out
Still...
It's not on purpose
Just the first one that nobody can see
Shunned once and everybody
Believes
Everybody agrees
On the in...
But it's different on the out
Imprisoned within misunderstandings
What'd it profit thee?
To pull a trouble weapon to parading about?
When I'm trying to make a change in
The south..?
Well... I'm standing here
Looking at the door, I can hear the commotion
But there's really not a need of...
Approaching
See a shield around it
God fixed that there
It's just to keep me back
If I get too close I know it'd sting a tad
Outside...
Is not colloquial period
But a lot of other folks are appearing
Scapegoats, blacksheeps, and the lowly in spirit
But...
That's not important
I should focus on the interest of not conforming
Not until I really started listening
I got the portion
Like a macroeconomics perspective
Every action for the whole is done in love for the next one

Honestly, that's a higher level than that of ego
Ego, and any other hindrances that we know
Lo...
Nonetheless, some confuse with compliance
Everybody can progress but shouldn't do it through violence
Why not?
That's because that would make ye the same
And if ye blending in
Then ye couldn't make any change
So, I think it's strange
Think it's strange to be teaching poison
Trying to break the same people I believe in
Restoring...
But that's the thing though
All we really see is oppression
So instead of rooting
On...
Some just be disrespectful
On the outside...
That's exactly what to expect, plus the Lord already said it
The world loves it's own
And oh...
May a coward leave his flesh on the earth
If a devil's feeling damaged let me mess it up worse
Everybody on the planet has to
Rest in the dirt
Being appointed out the way is still a blessing and curse
Here... outside
Yea, I'm leaving this bouquet at the door
Outside here, standing here, waiting some more
It's not meant for me to enter
Even if I implore
So I take a backwards step and turn around to move forward

Some folks were born outside
Stop trying to 'fix it'
You can't...
You can't do a thing about it
That's your calling
Besides... the 'in' is too crowded anyway

7/10/14

Dexsta Ray

Hindered

Lilies in my coffee pots, apples, a substitute that works
Wading through the fabrics of three dimensions, on average days
Suffering through the curse
With my Spirit sword, as a constant too, hindered in the interests
Of twinning envy, that went against me, hindered
Thank the Lord for His Spirit, the quilt is knitted with, figments
Ain't a form of diminishment
Just a higher measure, Light forever, more than conspiracy
Some combined with devils, then devised some sort of a mystery
So that I'm envelop, figuratively, until, it's literally
Branding Christ whatever
Just to hide these letters, disguise the fact that the lies are severed
I'm designing sweaters, with poetry, in the sky, with treasure
Been defied the extra, rhyme buoyancy, got my toys with me, God my joy and
peace
Just envoy with me, when you enter, in the Kingdom, in the forests
Trees, soils, and endless fortune, more than, exploration, and 'tis enormous
piece of my Father's purpose
Wings and things, and forms of restoral, that's fit for second earth
Normal though, the coordinates of heaven
The other side of spatial fabrics, from the light, that's absorbed or not
Through the looking glasses
Portions, from the scripture, my torches
For winter darkness, tarry, in the heart, it's married, but when embarked
I was buried with it, carried by the Lord, to my jumper
To circumnavigate, and my deterioration, ain't functions, up in the upper room
Like air, my high chair, food ain't factors
My swaddle cozy, though I have a shiny, archaic and modern
Perfect armor, limits can't define, of the spirit realm
But it's great for Thine's, demons want my form, I ain't near to them
Though they claiming lies, to bring a line, across my
Inheritance, like they paid the fine, but never did, get credit, still better than
Stuff the devil did, there's a lot to me
Such won't admit, what the devil hid, so I'm selfish since they distributed to
what's better than me
'Fore I ever mentioned, my witness, some things were extra wicked
Stuff withheld against me, premeditated
For innovation, swell with rhythmic patterns, was never friendly, cept' when it's
framed me

Stripped away my life, plus my substances, so the hatchet gone
Ain't want my talent known, natural, shattered my growth, so scammers glowed
Hindered from important stuff, but not forgot, or less esteemed it
My thoughts towards, are only good, and last forever, scratch the devil
Burning coals I rain upon the evil, from the throne of God
Deterring wrong, I worship YHWH still, though the serpent roam
Hatred, not appeal, so been hindered
3/1/20

Dexsta Ray

Hittites

O! The woe bestowed! Behold! The souls enrobed in the motives
Of this evoking spirit
Hittite...
'Tis grown fear in this strong, clear, to see
At midnight even, reflect the
Things that the devil
Meaning
Such fear, kept the people back from their receiving
Promised Land
In fact
God is angry, 'twas promised to them, but, replacing all the faith that they had
With the commissioned new one
Faith as fear towards
Lucifer
A destroying thing, trading joy for pain, missing chances, tripping short again
Rebellion be a sin, even in, this form, a sin
Like a trust within the evil
The giants
Restoring then
They must defy it and arrive at the places that's promised to us
Memorize and live the scripture
Important
To take control of all the order and reform some more to sort of
Build the walls around the faith that won't shake
Against this evil spirit
Loyal to the
True
Of the Lord Who is for you
All the other types of spirits discord
But didn't mirror this form
Hittite, igniting plights, and hiding light, of the sword
They couldn't hear the voice of God
When the fear was absorbed
Defeat this spirit
Stop the prophecies that's false and toss them overboard
Because you'd conquer anything if... you know the Lord
Deuteronomy chapter seven and verses
One and two
Don't fret...

Stressing, what the devil going to do, if God delivers you to the destined
The devil going to lose, and you going to move, smooth, like pulleys or recorded
blues
Though it's old, Hittite spirit still within the earth
Overthrow it or be stuck, to live within it's curse

7/13/15

Dexsta Ray

Holidays With Yhwh

Holidays with YHWH
Christmas was really special
Witnessed, many see the miracles, YHWH performed
To glorify Him
Image in the sky, signs and wonders, 'cause YAHW omnipotent
Old and new to me, same excitement
I keep the praises going
Raging storms subsiding
Breathing pictures of nature grab me
God the Master artist
Was thankful for just another time, to marvel
On the spiritual, carnal knowledge
Don't profit much
YHWH and a mountain, formations of clouds
That scream the supernatural
Paths that's lit up, for righteousness
Clothed my feet in peace
Still, in Ephesians, to gather, what's of the Lord, to Him
After that, absorb all the meaning, within these simple things
And form it into poems that concede it towards the Christian theme
My source, YHWH, more than sufficient
The Lord is full of strength
Full of gifts, that matter, all enthralled with the scripture
Verses, that I do retain, this Christmas, reminded why the truth sustain
Manger with a star up above it, 'cause YHWH knew the pain
Nature, in my heart
Just a supplement of what YHWH is
Kindness and compassion, that last forever, I worship that
Even in the past times, seen it, so I don't doubt you, Father
Certainly, crown the light path, counting whatever good you do
Even Christmas times, mirth and purposes worked, the word, is solid
Spirit vibes, all this aligns, like images in skies
YHWH's the Pantokrator
Just knowing is good enough for me
Gift enough, fearless love is key, scripture stuff is deep
Building up, the worthy to be praise, is my Christmas gift
Just to be embraced within the heaven
Good enough to see, everything I missed, can't contend
With everything I get

Substances, intangible, sufficient, God's the greatest gift...

It's always good

12/25/19

Dexsta Ray

Holy Fire

In Judges chapter six, verse three

In something lacking...

Curse persisted after

This

First seeds...

I mean, a bunch of factors, constants shattered

3: 18, without infidels... And wishing well

A kind of trusted

Pattern

Rusty lanterns, witness hell, resounding

Standards, given like a dish of shabu-shabu

Hints of different dippings, candor lasts, particular fix

But thy resist the answer... With the Master of this crafter

After...

Chew the move, relentless, weak and battered

See, the matter is he's human too, but cue and slander all that

Ye will...

'Cause Jesus saw the hill, and all can feel

The cost of deals, from the prudent hammers

Label me, accuse and badger, then try to threaten

You evil spirits hang around like this a midnight concession

I pass the movie ticket down

You feeling groovy

Getting down

And it's a doozy on the cool side, I'll never get profound

So it's better, in the clouds, amidst the crowds

Of a spirit nature

With no comparing to the sounds,

You'd never hear of

Anchors...

Arrows on a scale, that weigh of pounds

And like a trillion of them...

That God aims on behalf of all the men

That love Him!

Atmosphere of sulfer, darkness, smiting the sun

The moon is bloodied, stars are falling, heartlessness

Trying to run!

The mountains hiding from the humans

Rocks are crying cause they're done!

Jesus said He's coming back
Now its finally begun!
The unbelievers looking lost because the bible just 'fun'
It wasn't meant to actually happen so their mind's like a gun
Noah's Ark was not established after it started raining!
He got the jump on it before, the Lord, had warned him to save him!
Still, he tried to tell the people
They abhorred him and
Hated
But when they saw that it was true God closed the door...
And they ate it
No, I don't care for what they do because I know it's for
Satan
You telling me I'm being rude but quiet when they degrade me
I feel the Spirit in this place, without my Father
I am nothing special
My loyalty has been requited so I'm large forever!
So much energy, because I'm serious, and I shun the devil
By living light, which ain't easy, but ain't hard to letter
I can see the wings and the auras
I can stand alone...
Strong, like women, if they with him, or their man is gone
Positivity is what I represent but life is serious
And spirit warfare is more than trying to fight with mirrors
Trying to find the right appearance, grinding stereotypes
To sheerness...
Take the time to eye my signs and you
Might can hear this
With some
Clearness...
Hightened minds are daimonds, if the Father light
False wisdom is a bind, the kind that ostracizes
Ostrich likened, hiding in the sand, with a conscious blinded
And not aligning as a
Man
High above consignment, we must rise to fly, but what's at hand
Others trying to
Snare us...
Nothing spares us, jump to scare us, but we trust in God!
I'm sure that all the platforms will revive
But it's off the season
And while I'm tangled up, please don't give the ball to demons!

More than just a
Broad...
You're a reason why I call to Jesus!
Snoring snakes or not...
I believe in you
That's all I'm
Speaking... (My Love)
Kings and queens of legions seem to be my means of
Grieving
God will get involved, and delete the strings they have me
Weak in
Far above, in the heavenlies, with Christ, I'm seated
I don't care about the carnal stuff
No way I'm competing
I don't see it
Why do legions try attaching me to things below my reach?
With the Lord... Nothing catches me
Or damage me, Spirit sword
Trying to brandish
Me
Breaking off the muzzles, give me moree!
While I laugh and dream, and flap my wings
I mean, of course, the evil's mad at me
But He snatched the keys and granted me the passage free
To heaven...
Like everyone, everybody who'd receive the message
Speak the Gospel truth, doesn't matter if you be respected
For that's a ruse...
Don't stand in backwards shoes, expecting to perceive
Progression...
That would be some act to move! Looking forward to some
Presents
In the spirit world, the spirit riches, God has built some mansions
Real expansion
Which begins inside...
Poet's life, heal refraction, trying to end my light
Pinning me to brackets
In a jacket with no arms that's white
It's more than sight
Forcing actions is a sword to kites,
My Lord! ignite the
Acid

That would ravish every form of strife!
I rather be a holy fool
Than a wicked
Sage
Feeling good
At least we know it's true within a scripture's page
Being a Christian pays, especially, in these ending days
When the sin's portrayed as win and gain but
Can get you framed...
Get you slain even, witness, it's a strange season
Dissing for a vague reason, wish it wasn't made sleazy
A bitter thing...
Is society that praise bleeding
Pray the Lord sustains us in the time of need
When faith weakens...
Holy fire, no desire for the loathsome mire
Both empires grow but liars robe the one that satan's feeding
Praise Jahovah to the end
Any day of season
Holy fire... Blow! Upon the trenches that we're made to breach us
We don't have to fight
With fists
Like the scripture teach us, evil still try to instigate folly
I hold my spirit sword in front
That mean I'm fixed to fade probably
Although they watched me
In the lowest points...
I saw the things they said, and made a mockery of my pain
And appraised
My head...
But there was oil upon the temple...
God had changed the plan
Whatever wasn't sent with good intention
Father, take it, man...
I don't fear the evil present and I have my rights
It seems kind of slack though
It's close enough to have a sight?
For now I'm big
And the devil has an appetite
Still I live in danger
Like nobody trying to help me fight...
I'm trying to graft to Christ

Stalking me through hacked device
Waiting for a moment
Where they all could see my
Latern die...
Other places, I ain't knowing like the Amorites
Spiritually, I'm stable, always flowing, in the candle light

Praise the Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

All evil... Leave me alone

5/14/16

Dexsta Ray

Holy Fire 2

Past is dead like the darkness, such ain't got nothing but my waste
Such actually planned that
Discardment
So that's forever cancelled, many plans developed
The only way such could scam the special
Like some random devil
They blasphemy, never held the lantern
Rendered me inadequacies
'Cause the ones that they hailed was baphomet
And it paled comparing to something that'd actually sell
Some scaring people to embrace what they have to offer
It ain't the same for me...
I followed God so all the saved ain't been disgracing me
I ain't been too eager, I plant the grain, and just wait and see
Like the Sower Parable, Matthew thirteen, the way I think...
Monsters underneath where I sleep, and underneath my beds
Monsters touching me, I said no, and rushing me with dead hopes
Then trying to crush me 'cause I said no
Then trying hush me
Issues, then I'm tissues then, the miscue split like egg yokes
Some try to fit you in
To restrict you, with stuff inapplicable
To mix you in, to limit
With unrelated, the pits of hell
Been unveiled, for such
In the anger, some chose to clip my sail
Whatever the intention
The nature, for sure, they didn't fail, danger all the time
For incognizance
But it ended well, though, at times, it seem like the opposite
Weh' is in detail, contentions in dimensions, the confirmation and biases
It ain't too many sentences, structures, twas way too many gimmicks
Linens, the convincing of others, to maim what's really different
Really it's just calumny, envy, some staged to channel me
Then slandered when the picture somepainted with lies
Was shattering, I spoke about corruption that aided what hate
To dagger Jesus, after things of Scripture was manifested
And that's the reason...
All it take, revisting

Quoted the necessary stuff
And all my substance still can stand and represent itself
But some rebut it 'cause they planned to spread to kill my help
A motive for preventing the Father's work which I still
Invest in, Jesus is my Savior
Just like it were when they'd build the weapons
Haters just don't get how my rhymes are hurt and some still respect it
Some desired me cursed, in reality, I was really bless-ed
Undermined my verse just to snatch a piece
I was being a legend
Even though the devils disparage these, I was still progressing
Sealed aesthetics, alphabet, either or, all my themes succor
Architect from scratch
Like disk jockeys, or like completing floors
Innovation, straight
To the point, where I was being ignored, while the evil preyed on
My path, with thorns and even swords
Extenuated impact
More, my source, just being the LORD, whoever keeping score
Ain't feel that, the heavens still clapped though...
No demon power upon me, my life of Jesus Christ
To blaspheme, the Holy Spirit, to say otherwise, which is antichrist
No fornication, not my purpose, in the world
I have Jesus, that's enough for me
And stuff unseen...
The baphomet, and antichrists witches, be drafting people in
To have some peace within
To add against you, if their lamp is blown
Then that mean you winning
And the substance of their tracks are gone...
Flailing for some relevance
Ain't mixed into the
Devil's trick, rhythm is just relative, you great when they aware of it
Jealous they can't have it and they mad they ain't develop this
Heaven is my lantern
I surpassed whatever scams they pit
Up against my legacy for God
Such is the baphomet, the opposite of what the land
Comprised of in their standards then
Allowing that so I could not
Survive, 'cause I'm of Jesus Christ, none of this is just beginning
Through the seasons, it sufficed

No, I wasn't famous until I learned all the hidden guise
They waited til I'm baited to then just gauge
Seeing if this would bite
With it, they could frame me
Because they're jealous
My lyrics shine
And seek a way to maim me because I never consists of strife
Things I been unveiled, but it went ignored by positions high
Until the deed is finished
They hate the Lord
In the Scripture's why, invade on false pretenses
Obsessed with taboos they get behind, just need excuse to stalk you
Assimilating some different vibes, mad because you saw proof
They wish to mask with the sickest lies, life is what they taught you
Through evil actions that still can thrive
In spite of being causeless
Perpetuated, 'til Christian dies, antichrists are evident
Wishing also to kill the grind
So nobody saw who was getting savaged and hid and crimed
Using different tactics, some paranormal, 'cause millions blind
That way when they brand you as things they origin
They build a rise
But really, they ain't for you, the scams enormous, one ill design
Instead of being thankful, they plan misfortunes, to kill your time
Selective understanding, they will ignore, what could heal the mind
Until it give them quarters, they will abhor, stuff that didn't align
With the misc. they formed to misrepresent you as borderlines
Evil has no limit, without the LORD, this is horrifying
Mammon voids the statutes within the land when the LORD is
Right
He said His people perish for lack of knowledge
And that's a prospect, passion ain't a sin if you're married
The Light surpasses logic
Regardless where you at, you're attached, though demons planned
To block it, nothing is impossible for God and His commandments
Prosper
Evidence been visible, for years, I witnessed witnesses
I saw who saw the things I wrote
It reached accross the seas and more, and that was reigns ago
Exposed their lies, there ain't no need for more
Sabotage all help 'cause such implying to let this evil grow
From the pits of hells, the demons came, and back there

Each will go, in spite of all the proof
The same remained
Harassed, the legions strong, but such won't beat God
When He confront them 'til they
Leave the globe, found in Revelations, wrath upon them for the things
They sow, they'll swarm the Holy City like with me some days
But be enrobed
In fire from the heavens, I'll show Scripture, if I need to post
The Bible says blunter than me
Either way, these things
Are whole, illegally some'd tamper with this witness
And won't leave me 'lone, consistently trying to fashion up some entrance
To bereave my soul, in spite of all the fraudulence against them
All the people know, even that extend to high positions
Grief as deep as songs
Even when I sleep, sometimes repeat, but I don't need a therapist
That is a trap itself and now it's being exposed
I ain't dish no evil to them but some want me beat and gone
All I seek is God, and through the years, that's what's been seen
The most
Heard there's "no excuse" to why the devil want to eat me whole
So I show the proof though now obstructed by the demon cults
That reach from other brackets so destruction, 'stead of peace, my home
Nothing has no substance for the
Present
As these inklets show, it's still just all one crime that's getting egged on
Til' what's Jesus fold, those that's going to heaven tried to help me
But the demons joke, eternal flames will be their throne
Even if they think it's wrong...
Down below, there's speaking bones and even those that Jesus known
The judgement ain't always expedient
That's why evil keep this on
My dreams and goals were all for God, that's why the legions seek me so
With reaches, so the devil win, illusions that deceived the bold

Even so, Jesus is Lord
And that's my peace, and hope
10/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Honor Killings

If something be dishorable
Then such presented
Elaborate themes
Trying to keep the pastures clean
But insufferable is tough to look beyond
So it has to be...
But that's the thing
Mad deceit beyond the family tree
The evil ones would slander me
That's not in the family
They saw my dreams so they carried me about to Abaddon
And staged scenarios representing me as 'that'
Promoting honor killing
Or forced suicide...
Some ignore the truth inside
Once they got into the mind of those with advantage
Manipulated from the jump
Who may approve so they manage
And never in my wildest dreams that I would think
But I understand it
I asked the Lord, why not take the ones who done the damage?
In the first beginning
Back when I was hurt and healing
Ain't nobody understand
I'm guessing it was worse to feel me
I don't care 'bout what who saying unless it is a Word of Scripture
Judging me
You can't because you ain't perfect
But I'm living right
And every now and then I slip, but I get it right
I say I'm from eternity to keep you from the bridge of strife...
'Cause ain't nobody got to claim me
I just need the Lord
Cast me off
Let me stay away among the peas and corn
Half the stuff that I'm accused of
It never happened (Just exaggerated)
The crappy one you got that view of was never 'stablished (Just amplified)
Wolves were only watching

Waiting
For the day I screwed up
But it never came, so they framed a path they drew up...
Imagine if you went to shop and a robber came
It's just a parable
There's nothing in this plot for name
And he was terrible
He let some people rot for gain
But he disappeared before the cops came
But dropped the gauge...
But you survived and standing near it
And you got arrested
Innocent? Ain't trying to hear it 'cause
It's out the question
A thousand people you ain't know pointing out the sketches
Even though it ain't your eyes and nose
Still you got oppression...
And it's irrational
They know that you are not suspected
But I'm guessing, they're just set on your doom
Unfamiliar, but that cash'll change the grand to a fool
And some don't even know what happened but they said it was you
And all they really know is slander and the dreaded miscue...
Ha, in spite of all the proof you mix
False accusing this, suing foolishness
The world is broken and unfair
Who could fix...
Choosing Christians to stick to since they're God's
They are a chosen people (Get baptized)
Supposed to heal the ones that's not like a holy people...
A lowly creature be myself
Always stepped on
Jesus sent a couple to my help
And I forever love them
A true man and mam of God
May He bless forever
Looking pass attention, I don't care about the wretched devils
Dehumanizing me because I stood up for myself
On the internet is green
People planning on my death
Ditching what I ain't received
I'm alright

I ain't got time to fight with all the jealous demons
Take a loss for being jealous
Honor killing
Rich people was behind it all
A smart young brother with a dream
They hope he die or fall
Trusting what? God's the only One that I applaud
He know my disposition
Authenticity behind the false
I don't have a beef with people
Make themselves look stupid
Just seeing righteousness or evil
Focused
Never foolish
Jesus help me 'cause I'm trying and I'm so disturbed
All I know is lies, crying, dying by some smoking words
So discontented where my heart at
Its so absurd
I have my own problems
I don't need the unprovoked, the curse
Certain things seem justified
I don't write for evil
Puncture through, with truth, the constant lies
It's just like a needle
I'm not defined by all the false like the devil's servants
Jesus came to save and y'all are lost in the devil's circus
I'd never script it if He didn't want me scripting it
The world has been dishonored
All commence to why I'm
Killing this
I'm sick of sin, so I try to leave the tempter pissed
If your spirit's dead
It don't matter how appearance is
I'm observant in my studies
Paying close attention
Knowing that this is temporary
Just as with this whole
Dimension
Anything that honor's killing man, the wrong religion
Even if a long tradition
It won't lead to soul ascension...
Hear the truth before you judge because you're probably wrong

But if you don't
I'm fine with that, but please recede from out my zone
And I'm worse in what I do because I'm not controlled
Even through the persecution
I still love every soul
In deed
And not just word
Like God's Commandments said

One point I'd like to make..
At times
I write poems of the spiritual warfare
I endure or have endured
I don't care how much success or fame a person has
Just because I'm a target of evil people
Doesn't mean they are my targets
Doesn't mean that everything I say is about them
I just don't care and have no dealings with such things

When Sanballat saw Nehemiah building the wall...
He attacked in multiple ways
Words, plots and whatever but Nehemiah
Knew God
He didn't stop what he was doing for the devil
It's the same thing

My attention rooted on my goals at all times
And if I choose to
I'll embrace persecution as a means of something else
It's not what I'm all about or care about

And consider all the scripture and stop using it
To fit your own emotions because you Will be a stumbling block to
Those who pay attention to you

Some times God talks to you
THROUGH you... Not for others..

Remember that...

7/16/16

How The Hog Ate The Cabbage

All over hell's half acre...
Let me tell you where the dog died
Ever tried to write a letter...
Being hog tied?
Trying to beat a dead horse
His name is change
Ain't it strange the way the pain had made and shaped the game?
How the hog ate the cabbage
Ain't no coming near it...
Straight facts!
Stay back if you don't want to hear it
In the catbird seat...
You may seem superior
But there isn't any real respect in trying to make them fear you
I circled wagons since I knew what was right
Eat crow?
No they haven't cause they're too
Full of pride...
Monday morning quarterbacks
Get the most out of life!
Going Jesse
Now relaxed and before they say knife
I have investments set in motion
I'm getting where I...
Need to be
Go fly a kite if they haven't had belief in me
And I'm alright!
I can see the forest for the trees
Fame ain't everything
Remember...
Squeaky wheels will get the grease

2/7/14

Dexsta Ray

Humbleness Is Underrated

I get more than a rise
Absorbing lines from the ordinances
In the Scripture
Which I promote, as I'm a joke
To the dying souls
Swords against the wisdom
Forms, as though
For humbleness
We have to own a portion, of the mortal
Praise, humility, we have to crumble this...
And double
An underrated thought
For the Lord
I'll trade it all, and pay the cost
He caught me, before, I hit the under regions
I was taught, what I saw, but for another reason
I love Ephesians
And a bunch of other readings
So I keep it in my heart
Even when the scene is dark
And nothing's easy
Humbleness and constant dreaming
Going in to earth
Sort of on a swivel 'cause I know that deep within
I'm cursed
So I don't know if it will last
Opportunities
I started on a journey, years ago
Promoting unity
But it's reversed, the end is stirred
And Christ is coming soon
Rather than appealing to the hype
I find another tune
I hype another muse
Double this excitement too
Cautious of the persecutions
What society's trying to do
But I ain't tied to whos
But on my grind

The spikes are glued
When I'm seen, I wish to please
The Light
And who supplies the Truths
As I remove my confidence, incompetence
Giving Christ the room to guide my moves
Even if it's judged against...

Let's humble

8/31/16

Dexsta Ray

Humiliation

Then humiliation, gimmicks, weapons of choice
It ain't the first or third time, a lot was possible
And still could be
A lot of obstacles, I consider this a trivial thing
Fighting only satan, Light's the basis
Righteousness is right
Media, I see...
The only hope for the wicked
It took a while, and might has seem
Their envy broke my ambition
Fabrication, these elaborate plans, of gross lies and figments
The only difference is I close pound, expansion far too large
For buckets
Only videos, sounds, images, disclosed now
I could specify, consistent with the stuff I wrote down
Hidden, it can leak, I'm persisting
Like there's no flout
I don't fear the evil, they ain't know me
Just shadowed
And all the stuff they did was sequels, Babylonian matter
I figure
Just because it's me, there's certain others
Which ain't justify it, why wouldn't I be serious
Worse discovered, I been just surviving...
There's no pride
But common sense, has not been clear
So conjure this
I would never be associated
There's no price...
I make my own decisions, who is that anyway?
If it's the same that rode my vision through the trash
In the grave, misrepresenting, persecutors
I wouldn't be trapped
In this maze
They cannot understand my mind
We ain't crafted the same
Though their reality is binded
I advanced and
Through Weh',

So evil try to have a way to hide my path to erase
I'm threatened with things that shouldn't apply to me
Dynasties, racketeer and stuff
I'm a prophet, not a thug, why my writings different from
Frightening
Lightning...
They say coincidence 'cause ain't witness such
Did enough to prove His omnipotence, still
Some interrupt
Nonetheless, the Spirit up, and God's sufficient love
Is more than what's required, this I trust...
Regardless of the future...
Humiliation
For shining bright, too, pursuit from satan
I'm not fooled
Cued the sources, divorces, and some extortions
Minding my own business, as normal, but distortion
Came to bridle my own senses
Important...
But who do consider what the naysayers say
Consider this
I proved through literature, just let haters hate...
It usually is, some kind of envy, what connects to degrade
If ain't the case, why still commit to lies
I just proved as fake?
A trillion times, it's ignored because they can't do with change
I mean, besides, the rich authority could check you the same
The only difference is this bona fide
Some just use your pain
Just to sustain, arrange unholy wiles
Unless you displace
Is not a game
Pistol smoke and fire etched through my name
A lot of frames
I just correct the lies, not dare use their things
I pay attention as I did when they had just fused campaigns...
Watching helplessly, could see it
Plots enveloped me, and then, swapped the belt from me
To switch it with some specialty
I didn't consent
Selling me, no fit defense, nights were dark
I had my Bible, everything was sent, and I'm at disadvantage

In the tragedies, while the wicked gathered
I remember sadness, and despondency, and darkness loomed
So much had taken place
That I may need to seek a larger
Muse
Satan targets truth, surely, God is my witness
And I'd be fine with quiet if I'd finished mine
But I didn't...
Quite a line of writings that I wished to cry in my vision
My time was lifted, I'm the cringiest, transcribed
I was different...
But nothing outside the Scripture's realm and reach
I feel He's still with me
Endure the persecution now
'Cause, one day, I'll be healed, at least
To live with Jesus
That's the ultimate destination
The present struggle can't compare
To all blessing awaiting
1/3/18

Dexsta Ray

Hyperborean

Hearts like concrete could probably survive
Blocked mind
Locked eyes
Seems better...
Top lies
Rock boxes out
It's hot
No, you don't need sweaters
Watch the catalyst for console
A way to thin the thickets
Pricking at the untolds, from blunt souls
To the hazardous
Visioned
Coming after this
I grab my reminder
Map the tragics
Or the paths, the pathetic, as it mentioned
Inches, drab, recommended
X percentage
Destined for the matters
Question, am I mad?
If that elapsed track was fact
Truly, livid, losing, sinning
Foolish, winning
That's a catch
Still enact
Filled the wack, tilling that
Old wineskin with
Cracks
Leaking spirit in the grass
In the trash are many
Pamphlets
Scripted graphs
So appealing
Yet
Seems to be a keep not
The dreams rot
I see spots of blackened things refracting the Light
The gleam seem to be a passing thing

I can't make a call
They tapping me, tracking me, trap complete
Master sleep or capture grief
There ain't no talking present
Caution came from curses, not to fall
Sturdy, thoughts
And the devil getting mad, so I'm vexing
With my hand to the sky
God is testing me
I'm dwindling out... Ready to fly, with a set wings
Happiness, and fetters free
Hyperborean
Just in the flesh 'cause it's next to peace
What's the recipe?
A third of grace, the rest is set the early pace
Trying to get the bread
Not from a worldly place
I don't envy what you planned
I have many enemies
Probably
Fixed
Devil trying to get to me, like in history
But I'm switching speeds
To this degree
Around the seven area
Everything was meant to be
Like the nets of peril
Second is perception
Better bless when you get it
From the firmaments of heaven to the crest of a city
Even grace can teach a lesson
I'm absorbed by just the thought of light
In case you need a presence
Read the Sword and you'll be all alright
The question, if I'm jealous?
With inadequate feelings
Like another had achieved so I'm mad that I didn't
Well, an apple has an seed
And in the baddest conditions
It'll grow into a tree just like having a vision
I will snap 'til the finish
And I don't care for what a demon say

That come for me
With crap opinions 'cause they need to hate
And like the devil
Packs resent the ones who lead the way
I love the whole world but I shift towards who seeking change
I don't care about the evil that was dealt to me
Whether or not I deserved it
Jesus dwells with me
Every step
With discernment
Never left the peace
Hoping I can live the same thing that I tell to read

I was never mad about anything
I ain't even know until
Now
If I would've known that was what the fuss was
I wouldn't have said anything...

3/12/16

Dexsta Ray

I Ain't Forgot

A little curse
Follows...
Generations, Generations
Taught
Indoctrinated... false understanding
Truly... as it would, fooling
Gotten tossed into
Crossed
Things, presuming, gloom, unbalanced acts
Which are all free, or cost cheap, considering the angle
Of the lost
I remember hanging off the slick embankment of society
I flipped, don't
Mention...
Got my gripped back then I shift back
Still mad, reminiscing
How it be
To peel scabs or reel trash out the sea
You feel bad I still crashed
Life will do it you
Real fast...
You got to fight it
Resisting the
Inner
Pissed, tension, of the sad place, or try it...
At night it's a different story, shining light
Til fifteen forty
Only Christ can get the glory, came close
To being a maimed soul
It's strange though...
All are striving not to stay broke
It's okay so...
Turn the page, a book without the covers
Pulling down my hat
Til I'm vague and look without a color
Hm...
I heard the butterfly outgrew
The cocoon
I say the difference just a bunch of eyes and view of truth

I flash my digits with a double sign, revisiting some other time
Division in a suffering mind's ascension of another kind
With some other
Finds...
The ruse of recluse, a steady proof, to witness
Something died, but chewed through the tomb!
I'm waking up from out my sleep still tired
Wicked dreams have me, or are they visions?
Feeling wired
It just seems backwards...
From all the shtick that was conspired
I've a clean tablet, feeding off the grief, my only fire
Never be
Brandished... but see tragic, be damaged
Tell me something new
Flagged for my means of staying root to not become a fool
I guess the pure is not
Exacting
It's a paradox
Sure I got the faction, lacking traction, not prepared to drop
Thinking back to good imagined as a kid
Triceritops
And other matching things that really snatched away depression
Writing notes
Waived rejection, favor overtakes the lowest ones
Better than the devil hearted, Holy Son is aim and message...
And to say the temptation, still waiting on me...
Balancing a lifestyle of hatred ain't the fate that's owning
Just a stake that's growing
Up the wages
Falling down, becomes of you, or who succumbs to succubus
And other spirits
Waiting...
On the souls of men, humans unaware,
Fall in there, on a broken hand, time is non-existent
God fighting for me
Only can...
I ain't forgot about the Sacrifice He showed and taught
Every fourth Sunday, remember this, the hope He brought
Trying not to be a
Hypocrite...
I have my limits, stabbing minions trying to nab me

Don't seem a tad relentless
Shining up on you back pains that pact against us
Even if I didn't win a fight
I get back to
Business
It just doesn't matter like the act of sin to backwards living
Still bold, still strong, like a battered Christian
Cutting off the horns of the seven headed dragon children
With the Truth
He bore the Thorns, around His head
They mocked Him
But they never stopped Him, from the dead
He has a proper Crown...
And like the devil, people hate us when we're not around
Hard to form connections, they'll betray to earn your spot
And down you...
I stay away! Stay away! Like I'm not from'round here!
Seen too many prophecies to date! And I'm hot about it!
Yea I lived...
And I still jot what's not accounted!
Working for the LORD'S will
It's ill to think we're
Real without
Him!

Hahaha
Heck nawl I ain't forget
But see...
God got you back
So I ain't have
To

4/23/16

Dexsta Ray

I Ain't The Move

Within the fabrics of the plans in themselves
Time framed as it's established
By the One it's about
Stand the psalmist
And the singers
And the writers at the challenge
Set before the whole
Assignment
When in doubt...
Do address the Maker
For only One
Maker
Plans only is relevant
The rest of us just stand where we are placed
And not settle in
Only for the moment are awake
Then the break is sent back to Who bestowed it in the days of our former fathers
Understanding hope
Long again, and the role that ends
And it's so...
Sort of shallow even
Thinking for a minute that it's self it's about
I ain't the move
One of many who just helping it out
And we human just as any
With puzzle piece
Specific
Everybody in His vision got a chance to make it
But the challenge ain't Scription
It's withstanding satan

It ain't about me
It's all about God and the full body of Christ
One member is a member
And can be cast off
The whole is
Power

I ain't the move

7/11/15

Dexsta Ray

I Ain't Trying To Do That

Resources, at least, normal things
That brings even ground
Seeming loud, in these times, I dream of
Childish hope, bows, ribbons
Daffodils, Crysanthemums, roses
If it's bouquets
That I present, in the wild, as a token
I manage, broken, though I'd only attribute that to God
My vulnerabilities are noted
Actually used as a nod, my aptitude
Limited to such a thing
Notions of the like
In society, where I'm given, dished events
That been consistent with some
Terrors
I've the Spirit of God, not error, strengthen in the fight
Every vessel He spot
I key awareness, neigh the wayside
Trees and the crops
I'm territorial bears, understand what be
And what not
But this aside from that, valleys, mountaintops
Crowded lots, completion found, impacts
The fountain, plants, the grounds
Of the flocks
Some sheep, acknowledged crowns, forgotten not
By He on the Throne, I watch, I'm homesick...
Seen with me, at dawn, breathing, needles and string
I seemed embellishments, but neither mean
Either or, it's just my own fix...
Figuring, these additions, to hats
Attachments, bows, ribbons
Sewed, rigidly on this cap, with feathers
Strong winds...
Though, no ends, to calamity, but I wished it were
Wishes bad against me, plans and traps to end me
Scams to trick me, sands that empty, playing repeat
Of stuff, in passing seasons, keep the paths of Jesus
Though, I trust, He lead me, in the right direction

Risks, I have Him with me, I don't flinch
I can stand like any
Strongholds, that ain't consistent, ditched
Like one hand that's sinning
I mean, to care
Give certain chance to the universe
If it's there, without the darkness, truly worth
Usually works, it would
Deserved, it should, it could, when freewill
Become affinity
10/24/18

Dexsta Ray

I Approve Of

It's your time

I'm with you, approving of, what evoke the praise
Worthy grace, certified, forever, and that's my opinion...
Full of virtue, diamonds in the, character, it capture the, innate
Authentic, classy, laminate that craft forever, just cause it's
Deserving of, the perfect stuff, discerned and stuff
Disturbed enough
So, prayerfully, may happiness and peace expand you
Matchless, what I see
Ain't really nothing else as special as it, everlasting
Youth, in happiness, or joys, of just reality, forever patent
Never madness, different wavelengths, societies, different pages be
Embraced, according to what the season is, what the reason been
Seeing this, I lack the malice substance, caterpillars that attack me
I'm not bashing insects though, some attach certain character traits
That be themselves, just to sabotage the Lord's work
Seen it a lot, I'd need protection from domestic terrorists...
Witches, legends, that's celebrity but jealous, tried enveloping
But never, I just speak to what is better, what is relevant
Measured in depth, with just a presence, blessings
I'm a bad liar, evil deaded me, it backfired, now I brag higher (in Jesus Name)
satan mad, fire shut him up, challenged on the mountaintop
Before, the mountain drop
Poetry is scrapbooks, imagine me without my God...
I'll be smiling not, my disposition's sunny though, if money gone
I love the Throne, despite, the Light, my wondrous Home...
Abuse of power, against Christ, for being a humble soul
Chaos theories present, in proportion, to the stuff exposed
But I have other lows, a ton of pain, like dominoes
Some stuff relate, I fall, and rise, another maze, I trust Jehovah...
Staying positive, although some stuff ain't logical
But probable, judging by the past, a bunch of obstacles
I'm set on being realistic
It's upsetting how some bottle you, according to some false
While well aware, with plans to model, for unfrocking you
With proof, of all skullduggery, hypotenuse, the evil that is dealt to me
Reflect how people all have viewed the Lord and the Father
I get scorn from what they plot up

That continue to contort my life, exposed, but unacknowledged still...
Some spreaded lies about me, I disproved, now I must die for real...
Because I stood for what is good, consecutively, such trying to kill me...
Devise to hide the real thing
Just to see some shine fulfill me, that's why I salute to true
The fruit are few, some vibes just heal things...
Some deserve success, and happiness, and I assent each
Fly with big wings, crowns, and fixed trees, thousand centuries
Mountain prince ink, found it...
Big dreams, admired, gumption does inspire
Even leads
Z and me in the ez rider, neat attire, read the title, still I keep the Bible though
And nothing blah, and plus claddaghs, I lust nada
I trust in Yah', and humbly, fun is simple stuff, I approve what I presume
Authentic

It's your time, I pray it
Crown ya
6/15/19

Dexsta Ray

I Been Made It

My success ain't measured by the physic realm
As an artist, I, am only here to live the
Shrill
Out loud, in accordance to my lasting passion
It ain't no 'spot' or a 'place' I have to reach just to have it
I already made it
And I been had my spot
But I'll continue what I do because it's been plant in my
Entire being

I do it for the poetry
Until kingdom come
And see we do it for the growing need to heal, needing love
And we been made it
Promotion only
Come from the Lord
There ain't a human who can label you, bestow your importance
For it was written in the atmosphere around you
I ain't 'trying' to make it
I'm successful and I clown too
Have some fun

Don't listen to nobody trying belittle your dreams
Especially when they don't know what all it took for your means
Think big
Have ambition but don't put above God
That's the reason for ascension
If we listen to the spirit realm
Just the holy side to clear the cobwebs away and out
Think of something different, love the odd

7/1/15

Dexsta Ray

I Bet

I bet you listen to these critics like they make a difference
With their evil minded views
And those stank
Opinions...
Anytime you coming through they trying to tear you down
Envious, they stare you down
Beautiful...
Be very proud
Because this life is not a thing of the trifle
Not about only money and if people will like you
Often times, we degrade how we've survived in
The struggles...
And see ourselves with hate instead of through the eyes of who love us
Change that, baby, where your name at?
Yea, claim that!
Even if you know that they don't like you, you can wave back!
'Cause you know the truth about who you are
And ain't no way that those losers play a role or a part
In just how far you
Go...
Leave them in the carnal boat
Be blessed!
Keep your spirits
God accepts the rejects! Just look at me, I bet you haven't taken heed
Of just how glorious you are!
For the Lord is on you
Team...
And anytime you feeling low, think importantly!
Don't you let these devils steal your soul, faith is more than speech!
And it's crazy
They ain't going anywhere
So, of course they sending hatred so you join their despair

I bet you are great

9/19/15

Dexsta Ray

I Can Hear The Angels

But a lowly broken soul, longing holiness
The sky is my companion, in the loneliness
It's so intense, I find the Most High's program
And bow, unto the LORD
It was He alone that had restored me
Ain't expect less, and so, my best bet
Just let the Light consume it all
Next, address rest, can't sweat or stress that fact enough
I dream of being a pleasing amora
Because of sacrifice, of sin and things that
Keep us from wanting the holiness
Slowing appetites, are stolen, and folded
Then brokenness, goes and snatch the mind
Then you'll need focus until the clamps subside
But only Jesus can do it, and I can testify as witnesses
Bigger than being religious is
I can hear the angels
In vision, and in the spirit realms
Giving me some tables, of plates
And ranges, that's made to praise
It's strange, 'cause, most of time, you hear singing
But this is different here
I can feel appear, hearing angels
That makes the scripture clear...

I am only more, of such
Because of the Lord, and Light

I could hear the angels...
Flowing
Like never on earth...

3/25/17

Dexsta Ray

I Can Love

Though drug free, some love me
I struggle though
And troubled by my brother's adventures, because above, I see
Another realm
Unleashed, not destruction, begin with me, I think of business mixed with this art
of mine
The time I'm from, is ancient, strangely, unfamiliar with this, embracing pages
All my own, I can't recall, individually, enmity, still, in certain objects
Never, I say, I claimed, the whole it was, nor is
So it's particulars, scissors snipping, and clipping, ripping off abodes and stuff
Into folders, I know or not, it's strongest, if you didn't notice before
The focus comes, and overtake you now, for ages, upholding the nature now
The Savior, intervened, I'm open, noted, spirit quotes, abound, defacing
Satan's bounds, the minute it's engraved
And then the simple mention of one praising YAHW'
Is flipped in different ways, it's plenty brackets, many tactics crowd
Irrationality, restraining grace, with crowns, exacting, acting up and out,
established
Chapters, plucked and down, what's tucked, and found in a kidney
Mountains, bounties, and silicone, stuck, pit valleys within me
So prophets learn survival, taken, burning lighters, ash, dusting emerging
writers
Satan's slaved within the passion of longing, ain't much had change
Have a lot of crap on you like dirty diapers
Plus disturbed and idle
Learned discernment, adamant, for, the more, of time, you see
The tapestry, the questions, uh huh, relaxing things, to ask, unhanding
The projection, uh huh, and be protected, nah uh, to see connection, either
peace or weapons
Things respect, neglect, complete rejection, dreaming next, a seven, recipe
Directions, spelling bee, multiplying the same
Efforts, for the equal results, I got like fifteen reasons why
Never mind it
Failed assignments come from someone being distracted
It's tragics
But, hellions, I can love...
Laminating accolades could activate a pact...
That activates a track of brazen acts of hate and
That's...

Hurt and pain, earthquakes, I burn, and thirst for Weh', laughter ain't a master
'Til after the snares and curses break, first, the snake, the evil of spirits
That, turn the name, and earn decay, it seems, if people will hear it
Imperfect ways are straightened up, from birth, ordained, undetermined
I know some things I don't, more that Light contains
Or I can say...
Board the righteous, state of mind, that's shame defying, and I can pray
For those who trying to think
From codes, in frozen stone, to get some final say
Lightning, stain the broken trees, see, I am the problem
It ain't like I'm sowing seeds inciting that, or on the seat, enrobing broken
dreams
That's winding back, incorporating more, disorder, stapled by some writer's
hand
To try and win...
In sin and stuff, ain't striving in it though
I'm giving more, time and time again, re-entering this portal
Sending souls towards the door
That leads to life in abundance
The Light's supply can't be exhausted, just excited for nothing, and plus
My lightning's a constant, and evident in persecutors favs, that inspire me
When liars speak, and try to drag me down, a habit, higher needs, earth's in-
tune
Behave
Not everyone is evil though, some see the whole

10/10/17

Dexsta Ray

I Can't Pray

I often have those times when I don't know what to pray
Life, seems to fall on every side
I look to heaven
For a prompt to say
I mean it
All the time
I read the secrets of the spirit
How it stand within the gaps
So to speak
And groan for each
'Cause we don't know
Which to grasp
I'm getting trapped
With maliciousness
The ghosts ain't all that earless
I can sear it
So it benefits
Only what conveys
Loathsome, nearest, the unspoken answers
Closing all the possibilities
A lot could be of...
Silence...
Yet, I know, an open show, the slithering
Only if it bring it back
Clock hands
And bleeding tracks of peace, forever gone
Clever knowns
The withering...
I get the message, same one from the scripture in
Luke four twenty four
All official
In the spirit, doesn't matter how it's meant to be
It's been complete before the sequence of events
And stuff
I pray that all souls get it right before we kick the cup
A hard time? More like a little blow to tough
Though it's mold to crush
Strong angels
Hold us

Up
Forever...
It never was what you thought but now
You made it that!
The prophecies are full of fact, to the top degree
There's no changing that
No matter what!
So I'm standing firm
I have no choice
We can fight until the planet burn!
Consider me of Light
Stick for me
And I'm with you, all this evil had arrived
As I'm reading Malachi
Feeling eager
My spirits, with me, strictly, regardless of position
Just love...
Like the just in justice, trust it
Crushed up cocoons
Rushed it, rustic, hushed it, all
Fly, float
A plush resolve
My soul, on the pages, don't consist of trolling places
I was speaking to the demons
No particular locations
When it's steamy
And society is feeding on the needy souls
While we're seeking only Light
It should be be
Condoned
I can't pray, i need the Spirit's sight to lead me on
Opening the eyes, prophecies
Don't be surprised

2/14/16

Dexsta Ray

I Can't Use People

Limpid shining moon above the shade
Underneath the
Tree
For time is so elusive
Soothe
Something
Each
Can
Be
Clocking constants closing captioned calls caught conversion
Solely stopping something sowing samples, stall sought, submersion
Se... see
Major inhibitions
Plague the
Means
It's impossible to know and love the Lord for satan's league
Can't be false and praise Him
So my point is stated
In this scheme
Not to hate our brethren
Or the efforts made that's surely not to take for granted
But you have to pray for balance
In a dream
Several interruptions
Try to sleep and witness more than ringing from the clock on stand
Unstable? Jesus got your hand
The cable will not pop
If we're able, being a rock not sand, with faith, we'll heal that blot
It ain't nothing like a loyal friend
That you can find in
Thee
For if I signed a fine increase and you are neigh betimes it spring
Before, then please, you ain't got to ask
Just tell me what you need
For a clenching fist could not have clap
And hell is hoarding
Things
It ain't my spirit to just take advantage since I know how that feel
You supporting me? Then name the damage

This, I know to be real
Though the way I show I'm grateful.. Different
Faithful, dearly
Hate the swindling
But it's all apart of God's kingdom! Jesus ain't deceptive period!
To live a life that mirror Him is ultimately motive
Ain't none of us too perfect
Though
But that's morality
te of atiousness ity
Dumb with it
Unfitting
I'm some villain
Tripping
Some missing
Alw.. alw.. always I'mmm tripping
But I'm with you through the issues of this crazy life
Because, when everything against me, still you stayed to fight
I can't even lie, That's blessing
I can't use people

Stay right with who stayed right to you

6/2/15

Dexsta Ray

I Don't Deserve It

I'd been thinking of this trip for quite a minute
Seen the advertising visions
Trying to see the lovely spring, above the valley
Got the faith so nothing grabs me
While I'm climbing up
The face of heightened mountains
At the top
I see the fire cup...
I heard the brightest stories
Like the fables
Just the rumors of what happens
To whoever tried and made it
There
It's strangely rare
The road is full of thorns and thistles
Monsters waiting in the dark
The ground is full of pointy crystals
Who could fare?
My bag of luggage is ripped
The dirt was wet and
Muddy
My water bottle has spilled
The worse
I guess I'm clumsy
Something jumped me, my shirt is stripped
And my leg is bloody
Grabbing for my staff, then it fled
I'm still with the plans
Becoming...
Grabbing for the rocks and I slipped
But I'm not giving up
'Cause going backwards ain't an option
So I will adjust
I wonder if it's lavish at the top
Or if a man could drop
Or if the one who guards it really understands or not...
I feel the hot and sharp from darts
The spiritual attacks
Heat seeking

Smart cards, mystical and drab
I lost my balance once again
And scrapped a bunch of skin
I see the hand of Jesus
And I grabbed, and He redone my strength
Considered all my missing pieces
From the constant falls
I'm almost to completion though I know I lost my lunch and all
Now, finally, I can see it...
There's the mountain top
Paradise and truth
Light
Even had a fountain prop...
I climbed, believing
That you'll make it if you work for that
Almost to the fire cup
Some lady came and turned me back...
Saying I'm not deserving that
Take your burdens back
Leave this place at once
Everything survived and learned was trashed...
She put some thorns on me and said, 'You ain't discern the facts.'
Pointed me towards the cliff
And promised that I'd burn and crash
I saw a blessing in her hand
With my name on it
Like a ball of light, it was precious with no chains on it
She cracked a smile
'I'm a Christian', if you say so
It's mighty strange to me if even Jesus looking crazed on this...
At least just let me get a drink from the precious fountain!
But before I even blinked
She just pressed the 'crown' in
I can see it! That's my name!
Why you playing around?
Then she took the blessing and she ate it
Then commenced to smiling
In my time of desperation
She was then surrounded, by a lot of faces
All in praising her for this amounting
And all together
They would say, 'You deserved it all'

Jesus came in presence, saying,
'No way'
Now my hurt's dissolved
I don't deserve it
Not the phrase that it was word across
But to be delayed from what He gave to me through burns and falls
I turned around and went my way
You see, I'm climbing down
To find a holy mountain
Anything of light that God endowed
Some ran behind me
With some words, trying to smite me out
I fell from off the cliff
But I landed within Christ's bounds...
He'd traded thorns from off my head with the Life of Crowns
Graced me with some spirit riches
Even broke, I'm live and loud!

God flows through
People
For His own purposes

7/28/16

Dexsta Ray

I Don't Give A Beaver's House (Back Off Me)

I got no word of the fence
And got reserved for sin
It's obviously a prophecy, did not discern
A proper ditch
Guess my abandonment issues
Led to my banishment
It's obsolete when savagely pictured
At best, malevolent
I'm in development mode
A squeaky clean
Perspective
Whamming every nail in the road...
But actually keeping steady
See, Jesus tells me the knowns so, Now
I'm flabbergasted, strong, though my soul on it's own
A thing that's healthy
Mad or gladdened, saddened, too
All the tactics accrued
Where it'd be great
That's if I break, but it's bad if I grew
The whole approach is so undignified
Like I'm a little weight
'Cause in the spirit, my appearance, has a bigger frame!
The ropes of enterprise, home is on the winner side
I'm unclothed with minor hopes
I don't condone this sinner hide
I want to own the inner light and so I'm getting right
Ripping off the loathsome things
To hold the robes that's in the Light...
This picture's twisted or
Something
This ain't a hidden mumble, puzzles for a passion
Forgetting, that I'm Christian brother...
When I was out in the wilderness
I was down a bit
Haters give me souring vinegar, like the sound of it
It's raging war against me, I don't know if rounds exists
But all I know, the Lord is with me, and I got my crown within...
Some people I don't even know talking crazy to me

Threats without a cause, silly hatred, like my Savior's snoozing
And for a while, I'd ignore, but now the weight is crucial
Sick of being attacked
I'm in their path and I ain't made no music...
Instigators on my back just like I'm orchestrating
But the whole time, I'm on a path of spirit coordination
See, the trick is... The devil's insubordination
Plenty want my death, it's just because I give the Lord His praises!
I ain't afraid to stay in faith though
I been established
Centered in the spirit world, fated to defend the Master!
It don't concern me what a person gives or gathers!
If I wasn't talking to you, why you in my realm of patterns?
I feel the manner, deals of social media to trap
They diss me and delete the things to make it seem I'm beaming rap
They think they slick
Little demons trying to scheme and craft
I be speaking to them, not the people who they trying to link me with
Through lies and sneaky
Tricks, attacked my home, and speech to kids
Humiliate my family and I don't know who people is...
So it's jealousy, a zealous me can conquer that
So full of rage that I don't care, failing me?
Won't come to that...
Because I act in a manner Jesus trusts me back
What can man do to me? No answer, cause He's just as bad...
See, people noticed my potential way before I did
I could treat person kind but I'm still abhorred by end
So let me see
I'll never lose because I'm born again!
Luck is non-existent
Every victory's a normal win!
Many watching me... I think I wrote a poem about it
Enemies are birthed
By the prophecies and swords around it
The devil looking for me.. I ain't too surprised at such
Elijah, Jeremiah, David, aw, the Lord survived a bunch
Ain't trying front, the demons think it's games 'cause time is plush
But soon He will return and the evil hate will try to run...
I don't give a beaver's house about the chide and fuss
My mind on something else
Like aligning to the final

Judgement...

So I will sit back and act like I ain't eyed no ruckus
Until Jesus taps me to dab ink and tie some phonics

Hm

Spiritual Warfare

You just got to love it

It's always

Something

Get off my back, don't speak

To or at me with evil

Satan, get behind me!

6/10/16

Dexsta Ray

I Don't Live For You

I could see if I was trying to reach a means you set
Dreams measured
And itineraries met, if I was truly that shallow
I ain't wrong
You're just full of evil
Hearts vary
Stars bring the air of motivation here
Just like the pharaohs of this age, they live it so depraved
And I ain't with them
You ain't hiding vague arrows
Grey sparrows
Open up the moon
A lot of light surrounding, see the hills
I don't fear you
Or conspiracies to be unveiled, or not, I'm the bigger being
Considering the bitter deals you feed the killed
Or shot light bulbs
Spiritually, they're quite drugged
Nothing I could cue
If I did agree, I'm through
Hate your views...
Integration, compromising a purpose, you blame the fool
But miss the mirror
Just align to workers, I find the memories
Complete
Just a product of a mind that's worth it
Fragmented speech
In an area where the lying is perfect
I ain't never been a thing the demons claim I am
They're mad because I'm happy
Great
I won't let them bring me down, inking this truth
I find contentment
What's the ruse? I'd never be a bully what's pulling
Is the truth is all the proof of all the tracks
If it was them
In fact
It used to be, look at all the music artist, talking of the few that started
How they used to be counted out

Even used to lose
By the evil jealous from beginning, when I choose to mention mine
All these demons itching
Underestimate the pain, joining forces, dealt against me
If I lived up to your range
I would never help the riches, being the spirit ones, not hell's dominions
I'm sick of all opinions, of the hypocrites and cowardice
I don't care if you don't like me
But the real get filled with power in the hell you try to shower me
Thought I had some true ones but they'll change within the hour, see
They cannot devour me
The sky is bright and beautiful out
So take those pics to hell with you, all know it's all staged
I'm a Christian, see, it's common sense that I would say abstain
Even though I'm straight
The witches mad that they can't steal my faith
And the snakes still play
But they know better, this was scared to fight, stand against the Lord only means
to get
Prepared to die
I declare defy
I know I who I am
And so did they before I did
Which is why they want to cloak my path
Don't be talking at me
I don't listen if it isn't Light
I lurked and found some writer's food
The wicked sin like it's alright
And blackmail won't suffice, no bribes or brides because the world is with the
broken side
On the rise
Know I've risen
Even though, they won't hush
Where everything is so perverted, I ain't chose or known trust
I say forget it
Keeping that pick restricted for something that's worth it
I guess since I don't want
It diss my image just to hurt me, lies and fiction, Jezebel
The history repeats
Who can't see this, settle failed
This degree
Conceit, shun the free, which is me regardless

Post-traumatically scar
From the lens of curses, in the earth
Ending with His birth, now we still live in mirth
Consistent verse

2/29/16

Dexsta Ray

I Fear Not

Even still...

I'm focused, I've noted the most important things

Not including ordinances

Lacking forms of rationale, thorns and thistles

More instrumentals, stomp what's boring

Telling truth, extra blooms

Jealous origins, slander, as a form of setting up

Success and stuff, I don't want your loyalty

I'm blessed enough, lessened trust, said of us

Said to me, evil want a problem, spread my recipe

To cover where they get it from so others think they chefs at least

Na uh...

I can't hate, what's less than me, I dress in leaves

Ala, where leather, draining, situations, just irrelevant

Saying the same sounds, like Ssssssss, through the

Crest and, it's plain to see, and it's evident

How could anybody think they connect to this?

Not seeing where it changed

'Cause it never been, rather enter in the gates

Than befriend a snake

Spirits riches, my intentions, and my tribe ain't terrestrial
I'm aware, of the coercion, by the cults
And the powers, not afraid, chose the Light
And satan strove to devour, one thing that I did learn
The stuff they send, is meant first, to work them in
To exercise the hidden jealousy, and folly, too developed for apologies
Such train for a night, was just some pawns
Until they spotted me
I changed up they life, instead of propping me
The evil made a way to incite
For better knocking things of Jesus so that satan is right...
Such things are not for me, I feed it to my Saber and Liger
And if they got to me, they'll later see the same
I ain't even phased
There's appointed time, for the heathen, and for even saints...
Just a couple of little stones, they ain't like people think
Saw a sheep to come up from, outnumbered
Demons mean and brave...
Evil got a head start, because I freed the way
Manipulating my good heart to keep on trying sneak my place
And I can tell this would stand, never blessed a good man

If ever understood, knew for years, probably seem awake...
Rather be alone if they was all that I could be acquainted with
I pray, persists, alright, the hating change the script
Don't even think about them, they this, to try to make it sense
Don't place your trend upon me, I choose
What is and ain't the spit (to me)
Whatever ain't the devil, ain't moved, stay out the way of this
The truth is what I know from experience
Plus I ain't seeking love
Nor lusts, all things considered, torches in the dark times
Ain't afraid of cults, being the God hating, large signs
Extremely disrespected, in the main thing, so art dies
But I'm labelled falsely, doing nothing like that
Forget the bias, ain't afraid, always coming right back
Plus, ain't alone and by lonesome like I was when flies trapped
So I'm afraid although I conquered everything in my path
They worked a lot of extra evil
Desperate since I became something great
Cunningly harass so when I grew, I don'tknow what to say
My only side is God's, see, they used the whole to mud my name
To label me a scammer while I answer and some stuff explained

Before I know...

Once again, something tough arranged

Something else someone involve in

Trying to snub my place...

Won't stop or end, I'm topics in, like the rocks and wind

I'm oppositions, O, yea, definitely, and plus a lot depend on

Whether or not I thrive, like the weather be

'Except not pretend

I guess, if you ain't violent, ain't accepted being acknowledged

Then

In realities, I rhyme, and draw, because it's fun to me

Evil came for that, to duplicate what separated me, a lot of things

Ain't true, but it's misportrayed, abrading me

Something like a railroad, that's in the way, so can't succeed...

Who are these, what they want, why they indirect

You know if it's about you if you been through the specifics said...

I keep hearing, it's a lure, where these intentions led

Though I ain't too sure why it amount to if I mention wedding

Evil always be unfair, I got spirit weapons

If they aimed to slaughter sheep

And killed them

Why they still a sweat them?

It wouldn't make much sense to be still affected

Unless the wool was real and that sheep ain't like the wicked

Spreaded...

Probably said it was a suit to get some 'gainst the message

As it turned out, and this the proof

That should've lifted questions

Envy should be bad for

Sales, unless it stays in art, I'm framed with darts

Ain't did a thing to start, no I'm not the devil

For explaining hate ain't change my heart...

And then I realize, new developments, I never picked

The whole time, was sabotaged, was never friends, but on another

Note, lady, you can take some flame, from torches

And the things it scorch, fornication ain't the goal

Nor is mammon either, no distortion has my honor

I ain't bragging either, 'less it be the Lord

Bringing facts, to features, evil mad

That I'm advance, I'm leaders, while it's keeping tabs

I'm heaters, how, the freezing paths, misleading

Such desire my harm

But God desires my completion just as fire is warm

12/16/18

Dexsta Ray

I Fight Good

Fight this, fight that
Kill this, harm that
You know, to reflect on the life of Christ
Brings clarity...
One Man saved humanity without raising a fist...

Here's a word for those who specifically question
My prerogative...
My already illuminated vision and perspective

I see other conflicts in the world, everywhere
This ain't about anything else though
Just this branch...

I'll speak the Truth, some will hate it, and seek my harm
And that will allow me the opportunity to prove how
Big of a person I am...
That, my friend, is the vision...

Of sustained, aye...

Like a martial artist
I'm targeting arts of Mars
A party, armed, no weapons, and bone-setting
The martyrs pled to Jesus
He regards
In time...
And through His own methods, largely, it's the art of design
No sinning soul present...
Long seconds, and cold settings, with old questions
Smart if you're apart of the signs
And sharp as froze essence, hold the lesson, know you're guessing
Own the blessing too
I'm half past 1: 59, the constants synchronized, laced with embracement of
combat, painted contact
Degrading, if of satan
Amazing if it's the Son's wrath...
Just because I ain't fight
Mean I can't fight

That just means the evil demon seeds ain't what I think like...
I break by the daylight
Even praise nights, read it when the snakes come
Treat it like I playwrite...
The name, 'Christ', bestowing hope, mean it grabs you, in the soul,
The weight's light, in the folds of disaster
And I know that Weh' guides me like controls to a Panzer
So it's not that I can't
Fight
It's just I don't even have to.... I recall
They scraped Christ up, scratches and whips were everywhere
They stripped Him and they spit on Him, wicked
Minions had never cared...
Now I'm against them, for His sake, and I ain't never scared
Living in His image and by faith
And forever spared...
From the pit that's filled with flames, pride is infantile, physic is a silly game
The realest thing is spirit now
Two Corinthians ten four is still endowed
The enemy is envious
So misc. is formed to reel me down... but I've the victory, I'm laughing
Not to tempt or feed
But at the fact the damage never had the power it believed, it gets decieved
By the passion and the sinning needs
While I sit at ease, scripting beams with God defending me
I heard Your words, Father
Listening, I observe, Father
Sticking with consistency, a product of Your work, modeled...
This ain't a liquor thing
Tripping with up-turned bottles
Sober when the villian came, I'm friendly with the word 'sorrow'
But rarely hurting though
I'm healed from all that curse my soul
One hundred proof
A true concept, means that all discernent glows...
You don't have to prove yourself to what is due to hell
With nets and fruits that fail
Use your sail to go divergent roads
If the devils show, tell them 'no! ' and get behind you
Reaffirm your stance
And take the power that they get from trying you, and can't define me
That talking don't apply to me

I don't accept the storms for me, hate ain't what I'm trying to be
'Cause that's a worn and beaten path
And I am something different, everyday I'm fighting, Lord exams
And then I compliment Him
Without the Spirit, one can't see the importance
So not everyone is who they need to be to enforce it, I looked at persecutions as
reversed acumen...
Now I glorify it
Never letting evil interfere with light's immortal kindness
Immoral mindless, foes, blinded like their eyes are closed
I control my own actions
Not the road that Christ has chose...
But I'm with it to the fullest extent, and any lint that try to stick to
I'll just pull it with this...
I fight good...
'Cause I win without a foolish contention
The light should dawn within and down the wool in position
Just because I don't fight
Mean I won't fight, or, just because I won't fight
Doesn't mean I don't... evil loathes, while I function like I know Christ
I really get some pleasure from
Rebelling
Satan's low sight, and then turn around
Then develop greatness
On light

Fight the good fight of faith

9/20/16

Dexsta Ray

I Guess The Muse Is Something Else

Spilt out feeling, you know, just like a poet
Missed the flipped out rhythm
Tripped and clip the
Chord
Take away my credit but I'll live upon the word of God
Everybody living reckless
Living feckless
Stamping out tobacco
Leave the cameras on the higher spot
Like the media
Water down
The recorded message
Bash the adversary
Grab the bible
Laugh
He mad with Mary
Passing at the last days
Rapidly
And the fast ways is actually free
Spondulicks
And hate the antipode
Asking to see
Um, who this? 'Don't say and hand me rows'
I guess the devil mad
Getting tempted all the way
But you know
God won't let it be no more than ya'll can take
And what's judo?
I'm telling you the spirit war is real
And I ain't falling down until I'm too absorbed to heal
Promise of a stumble
But it's something in the eye of the deponent
'Cause first you have to own it
Or it doesn't fly!
I guess the muse is something else
And it ain't no compass there
In society
That tries to bleed and only crush the fair
I will never comprehend the motive

Stoically
The madness as I'm basking in my passions
That I love
Laughing, how I love women more than I love the poetry
But I'd love the Lord more than she
The devil's children telling lies and try to keep me on the floor to see
God is standing by our side
Already saw it, already made it, all to rise
Satan forced to leave
I guess the muse was really something else
I'm standing tall
It's hard to understand that God the One that plans it all
While living

Need no sympathy
Have no fear
Unearth satan's kingdom

3/30/15

Dexsta Ray

I Just

I just feel like the sun is rising
And in light of tribulation
Like Christ
Defining life, the other side
Un-smited promises
I'm dying for graces
And most don't really know
I'm feeling soul
In it's longing, and a dwindling glow
Like Samuel, in favor with God and stature
Odd, a lantern, timed for survival
To find untitled, and holy spots
The devil seems but know he's not
It even looks different
The broken hopes and seasons
Now they know my name
A cooked dinner...
I'm shown the Light and I'm addicted to it
Same as Lepidopteras, depleting as I'm sifting through
The fake is like a rotten crop
And we ain't got to stop...
Praying, real, and rock that's diamond
If you only knew
What the Lord has shown to you
Candles, cabinets and taxi cabs
My feelings in her maxi bag
The wicked men are soon to learn
If sin commences, you will burn...
I speak the truth and watch the demons just scatter
And send the spirit fireworks without the squeezing
Of hammers
I'm mostly quiet and reserved
Forsaken wiles of Leviathan
The Lord will pour his vials in
Then it's the end
I ain't competing trying to prove myself
To wickedness and lose myself
A logical reaction to the mass of the confusion left
They hate my steps because the devil does

They hate themselves
Dealing with condition, hear the whisper tell them
'Change or death'
Instead of getting with it
Letters scripted getting twisted
Call us hypocritic, and when not
Simply, 'It's religion'
Mind destroying tactics
Microchips to track me
Bad to be a victim when it's just the villians
That harrass me
Concepts and expressions
Deceit, the malice snatches
Switch it back on me
And I'm surprised the masses didn't catch it...
Mute the truth
And try to turn the people from the passion
Like Jeremiah eighteen eighteen
It's tragic, and in the fire
I ain't trying to make it seem I'm damage
Using all the pain and grief for good
Stating weakness, bragging...
And I ain't even in the bracket
But my things are patent
Any way to stop me
Claiming names that I've been embodied...
So then I'm foggy
Being arranged for this position probably
All my best stuff ain't the things that's been presented widely
Told to 'fess up, Psalms thirty five eleven present
While I'm praising God
'Cause Jesus even wants to bless the wretched
I put my soul and all into this
Never let them dead it
Only way it wins is if society mistakes the methods
Through blatant brainlessness
In this age of sin, talking disrespect
But never see it when it's made from friends
And I can stand upon my own
I don't need supporters
And if they underhand my woes
Then I'll keep enforcing

When in the canyons and the lows
Still I'll lead my portion
Even robbed of love and lacking doe
I know He'd restore me...
Because we're Jesus' souls
Even unbelievers know
The spirit world is real
Or they'll find out when they leave and go there
I sweat what jealous evils do because it grieves my soul
I learned dissociation
Look for weaknesses, I keep them strong
I have real support, I love you like you can't imagine
And I have some fake support and ones who never backed
The passion
And I'm fine with that
For nothing here is everlasting
But the stuff that God approves
The rest is just a snare that's passing...
I just feel like the sun is rising
God is good
Gave me lots of testimonies
Though unpleasant
Both, a blessing, and a curse
And a birth, to know direction
God gives me the insights
I'm not a cynic only guessing
And I know the weapons
Demons want my happiness
And that is why I'm focused
Lessons, eating up the crappiness
Staying holy, stepping...
So they won't entrap my pen
They burst into my peaceful gardens
Burned it up 'cause that's just them...
I won't be hurt at all
Certain falls will overtake the evil
But He turn a loss into a cost of growth for a
Believer...
And the organized harassment didn't crack me any
Still writing poems
Praising God, still I'm happy, winning
And evil using multi meanings

Trying to trap me in it
All their wiles are spam
Getting deleted 'cause it's not sufficient
And then repeated, and repeated
Like it's not relenting
And if it survives, it's still deace because it's not commended
By the God of Abraham
From Whom I got my vision
I see the future in advance
In terms of hot derision
So nobody burns who can manage through the hate and all
Branded but not made to fall
Though challenged to forsake the Cross
The holidays have come
I relax and praise Who paid the costs...
For my salvation
Olive oil crosses on the entrance
Still a young man trying to learn about the globe we live in...
A lot of pain
But the peace that's in my soul is biggest
Sacrifice for other halves
Since I have grown to know what this is
Covetness, the manipulation
Stolen kisses
I can see before the past
It's sooner if that sword commences
The torched conditions
More than serious...
But the Lord can hear this
Guess to prophesy's coincidence if not supporting Christians
I record the missions
Like in Numbers thirty three
If the sin is more convincing
Then the puzzled worry me...
In terms of their eternal life
Not taking this path
I mean, so many burning right now for working
Witchcraft
The punishment is not expedient so this continues
God's love and mercy only taken for granted
They do oppress to try to make me lose ideas
Because they know I'm great

And I know that snakes watch me
Trying to trip me up
And I don't want nobody who would plot to try to get me jumped
Or get me stuck
Trapped, held in pain against my will
Only thing I want for Christmas is that ailing children heal
I'll pray this will be real
And patience for my situation
Love ain't nowhere in the streets
From 'Weh is where you get your ratings...
The strongest wickedness die a corresponding death
But God don't always kill the wicked
Sometimes, there's just normal death
But when they switch over....
There where nothing gets older
Jehovah's Who they'll see
Remembrance of who they be...
I guess we find what we are looking for
I cling to Light, and right, unblinded sights
So our souls can have a peaceful home
The only thing the devil's wanting is to see you gone
Unless he has a place for you
Stay with him in great torment...
Where you ain't mortal anymore
And cannot die
No comfort or no hand of God
No order, only dread and cries...
When people do evil things
It's just the devil in them
If you're not abiding by the Word
You're an easy target
But within the Arc, it's different
Guard your heart til' finished
O, how great His glory is!
A figment of the larger picture!
I just believe that God is perfect and won't lead us wrong
Towards the soul that's worth it
And the faithful
And won't lead us on...
But you be careful
'Cause the devil's trying to feed on souls
And scheming any way to do it

Especially, if you're keeping hold...
I see the rainbow that stands for God
His Covenant
And that is what the rain show
He never breaks His promises...
And everyone deserves hell
Just to be honest
Friends
But the Scripture says His mercy never faileth
And His love persists...
So I don't worry in this world although it's cursed with sin
The punishment that's coming ain't for righteousness but 'perfect men'
That turn commended things to nothing
Or atleast attempt
Sodom or Gomorrah then's a better place than be with them...
Son, choose the grounded route
Be down with Yahweh only
And you'll maybe view the mountain tops
But endowed and holy...

12/23/16

Dexsta Ray

I Know Somebody's Praying

This life's a lot like the time in the day
Gradually disappearing
Waning away...
Forever...
I won't complain
I know somebody's praying for me
Thank you so much
For keeping me
In mind...
Honestly, that's the best gift ever introduced
Just know I'm sending prayers for you
I do appreciate it!

We have to pray for one another
So much going on these
Days...
I ask God to keep your family covered
I love you and I'll always keep you
Up in my prayer

Prayer can find and shine where I'm blind
I can never forget you, ever
God bless you!

I'm praying for you too

6/29/14

Dexsta Ray

I Live For The Jazz

The better melody
Increased
Complex style lead us to entelechy
I mean...
The best sounds!
Key the polyphonic melody of free rhythm
Breath the diatonicism and...
Symphonious venom
Jazz...
Antonality or chromaticism
And the apple of my ear
I come as a minion!
I am thirsty for the sound of the jive of this age
Infatuated with the bebop
Enshrining the names of the
Late great ones...
I admire your craft
I too have that very same
Desire myself

2/25/14

Dexsta Ray

I Lost All Respect For Society (A Sad Place)

Lost all respect for society
The way it kills and steals from the helpless
Then oppress them for feeling so
Weak...
I lost all respect, for such a place for eternity
It's trash, it's lame, it's a bum
It everything
Conniving... in the darkness, under handing dreams and findings
Speaking down on God, in reality, He's the highest
Dissing everything it fear
What it can't do
If you tell it something right then it hates you
Trying kill off every Light
Wicked sight
Moves...
Lost all respect for society
It doesn't love, just it's own, not nobody trying to make a difference
It don't care about your pain when your faith is clearest

9/19/15

Dexsta Ray

I Lust Ink

So you can label me the dumbest since I run with the free
Unable to embrace the same
Weighty things
Ain't placed within my sight
Just because I ain't accustomed
Puzzled...
Fine with writing though
Align to that
When I'm lost so I can fly and find my soul
A bunch of people probably jet
But that's straight
Because direction is the game
Copycats never pleasant
Not for a gain
I look abroad
Not to slip, into the flames
Reflect the spirit
Either way, if it was true, I'm still higher on this plane
What I seek is not accessible here
With only carnal methods
Vain pain
No desire for the guessible
To see concrete
Who on my back? Interrupting that
Funds, seat
I lust ink, and just drink, some of that
I'm crossed up in so much misunderstanding
I don't even care, the devil tell me something
He ain't authorized to even share
So I just ignore everything
I mean no hard
Feelings
To a world where the purest ones are dark villians
Ripping, and discard scripture
If you pick this from the trash
Kick it in the wilderness
And dig a pit to sit
The scraps
I don't see no interference, only high offense, why ommit?

Another's passions if you hadn't craft or modeled it?
But I dream, a borrowed kiss...
She's ink, I trust, buckets, creeping on the muse
Repeat.. I, just, love it
Bleeding with a tune, few can hear, a stupid ear of mine
Happy ignoramus, don't bruise, and don't veer the time
By shining, pleasant light on the night near my gloomy mind
I'm fine, living me,
So dumb
But a youth of God...

I just don't know everything because
I don't look for the same things
Society looks for
We preoccupied in different directions
I'm looking at heaven

Dexsta Ray

I Need To Know That

Unnaturally conflated
I know
I'm seeing such
No
To sow
To note
Before, in quotes, enroped by enmity
No bully
It's vital
This idol, centripedal steno
Feel thy Light
Been, concealed, my plight
It's still alright
With tittles, lived unveiled
The hills
Be filled with them, I'm sealed
Like films
Repellents, spilled, some deals of pills
For stepping on
My seconds
Gone
Congealing kills, my lessened soul, just left and rose
They let it
Go
It's precious though, to the Almighty
Though they all hide me
I got heaven though, so I'm blessing more
That's my destined
Home...
Never silence
Talking loud about
Never violence
That I'd choose, that they used against me
Clever too
Wrecks me 'cause I'd never do the same
The devil use, who the special
Move
For revenue
Jesus left the tomb

Extra tools
He ain't wedded to, never said to fools
"Let us feud"
Seeing through, being who
Speaking truth
Nets and clues, peace, doom, others meaning
But, sure, faith is my shield
Plus, I ain't scornful
Which is more than I could say about them
I guess, it's normal
But success ain't, formulas, to suppress ray
Rhetorical innuendos
I'm more of them, but I just ain't...
Poorer though
I'm some jets, planes, portable, like I'm next best
Less depth, in order, I'm normal though
Like I'm just plain
Tests came
The challenges, snake friends, I'd invest pain
All hate said was- -
(Rattling)
Fake spread, like on plain bread, sliced
Measured once
I never was, the devil spawn
Misrepresented...
Allowed to terrorize my life if I shall then
Step against it
This never changes, never ends
The jealous then
Fail
To mention
If I'm a parasite or lie, then, why did Weh' help me win it?
Some ain't my friends
I don't know
Them
Some withheld my ambitions
And try to kill me while I climb for God
And step on my
Visions
Manipulation, the campaigns
Back to hell
To who sent it

This ain't a competition
Never did consent to do business
But yet again
Things disband, somehow, re-knit to do gimmicks
I ain't a friend, of the devil
I ain't the man that fools ending
It's just poem
Nothing more
But has the smell of truth in it
Who sickened?
Consistent terrorism
Why I'm alone...
And sending hatred I ain't ask for
While I was low
It's really satan, ain't a factor
If I chose to flow
My pen and paper, all I had, more
Light from Jehovah
Some different
Haters
Though, I rightly feel the anger, fake appeals to satan
Shake the filth, all up, my Lord
I pray for healing
Once again, something big, greatness made some nation
Change, but waste the grace and love you give
Though...
Still I'm hopeful
And focused, as if I'm dealing poker
I'm the one who died
How repulsive to think I really owe you
And that was all without a cause
I'm finally understanding...
Some run behind me, track my falls
Because they underhand
Them...
But I don't get it, so I pause, like I was just abandoned
Serving God and living like He taught me
Like I was expanding...
No backtracking, revisiting
Melancholy
Lane
Pass the plants and the mysteries where the prophets slain

Those liatrises kisseth me so I've probably changed
Even those attacking me, scripture
I'm giving God the
Praise...

Still being stalked by the enemy
Things are not gone change
I been cut off any envious, slithering
Crawling things
Plus, unprotected, by anything cause it's all the same
As long as all my haters dig into me
Surely, all is great

All-out terrorism from jealous lying haters continue
Still, my faith is strong

10/10/18

Dexsta Ray

I Needed You

Some are farther along
Along this spirit journey
Largest reaches
Hardened
Seasoned, gurneys part from them
It's hard to see it
Darkened at once
If you ain't found a candle
But they embarked before you did and may've found the answers
Shards are missing from me
I did...
Against the power spirits
And principalities, a time of instant casualties
I hit the line and sent you a message
I needed Christian guidance
When it was hectic
In connection with this fixed assignment
Left from where I was
There was nowhere to go
I huffed and puffed
Some switched against me
There was no air to blow
I showed some love, and then it bit me
At the lowest place I ever was
Someone come and get me
I can't focus
Hate had deviled love...
I checked my social media page
I guess it caused a problem
But God approved I dropped the truth
Or I'd fall just watching
What the top society say, and do
Is only products...
Of the spirit war in progress
The abode of prophets...
For some reason demons seem to want me in the system
I'm innocent
They twisting shtick to see me in a cistern
And out the blue

The vision came, I would vow to you
Forever, 'cause I'm never giving up
And I'm about the
Truth...
I think about your testimonies daily
I don't know what happened
But sure the devil's trying his best to make you want my ashes
Though we ain't never met in person
And ain't talk a while
I keep the prayer up, I hope the pain has fallen down
For nothing cares much...
Deep inside
I know it though
I needed you
'Cause in your eyes, was peace, 'cause you ain't show it so
To see a human
Not a product of the devil's lies
Something in my spirit
Keep on telling me, to welcome each
So that's what I did
Even hell unleashed will pale to Jesus...
I said I needed you
And that had been completely true
But now society has twisted knowledge that's misleading you
To leave me screwed
To abolish all that Jesus grew
'Twas a high priority, the madness that I seen in view
And I can't even hear your voice
That's a scheming too
I'm trapped within the hellbounds
Jesus got me speaking to
But, honey, soon I'll be removed
Never be consumed
So many people need your inspiration
So they'd be renewed

A whole lot has changed

Dexsta Ray

I Place A Ban On The Bans (Bans Are Banned)

The wicked cannot comprehend the vision
That the Spirit's given
And not to live according to it is a course of losing
Strong enough, fast enough
But claim to be a normal
Human
Lacking brains is actually praised
And masquerades disarm acumen
Last days...
I declare a ban, prepare the sand
The lair is nasty, vain, crafty, slain
Catalyst, and peasants coming after Weh', and slander things
On a higher level, not to fight with devils
Hope to catch you in confusion
So they finally smiten measures...
But never that, throw a ban on all the traps
I ain't like the hell bound but I stand
Ain't falling back, while they proving all of that
God is brewing... something not as human
Stalk me all you want but you'll never see me
Fall below...
Declare a ban on the bans of the Holy Knowledge
Right ain't got to change to wrong
The cost will be the smoke and sulfer
Brimstone and fire, on the other side
No jokes, suffering
If not repentant, but I'm honest guy
So no reversals, not run by envy
Still on the holy road
Inner fire

Light is above darkness
And darkness below Light

Dexsta Ray

I Shall Cause A Lot Of Trouble

Mise-en-scene the shade
Cimmerian
Shade...
Intensely dark and gloomy
Latent beauty
Barren, if any remitting hearted rooting
Banging!
Cymbals, drums, plus that trumpet
As if we'd welcome change
Tsk...
Seldom phased the devil's stage where metal stays
Flaming
Well, okay... and just maybe the major system's aiming
Stake and taste apartheid of hatred
That's a smaller matter
Who can see the kingdom of darkness?
Orchestrating
Things
I'm supposed to sit and behave, huh?
Nay! Stop the silence
I was eying Acts in the Word
Chapter sixteen... and few don't want to ask me the verse
But it was sixteen on through twenty six
I get the sense that Paul was
Listening
We should spread the gospel but that isn't all a christian is
A soldier...
A soothsaying demon would be in motion
But Paul had turn the town upside down just teaching customs
Of the kingdom of heaven
Way to cause exceeding trouble
Stand...
Tall against darkness
If we aren't fighting then what others are?
Oh and fear nothing
Just infiltrate and shine the light of God
Which is stronger than the devil and his trifling squad
Look at Acts eight one through twenty four
When Phillip freed a soul of a demon and

Plenty more
In the city of Samaria he healed the afflicted
Killed debilitating sickness
And revealed satan's
Slickness...
He spoke the name of Jesus Christ
Things change...
Some came to light
And today, we should expect of the same and graceful sight
That's the purpose
Oh, it's not about us or mortal persons
So that we can bring a soul from the brush towards the surface
Through the Lord...
If You can use me, then use me Lord
Yes... implement the kingdom directives
Is what I'm yelling next
Not to the ambassadors
Kingdom ones... they know the rest
Acts two forty one through the forty seventh verse
You can witness the effects in the earth
Spread the policies!
Establish the behaviors, characteristics
Greater way of breaking and replacing the curse!
A need of bringing
Light...
This is spiritual warfare, I'll cause a lot of trouble
Demon screams on repeat and
Heeding lots of rubble

And I'm nothing without Jesus

Dexsta Ray

I Take Falls

The other day
I thought a title called, 'I Take Falls'
And it's on time
Because it's something I'm living
And then I went to get the Spirit's Word
A couple days later
The wisdom coming from the one of God
Aligned to what I sought to write...
You can't predict what God will give another soul to say
The Spirit molds a life
And it's intrinsically in those in Christ...
He called it 'Voluntary Brokenness'
'Twas close to my idea, though we don't know each other
No conviction Light conceals
And so consistent
Countless times this holy type of deal
I'll write this find though
And ain't about the rhyme, flow
But I hope that my Guide show when I go consign His will...
I take falls
I apply for growth in Light for real
God uses foolish things in earth to shame the righteous ones
And, finally, I begun to understand exactly what that is
How amazing is the Lord!
The damage comes from Him
Compassion, love, and healing
Backwards stuff instilled is removed by truth
View the fruits, and what's eternal...
What's inferno bound
Evil earns the grounds
Leaving out specific words of others
But the worth is found
In Jesus, countless demons
Seek destruction and they will be filled
I take some falls
'Cause nothing comes of proud
But fornication, which is disrespect to God
And exhorting satan
Loving of material things is odd

But to the stagnant, not...

Taking aim at the correction truth so they can rot

In peace, spiritually, but God's vessels still must

Speak the truth...

I can take a fall that only seems like a fall

Dexsta Ray

I Think The World Is Going To End

A shooter came into a church
A couple left alive
I saw the video
And I couldn't help but cry
I think the world is going to end...
Christians well despised
Everything is telling lies
But I never felt surprised!

I think the world is going to end...
Keep your babies close
And, for now, it seems pointless
You can make it though
Talk about a revolution
Seeing changes slow
Jesus Christ had gave me hope!
Lord, I won't go astray no more!

I think the world is going to end...
Tell me if you need me
While I'm breathing
I'll do anything to help, God lead me
To mirror Light is just the coolest to do
And don't you ever get confused and think the foolish is truth!
I know the world is going to end and it's sooner than viewed
Please Lord, forgive us for our sins
Help us move in reproof!

Dexsta Ray

I Told You I...

Like the rolling ocean, I see waves, of a soul unopened
Unscathed...

By the frozen polar zones, a moment

Not to show too often

Or told

Like see... the August bright could possibly deplete, owning cold

The broken ice, that's falling

Life is like the ocean and the coast is the deep

You better take it in before

You go exposing

Your feet

I peeped, that yester week, the presence He, bestowed, had led me to believe

The knowns unfold enrobing the questions

Hold the rope and go on hope, to sow and grow

Although my role in God...

Have the rest of

Me

I see a soul as something sacred, like the rolling oceans, waves,

Of a soul unopened, only for a closer spirit, hidden

For the road among

Unaffected by

The frozen polar, frigid, zones, a moment

To a choice for many strung

Together

O, yea, love is undeveloped, if the author of Our faith, is the One we shun, O,
never!

I told you I love you

Dexsta Ray

I Want This Life

It's not all about feelings but the principles too
It's not sufficient to be dishing what is not acceptable to you
Violence ain't my vision
So I prove it through life, and doing things that get commended by the Father
Which had authored faith
And life of more abundance, means the Light of the mind
A part of grace
He's extended to us all, so depart the hate
The purpose is much larger than me
A thing to keep in mind
Here's hoping my piece can mark an even line
We're often saw as weak because we sought the Cross and peace
Today
God said said not to quarrel
And His speech is praised, higher than the world, plight designed
To smite decline of passion
Early on
Hurling long at the sight absence
Got to keep an eye on madness, not all is bad
I want this life
Fights and damage through the Cross with some class
See, quite a difference in-between the forms of war
See, align to the physical is falling short of heaven's door
But, who's in flesh, can't absorb
Before the humans even came, grew the truth and roots, born into His presence
Everything a human thinks order second
It was there before you got here
It doesn't change because you don't respect it
What you question will determine where you're destined
We have to die
And lose our money, clout and views
Down the stool
For the grave is just a time, to trade places, for a spirit body
Which lasts forever
Get it right before your days stop
You never really know
I wouldn't say it if I wasn't positive, of what He states
Only God will get the praise
And my mind is in the gates

Not the trials of this place
'Cause the fire in that lake
IS a find you can't escape
Ever
I want this life
That don't mean afraid and stay settled
Have a different outlook
Regardless of the vain devil, I'm a strange fella
Rooting for God
O wear hoodies, jeans and boots, and I'm usually quiet
Hoping I can bring the facts and not the truth of the scribes
Just a little being, perhaps, but I'm proof He survives
And rose again
Eye redemption, closed to sin, find forgiveness, time fulfilling
Don't relent, hold your wits, know you're rich
In spirit

Dexsta Ray

I Want To Be Like Christ

Dear Lord...

Just please make me whole in your image!

Make me a new creation in your love

Colossians three two...

I need to keep my mind above

Father keep me humble with no focus on myself

Praises to your name!

Father lead me up the steps

Father give me wisdom and a view of your will

Help not to only read it but to do it for real

I know my faith could use some work

Oh my sins are too much...

But I've seen you make some changes in the many you've touched

No matter where you elevate me

You will be number one!

Forgive me if I've gone astray but don't forsaken your son!

I need a message from the Lord

For my soul is a mess

Father send your Holy Spirit to console the oppressed

Father God please place more peace in my mind

On my knees Father please!

Pleading

Psalm twenty five...

I am weak because I'm human

You have chastened me

Greatly

You are the only person who can actually save me

Some don't understand

Some others can see

But I cannot speak for them I know what you've done for me!

So I ask you right now!

Forgive all my sins

Place your angels all around me please

Help me resist...

Temptation all around and that satan amidst

Evil people make me frown

See we have to repent

Vindicate me Lord!

Here goes Psalm thirty five!

Help the ones who are the enemy for trying to survive
You are my salvation!
And the devil's a lie!
Calling each and every angel to be there by my side
I want to be like you Christ
Please help me achieve
I can do anything because you're strengthening me

Dexsta Ray

I Want To Disprove

I shall disprove every hater
Not with THIS rune
Nor ruse
But proof of truth, it's stranger than the names of angels
In this physical
Nature
Including all the usuals...
I'm patented
Strapped in jackets with some padded walls
Reclusive, still exclusive
When I'm bashing
Sin
What happens to the adamant?
I see traps again
The baffled friend to losing, that I is
Had I been a nuisance, having fits of happiness
I'm clapping to the mavericks
Imagine, too, the damage did to manage truth
And cabbage when...
Poof! Poof!
That cabin, reacted up in flames
Krakons used to be at sea
Some fabrics actually wasn't changed
I figure time is non-existent
Or that what remain
Comprehension slathered with a brine
Unless it doesn't rain...
From a troubled
One
Slumber slain like another sun
Double bouts of faith out the 'bubble'
These chains are bubblegum
Hist! He came with clouds and Salvation
Completion'd just begun...
Even with the trials that we facing, my team is bound for greatness...
Profoundly patient...
Not the type to wait around for satan
Demons ain't a match
And if they are

We've been doused with flame repellent faith
Who they telling 'break or step' for satan's chair?
Around the way, in satan's lair, you don't want to go
Because we know there's no escape from there
And plus no one is fate impaired
We can make a choice
Now...
'Cause Jesus took away the snare... And slain despair...
Praising voices
'Cause He made it fair
People may exploit us but stay joyous 'cause the
Grace was shared...
They hate the heir but if they don't accept Him
They will die, a second death with flames, scary things
Aim to stay aligned! As a Christian, God's specific on the
Do's and don'ts, a few have a thrown some wretched stones
And thinks that He'll excuse, He won't...
But repent...
And He'll see you as a jewel and snow
But to know the truth and don't
Submit...
He'll refuse your soul...
I speak the spirit stuff because it isn't clear to us
We're here because a sinner just can't enter what He cleared for us
Be renewed
Not conformed, with some cheer and trust
It's about the truth and not according to a sinner's lusts...
I wanted to disprove a hater
That's correcting
Mockers
But the sect. of Proverbs said it best
Not to fret or bother...
Collected sorrow is a net
Set to get the
Wise, nothing to expect but threats of death
And pathetic lies
Especially, against the humble and prophetic kinds
The end is coming soon
After us, the angels
Next in line, the fallen ones, to be judged...

I can do anything God

Gives me the power to do...

I have faith...

Dexsta Ray

I Want To See You Succeed

I can see the dedication!
For a very long time you were patient too
Chasing dreams...
Like an angry bear was chasing you
Staying cool under pressure
Full of moral fibre
With the courage of convictions for your normal trials
So a rolling stone gathers no moss
And they ain't lying...
Satan's trying those after the Cross
A little bird told me a little knowledge is a dangerous thing
A major pain or a way to place the hanks at bay
It's like trying to squeeze blood
From a turnip...
You can't help a person move if they wasn't determined
Keep your nose on the grindstone and do what you're doing
I want to see you be successful
Only you can pursue it

Dexsta Ray

I Want To Write About Real Life

Leave no concept unembraced in this crazy place...
Though it's only for a second
To prevent regression
Of another soul in this race and to
End
Everything trying to paralyze and make a waste of all the common place
Though it really ain't main concern or anything
Like that
Send a letter
Appreciate it if you write right back
To have a conversation about life
About this real life
The good, bad, and the very very crazy
Leaving nothing out
It doesn't feel
Right
And even though uncensored in accordance with the gospel which could still light
True, hopeful, to not mistaken things
For the hate
Though it may had manifest before us too and just to be... honest
Making aim to pray for names and to keep promise
Even in the midst of all the haze in this crazy place...
That's earth
7/18/2015

Dexsta Ray

I Was Meant To Miss The Bus

Disappointment is deep...
But was it mis-appointment?
Does this ointment relieve?
Or consequently pointing at the truss of buildings
Bridges, hills or degrees
Reflected hauntings of a healing from the Spirit
Unleashed
I mean, the beams ain't really shaky but it's loose
Filling conversation
From the basement
Not appealing to the mood
Really cool
Wind blooming through the tombs that become of strife
Sealed willingly
Feelings that could cut a knife
Experiencing the plus of life
A minute of a bunch of nights
The love of Christ
Was a type of flight
A constant light
As if the atmosphere would simmer with gold
The option comes to learn of something as December is cold
I see the mile is not foggy
Walking
Pebbles in my boot
All lost
Talk to God
He tells me when to move
I asked the Father at the station if I'm back to basic
Knowledge of His tasks
And it's late at that
I stand awakened...
I was meant to miss the bus...
I hit a corner store
Dragging bags and pacing
For my spirit is full...
Unzipped the bag I had some change in
Feeling famished
With nowhere to turn

I yearn to grab a bag of chips
So was stirred to add the cents...
Seventy eight
Is not enough... But heavenly praise, still!
God supplied enough...
I got a junk pie
It's straight still...
Free of pennies
Walked outside to see the vision
But the sky just started grieving
Nonetheless
I need to flit it
So received directions from an angel...
And thee was friendly
Streams were coalescing now
Rain was falling sideways...
Drenched
I started walking
That's the route
In the highways
But somebody with a heart saw me
When I started crossing...
As it happens
That cashier was getting off
The car who came to pick them up had to hear of the Cross...
Helped me get my stuff in
Plucked me out of all the storm and lightening
Before I knew it
At the shelter's door I was arriving
I thank you for it...
And it's definitely been absorbed as kindness
Mindless, to record, but acceptance is some sort of highness
I got my luggage and I rushed into the homeless shelter
But the bunks were closed
So I'm slumped with all my clothes together...
But something happened
And that person who controlled the petals
Saw me on the floor by the door
God is so unmeasured!
To some people, hope like this don't amaze
For may not know about oppression
Souls like this won't relate...

But I can go about a blessing
For that person wasn't 'sposed to see me
They were going to bed and God has spoke 'cause I was cold
And sleepy!
I didn't know I'd ink it...
That was like the lowest weekend
Thrown into the streets because somebody's overthrown distinction...
But I know He'd keep me
Got with the flow
I'll rip a situation up until I've got what can grow...
And in this case was anything
that incubates the witnessed Grace of Jesus
The next day was checkmate
O! I praise the Kingdom!
Christian based, see this place was in the Name of Freedom!
No coincidence that where I was is where our Faith is
Feeding...
In the chapel was an answer to my current questions
Everything I prayed the preacher laterned too
Discerned the message... In a place that I ain't know
Trying to get employed, even though I wasn't worried
I was stressed a little more...
Everyone I met had the same type of heart as me
A family in shambles at the house snatched a part of me...
Trying to pass the wisdom on to the smartest teen
Going through the same type of thing when I was at that age
Plenty struggles...
Fights and drama but don't hide and crumble
Never lose hope
'I had a fight with dad.' 'Don't like my mother.'
But that same day, that homeless kid, would find the puzzle
Showed me 'round his hometown
And God had went to rise
Upon him!
Worked his family's issues out, and he can go back
I don't know what happened but I pray that there was no flak!
I've felt abandoned so I know how that can damage
Met a couple of homeless souls at a church along my
Passage
Many different backgrounds, a glad town, with hope and passion
That revolved around the Lord
Who's the balm around

The sword...
I returned within the time allotted to me
With a lot of gloomy, 'I got your back.'
'While you're here.'
Word had gotten to me! God works mysteriously, a Rock
In everything you go through, I'm a living testament
Of that
The precedence was that He told me I could go
But I didn't know the rest of that, the nets collapsed
For other souls, then He blessed me back!
And made a way for me in such a hole!
I just want to stand and clap! And the second path
After running 'round the city looking for a way to catch my
Second bus, I found the spirit cooking up a message, done...
So I spread this testimony for the Son!
I was building me...to start from
Scratch, I mean, from nothing but a little dream
And the faith that I would run into a little green
Eventually, but Jesus has a script for me
A riddle seen...
You never know, with the Lord, where you're set to go
Just don't think that He's forsaken you
Or has left your soul...
Just believe... because His vision is too big for us
Ha, just look at me
I was really meant to miss the bus

Dexsta Ray

I Wonder If It'd Work

O, the spirit is true
The world is but a
Shadow...
With some infinite views
A longer course
In that it keep the mortals trapped
Like derangement
The norm perhaps
Well
I pray we can't degrade what was written
Within His glorious lines
Fortified
Rush, some disciples
Drunk on the Holy Spirit
Pentecost
The living revived
And couldn't help be thankful!
Seemed like I've switched up my lines
I heed a different picture
From the times I didn't get here
God's conspired greater
For the first fruits
The birth grew
Curses got reversed too
All about the spirit thing
From the Hearst...
Truth
Bow down, light life's the best
Above the heartaches and the ups and downs that keep time oppressed
And flee iniquity
A couple things to leave off your chest
We see in history
The love of things that feed off of stress
And why we put up with it...
Prayers from some whole communities, with passion
Supplicating to the third heaven
Casting down the ruses
There
The agendas

Smooth society of true despair
Looking for some happiness, the sadness, mean we used to care
Can you prepare?
Leading this life
Leaning on Ephesians
Scheming on a scheme in the night
To reason
Needing Jesus' reach to keep you upright
Leaving sleep to bring the meaning
Sneak the read to the Light
And deeper sights
Quick to menace
So to change everything
Because the purpose ain't contending but to bring better days
What's the point of having wisdom if the faith never blazed?
What's the point of being committed if the ways left astray?
The multifarious
The spirit
Full of various compartments
The devil try to take me out but Yahweh still is my partner
So I don't fear a thing
All the demons scam when they hear the Name
I no longer wonder if things work but when the period fades...
Fighting off the eerie curse
And for generations
All servers in the Light
Get what is deserved
One thing about this life
Just get with the
Curve
Everything happens won't suffice, just a bantam hope
Doesn't give an answer though
Ferocious as a panther
Only inner manifests on the outsides, without time, and now dying
Reawakening though, something some can only take as a joke, but that's a
person's life
When it's over, understand that not a person'd side
So there's no confusion during the
Moment that the Hearst
Arrived
Then the hurts subsides, I don't want to merge and thrive
Hoping I get to heaven

Even though I feel the burn inside

Dexsta Ray

I Won'T Even

Not to misunderstand me
See, I don't really care about the way I'm treated
I ain't burden
I just want your happiness
Completed
Needing to delete me? , oh, ay, I'll be okay, oh, ay
Because a love don't die
It just boils
Away
And so it's plain to see that ain't a trace of hate in me
Not to understand exactly what happened
But ay, it's... see
I won't even put you down
Ain't the savage
Amazingly
I just heard what Jesus told me, mumbled, and managed
I'm trying to see a nation make it
To a point it can challenge
The old morals
Outdated concepts 'cause they backwards
Instead of retribution all the time
Just betraying trust
Holdfast to the statutes and repay in love

The thing about life is, no matter the situations, remain that new creation
That's the challenge too
Nonetheless, that's what we should strive to do
For Christ ain't a spiteful Spirit
But of compassion

Love, for example, is something without condition
Or, at least, it should be
Whether romantic or platonic
Love all nations
According to God's will

And also strive towards and embrace abstinence while single
For such shall please God

Dexsta Ray

I Wouldn't Do You Like That

I have a little sense
The kind and mindful person that you have presented to be
If that's your temperament
And should no way be exploited
A night of catching up
It's been a long time, since we've spoken
And Christ been blessing us
And all platonic
No romance, tricks, it's all one hundred
All because it's nothing but soul
Classic, and raw ebonics
No false in phonics, they've clothed me in all kinds of stuff
But just don't believe it
Some hold my voice and won't delete it...
To catch me in a world of trouble
But the world is humble
So I wouldn't gossip on your name
You ain't girl, but woman
Who treated me with just respect, and don't really know me
Ain't no way I'll go affecting that
In a wretched way
It's all the truth, it's a fact, and all correct to say
No, I wouldn't do you like that
But all the rest just may...
And if you've taken anything I said as obloquy, apologies
Forgive me please, and I'll just keep
Repressing rage
Because the aim of the perpetrators, is confusion
Trying to find a way to keep a spur of satan
In my future

Woah

Dexsta Ray

Iambic Quantum Problem

To be of common sense
I would purchase
Of course
If I would circuit, I would learn it, mergings, and earnings
If, first, it were my purpose...
Then, only that, something different, and trends, folding back
This so intact, intrinsic, consistent, and demons sowing traps
I'm noting that, components, that open the path to golem tracks
Hoping that, shall silence, depleting, because I'm great for God...
Facts of the matter, espionage was illegal
There was no basis, temporized
Espionage was a sequel, until the hatred improvised
Espionage of a dreamer, to kill the faith, with plenty time
Espionages for Jesus...
I see a point within society, where evil trying to reach
The Light with binds and strings, and I ain't wishing
That's what's frightening
But even more, I seen a door, and then it's like finally
It seem like someone staged a way so frames could have some ties to me
When, in reality, it shouldn't be inclined to me
Notable, in what I loved, when I ain't got the light on me...
So ain't for hugs, it's antichrist to claim that Christ ain't see
The plights I faced, a lie is like the hiding place, designed for satan
But I'm blatant, righteousness is right, and that's the mind I bank in
Why is thee conspiring when I ain't even chide a name in?
I mean, I've talked about my life, to some, that's cries and wayment
But the testimony, in the Lord, opposing side just satan...
Behold, to die, is mainly, relative, my time is taken
Play with satan weaknesses, attributes, God ain't average
Strengthening mine, I'd tax for trash, at least I'd bagged a real job
'Cause I'm a man, and when I drag, I tilt the can, I'm filth, call me
Like the sanitation services, I loss and still stand, and then expand
In the Father's Name, the Cross, inexhaustible
God is all that's love
Original...
There's copies, I'm all of me, and that's all it was...
No false decrees, concocted by fallen schemes, that I talk because
Some crossing things, illogical, sawed my dreams like my falls was dust
Was brought in these lil chronicles, all to reach, all my flaws, to judge

All to touch...
I promise you, that that mirror remain intact
The pain'd impact my distance so faded chances
Ain't bringing back
Some weight collapses businesses, framing stances
Arranged advancements, stuff ain't a factor, 'til it gets, ages latter
To frame some battles, stagings after innocence
Made by slanders, to break the standards...
Behind the scenes
Consistent with, satan's grammar to change the matters
Judge it not by now, but just backtrack, where the facts at
I'm past that, but now, extra scrutiny, just to mask that
And hide the sneaky hazards
Ain't asked for, but was traps planned, to slap the hand of God
There was envy, forever, plenty bias
Lied on my identity, to disguise, that I'm really Thine's...
And misportray as piety, maybe so, but that isn't Christ's
Which ain't my opinion, but things disclosed by these frames exposed...
Made it known, because if I didn't, the devil fake the whole story
Wonder what the wait was for, I'm all this time ignored...?
Broken, I'm absorbed, to degrade me, across the lines and more
Mainly, was confined to support what hate me or I'm in scorned
Finding swords that aim, for saying I'm the Lord's, although eyes recorded...
And such was life, as I knew it, the same if I'm restored...
I mean, it's highly likely, considering the way that's God's abhorred
Slide my Sword of Spirit out, Bible forging a different route
Though I was still attacked
Certain, Light was born, Christ had witnessed, now
Just visit back, to poems, quotes, recordings, and stuff
And when in doubt
Plus I aware of me, but still, most importantly, what this about
Ain't fishing now, nor dishing flout, attacked 'cause I'm proficient
YHWH is the reason for it
Believing, for seasons, lead me, Lord...
I'm seeing more, His glory
Even for me, I'm weak, and torn, I seen the thorns
And ain't a need to ask why I believe the Lord...
Spiritual and physical, same, extremely different though
It takes a little faith to discern things that proceed the Throne
It's mentioned in Corinthians, not everybody can see the soul...
Jesus zone, I'm grateful, reading Psalms, til' the Kingdom Come

There ain't really a problem
But only choices
Made...
4/20/19

Dexsta Ray

Ice And Light (Villanelle)

Ice and light, frozen image of the earth
How, the revolution hungers, to progress
Forming different thoughts, the dirt

Paying attention, hist, the recent birthed!
Hide remotes, rebuke, asunder, yes
Ice and light, frozen image of the earth

Witness nothing special, of, the purity, at first
To open, view abuse, conjunction, to the tests
Melting morals, stacked as coral, masked, err

Trading, what's the promulgated, switch, turn
Vow, a restitutions, for the one dozen, heck
Leaving death alone, spiritually intact, no burns

'Haps, the time is dying, moping, nap and curse
The truth's illusion, ruse delusions, to effect
Lives of pure potential, never giving slack, so firm

O, heaven, if inclined to me, affected by a word
Like the message of the Truer, reads, abreast
Who could go? As our little soldiers, dream, so learn

Dexsta Ray

If

If loyalty's manipulation
Free agent then, somebody steady trying frame
Some things...
And I ain't feeling that, toying with me
So much instigation, say, bring the Templars back
As a nation, just inspiration, but snakes exempt from that
I notice when I focus
I'm mostly between some hard places
Send a caravan to collect me, with avalanches too
Persecution's serious, the scripture confirmed the same things
That I'm seeing now, nothing ain't change
Seems the blatantness, increases, even though, I've repeated
The things that's most substantial...
Jealousy, abuse of some power, and strongholds
On the mantle, smoldering candlesticks
Ashing wicks, attached to this, imagine...
Tragic, what's a friend that isn't there when you need them?
It's something useless
Understand, if I ain't there when you need me
It's 'cause I'm underhanded, but the truth is
I'd come where you is, un-fruitless, but movement, if only for progression though
Or improvements, I'm new to this
Though used to this
Ain't talking roots of evil, foolish neither
Doing it for the Lord, this is movie sequels, of my old stuff that's better than my
new
And vice versa
Starting from some settings, coming for my blessings, tying purple ribbons
Light
Time and night, circling the satellites
Emerging with this appetite, to handle right
Like I want to be...
Told to leave away, be happy
Some want to poster
Me
To own obituaries, just notice when all the roasting
Starts
To stretch away the cover, maybe smother
Hateful clutter, puzzles, if it ain't no question

No testing, I'm stressing, although I shouldn't be

2/3/18

Dexsta Ray

If I Had A Clipboard

If I had a clipboard
I'd lift...
Soaring, with the pass
Sandalwood
And written minutes...
A kiss of vivid instance, present the litten ups
Missions established
And handle good with this provision given
So I could make a plenty
An age of envy
Hating indie, satan gauged my riddings
Maybe I'm informal with it
Taking on a former tenant...
It's more to winning
As He gave a soul immortal living
Faith, adorned alliances
A page records the height of this
Dying compliance
Other tables support the bind of sin
Alright, I'm full of different colors like a guion is
To come up like a lion's kid
And humble like a light's within
The lionness
The jungle, for life again
Biting hunger, fighting something lest she stumbles in the wind
Time contended
Eyes ascend
For sure, and minds conditioned right
Maybe if we're acting 'good'
The tactics would resist the lies
Relaxing, watching classic movies
Thinking of the dream
Plus I got some pizza you can have
It's too much for me
And truth is slammed but it'd never crumble up or shrink
Point me to the Lamb and quill
I just need a cup of ink
And poets bleed enough to drink
With the stuff they

Think
Point me to the underground
Seal me with the ones you see
And if I had a clipboard
I would lift swords, spirit war, in full effect
Ever since they killed the Lord
I feel absorbed
Demons judge for things I didn't know
I can tell a truth but it wouldn't make a difference though
Psalms thirty five eleven
Got me in a hole
My soul has been preoccupied with heaven
Not the wicked's bows
The sinful blows
Getting told of wicked codes
Getting shown the picture clearly
Into where the sinners go
So prepare to miss the boat
Holding on the spirit truths
Eternal
Trading in my vaping pin
For something in the Proof, the world is due to hell
A gloomy shell, full of doom and proving veils
Never taking me alive
Never make me lose or sell, the soul within me
Famous demons I don't know are full of solely envy
Witches, even princes
Who don't know me but they go against me
Didn't wrong them
And there's no association, period
Now I'm forced to grow consistent with the Lord's conditions
The corruption, man... I see
Is something drab
Plus it's bad as past
And rancid as trash
But loving peace is easy...
Resist the devil
Praying God don't let the creep deceive me
It don't matter what I say or not
The evil seeks to beat me
A conspiracy and plot, and no one could stop it
Even in the wilderness

A dear stand towards our lodges...
In the forest called
Society
Where light's abolished
Built so many walls up, it's hard to see aside my conscious
Sharp and clear...
A party's here, and my heart's sincere
And always been connected
Even though we see the dark appear...
With hearty sneers
I've been fighting with the marks for years
Sick of all the wickedness, I wish to just depart the ears...
But the Lord isn't finished, so I'm with His business
Why is it important what I'm doing if I ain't with the minions?
I'm present as villians, focused on the Spirit's vision
So much that I don't condone
But spoken on
It's insufficient, to the tricks and gimmicks
In the world, driven by the pride, lies, envy, times of crimes
I don't know the difference...
Every other night, people break into my family's home
No police in sight...
Around five or six (am) , I don't care if I'm a snitch
This my testimony
You won't understand unless your standing in my essence, crony
Letting mess control
Sick of being oppressed and lonely
Treated like I'm less than human
'Cause they 'over-dressed' the old me
Trying to keep me pressed
And lowly...
But I'm blessed and growing, looked out for a lot of people
I'm alone when stressed and hungry
And I'm stronger and I'm
Wiser...
I don't get society
Even if they know they messed up bad
They still will stick with those they know
Uphold injustice, and instead of question that
And ignore a bleeding sheep, instead of help
Confess it's 'bad'
I guess I'm mad, sad, glad, to be wack

To things that's dead in spirit
Representing Life
For the right path, the rest can hear it!
And yes, I'm fearless
Not for white man or black man
But just the purest Truth
Universal
Spirit proof!
If I had a clipboard, I'd give it back to you!
Soon the earth will pass away
Just the Word'll still
Resume...
I had to learn to pay attention and abandon drinks
The powers see my light and want to use it for some vanity
So I'm in a laser mission, like from Brandon Lee
But ostracized and waiting for my Savior to establish me

If I had a clipboard... Man

Dexsta Ray

If I'm Not Fertilizer

I'm botanical
Spread my arms, spinning, in the garden
This my happy happy
Just passing
I figure, time existed
But in classic aspects, perspectives
YHWH would engineer
Thousand equals twenty-four
Twelve equates to five
Hundred years
Passion, abstract, it's a concept
Beyond depth
Taking one step, praying, praising
Purpose, worships
Sands draining out, the sun's there
Gold, golden grasses
Consoles my rhythm's, holding on
To plenty winds
That's approaching, here's, no discrimination...
If I wasn't fertilizers, but just a verbalizer
My words be fruitless
As for evil
Like the serpent, final times, of bright horizons
And notices, giving birth to fire
In liturgic dancers
That's Spirit-filled, isn't curs-ed liars, intervals
Inertia, some miracles, many works transpire
Certain, only matters though
That's a rope
Slash, unhand the growth
Fearing God
Regardless, a target, before it started
Nonetheless
Some dozens, eggs, nets and pestilence
Life is but a shadow
Light
Crysanthemums, every night, I pray
He guides my way
And I don't have too many wishes

Just surviving life today
Trying to make my Fridays pay
In silent shade under
Myrtles
And overcast, but minus rain, with lightning playing
On the purple
And, in my mind, I think I finally figured out
Opining, spirit route
Before, the darkness come, and decide to hide the wisdom
Wow...
Forever active, like the Scripture, all originale
I dream of such reality without the hateful wicked
With a different sound
Behemoths
Sent against the crowd, and stuff do not be natural
Decisions meant to limit Yhw...
Same line, subjects
Different
Logs around a tree
Walking the circumference
Little taller
To the ground, at least...
Won't nothing tell me how to live
I got Yhw with me
And if I wasn't fertilizers
I'd be rosewater, odor, first, the liars
But ain't fertilizers
I gave worth, to tryers, know the colder
That the demons get
Hope is burning brighter
God will bring a
Increase
And plus, they ain't do that to them
But thought that it was with me and flushed
Although, to know it wasn't...
Now I'm in the process of learning what humans
Truly are...
With my hat gone
Glasses on
And bag of Scripture near
Classes, dinner, beer, is potentially a deceptive one
Ashes, then, appear if outside the Arc where the

Eye is dark, and that's a different tier from the Majesty
Where He have me be
And magic's to veneer, not of God, the evil
Damage deeper
Sheol
But, I look to the hills, and I ain't doubting the Lord
Nor am I in judgement of any
'Cause I ain't up that high, like manure
Still, pound for pound
I'm just a honest guy
Organic, aiding in growth, and better constants rise
Forever, evil hounding D down
Just so he doesn't
Fly...
And meanwhile, heat pile, on me, for loving Yhw
Looked into the future
No wiles, on me, because I'm found
Though been lost before
In these fields
A servant, ain't off of course, this branch come off the Lord
And He heals, He worthy, the Cross
He bore it...

Dexsta Ray

If We Really Follow God

We have a choice...
Merely two extremes
Would you rather fellowship with Christ or enmity?
The choice is ours
There's no inbetween...
If you follow God then satan is your enemy!
Waiting with the cover laying patient on a cynic's sheets
Unaware of satan
People think it's their identities
But they fail to realize who's in charge of the planet
Opposing satan's people makes it harder to manage
He reaches for his weapons...
Which are pride and deception
Temptation and accusations
Lies...
And misconceptions
God opens up our eyes if we lie down and let Him
Allowing you to break the ties, chains, cables and fetters
And understand...
Even though the world considered them cool
For having all the best clothes and the glistening jewels
Fornicating with the world...
Purchased vintage in shoes
But if they didn't choose the Lord He considers them fools
Nobody there is any better than you!
That is simply a deception...
If you follow God you'll notice a rebellion
Of the people who were friends
Start changing and impelling hate towards you
And...
Seemingly out of the blue
And I mean it'll happen unexpectedly too!
But if we truly follow God we'll repay it with love
No matter what...
That's why it doesn't bother me as much
When some people talk against me
So I'll listen but I hush
Because I see the full perspective
And a fool despises His corrections

We don't need to seek revenge...
Can you see the circumstances of the wicked?

Dexsta Ray

If Women Were Beats

The melodious, polyphonic and diatonic, vessels, ceremonious
Festivals in a sound wave, vegetables to hearing
And vestibules, for the low in heart, estuaries next to alamedas
Though in now-a-days, mild vase of flowers
Enshrouded by loud bass
The power, vowels change the product
High and lows, different vibes
Composed, time enclosed, and models slower symphony
Confiding in odes, aligning, to the kind of souls
Inclined to different kinds of clothes, binded to a time before the
Time, in the vines of old, the ancient breezes demonstrate
In taste, the freezing, chimes
The cold
Take me by the ear, to plains, in seasons, when the wine is whole
Like a poem, pine cones, daisies, chrysanthemums
Whatever, still, I like the jazz, it's all entelechy
The bebop, never cease
Chromaticism, every theme, like That which develop these
Wielding seas of instruments
Never meet a sweeter
Drop, and holy notes, that float, enrobe the coasts of heaven
Like a fragrance, pleasant
Hope
9/26/19

Dexsta Ray

If You Need This One

If. You. Need. This. One.

Right here

And faith replace the lines

Stake a claim, a day remain, and 'Weh relayed the sign

Take your pain and rename this change as your joyfulness

Impatience is repulsive

Aimfully

Like supposed to

Ask and God'll show you

Girl

If it's me

And here's a rose away

Jesus, praises, in control

I'm like a protégé

Steady trying to make it

In the name of the

Light...

Eternitarians

You embrace it? Well then maybe you right

Ain't needing distance

Say, you needed this one

Like a rose away

Logically addition

If it's missing, sure you'll know today

Dexsta Ray

Ignore Me Then (Non-Romantic)

I understand how misconceptions happen, but still... it's only glass-es
That's cloudy and cracked
And other times, it's just an underlying
Tactic, that's to undermine...
I utter mine
Underline it, backwards, I'm a crafter after God's heart, patterns
Battered lanterns, odd starts, manners got far
Not parked, in slanders, harkened answers
Supernatural Light, that ain't dry
Bogarting my shard, I try hard, but Truth is hammered nice
I filter what I hear, I notice, what's of sheer, spite, clear night (deer sight)
Focused on this, say, snatching that entrapping the passion
And I can see aside...
I shall be who I am
Harassment can't collapse it
Scanning like arachnids
Learning facts, unearthing that, it worked, perhaps
And burned the grass, that God redacted like a curse or something
Blackened ash to standing plants
And certain traps can stick around, to kill and bound, the serpent grafts
Discerning half
And I can feel it as I write, it's like a spike
The presence of a net, something next
To understand connect between the depth and me
Kindness brighter than antagonism
Time and place
Saying, ignore me, plans, some hands and man abhors me
Blessings coalesce, a frozen mess
The innocent, that's been dismissed, with insolence, when the shadow came
It passed the same
The hands of 'Weh remolded
What was gone to show He owned the ends of it (My Lord)
His benefit, the spirit riches, quicked to my eye
And what one wish for others mixes in
The lists are big, there's many books, in heaven, as there's different sins, specific
blends
I gravitate to seven
At the Spirit's wilm and utterance, I muster strength again...
Strive to set into the destined paths of righteousness, to enter realms, where

splendor lives
Where no eviction is
The City's filled with Yahweh's Light
Just glistening, the wickedness, is far away, a large bouquet, addressed to what
is dissing, quick
Gender, race, ethnicity, etcetera, no consequence, His love persists
His mercy lasts forever, these aren't just some compliments
Accomplishments are miniscule, my confidence is in the tomb
He got up from and went to You
The simple truths that'd build the youth
And I'd rather be ignored than He be implored...
Not to mention that it's God provision, not religion, reaping coals, when evil
loathes
Retinue, pray for you and pray for me, we've seen the lows of needed growth
Heated roads, the issues, tiny tiny, things subsiding, peace, and dreams
supplying tissue
Slicing miscue...
And not all believe, I fall bereaved at this but no worries, the hope is flowing still
Know He lives, and He fights for the Light, and won't forsake His saints, o, I feel
excited to find
The revelations out, celebrating Yahw', yes, the faith is ground
Recalling other times and seasons, just for reasons, just to make Him proud
The Lord ain't boring, He be singing for His saints that sprout!
Don't want to see no faces down, He's active and defacing doubts...
My brain was washed and by the Lamb
And hiding lamps is pointless, pressure models buoyance
He saved me from hell...
The flailing devil tries to toy with me
Failing measures, God is strong, the extra be annoying me
I stay doing well... subduing the shell, to know the flesh is dying daily
Try denying self, with less unto the world, to put more effort to the heaven's
Light, the special type
Connected to the pearls, twelve, the standing high, and sooner than anticipated
Like a thief
He'll wreck the sky, and check the blind, I'm occupied with me, watching God
complete His will...
Evil demons probably want to occupy me still
But, I don't give them, nada, why coddle? The stuff that minds conceal...
God won't fight for hypocrites
Formulas absorbing, not, ignore, God is not a sliver of as critical
Aware of some awareness, but the Lord has more, the pinnacles, the end of falls,
contrition tall, a vision, that

Shall manifest
Disbanded nets, my essence ain't attached, in fact, upon the understanding,
that's it's something
Underhanded and attacking God, whoever of the tactics, what's enwrapping
righteousness
Must've eyed the sin in that, the hidden matters, finding Krakens odd, but still
Continue trying
Though
On the string of compromise
And even see
The mind can know but don't believe to justify!
A bunch of times, I'd dine alone...
Silence shows, designs and yokes, and binds, that I controlled, and could've
chopped
But I ain't know...
Fortified my mind with Truth because of shade (lies) thrown, on others
Just to sabotage, my rudders, so I can't grow, it shudders, at the Light of God...
Kingdom of darkness
I'd rather that it'd just ignore me, I'm succeeding
Regardless

God is ever-present

Dexsta Ray

I'm Glasses

Glasses, I prescribe, it seem, like wicked blind...
Bits of pine, or innate, more spores, what is the case?
Information, inspissate
I'm young, stuff imitate, I can face it though
Disgrace it, in hatred, it ain't, but plain concern
Is all, but can't discern, ain't disturbed
Which ain't the first
For me, I guess, renown the same, bounties change
But now explained, crowns replaced with floundered grace
Amounted shame, but conscious seered, by some type of abuse...
I'm a babe, I like to play, harmless, depend what plights arranged
The kind of day, it's darkness, the signs of age like them idling pains
Disguising things, it's farthest from truth
I'm extra targets, true
Stretches, muscles, ligaments, exercises
Stiff and tense, filaments
So bend a bit, I nipped the sticks and stones
Feel the wind...
Seal it in, who I think I is
Who embrace I'm in, who degrading sin
Illusions take a spin
It's useless, satan kin, claim I'm going somewhere
Although I ain't the same I'm seeing, still, was scorned somedeal
Contacts, engaged in combats, for years, I'm wombats though
In shrubs, that slow, I love my business, that's some of that
I'm optomistrist, I am, obviously, it ain't what's like she wanted
Grimy motives, shown right, control it, I lightning bolt it
Time and time and time again
Lo, consistently
Ain't a question for it, testing, origins, ain't a big deal
Then it's all my struggle, ain't normal, was chosen for me though
Glory zone, for YHWH, what's contrary ain't common sense
None of this, a hobby, I just died like thrice
See, I'm tied to weather
Define it better, obviously true, it's like optometry school
I got too hot to be cool, cause I was dropped into stews
Addressing stuff that's wrong doesn't mean you seeking death
That's the way it's 'spose to go, simply wrong is wrong
I focus on what's true, even evil seen my quotes unfold

I guess I'm like a doctor, just a poster though
Jehovah shows...
Life of obstacles, distortions, of vital facts
With wack, promotion of ascetics, not absorbed
I impact, witches, be dishing wishful thinking
I ignore, like I have, the timing bad, and implications
Ain't the form that I craft, the evil stayed imposing things
I ain't explore in my path
Just so my whole abode is tainted, motives strangest
I was targets, so...
My heart departed yokes and binds along the darkness roads
Envisioned, what was possible, for ours, souls a part of hope
An artist, no derision, skullduggery
Though, I'm artichokes
Hard to cope, expecting, no sacrifice of the ones that care
If they protect the evil who lie, why not the ones that help?
I ain't scared of legions, hurah
And I'm the one that repped the Light
In righteousness
In spite of this, type of cycle sent
To hide, to end
The grind with sin, I witnessed, time and time again
Trying to live, and grow
I post my crosses up, I hold them high
Fall enough
You learn to release, all the stuff, you can't control
Or die, degraded...
I find it crazy, how one's life can change, when grinding, praying
Tying faith unto a goal, ain't no way that Light is vacant
Sometimes, it's patience, that it takes, for a grind to make it
That's regardless, that's it starting
Tacit lasting
Glasses, that enwrap a whole perspective
So it's accurately seen
Without the Lord, I had no passion
That's as crass as can be
The failure of a certain standard shouldn't mean damage, I mean
I couldn't manage to conceive stuff what's brand unto me
Put me on or, take me off, behaved and all
In faith, I fade the false
3/25/19

I'm Glasses 2

I'm

Elijah, first and foremost, flier, I'm like a bird so
I can glide on findings, reminding, the chiders
I don't find the slightest bit of interests, describing
My life to eyes which witnessed, but, for pride and riches
Won't mention to anybody, different lying, hit with pressure
The most, identified, the soul, plenty times
Don't have to mention mine
To what commit against, spirit living still
Filled with faith
Heaven carries
That isn't questioned, 'cause if you one
It ain't necessary...
But all the wholesome in the Light know
Feelings, as many writes show, my stick for walking
Almost a crutch, I drift where Christ go, I'm typos
The righteousness right, I feel it's vital, a sight though
For times are at hand, plus in the Bible, enough
Is what's sufficient
Have no throne but the Lord's
The Guide I trust, it's supplements, I have no goals
But the Lord's
Some hopes restored, from in the Scripture
Plenty knows, different chords
Expose the devil, some perdition, but a picture discomfigured
Only clever, isn't Spirit torched, if it's ignored
I here to heal, exhort, no wish to steal or scorch
Unless I till my farm, the fields are warm
If God is still absorbed
An incubation period, that instilled some more
I live imploring, supplicating in faith, great is God
Another thing, the praise, I love the Name
In fact, that's what the
Hustle made of, just the same stuff...
Facts are fabrics
Some can be used to craft advancement
In the paths established
Constantly, muses, plaid, mis-matching
Hidden pacts of darkness

Against the Lord, when His children manage
Different snares to harness, regardless, the Light is largest
Farthest, targeted, but ain't being abusive
I ain't the smartest, nor
A part in, what pretenses, amuses, since it's a scare amidst
A darker twists, for sin, in the end, a margin
Some art of kisses, harkening fishes, nature
The scenery, paintings, seen in peace, seem a key
I made it, mistaking some demon schemes for
Me, the truth is, things be green, legions steady reach
With unseeming things, to even feed, I been through before
Composed still, a whole shield, like some blockers
God watches, He got ya
3/28/19

Dexsta Ray

I'm Glasses 3

Dose, a stronger prescription, bi-focal
I'm no joker, I know the, high road, I'm on, so I sow Light
Chide, rose, plights
Dark arts, hard hearts, sparked, targeted me
I don't require that
Same rights, as the ones, that framed Christ
It ain't like I'm harmful
Game biters, stay trying to maim my restoral
Ain't right, but they find resistance from no form of orgin
Asking all these questions, feel threatened, they dishing pressure
Indirectly
It's the jealous, sending messages, spiritually
Or it's warning me...
Don't be mad cause some envied and i disarmed their scheme
The ones who should be netted ain't messed with it
Instead, they scorning me...
Forcing me to further express it or some misfortune reign
Which I don't deserve, it's unsettling, but it's extorters thing...
Too much falsehood disbanded
Injustices, and witches, gunning for my livelihood
In such seasons passed
When some ain't physically harassing me
They sunt spirit traps
Displaying no mercy, like it's anarchy, except I was targets
And such satanically obsessed, high up, I don't desire them
Mammon be method, no excuses, just the truth exposed
Already, shouldn't jeopardize my peace
For some show for devils
Hate to see me doing good, antichrist baphemont
Ruined good things in life, proved too, got the ruses graphed
I saw them organize atrocities, withdrew and stamped
Slander, on the lowest key, to shatter Light and bruise the lamp
I don't approve of ruthless scams
Like they choose to craft
And play the sacrificial lamb as if such was confused
While bam! In these types of things, with stuff exposed
But skewed examinations, paths of satan, track for framing
After that had
Failed...

Dragged back to hell, and that's the tactics
That the devil meant to add to there
Defeated at the Cross
Again in my tablets, evil still harassing me
But the difference is it's
Channeled
What had happened in the past was unmasked when it was active
Whether or not it's still the case don't subtract from any maxim
Things are snide, and in the way, and shouldn't have
Challenged YHWH standards
Was a vessel, in the age, things were savage and satanic
Witches, I don't want, and warlocks I don't want to know
Devised a goal, or forces, in the heavenlies
Distortion, when I tried to grow...
Ain't got my glasses on, but that ain't what's required to know
To keep you off their trail, they accuse you of the vines
They sow...
Indiscretely, I witnessed, so many times ago
Either way you look at it
At one point, things were grimy though
I won't be silent until I'm
Broken, and tied and roped, for trying to show the Light
In fact, that's the reason I'm fighting so...
There's a massive evil shadowing
Some kind of yoke
So I don't prosper from my grind and always time to go...
Such pressed my learning, early, curse me so I die awoke
In spite of knowing I'm Jesus Christ's while they were conspiring
Those...
Years ago, and present tense, I think the times are cold
The prophecies are clear, without some glasses even
Eyes behold...
In the long-term, finally, it's my own turn
After long suffering
I finally got my own turn
And things were plain to see, God even made the stones work
Legions on my back for that, for seasons, I don't know her...
Domestic terrorism, demons hate the Father God
But speaking that is something else, with grieving in His
Prophet's eyes
I need protection from the evils which are not aligned
Deepest kind of darkness, I ain't reach unless to God

I'm fine...

I'm glasses

3/31/19

Dexsta Ray

I'm Glasses 4

Baphomet activity's, justified, if it's through a cult
Me, always complaining, all waves, in fall and summer too
The antichrist was prophesied
Sabotaging, the stuff of Christ, to stop it, no resistance
But hateth me, just for what's in sight, thus, if I can manage
With bludgeons and dusts, to crush my light
The principles important
With this attention, to just survive, sabotaged, whoever been knew
The sort and form, distorted
In spite of all I've scripted...
There's impositions, because I've mentioned
Witnessed heavy evil, then threatened
To complicate my life, what's antichrist is obvious
Degradations across my mind, coerced by what's more powerful
Just to break me, with mammon too, just to take me
I ain't so relevant, less' advancing too, had the proof
And passed it to whoever not satanic, through
Glasses, glue and passion, it's tough to think stuff as powerless
As me, against the legions, that receive what evil speak against
The Lord, continuation, not a thing, that's new that I would choose
To lead, the devil hating on me, baiting, satanain't my name
Even if I disproved some evil, if little changes, then what difference did it make?
And that's in reference to my own journey
Even if a saint, the satan lie, to justify, the angst
Say how I'm complaining, stop the writing, just to hide my pain
Eternally untethered, or never was, things devised to maim
And threatened me with something that'd usher me into wiles, starvation
Either death, destruction, 'cause I shined for the Lord
And see, the devil welcomes nothing not derived from the scorn
As such continue, devil bugging, though I shined on the source
What's temporized until I'm dead, because the Bible's my sword
What's antichrists is obvious, and I can rest in some peace
That's not a method, fret I don't, 'cause in the Light
Is just He...
Stuff wasn't right, it wasn't just one, stuff combined
Just like the Word foretells, against the undeserving
Even now, the verses work as well, discernment, stuff unfair
If one was righteous or was birthed from hell
I never was competing for positions, I just learned and failed

The curse, the devil frame, for some ascension
Only hurts himself, the Lord is still Almighty, if I'm winning
It ain't worth to tell
Things that I don't like be sticking with me still
To burn my faith, in my later years, I see the Scripture come alive
I'm focused, fame increased, when I make it, or ain't no peace
Even still, marry enemies or die, you don't know misery...
Not to mention, life for God, for this, I never did a thing
And tried to help somebody out, backfires, and the spirit grieved
And there's so much attacking me and why, I'm fighting scripturally
Some justice is synonymous with crime and legions with these things...
You have to compromise yourself to rise
In the devil's world
Jesus is the One, I serve and worship 'til the final time
Goading me to be conformed, tradition, not the Bible's lines
Just because I've suffered shouldn't dismiss me, ain't design the
Wiles...
What's that's really saying, since I am Christ's, I must die or bow
And how that is acceptable, beyond me, it's just snide but proud
But I'm glasses, what's my status, I'm of Christ, the crowned
Though in spite of that, some stuff is planned to smite and strike
Me down...
So some things are evident, it ain't my fault I'm targets
For my love of Christ, from the beginning, that's the blatant truth...
And evil spirits, that harass me more, if things were cool
Some evils dished from higher places, that's satanic
Changing rules...
Plus stuff exposed so there ain't a way some things ensue
And I ain't the blame for saying my pain and satan frames of doom
For that's the devil, I ain't asked to be arranged in ruse
The mountaintop is not in earth, now seeing that, my faith accrue

Some glasses
satan, get behind me and leave my life alone
In Jesus Name

The devil sought to destroy every good thing
That's in your life

5/8/19

I'm Not An Appeaser

Save your sympathy
I stand by the Lord, revoked the net of people pleasing
Give me tribulation
I'll survive
Order is a must, this precedes what is decent
And I might need to lean on Jesus but can't be an appeaser
The thief's deceiving
All to weaken all the free
But they can't be
And can't see how much, blatantly, that they mean
I don't need your pity
For the devil can't contain me
Like war art, on the front, I have to catch the main theme
God is full of power
Let me know how you want it
Witness faith in full affect, overthrow my opponents
With the grace to pull oppression down below my components
Power, love, and a sound mind
Enrobe all my motives
But the demons in the darkness, scheming heartless, won't depart regardless
They have help, playing a part to band the mark
And start this
Battle of the spirit, hiding hands, now I ain't the smartest
But I don't think you have beef and can't name the artist
Who you talking to?
I don't know you, why you bringing darkness?
Oh, I get it
Like that quote goes, threatened brains'll target
Heighten my security
They striving to smite me
From the minus of obscurity to trying to slight me
I'm like lightning
But my wings'll float
And I'm not conceded, no,
The devil being direct so no choice but speak, defeat his ropes
Never bow down, so they make it seem my feet is slow
Never bow down, so they make it seem I'm needing hope
In reality, I'm thinking heaven
What I need to go...

Trying to battle me shows regression for no reason though
I'm too far ahead
Mark is set
But ain't pardoned yet
I don't do appeasing, truth is seasoned, and the darkness wrecked
Learn about my Jesus if you want to know what I will do
You can kill me but can't beat me
I'm a child of Truth
Even if you crowd and try to reach me, I'm resounding Truth
Nothing in you makes me fear
Or surrounding you
It's found in proof, the scripture

I wonder WHO do you think you are coming for me? ?
Are you stupid? ?

Dexsta Ray

I'M So Dang Dumb

Kicking propane...
Hist, blow, flames come
Missing most things
Bliss, is this... smoke made?
Sifting, get it, really, okay
This vision
But I'm so dang dumb
With this precision
Meant to
Witness
Long days
Ignoramus with a page
Is dissension
Or retention
Or hope
Sipping old drinks to no shame done
Boom! Crackle! Crackle!
So dang dumb
Embrace
The fire in the mire
Calming
Unaware, the twenty, both, ain't plush
Or something, chilling, illing
Building like a villain
Victim, so dang
Dumb
Sitting, itching, busy kicking propane
As if...

Dexsta Ray

I'M So Thankful

Darkbaar vir alles
Overseed between believing and grace
Lord, keep the people who don't even have to eat...
What we waste
And bless them...
Was a year of benefit through privation
Finished wishing for arrears and with contentment
Replaced them
Was vexing
But the lessons learned would blemish the methods
The tests and mess connects the wretched turns to bless-ed progression
Who knew?
For the truth ensues pursuit of the Light
Tis' the difference, inbetween, to know and do what is right
I finally made it through a colder land
With a stronger plan
Two years sleeping on the floor and sofa man
God gave me some hope and put me on a bed
Cleared out the storage
Now my family have a home again!
So thankful...
And keep up your spirits
Stand firm in your beliefs and let that be what you mirror
Have to span the deepest fissures just to see your deliverance
Sometimes... but it comes
And I'm so thankful
Unfamiliar to the sophistry but I know faithful
Took the focus from myself because the high road's greater
When you have eternal life the fact of time won't phase you
Thankful...
Can't believe a lot of things really happened
God can bring you out of darkness and replace any damage
If wants...
And even if He don't
It's to your advantage
Just like Romans eight twenty eight
And I'm thankful for the people who sustain and remain
Forever...
And just looking at the way things shifted

How I went from scraping change to getting paid wage different
And it may not be a lot but it's still dang fitting
Father, thank you for the grace, life,
And great Thanksgiving!

Dexsta Ray

Imagination And Memory

Seeing me on the tubes but ain't noticed (elemental)
It's muscle memory, I tussle in this spirit war
The gusts of wind, the still ignored, a healing orb, the Light
YHWH can't be compared
It's really normal, sort of, can't see Him there
Some faith that's seeing wear, but, as for me
I'm praising His glory, conveying stories, that, of course, the supernatural's
Involved, and true distaster comes, when evil is accepted as truth
And you can space it out, harassing, but that action, that attacking
Be like acid on you...
Mansion made of tactics crafted be collapsing on you
Light and sin are different things
What's done to Mine's exacted on you...
'Cause all the darkness is the same, and of the same mind, it's sin to claim
Imparted gifts, portrayed, as what the darkness is, it's plain to see
What faith can be...
With works, it's a like farm, I say, a liar tells a lie, and truth cannot be within him
The Spirit dwells but never with the devil
Lots seen in Scripture, I claim in truth and bring in proof
Everytime
As malice snowballed, to grow, into what's seen today, I seen the base
Behold, all...
Reading, focused, imagination ain't like my memory is, stronger
Than what I can conjure, testimonies, more complete, some mistake the two
But I can't...
I see pathetic notions, opening, when I write in private, on me, stalking
Like a lion though, I fight the strongholds back, and bite the doors closed
No more, I'm on the attack, and demon kingdoms fall, I see the walls
Broken with cracks, and it's invisible, but larger than what I could imagine
Some paths don't lead nowhere
But righteousness
Don't lead souls there, I see revelations, a plus, and covering over gross
darkness
Souls sparking, tribulation, educate for years, but one's decisions
Help design the faces, like in nature's skies, the stranger times, no one can
discern...
Instead, search for confirmation so their heads will
Turn
It's satan, doing the tempting, God had made a way to pull them out

Full devout, in Light, souls could see, the Word, without
Lull and doubt, otherwise, these constants, continue
This generation needs a sign, after sign, after sign to believe
Then, get distracted, by tomorrow, we've forgot what we've seen
And have to dig to find the answers that He dropped at our feet
But we're too busy trying to pamper plans that sorrow's conceived...
To mock the Lord and make a shew of all His Messengers is just satanic
Whoever does embrace, is blinded, but discover pain, encumbered
But release, participation in sin
Ain't compromising Him at all, I'm a slave, unto His righteousness
My heart desires what He wills
The greater's within
And no one has the right to muzzle God, and conscious of His love involved
I have memories, on one hand, and imaginations
And if one don't believe it now, don't worry, it'll come...
Let me speak, and let no demon spoil YHWH's favor
Missing disrespect for bigger pictures
Scripting, heal, corrections, I ain't short on strength to carry out, and tarry, route
of Light
The Lord couldn't make it anymore obvious, but the sin is blinding....
And hate the messenger, hell is for any in defiance, YHWH wants attention
He's worthy too, and deserves it, truly...
Seeing signs, but ain't reading lines, like a wordless movie, all the evil rise
Though it be disguised, still a circus to me...
'If I knew', ta,
Tsk...
'Cause it's the other way, in regards to, ruse, plots, this... will end your brother's
days
Because the basis, regardless, if I can speak or not
God is still engaged, from the start, until, the present, spills from heaven
Men believes it's some justice in trying to silence me
Not knowing, these contributions, protect them, 'cause if I do
Deplete, the sowing of their youth and the methods, we're as they we're
With Christ, I go to my cocoon, before ready...
Well, all they know is life, implodes, and so assume I'm upsetting
But, death, is closer though, revoke the flow, the proof that's prophetic
And every soul, unrobed, will go...
It's worse for you if I'm dead, but, still they loathe the Throne, my focus be the
Light
Anyway, I'm being polite, pro-light...
I ain't at the fullest potential, so God assists my power, just until I'm able, to
fuction

Fully, won't nothing pull me, so mistakes are naught, I hear the Father
Still encouraging, a coward doesn't speak the truth, afraid of what could happen
Scratch it, only life is Light...

And I don't fear the power, of the devil, time to write, is anytime, I can
Forever passionate

The heaven grows, I see demons legions steady teaming, want for weakening
But it's dream is only rubble, in the Light, is hope, manipulated sights
Ain't stipulate in mine, inspiration, I had came to life, I remember blatant
Some observe, degrading, words for that, I never give
The devil's whim, ignored, my list is A, my list is Weh', everything is getting
more malicious

In the wicked age, the devil's trying to hide himself in Light, to try to get his way
Imagined not, spirit battle been the case
And many probably did mistake, I never
God is in His Reign, and ever-present...
There's a major difference, clear as purity

And, oh yea, ha, I 'know enough'
God knows whatever
Hmph
If only they could see

Dexsta Ray

In Perpetuum

Oh synopsis?
Doggedness... our only option
Throw the topic on the projects
a moment..
watch...
the total opposite
of er... GILDED.. as children
go unto fulfilling this
Fate... relate?
Relax
For things are just beginning
Shush... the crickets
See I refuse to view the dreams decaying
I have nothing to lose and true to
Jesus' sayings...
These circumstances were perfect chances for earning standing
Rather, burning branches reverse the damage and learn some manners
Children turning
Savage...
Where are the parents to handle them?
Blanded chamomile...
Clandestine
Still this ascetic feels the weight and every pain
From these days... and it'd never change
The devil made it seem like the problems
Were larger than they were
No matter what you
Think...
You're a target and in perpetuum
OH
We have to keep on regardless
I used to live in blackness
Seeing back when it started... for this was meant to happen
The only mission... skip the prisons and just get established
Hoping we can fix it... so to see ascension in the families
We deserve it... so sick of hurting...
I'm determined now
Working... and up with it EARLY
I am learning how to cherish everything to the fullest extent

Look at this...

Keeping lucifer from pulling me IN

Until the

End...

Tell my counterparts to be who they are

I can see behind the scenes and

I believe you're a star

So, I know I'm not the greatest but I'm changing for BETTER

I refuse to quit until I'm in those pages forever

I'm committed...

Dexsta Ray

In Spite Of

Situations, big or basic ones, the dissipation...
Mortal life, different pages, portals, strikes
The spirit fortified, the limitations finished
Wielded swords of Light, consistent, so sufficient
Tsk, to pick me since I win, sent to diss me, but I' m ' pinch me'
All my wishing, all has been, brought to plenty
Y'all against me 'cause the wicked lost within, the cost is big
The fall is frigid, chilling nights, I'm still that nice thing
Demons want to seem just like me, still a pipe dream, I'm lightning (Thunder)
I dived in forest natures, some abhorring strangers, wishing they could hinder
me
While they take my mode, they fake, I did without a million
Pounds of ribbons, live on grounds of spirit
Scripting dark purple, different sense of meaning to me, large circles ain't my
thing
Ain't same, see, I'm a hard worker, using what I had to make a difference
With my heart
But you embarked along a mission, strong ambitions, wicked sparks, that's really
marks in YHWH's sight
He ain't
Lifted, serpents bit me first, 'cause envy birthed within them, hurts again, I
worked for this though
Mimic then, no matter what, you'll never live in this soul, I dish blows, with
tempos, until sin gone
And, certainly, yea, I think they thought it something...
Everybody struggles, see, it rain on right and wicked...
I never stopped the hustle when the snakes would bite my vision
I set the rocks that crumble as a way to heighten trenches
So my depth still undiscovered though the hate would try to steal it...
I'm determined, nothing slowing me down
Desensitized and stuff, racket all you want, your muzzles, are getting grind to
dust...
And I don't mumble, I couple love with the mind, of God, I trust in, some
malicious stuff, I wondered, if decisions rushed...
I'm still in front of the ruckus, I keep that seed behind me, dreams and things,
my wings, no schemes define me
Jesus leads and guides me...
When it started, I ain't know, I ain't grow in that
Ain't nothing wrong with that though

Still the beast, grinning teeth, I rip and teach, things, so each never see
Flames...
Remembered on the playground, getting trapped in the spiral, going up the slide
the wrong way, no malice conspired
Ain't to have think, even then, God was with me, I ain't even see it, Satan's
demons hid until my dreams were big
And things begin...
I'm the one, they ain't the one, ay, I ain't the one...
Leave a rollie on the shelf and take the bracelet, son (wooden)
Be controlling of myself, can't give the satan none
Sin is never fun, and unconvencion never done...
Forever won the race I face, my place is stable, at the finish line, already, been
in mind, ascend with time
Consistent climb, like smoke, Light has been advised already, I ain't switching
sides, saying forget your lies
Devils fail to reach me, clever, hell receives the legions though, sails, conceit,
free of reason, meaning
Seeing needless lows, but leading so...
That measured faith, proceeded on, in demon growth, I give what's given, plus
restriction from the Lord, to love the picking persecutors
Most what's similar was stolen by imperfect rulers
Never count me as a downing being, endowed a king, surrounding trees repeat
excitement, when I come around with Thee
Abounding evils think it's lightning or some normal sound (he he)
They lack discernment... I merge with earth
But, not society, it's lies to me, the highest is with me, I don't hide a thing,
behind the wing
Some find it un-Christian to be aligned with Him
The heavens etched that fire within, a lighter weight
I write, my dreams were deemed a culture, shouldered more than I thought, and
I don't vaunt, I just know the road
The portions I loss, in the immortal, I wrought
Ain't slick, can't twist, I get my fruit, and pit it in the basket, it had lasted, in
satanic tactics
Still it managed
Light...
Sick of antagonism, trying to catch me handling strife, and channeling spite, my
Light just the good, I demonstrate the great
The minions fade away with haste, contentious, can't relate
I'm goofy and I'm loyal and discerning
Guess it's they mistake, I can't
Embrace

Words can grace or damage, to the atmosphere, and call a doom, things began
to happen
Evil manages, the cause is you...
Because you drew that type of standard to dissolve the truth
When the physic map has been established by that
All the proof...
Implement the engine lifts where you saw me move (sensitize)
Then stricken it to other places then so I'm called a fluke
But even though you dipping slick, the wicked end will fall on you...
All who thinking ill will never know me, healing thoughts, the veil is off for me
The Lord, I see, because the Cross...
It ain't the first time I earned time, I fall at will, in love, Weh' is capable
They care or not? Declare the hot, I'm doing me for me, forgetting them, the
dead
Spiritually...
Everything that's going to hell is biased towards me, so I know not to take
opinions serious
Hear the whispers, no I can't, I'm still the winter, and the winner, watch me or
not
I move the ground, a soothing sound, and it'd continues 'til what's right is done,
idols, I can't find me one, and libel
Wretched titles, methods, Bible is my occupation, stop the wasting, I'm the one
who careth not, I'm here FOREVER
Living through the nuisance, who used this, I don't even feel them, heal them
Father, for they knowing not what they do, but that won't take away the fact of
flames, some rocks in some stew, the strength
I got it from you...
And everyday I'm getting better with it
Unrelated evils single me because was jealous, really...
Just the lowest of the low, abuse of physic riches
Instilling sickness, wicked missions, got me spirit treasure
Ended measures, just beginning, lie with satan

Forget what you think

I shine in spite of, like love, the white dove
Consoles me

Dexsta Ray

In Spite Of Such (Jesus Is Lord)

Cliché, it ain't, but is what I wish
Is hateless
For what is, bliss, joy, and chances, to re-write, norms
Some just expansions, spring like toys, and boxes
Compassions, I keep the Acts in view, ain't fashioned to the beast
Demonic cults, and that can faction sleaze, still crafting, yea
I see, things wasn't awake, the electronic, plunder my soul
Allowed since I been known with Jesus
Nothing free about it, getting calls, that's meant to shroud me
Sneaky crimes, that's simultaneous, allowed so envy down me
At the same time, threatened, in measure, specific to my heart
Implications spreaded, unless, submitting, to get a mark
I don't serve an image, like Revelations, suggestions smart
And this ain't no subliminal, never stating, to pick apart
I hear a lot gone kill me
From hands of satan, I still embark, ain't filled with darkness
Praises, my innocent blood, shall cry to God...
For certain
Hugging verses, of Scripture, while being in persecution
Sourced beyond my power, I spoke the truth 'cause the curses
Slew me
Proof my wings of God, it ain't matter, stuff thirsted for worse
To move me, baphemont activity, shatter it, with the Psalms profusely
Slander wasn't getting it, after that, stuff just come to shoot me
Just for following Christ, while the powers know, like some monstrous movie
When, supposedly, God's the origin, of where some stuff
Was grew from, now, it's something futile, I ain't really safe
Til' my stuff disproven...
But mine was rooted in Scripture, so that is just delusions
Such ain't been my fault, I'm assimilate, so that money rule me...
Nothing stupid, enough to know, that it's just to tool in crazy games of life
I ain't framed no more, now it's just a hit...
Exploit my vulnerabilities, by someone, who in lust with sins
I ain't on the edge of my sanity
This ain't just begin
As long as I'm in peril, I'm etching these, til some constants end
Really, such just want it be safe, for criminal stuff to prosper
And if they suspect you've defense, such then misjudge as drama
It's a way, escaping with bullying, hatred crimes, and problems...

Then I was threatened on corporate levels for being attacked
I couldn't live life in just normal settings though still was trapped
And evils threatening my families if I don't deal with that...
Since I followed Christ, way before my talent would heal the cracks
Still, impacting, with Scripture patents, unveiling madness
Demonic tactics, to kill my family, from wicked brackets
I'm still established...

6/5/19

Dexsta Ray

In The End

In the end, in the end, I won't allow this to change me
I paid a major price to claim my life
Then fellowshiping with the Lord
The Savior
Which is Christ
I stay unnamed since it's unpaid survival
They had me framed
Anything I say degrade my light
The pages of the bible
Gave some comfort
To my troubled
Heart
Still within the trials but today I suffer 'cause I'm smart
I'm peering through the fire...
Looking at the tactics still arranging
They claim I'm liars so my books are banished
Hid in hatred
'Cause I talk about the tricks conspired
Played in sick for hires, embrace my sick attire
Unattractive, but, I, sin desires, but I skip the mire
Rooted in faith, and like the air is to the simple tire
Truth's to the aim, so saints remain but probably can't explain
The greatness of
The Higher
One
I'm writing psalms through bridled tongues
And patience don't require
Drugs...
Just let it be a group thing to reduce a truer
Banding up to plan, now, so later, we subdue and bruise him
Not to mention
What is waiting, if we cufiscate him, plan it to a T
If he speak, that mean just afraid then
Evil legions didn't think
It doesn't make no
Sense
'Cause I ain't never claim to be thing but recovered sinner
To be in light just make us prey to all this wickedness
Chains upon the righteous and the hatred for the innocent...

A whole place came together to oppress a soul
I ain't want you in it!
Aimed to tell you just to let you know!
Because the devil kept the
Fakeness
Stories stay twisted, if it wasn't big a deal
Surely, everything'd be different...
Emphasizing disrespect
And that's just adding
To it
People blind, they want you to oppress me so
They have it good...
But if you in the same boat, it's a shame yo
I have my own battles, now I'm challenged from some
Maimed souls
That I truly ain't know, o, what changed though?
Everything may seem to be of justice but it ain't though...
Because I ain't slow, my memory great
Some people throw the food down if you give them a plate
Or try to pick it back up to say they giving you breaks
Or hand you one with poison on it so you shiver and shake...
There's worse things that had been said and done there
But I'm singled out, asked to run, apparently unfair, but I keep my mouth
Some say I have it good, but I'm sitting here freaking out!
Some people pass you to the wolves
Laughing if you
Be devoured...
'If he asked then kill him, let him come around'
'See, he always playing victim, I just want to clown'
When I hear, I turn to scripture and the puzzles down
Then the picture's clearer than a mirror, no obstructions
Found...
All my life, I vowed to help people, make a difference
Even though the masses ain't accept Jesus, they can hear it...
I prove faithful to the great ones who oppresseth not
People I ain't mess with plot, besetted all my blessings
Why?
I speak the heart, then I'm a wretched one who just cannot
Let a thing go
A strange soul, well, I'm set with God...
I'm well aware of all the foolishness that came to pass
I'm so true in what I do, some want to try to slay me bad...

Stalking me, try corrupting everything I have
On top of all oppressors on the front who want to make me sad...
But I'm praising
Glad!
God is incharge! He's strong, and owns the devil's kingdom
Like the sky does the stars!
And though I see what's coming next
There's no time in my heart
Where I will fear the crumbled nets, I secure the bubble's
Test
Crooked, looking, but else should I do?
Because if I am crooked too
I'll just look like fool...
It ain't a matter of some badder soul just letting me flourish
And holding things belonging to me while I'm stressing misfortune
See in the bosom
Of the wise... is the recipe sorted
Just let dissension have a time while the blessings restore it...
I'll never get how people I don't know got tied to things that
Find my soul
Making up excuses for it, though I know the real reason
But I guess it's time to grow
I don't fear nobody
Oh, I got the heart that God condones
Embracing real values
In the book that He opined and wrote...
I met a lot of strong people
I salute the warriors
Anybody's hating on evil and are due for torment
Reprobate... We gone pray, that they choose importance
Not the carnal values, hurting people to be cool, distortion...
It's not about the judging other people's
Choice of living
But I ain't for the evil crushing all my portions given
Left alone... Is how I want to be, apportion strictly
But I know my soul is sought, a fortune
Devil sword against me...

But in the end... I shall be saved
No matter what I see
Coming
My faith will remain, in Christ and Light

Not worried about the evil

Only Truth

One day, I will, be avenged

Dexsta Ray

In Your Armz

So many questions, impressionable, forbidden utterance
Never asked, and never will, that's, perhaps, a building...
But, I had this feeling, thinking, different paths, a healing might be
Possible, through forms of closure, so an obstacle
I know about the soul, and how, it's modeled by God
That strong connection, to the Throne, odes, and Psalms, behold
The truer nature, gluing paper, rooted and grounded
On Yawh's foundation, found the beauty in the simplest things
And now, in waiting, thinking, of the ethereal situations
That hound the ways of life
Which was hidden, from whatever time, to sever vines...
Before awareness was a factor
To the present vibe, when something held a pattern back
Or let it go to edit time...
But I don't question what had happened
I mean, if my depression was a matchstick that
Some presence lit a candle with, for passage, or progressions in
Some matters that were blessings, then
I'm satisfied, regardless, if not me, still it was just as nice
Stuck on righteous life and Light with Christ in the temple
I seen original anointings of some fighting in the spirit
It's like it's fire, but for God, a fine desire, that define the height ascended
To, but limits due to kinds of pain, intrinsic too
But I'm the same, a different tune, and how could I explain
The shift, like I could sing, I miss and long for vibes and things
That isn't known...
A slice remain, the prairies, or complex structures
Like architecture
Been, not quite important, as being united, and in alignment
Need to know I caring
Despite, and I'm on spiritual
The miracle, is Light
Sights of lightning that hold a deeper meaning
Signs unfolding, prophecies, watch from towers
For lots of hours
Not devoured, though you are weary, my themes got flowers
In them
Lines with dots, and spaces, and natural graces
I miss a Light, distance hold no prospect, wishing that I could've

Saw it sooner, value is, to me, something infinite
Let me call the musing, all amusing, you or replacements
That ain't at all reducing, thoughts, bewilderment
Wonder where it crossed, and got losts, dividing
Missing pieces, incompleteness felt, but ain't ever brought up
Help needed, yea, for every step, never settle cause of
Fog, in ethereals, as such, ain't had a bunch
Passion clutch, but what's it really?
Pass a plus, that sand I haven't added, rushed to brand my path
As what describe the marble surfaces, the scratches, I can't answer to
Ain't mad, resumed, the absence of a choice, although my preference remain
within your hand, presumed...

Light, Light, Light...
Right in your armz, my soul
Just long for good
6/9/19

Dexsta Ray

Incense

Biases to liars, in spite of, the higher witnessing
Slight misrepresenting, it's flipped, 'cause I'm the prophecy
Which the rivals seen
For themselves
Still want to lie and feed perspectives lacking substance
'Cause desperate
And need an idol quick, attacked my life again
With foreknowledge
I'm seen as spiteful, when I finally comprehendeth
What I ain't know, stuff devised again, never made it out
They saw Jesus
But still conspired again
Forever made it 'bout satan demons
Instead of righteousness
I'm obviously, more advanced, I've succeeded
The devil's tribe pretend
Ascending, off the name of another
And trying to play it off...
But my stuff from heaven, not seeking to climb to make you fall
My sincere progression, press the envious to take my life
'Cause my potential greater
I ain't ended, they embraced a lie, and want to cling to something
That's diminished so the Savior die
Consistent, is my substance
I'd dominate what they framed to hide
The fact that I was more
Than whatever whoever saying
From pride
Mad because some care that the measure that I embrace was Light
And opposition jealous, arranging
The lessons satan sign, to misportray the vibes
They could never
Then instigate the violence
Hate to face the facts
Of their falsity, so they pray I die, and make a way to try
With foreknowledge
And won't get off of me, I ain't even know
'Bout the object, but I perceived
The fruit

Obloquy, it all was a scheme, to stalk, and justify
And profit off my substance, while hiding me under lies and more
Fools don't care for wisdom
Such tried to be all my
Vibes and more, and YHWH still been with me
The enemy hide behind the doors
That YHWH open up, opportunities, compromised and scorched
To ruin me, from the lines, they designed, that I defied
And morphed, and beautifully
Into something better
Forever, I'm the LORD's, clever strategies, left me out
While still inside the orb...
I knew myself, but couldn't understand why I'm ignored
It turns out I was left
I guess it's since I saw some grinds, adore and not abhor
'Cause I'm of Light, it's not my fault
That I was scourge
With heavy stuff that I ain't know, I can't survive, cause lies were forged...
I learned...
A bunch of lessons, though my lifestyle was different
And if I questioned it before, certainly
Light, now, is clearer
If it was YHWH's will, that evil shall befall me, hope the truth is known
And I'm some proof of YHWH's glory
Nothing like usuals
Weh' my meditation, for years, like it was two ago
When all I knew was pain, and my tears, for fear my muse was stole
Military stuff `gainst a baby, imagine how that is...
I guess they still could make it...
Dismantling all that compile a kid, fragments
Even young, souls impressionable
If you smile, you blipped
Plus you had to maintain, find a job, and still try to live...
Judgement inconsiderate
Acting like it's a crime to snivel
Really, was influences
Cruelty, and dehumanizing, and demoralizing
There's unity, not for your environment, stalking me to kill me
Not to help, like support or kindness, trying to hide the LORD
And the antichrist stuff that
Scorners binded
But my rhymes, is more, than stuff defined by stuff that come behind

I don't fear no evil, the LORD my Shepherd
Like fluff and Guidance
Such don't even know me, half-truths, with smear and stuff combining
Mansions built on downfalls, that's temporary
Like trust and lying
YHWH is my Source, how I live expressed it, though crushed with
Violence
With my Bible and my Cross
In spite of, thus, the antichrists, shall spread across the lands
Of most societies, to brand it all
Until the LORD return
Plus, discretion, appearance says it all
A trend of lengthy dresses
And covering clothes, for the ladies, nice to see
Save the rest for just the husband
Such align to Scripture
Some levels new to me but seem already like it's figured
Antichrists are threatening to burn me in my livelihoods
For following Jesus, following bleeps, while writing this
To bow to beast or die
Well, God I'm choosing over that
Won't see me on the other
Side...

Jesus is LORD
The devil is a liar
10/9/19

Dexsta Ray

Ink Eryngium

Though nobody understand just what I'm saying
Or relate to my journey
I still believe
Yea, we
Can
Thoughts to flourish in the midst of nothing, pinching
Sordid observations
Saying, 'more of this' and unconditioned
Talking 'bout some bacon
Sin became the
Kitchen
What's a man? Guns, dissension, even fighting with the hands
But this isn't close to true
Just the hate imposed on you
Though it be another
Way
Like trap doors in a maze, and the haze
But afraid to see a change
Paralyzes
Folks
I find my concentration being strained, chained
Even in the spirit battle, nearer, clearer prattle
Saying we understand the same
But hey
Just different channels
Knowing I ain't the only soul to peer, friends, I need,
Who's shown?
Too long a creaky path and a
Journey, misery
Occurring
Still, it wouldn't be too human without the waterfalls
Writing letters to yourself just to absorb it all
Call it what you please
Falling trees
But not the redwoods, it ain't the leaning ones
That's falling, now, mislead, seeds
Drowning in the dead sea, trapped within it head deep, wondering who led me,
searching for the said free
'Cause these are moments that define every essence

Display exposure, like a promise
That decline when
You tested
I guess the message ain't affected by the present, but it probably is
But ain't no way to tell unless it mean to settle something
Even if it wasn't ready
Chips and spaghetti, unpolished options, seal confetti,
'Membered words like 'apostrophe'
Ruckus and the poverty
Of money and
Spirit
Unfolding sands of the prophecies, planned as if in obloquy
And that ain't even saying too much
But yet, it's too far
To just prefer the spirit truth if with a new car, sensitive to topics
I'm a sensitive topic
Like flint, perceived but still it's cracked, admit, but don't stop it
Live dropping, window seals, disrupting all the pulling
Unaware attention
Ticking tapping, pitter patter, underneath the floors
Somewhere in the doors, hidden spores
Exploitation, funny
Wild bunnies
Let them keep their feet! It doesn't save one, just a reach of satan
Superstitions are abominable, the magics and the spells
Equal hell, the occult is crazy
Complexes...
Catch me... eee, I'm floating into obscurity
The strings that were tied to my ankles, just broke, though joking so
The mirror breathes, as spirits leave, and fear recedes
Over take you, let the deep end, of your largest
Dream...
How could any say you write like them? Light kites fly still
Tied, buckets named 'Obstacles' to hold them
Down into place
Like night, spilled darker themes that unveiled the motive of grace
Misconstruing minor phases with enslavement
Of the soul...
O, the woe, to own a love that long to end you, deep inside
Although a love, it's behind the scenes,
Resent your mind
Don't we have the rise? In every matter 'til finished

Not just to fight against the devil 'til the chatter has ended
I hoping not, most, disappointing God
Sometimes, the lost control
Ain't no holding
Us
'Us' within the Light, for now, I come across as false but just disturbed
But everybody has it, umbrellas stop the rain
Until it burns...
But still remain, still remain, remaining firm, opened doorways to demons
In the spirit, trying to get into my soul, but it's still a whole
So I mosey on
I think it's time to find another notebook
To bleed unto, this gone
Let the devil
Try
I made it every time, he ain't taking out the grind, don't nobody understand
How hard I'm trying, and that ain't got a thing to do with writing
I'll be doing this for my time
But the spirit battle
In-between the
Lines
Intervening eyes, seeing time, being snide, seeming kind
We defying, anything can happen but not everything, never be defined
In a different context, to be aligned
Clean design
Never panic, be rigid
Sometimes, this life is complicated, and the ones who
Understand it, probably fiction

Dexsta Ray

Ink Stained Switch Blade

There's a ink stained switch blade...

Ting

Ting

Ting

I have a switch blade in my ink... Ting Ting Ting

And there's some ink upon the switch blade...

Ting

Ting

Ting

I've been engraving poetry.... Ting Ting Ting

Before, I chisel in, the last few lines

If you can find the matches and the candles

You can have them

I ain't stingy, same contingency

Plastic chains of enmity, made classic by wanting

I don't embrace to tame an industry

Just passion's my motive

I told the Lord He can depend on me

So when He asked about my doubt, I couldn't find an answer

Lord, I'm trying to grasp the sounder route

I found it out a while back, in the mounds, tracks, script and down that

The fact'll lead me back around, quicker

A hundred proof like stout liquor, which I doubt, fix us

First Corinthians two fourteen explains the proud's disses

But the Lord is now with us

Though defiled witches, plotting on the options, watching

Knocking on the rocks, with bird chirpings on a platform

The flak forms at the top

Bar like synopsis, drinking, falling out, a black star without the time for that...

And different ribbons find my hat

Pacts to represent, Jesus heals the ailing, sick and lame ones

Breath to step with Him, so stay with Him

I left the 'real' of the world's eye

Deaded my fancies, and pathetic things, abetted dreams...

'Cause what's a little bit of power with a missing soul?

No one knows this, while alive, it gets devoured, when you're gone

When it's the hour, spirit zone...

And collected scenes, terrifying visions, sights are given

And if Christ positioned me, for light to souls
In a way I ain't intended, I will change up everything!
Like the day when 'Weh ascended, back
To get attached with the Father, sitting at His right hand
The reason people get tomorrow
Pleadings for their life spans... By the Son, to the Most
Since their lives begun
Coupled with instructions from the Ghost, 'cause the Light has won...
Some don't perceive excitement though
That's the highest growth
Focused on the right thing up until it's time to float...
And I can know about the future, how it actually is
The powers want me bad
And refuse to let my passion live
Jesus pulled me out the bag and demons scratched my shield
I ain't know what happened
I was actually thinking plants and fields...
I'm older now
A man with bills
Ever since the devil stole my folder, I've been open to the chance to heal
Which is far because the darkness scarred the trust up
What you have a guard against
The Lord can use for
Justice
It's but a simple spirit truth, some I learned in life
If you have the Armor on of God, no flame can burn you twice
No spills...
Pass the folly like it's roadkill
I'm stoked, healed, the Most lives, the whole deal is so real...
I ain't afraid of consequences from a just action
I create a statement and their applications just madness
Thus tragic, wrap it up and bag it
False values are arrange to bring trouble to the blameless
Liars entertain it
And I just laugh, Lord, i know you see this strangeness, still I clutch class...
I gun pass like runflats
When it's one bad, even though I never done crap, haters just mad
My dust lasts for some seasons
Then I rush back
Flash from the past, traps, I leap them, like I run track
I'm even being stalked now, and I hate that...
Will persecutors pause now, and just stay back?

I ain't welcome in the world
I'd hate to change
That
Trying to save the ones receptive to it on my way back, to the place of only
peace
So ain't no release
From the spirit journey, there are missions still occurring
So I wipe the switch blade for the picture 'til it's pearly, I can talk about my pain
I can talk about my praise
I can talk about success, I can talk about the chains
I can talk about the mess that try to chalk me down
In shame
I can talk about the mighty, saw how God downs the lying
Trying to smite my legacy and fight me, won't entice me
Evil always trying to mess with me
I got the recipe, that best completes, the striving, which is love
It's enough
Love the Lord until the death of me
I never sweat who did their thing, see, I did it ME
Other people's dreams are not my aim
Life is full enough...
Accused of fights I never claim, and never gave consent to
Words being been put into my mouth
To play against the truth, false witnesses, script shifters in the
Mix too, and ending who?
When I don't reply, I didn't cue, I ain't press for time anyway
Like the wicked move
People I don't even know be looking mean at me...
Satan get upset because I chose the Lord, but we ain't scrappin'...
I just act like it ain't at me, 'cause I KNOW it ain't
A lot of evil spirits trying to snatch me from the hold of Weh'
But you can go away
I tell the devil on today, I don't know about that extra stuff
It don't concern me, even hateful words
From wretched tongues, it don't disturb me, I'll tell you 'bout the Lord
And hope it got absorbed
For your soul... Either way, after death, a lots in store for humans
And can't say what you don't know about before you do it
Any situation, that immortal crown
Is motivation... So many want to see me down on my face, with scrapes
And bruises, pain, and truthfully, I'm down for the cause, I'm with the Light

And aim to be

Remember

What the Chosen One told us...

Jesus's words live forever

Anytime you find yourself

Tangled in the nets of evil

God can work it all out

His mercy is

Like a switch blade

Dexsta Ray

Insinuations

Insinuations never even give a chance
Instead of the facts
You believe in what was said
Eating what you're fed
Sometimes things are not as they seem
The person with the crummy clothes could turn out as a king
Insinuations make divagated dreams
A brief intermission that wasn't scripted in our schemes
To take a guesstimate of what you don't understand
Applying all detriment to an ambiguous plan
But take another stance
Go and seek the truth
Gain understanding or take a seat and be a fool
And you can heed a clue in the wrong way
Insinuate the wrong thing
Mere implications
Flipped around and gone a long way'

Dexsta Ray

Inspissating Light

So I take a look at Psalms
Take a look that calms
Pasty palms
Book of alms that'd irritate the balms
And David's song
Had resonated with God
Too in the Light to be their constant
Reckon greatness is odd...
It's time to play a game of no rebuttals
A resin to the strength
A heated blade through coldness
Butter
Message through the film
That I accrue to Him
Too much beauty to conceal
Damaged newbies too unveil
The lasting truths He knew'd fulfill
Crybaby
What the slanderers say
Although the hope in high places
Are the answers they chase
Don't talk to me about the love of money
That be a part of life
The hearts of minds who are the blind That keep departing light...
I guess they think we'd get a couple of chances
With double the antics
Tumbling pansies
satan mad I could be cuffing a Grammy
They want to pick a fight
Jealous but the world condones
Jezebel can rest in hell
Sup with the family
Twirling wrong, enough with the candy
Scripture told me what to expect
The spirit grows me on the villian's sown
Where nothing had catch
A lot of people get gone before it get on
To say goodbye
Before you realize the satan eyes

Yea, snakes should fry
War to kill lies
And stay aligned, I break the binds
The same brother shaking
Tries
The devil's set-ups, fake disguised as villain
Trying to make snides and tell me 'shut up'
That is when I slip them, can't deny, that I can fly
Blending lyric with the spirit
Hear the truth from Light of God
Envy sitting in the
Clearing...
Wicked people use the cash as excuse
They pay attention to your downfall but dash if you grew
And hate to mention of the foul calls
And Christians even down flaw
To lash at the truth
To get some money, some will drown all
And that's back to you
Because the wicked try ignoring hell,
Snoring at the minute
But they'll get it when that portion fails...
Claim I'm crying but I'm conveying the truth
Forget your Uzi and your nine, I'm not afraid of your tools
I said I had a larger kind and I am praising Him too!
Society just like to be in darkness, fate of a fool!
Some evil want to try to harm God's anointed
Do I seem worried?
So many watching what I do but never key serpents
Plus I'm jolly, bearing fruit, I'll never be worthless
After all the evil I been through
I should be perfect...
But instead of making up a false image
I earn the trust of God the old way by crushing y'all limits
Misrepresent me all you like but God
Replenish all the light
When I finish
This...
I'm back to script, exalting this to High
Don't treat a soldier like you would a coward
Or roll a boulder on you
An evil coaster, trifle, long to see the good devoured!

Long ago, I would've soured
Caught and entangled
And in a way I still
Am...
But this all an assignment, so no bawling or crying
Just a call of excitement Consignment...
Hand around lightened writings to the Cross alignments
And it's silent...
Keep your eyes on a swivel
And ain't no telling what's arriving
Keep your grind on the scripture...
Ignore the trash-talking trolls
Ha..
That's how they feel better, for not having any goals
And they still never
Make it to the point where they can grow
Because they deal fetters
Satan children dishing out some ropes
But the real tear them, ill-measured
Got to cope when demons
Steal treasure
Jesus made the Scripture, sent it out for hope, I heal, settled
I'm not attached to
You
Why these strangers speaking at me?
While their enablers just try to make it
Seem we clashing
You got some rabbit
Food?
'Cause they can't even see the passion
Tied into the Savior's trust, a Jewel of Grace
A peace established...
I don't care about mosquitos, now I wear repellent
So they can buzz around my ear and dwell, I never felt it
Why they won't leave us alone? Will Jesus ever tell me
Then I learned that humans needed bugs
They're forever present
Think about how we can toss almost every beast
But still
There's something small as that to, crawl on us
We'll never see, and some have held disease
We better lead and stay humble, without a mumble

Dexsta Ray

Intangible Beauty

Beauty is a lot more than what we can see
It resides deep within the inner
Reaches of the soul
Gleaming
Nice to understand how spirit goes
And it glows a bunch
Even when it seems to be enclosed
What is beautifully

Dexsta Ray

Internal Duo

Look at how the fire burns bold and bright
A lonely glowing light for the coldest nights
An ember within ice
Drubbed exterior too solid to melt
Diamond-cut facade so afraid of help
Eat one's heart out
Now devil may care
Hope against hope
Shouting labored prayers
A fairly good sprout being watered by the showers of doubt
With a certain good riddance
Didn't give in to flout
A simple man stuck between two extremes
Others see a darker part
Not exactly as it seems
God please intervene
They're antagonizing me
They're thinking too shallow
Only believing what they see

Dexsta Ray

Invisible Eggshells

I shouldn't be as worried for my circumstances
I record it 'cause it's real
Not imagined...
I got established in this spirit life of learning
Strike and burning matches
I'm determined
Like the natural factors of the physic realm...
And time's exactness
Might prolapse if I ain't writing facts
Knife and tablet
Slice around the madness
Til' the ground collapse and opens
In the lands beneath the canopy
And passing slowly, managed closely
Quoting from the Bible throws me some revival
Loving the percentage
While I'm shunning the perdition
Sudden struggles in the ...
No trouble with it though
Uncovered plenty more
Chips of eggshells, where nets set
Invisible surroundings, my best bet
Is to check yes, profess well the faith
Just abounding, it's critical for living
Dress tests with paint, and it's grace colored
O! Marvelous
I harkened this to sharpen all the shards
Many parts and sparks, and darts
Ain't keeping score, not even more
The heart's a different meaning
Than it was... the saddest stories
Trying capture, absent glory, not appreciative
I'm not a piece of them
Sandlewood and
Peace...
The candles, good...
Dreams fulfilled and lots of pizza chips
Thinking 'bout this other world
The characters I ink

Are real...
I'm in a lover's world, the jungles doubled up a bunch
The dumbest have
The best of
Times, it's just designs, collect the mind...
I relate to what I write, and I'm okay with me
I take the heat, and use it back
Diffusing that, ain't ruling scraps...
I hate to see the ailing hurting and the true ones
Crack
If illusions crash, in flashes
Backlashes, in vacuums, form like black holes
In space
Spies, be watching
Got my ideas on the portion they take
Then asking me, 'Why are you copying? '
Distorting my name, my aim, in order are some
Blocking dreams, with forces engaged
In hate, designs of terrorism, hack
Til', normally, it pains
Intimidated by the righteous formulas that I bring
Got nothing on me but some falsehood
That fortune's arranged
But, still, I sing my songs of praise
Unto to the Lord
And lack formality, I'm unconventional
And need a blessing, even methods
Jesus is my resource and restoration
I ain't really worried...
I think of circumstance too much though
I've seen depression, leave it's presence
Clinging to the Lord and receiving precious
Peace, once again, it's more, than nets released
Corrected things, and tragic habits
Feel the love I feel in you, connected beings
It's really true, and needed, see, the King is
Soon to come, I falleth on my knees in prayer
The weakest tear the snares through God
I'm odd, and happy, slots can't grasp me
I'll be glad for just the crumbs
Underneath the table
What you saw is me with

Breadcrumbs...
Imagined me with greater, I know that Jesus able
Too much faith to be a hater
Treading over eggshells
In steeltoe boots with cleats in nature...
And not on purpose at all
It's just, in earth, we strangers
Planted in the righteousness
Falls happen
It be to change us...
And I ain't dissing my friends
But enemies, I play with
Re-evaluated my life, and the important things
That's what I stay with, hard times came
Somehow, I made it, different realizations survive
If Weh' in it's equation, felt a weighty spirit
I cried, inside, and don't know why
Tired of feeling something...
I love it

Dexsta Ray

It Ain'T A Certain Time

She use her blood to hush the ink
Up
Whispering
Losing touch
Hearing everything
You see her tablet and her pencil
Rarely sang
Unaware of all the schemes that's before her
With a gentle heart
Trying to get back on a accord
So the rhythm starts
Picking off the pieces of the past
Placing on the floor
Wanting for the flowers or the glasses
That mimic thee
Poetry relaxing
Though it's asking for her memories
She ain't trying to grab at all of that
The mirror sings
Tablet of reflections of her mysteries

Dexsta Ray

It All Makes Sense (To Me)

Just an observation...

Satan is officially the 'ruler' of
This world (John 12: 31)
Everything done outside of
The arc of God is playing
Right into the
Hands...
Of this enemy
Satan strives to promote false philosophies
In the world and his agenda is
Scripted in (2 Corinthians 4: 4)
For he blinds the minds
Of skeptics...
And unbelievers so that they
Cannot see the light of
The gospel of the glory of
Christ...
Let us consider society...
We already know that satan is in control
Of society but just really take time
To view the situation...
Notice how we say the 'realest' individuals
Are those willing to throw away the
ONLY life they'll ever have
Over foolishness... that's satanic
But satan will dress it up
Though...
You are PRAISED for destroying yourself
Your future, your peace and your
Brothers... that's satanic
Notice how we idolize and take
Pride... in the streets when that's just the
Foundation of SOCIETY
For the streets encapsulate EVERY SINGLE evil
That satan's EVER created but we
Celebrate it...
Like it's a 'positive' thing
And we only do that for 'power' and worldly 'respect'

Think about it... that's satanic
See, we are playing right into his hands
Because he WANTS us to be enthusiastic about
Going to hell and joining him for
All eternity...
That's his agenda
Don't you find it strange how everything
That satan loves is what we, as a people,
Consider 'real'?
Isn't it strange how everything that can
Get us into...
Heaven...
Is looked down upon and considered weak
Through the eyes of the 'worldly'?
That's satanic... that's society...
This all makes sense
It's time for us to wake up
This spiritual warfare is what's real
It's time to get educated and
Start fighting back...
Though you can't 'physically' see the 'spiritual'
Realm doesn't mean it isn't HERE
Satan is here...
Acting as though this doesn't exist is only
Making his job easier... it's all fun and
Games in this physical world
But... we all have to die
Who you see on the other side is truly
Up to you... this all makes sense

Dexsta Ray

It Be Hot!

Man, that heat don't be no joke
Though the fan
Steady
Blazing, and turning up to full speed, but that burn doesn't go
I see a lot of other scenes
I relate
Think the freezers be a better place
After all the heat we felt
Today!
But to never question God's pure decisions and intentions
I ain't nothing special! I can't tell Him something
Of His weather
It's a blessing just to see the sun another time
Just until we all can see the Son
The other side
Though It's the same thing! Physically, it's just of the science
But spiritually, we can understand it rightly
The shining! IS more than we
Perceive
It be hot! But it's nothing like the region deemed
Fire for the fallen angels and us humans
Being deceived
By the devil through his devices
Right now, we have it
Good

Dexsta Ray

It Finally Failed

I always had a teal beaten up station wagon-like car in 'dream world' that allows me to time travel. It allowed me to visit my most painful moments in life. It was so eerie that, just sitting in the back part of it, and looking through the tinted windows of the car, the outside environment is exactly what it was during those times of the most pain in my life. Housing all the people, places and things in, what seems to be, real time. I can also supernaturally see what others with knowledge of this are even saying to this day or have recently said concerning those times in my life. It's also like a 'time capsule' to visit dreams I already had before only during those specific times. The catch is, in the sleep world, the timeframe always resets to a certain point in time by default. It depends on my ability to 'reset' this vehicle. As strange as it seems, whenever these 'portals' manifests, I feel an alarming sense of peace and comfort. Conversing and everything as if it was real but it only is to those who are a part of the dream world. The vehicle never drives. It just 'resets' if you get the 'ritual' right and climb into it. Has something to do with phones, electronics, desperation to leave that time and etc. What's weird about my last visit is, the car is dismantled or seems disabled. I was able to divert to the 'default time' but I wasn't able to go past that point even when the bad stuff came. Reliving everything over. I almost completed the 'reset' but the strangest thing happened... One of those inside the dream, who are normally unaware I'm from the future, wanted to come with me...

Dexsta Ray

It Wouldn't Surprise Me

I set myself up, for blessings, quests for methods of success
An eager questimate
An evil second, nets have left me
Could it be the presence of 'Weh?
I make a clenched fist, shake it, to the message of hate
And all that wretched bait
I bet, today, the struggle conjured each a bunch of glory
Which the rest degrades so that evil have another drama story
So that, peace, success behaves
To regress the faith
From lessons gained, and questions made
The blessings conjure up abhorring...
I see the wicked want my hand because I like to write
And strive to clip the wick, to smite my candle
Hide my shining Light
The Jezebel is what command them, now I'm in the zone
and driven on, adjusted like some tandoms
Now don't get me wrong
Love is beautiful, I ain't above the cuticle, and revolutionals
All for evolution in the soul
But it's getting bold, not really strong, when you see me
It's disputable, and if it's true
It wouldn't be geeenie like... living low, mystical, with hopes to see me die
I'm the one delusional
Yet you think I did YOU wrong...
I live in poems
Strangers come to try to fix my 'home'
Spitting in it, wicked aim, spirits cannot get alone
Because they sitteth with the world
But I'm with the Throne
Kneeling to the Highest, prostrate on the ground, I'm still a soul
So oppression will oppose
And it still upholds, the silly rigid values, and even still it's on...
I probably got a mouthpiece 'cause I'm Yahweh's seed
That's all I really need
That Cross had really freed me, king'd me, redeemed me, not deceived
Each person who embraces it is changed into a clean being
Twisted words
Demons try to make me fit their folly

And they know what's up, so to the public, they're a little snobby
Grinding on
Slipping everything they sent to stop me!
Downplaying the things they did to now make me ill-acknowledged
Interfered with college even
Sin like cottage cheese, to God, the scent of being a failure
Heavy on their toxic thinking
I need help
I wonder who the one who watched me grieving
Slaving to the top
You made me drop, and there was not a reason...
Satan plots, sometimes, it's hard to say who watch your seasons
Major plays or not
There's somebody wants to knock your dreams in
Before I leave this
So I understand the spot, the maze, I don't just be rhyming
Have to free myself
The envy frames
So they devised it, but they needed help, I didn't break
So they had to find some evil people with that mental state
And they combined just like the Proverbs in the Scriptures say
Yet they would disguise it like they're helping someone
In the flank
To help the dark who sparked with envy
See, the world is blind
I needed every change that came against me
You can see I ain't ashamed
Ain't deranged
Ain't contained by hate and envy
Plus it really wouldn't surprise me if some aim to pray to against me
Evil knows that evil's jealous, I ain't getting it
Never seen the faces
I ain't trying to, you'd think that I was blind too
But I'm back to focus
Fact is, regardless, I will never be your man 'cause you deal me darkness
Scarred, and heartless
And don't blame me 'cause I don't know you
And I don't owe you
I'm a fraud because I won't own you
Promises are broken for you, if you really made them, once again
I slip and cuss but I can just repent
And plus nobody got a hell or heaven set to judge me in...

My heart goes out to others of the different types of struggles
Watch the ones who grime you up because they only lightly love you
And I'm in shape, but of a different kind, just like a puzzle
Fit together great
In my vision signed, and by the Spirit, plenty don't surprise me
'Cause the Lord speaks, and I can hear it
As time delivers, and resented, why? 'Cause chiders fear me
Striving to be wholesome in the Light
I know Christ is here...
So wipe your tears, I don't write to be some type of heir
Been in the fight for years
I ain't restarted since the Light appeared
I'm shining bright and they can hardly see me, like a light
The devil gets upset but I'm at ease, eating Mike and Ikes
My actions fit the words I dream
Because I strive for right, and close my eyes at night
In perfect peace, and no disguising strife
I think about my memories
I used to ride at night, looking at the Christmas things
Talking and confiding in Christ
And to my surprise
Some would say He's silent, why? He's hiding, why?
I even heard He didn't come to life and died...
But that's quite a blind
The Holy Book is more than truth
Aim to get your life aligned and souls could view His glory too
I cannot change who don't accept me
They've rejected God
Who had truly only longed to help them, let me just survive

Forgetting all those shallow false values
And only stick to right
The wicked use the Christian views just to get in fights
When they envy life of a God given vessel
Even though you're Light
Still they try to wild you just to test you, just to stress you
That don't mean you always will do right
They ain't experience both sides, so they've only physic sight

Tsk...

I wouldn't be surprise

It's Not About Me

It's not about the doubt in my heart
No importance to myself
Because the picture is larger
It's not about my health or the pain that I feel
It's all about the love and the faces I heal
So praises up above
Lord forgive for me for my transgressions
I'll fight until I am the only man standing
Help me
Here's hoping that I can manage
I don't need the recognition man just let my friends have it

Dexsta Ray

Its Okay

Don't think I don't know
Because I've peeped your agony
It had to be
The cause' of this feeling
Grabbing me
And actually
I've been trying to free my face from the tears
But now my fallen soldier is the one who's raised me for years
Now you're in constant pain
Every day
And never complained
Why does it have to be this way?
I could never explain
I couldn't stand to see you in this form of torment
I'd rather it me
The future seems a bit' distorted
Wouldn't know what to do if they had taken you away
I could only stay true
Produce another rhyming phrase
As a way to cope with pain
You'd accept 'nothing less than success'
In distress
You still manage to encourage the best
And even though it's really hardly ever stated
I want you to know
You've always been appreciated
So in an event
If harmony should call your name
To the one peaceful place
Alleviated from the flames
Know that I'll be okay
I'll keep the faith and just sustain
Because then I'll know
You'll no longer feel a thing

Dexsta Ray

It's Solely Up To You

Aye, you can write whatever you like
However you like...
There's no guidelines to self-expression
There's no certain way
Poetry should
Be...
It's solely up to YOU and me
No one can limit poetry
Write as you please!
You could choose the free verse...
Or to write with a
Scheme...
How could any tell you how write your own story?
There's nothing but respect for
Every writer before
Me...
To me, poetry is free and nothing is boring
I love it even more the less it is...
To the normal
The poet's life plucked me from the GRIPS of society
That never quite loved me and was...
Fixed on denying me
But poetry gave me food, hope and shelter
Sobriety...
And the Lord had granted PEACE... thus I keep on supplying these
Mediocre verses

Don't mind me... I'm just a crazy writer

Dexsta Ray

It's The Light

The devil super sly, stealthily jealous, I got eternal flows
Fountains, full of life, from the heavens, the wool was tight
So I stretch the scripture forth, now I'm glad they know like I know
The Light, never will forsake you, consistent with what the Bible taught
Time, eternal beauty, arrival, in YHWH's Kingdom, nice
Sounds of celebrations, a theme psalm, I ain't ever heard
Most importantly, I want the saints to know I made it in
Sometimes, the story's morbid, but can't touch the glory
Placed within, manifested, forever permanent, yay, the praise
Persists, I say the Name of Jesus, in acceptance, not disdained in this, loved
And honestly, can't see myself

Leaving heaven

The "well done", is musick to my ears, in depth, things are precious
Become a piece among the fabrics

Everything here is living

Even the matter used to build the mansions

Plaques, and jewels, not on earth

Cherished here, like rulers, got a royal theme, and bands and all

Glorifying the Most High like when on earth

But standing tall...

Never in the scolding trial, some rosevines be singing to me, angels

Welcome all the saints, much to see, with all of time...

Lullaby perpetual, out the earth, but to something special

Pity isn't reasonable, ask God mercy for what upset you

Light is everlasting

The Word's unchanging, and won't neglect you

When you're feeling lost, just give the Cross a chance, and God'll come

Season after season, the persecution

Empower you, devour flukes and binds with fruits aligned unto the Word of God

Keep eternal scriptures, I'm telling you, that's the perfect vibe

Like the early seasons

We witnessed the highs and lows of earth

Until the vultures perched

With distortion, but seeds just grow in dirt...

The Lord had manifested His glory

The King behold the worth, wings instead of vehicles

Meadows and regions lush with green, tons of vegetation, but not for food

Still, it's fun to see, colors un-perceivable to the flesh

Up beyond, that gleam, and limitation endless for exploration

In constant glee, just a little piece of the goodness
Might write some more about it, what the devil do isn't near as important
As the Lord, and what He all about, which is good
It's the Light, and God's is ever-present
It's the Light, it's never lessened
It's in spite of
1/10/20

Dexsta Ray

Iwis I'M Temporary

Impart—my

ENTIRETY

A product of the garden variety

Nothing special

Me...

Just blessed to be a part of society

TEMPORARY...

Cold words turn incendiary...

Churning

Up... spot the residue disperse into the

Airy frigid quondam

To die...

Quod erat demonstrandum... time

Give it some time

And then you'll understand

These solemnns...

That's...

The problem of the product though

See nothing lasts FOREVER

Looking at the...

Greats

Die away but lasted forever...

Temporary but that doesn't mean I have to settle

I WILL be forgotten but I'll still remain a...

Happy fellow!

If I have inspired anybody through

This average prattle

That's the only thing I hope to

Accomplish...

I will always keep the focus on that goal and I'm honest about

The fact that I don't care if I am known or...

Am nothing

Because I know it's not about me but just

God and His son and

Forever more...

I know nothing of this...

Physical...

World

Shall last forever...
One day, everything has to
Leave...
One day, we'll be but
A memory...
But the spiritual is forever
That's the focal point

Dexsta Ray

Jesus Kneads

Ah...

And you really think I'm playing?

I'm sitting here thinking, 'She must
Really not know how crazy I am about her...'

Love, thinking, wrong...

Eglantines, are condemnation

Ha

A combination clashes

Within this breath of time

Absent since it's

Consecrated...

Like it's captioned

Plush occasions

X the next in

Line

A blessing and a hazard, some corrections and a platter

Which is better than the slap of a dead fact

Clapping whenever it's bad

And never did stand my broken chatter

Settled with praying

And a laugh that's priceless

Grappled, caught up in that ample revolt

I think we fly the same

A Spirit Master Who's exalted high above solvents

Blind in sync with manners

Baby, maybe love is what you call it

But a pact in lack of deceit

Is a pact indeed

Brag to me and Christ above love

I see your granite peace

And I ain't grounded because I need your hand, at least...

A soul of loyalty

You know that I am for you

Don't no other dude adore you

Love, we be His brandished key

We need each other...

Not one not needing the other
Lets retreat into the silent rising
Jesus kneads completed
Puzzles

Dexsta Ray

Jewelry Design

Jewelry design...

Theophilus was probably using his mind

Who could find another canvas?

Any who!

This one's mine...

And in time

The metalworkers learned to up the performance

I respect the ancient culture and

The customs before us

Still, we had to separate from what wasn't important

Now we have a better way and it's just as in order

But my absorption...

In a sense

Is with the freedom of thinking

I just want to draw the image

I don't need any payments

Yea it's crazy

See... I like to think away from the box

If it's made to be creative then

I'm taking a shot

Yea...

You can do anything that you can think about

Grind any way you can until you make it out

Dexsta Ray

Jezebel And Falsehoods

In these last days
End times
It's consistent with Scripture
A fact, I skipped the fast lane, still had pain
I heal with scribbling in my tablet
Then I'd veiled that
Page
Until I'd lift that Name, and witnessed
Light...
And some relate to thisss...
I made mistake, it is, the faith I gave away
In gifts, that, if it would've blossomed
If it took the shape the way I meant...
Would've prospered as prophecy, not a hollow image
Graven like of pagan
And taking glory from Elohim...
But, with me, lots of sorrow
Extending from that seed of graciousness
I prayed unto, unrelated, but unesteemed, by me
See, I watered a sprout, then had it turn and bite me
Eee, ouch, supported, was proud, then had it burn and
Smite me...
See, now, the order is dying, a portal was immortal
Birthed consistent, bordered with signs
But, then, had turn against me...
But Yahw, discerns the century, power, sound
And words that get me, curses laced with mirth
And praise, to first, arrange, then hurt my vision...
Jezebel and falsehoods
That evil spirit's ruthless, through the years
At times, I saw good, then, seen that spirit root it...
Through the tears, I prayed, as all should, still
'Cause Light ain't lost, and if enthralled by righteousness, weep
It's all a fight, in this, I can't deny the Cross
It's in me, and lightning scrawls the truth
Ain't had too much excitement this week
Besides the Father's presence, stopped the time
And dropped a second, scripting His wisdom
Although, to me, the dream is not in question

Just like His wings
If things continued, some don't understand it
What's trying to feed
With prophecy in full effect right now
It's just like a theme, an evil demon scratch my message fruit, it's just like a
weed
To keep from reaching those it's destined to...
By throwing revenue
My purpose ain't to just ascend
Nor to control, oppression
Nused...
'Cause the Lord is Almighty, the Alpha and Omega
Never shall I shortchange the Father, from all the
Things I seen, on the blessings, on praiseworthy things
On the roads of heaven, where my focus set in
No stressing, but that's a sin regardless...
Wicked darkness
Legions of malice, a whole distortion pack
Adament attacks on the Lord if souls divorce from that
Granted, actions tagged on the swords
Before the sort was panned, plans being commanded, by Jezebel
I remember darkness...
Forever fail, with plaques, metaphorical
It's heartless, the devil tells, a story well
I need the Lord though...
Twelve gates, big pearls, you'd dwell safe
A place without the pain, with no sun
But still forever day... (Eternity)
About the name of Jehovah
And if it wasn't true
This wouldn't be the things I'm disclosing
That I ain't done for humans...
None delusional
No illusions, and I ain't dumb or stupid
Focused on the Light, tunnel vision, and God's the One Who do it...
Jezebel is possession
It does consume it's victim
With a necklace
Shells, or professions that just confuses millions
With collusions of what abuses
And hates the truths
Of Spirit

Using anything to elude and evade the fruits of wisdom...
I have no dealings with that, and never, shall I ever
Wishing I get killed with the flak
And slander
Entrapping candor, laughing at my pain
In the tempest, this takes me back to Daniel
Jezebel, jealous, but hell just keep expanding though
Yeah, I am a target, irrationally, but the masses know
Savagery, no mercy displayed, unless my path is gone
And I'm wrong for verses that's stating the depth
Of damage sown...
I had to cope, nobody but God, although it carried on
Evil I don't fear, John fourteen fourteen
I asked it gone...
But it's biblical, satan's planning on how to have your soul
Unrelated struggles I'm dealing with
It be latching on...
After you're attacked, the distortion, be saying you had it wrong
Just to make escape from the face of Weh'
To re-track the bows...
Being watched, for two reasons, but both are beneficial
Truth, Jesus, still are synonymous, Light amuses dreamers
Due seasons
Still persecuted because I'm truth speaking
True demons try to make the truth seem it's use
Needless...
Wallowing, but still
Restoration don't have a new meaning
When the Lord returns
I'll just take it, Elijah's through cleaning...
Most jokes won't end in the destruction
Depending what perspective, blending different issues
Connecting it where it wasn't present
A distortion campaign's like stretching the arms to judge
The metric...
Trying to reck a life after bludgeons and scorching constant pressure
Nonetheless, the Lord is more powerful
Than the devil is
Long-suffering, not about just seasons
It never is
Strong in pieces, but after Judgement
Be helmed together then, decency and order is normal

Be like we never sinned
Not of Jezebel spirit, mention, that, I forever
Dismiss, but I speak of what's right, whatever with this
We in this as units, and items, the unifier's God

Jezebel, I cast you away from God's possessions
In Jesus name

6/18/18

Dexsta Ray

Jezebel Remade Her

The Lord rebukes you, satan

My mother used to talk about respecting women

So it's in me

Blessed, honor all, the mess enthralled

Asunder

Witness Christians

Ya'll aligned to the Light

Involved in spiritual warfare

Being refined in

His sight

Towards the higher cause

Jezebel is grimy

She that dwell in hell

Among the fallen stars like the lightning when the devil fell

Drawing darkness

Catch me

I'm blinded, I should've known the truth

But the adulteress is smoother than the older brews

Happy to expose the news

Laughing at cancer

If she was mad because I know the truth

I'm glad at the banter

Replaying pictures with some missing pieces

She, I convict of treason

And it's not a reason

It ain't like we just had split,

No leaving...

But it would seem like it was deeper than that

But all it is, just a demon trying to keep on it's mask

I cannot handle being deceived

I don't do it so I don't deserve it

And for the longest I was grieved then I broke the burden

See, you just focused in on me and was so determined

To befall me

'Cause you are a fiend from below the surface

You oppose the purpose

Mercy

But you throwing curses

You ain't in the Light
You despise me 'cause I'm so divergent...
But you ain't different
Like the rest, find regret, woes, I ain't shifty
Trying to grind 'til death
No, I can't be trusted, in the pin of a snake, I'm liable to act up
In the Spirit, the praise, and I don't talk to your face
Or your back
I ain't worried 'bout your space
I just pray you found your way and that's that, I'm glad to be successful
I imagine, all the wicked heard, what goes around comes around
You will get your turn
Label me a traitor, I embrace it with faith
I'm more concerned with
Being stable
With angels up against satan, I commend my Savior
With the papers 'til the bitter end
Not a scripture bends
To incorporate your favoritism, what goes around comes around...
If to break a winner
Satan hates contenders from the opposite side
Because knows he can't grow with a stop to his lies
So he reverse the big show
That's his only
Defense
And all the wicked men know but they strongly resent
The road to truth and light
The fluke and bind is not according to the Light
For you decide if views survive but
Who derived the
Stupid kind?
Give the worse, Jezebel, you can't beat Jesus, I praise the Lord to eternal
Crucifixes, at your schemings
I know that you are invisible but still...
I can see this
If you hear me, know I honor only God and I mean it
Fighter hearted to the end
No deceiving
Only reading scripture, you can talk but I'm out the box
Like old season, we're the salt, there's no need
To think
Eat this holy water, breathe and drink, leave the hate to be condemned

Extremely, death, it couldn't feed on Jesus
So I'd never fear your power
My priority: Sing until it's clear of showers, even if it's near the- -hours
What do you mean?
Before your birth, in the flesh, you were nearer to the realer
But revealed the insincere, Jezebel's spirit taking
Mentals
Changing women, satan's characteristics, scavenger misfits, morals
Switching, sides with fiction, lacking a vision
Tragic, you
A mask removed, as long as it's at that, I'm cool...
While trying to get me back for stuff that
First became an act from
You...
Scratch revenge, that's a product of some absent views
You are not a fastened friend
Your loyalty's an act
Of moods...
Planning on me, I ain't lured into your acid ruse, it's sad 'cause you just blast me
For a chance to get a name and fame
That really crashed and
Blew
Because that reign ain't last, it fade like grass... and I don't care what you think
of me
I am NOT your problem
Got your options, why on me? Why the watching, stop it!
Then you flop around the scene
Like I'm the object
Blocking
God won't let you drop and down a king that He had locked to progress
And I'm childish for emotion, only wilding, joking
Ain't nobody playing but the man with
Enshrouded motives
I write a lot to understand about the rounds I'm thrown in
Satan striking out
I'm a product of a ground that's golden! I ain't loathing, I ain't on it
Crossed realities
I'm cursed, I saw the battle scene
The worse part of all of
This...
Is wrought could come and addle leaves... a being conformed
To surroundings like the tracks of steeds

I ain't one to judge
I was dross once, but married dreams! All my flaws I owned a thousand plus
A thousand times...
And if you can't accept my truth
You are out of mind
I ain't searching, I ain't caught, just around survive
If it can't turn, it can't work
Like we out of
Time...
I ain't down for this charade, I don't want a part, I'm trying to down the metal
frame
Though my soul in shards, but since I met the Lord...
I can't say that my soul is dark
I don't want it
If it ever longed to tear me down, I'm on a growth spurt
Spiritually, I'm on work
Even though I'm both cursed and blessed
Now I know worth
Nothing won't hurt, trusting verses,
On mirth...
Tests called, this a mess hall, correction won't oppress all
Thankful for supporters
Of the Gospel
Manifest
Laws, like a waffle, compartmentalization, I place the spirit in the centers
Unmarked venom, lies, satan
In just one space
While I occupy remaining ones with benefactors
Some seductionz do appeal but never
Been a factor
And I don't struggle to be real because I'm in the answer
Jesus gave the constants, to fulfilled,
Now the vision prancer
Jezebel is in conjunction with a bunch of demons, sneaky in it's taunts
But never once should you rebut the Readings
For the whole world hates us
Blunt and some in
Secret
Luke four, two, four, is just a true as it was for Jesus

That's no matter what you do or didn't

I get it... I really do
I know you been through a lot in life
Me too..
But you can't blame everybody for your circumstances
You can't place all the blame on me
For everything that didn't
Work out in your
Life...
I hope you find happiness, human
I'm not who you make me to be, and you know it
I'm not trying to change your mind
For the Jezebel spirit
Hates my kind
And has always found a reason to disguise
Itself... that's not good
You need prayer
That's about all I can do for you, now
I have my own problems, too
I'm not revolved around you and negativity
You don't know me...
I ain't do this to you, I don't know who did
But it wasn't me, go after them
Stop hating on me, but if not,
I can take it
Praise the Lord

God bless you, soul, and I pray you find what you looking
For in this cold world, and beyond
Eternally

Don't allow anything to remake you in this life, it's hard
I know, but don't compromise yourself

Dexsta Ray

Jomo Jomo

Given, what's at hand, ain't helpful, to mention, my resolve...
I find just love, or relaxing, if able, bring contentions...
Mazes, differences, graces that evil shade, to limit
But I see alamedas, peaceable, the Pantakrator
Equal, as for once, like it was before, trusted, something happened
But ain't stumbling backwards
In other fashions
Like covered fabrics, per adventure, dozens of feathers
Some evenings, her ascriptions, but established stuff
Some impediment, for a wedge to stay, led away
A sundry of factors, that keep me dead today, threatened by
Attractions, that latch onto mine, from spirit places
Lanterns, tablets, staggering through time, like I was liquid based
Tactics, had my essence in mind, to make my flowers useless
Holding up these roses, this hour, the power, tower beauty
Showers, muses, our devoured hopes, just tolounge with movies
Such was grounds, for grooming, the provingof it
Was mountain moving, I ain't really stuck on the patterns
Though evil's proud it's ruthless...
Wouldn't nothing even happen, things that legions manage
Don't cast pearls into the mud, the pit, unless the King command it
And nine times out of ten, you'll never see this happen
But nobody perfect, plus the serpent, cunning, scheming, crafty...
I couldn't count high enough for all the things that stabbed me
Prayer is like the strongest weapon, Father, keep the strong ones
Steady
I imagine, gold confetti, glad at your growth
Then celebrate it like my notes collectively sat at your show
The stuff that care, I've had enough despair, and paying for stuff that wasn't fair
But they can't take my joy, `cause it's from God, and it ain't just a snare
Above the air, accepting Light, like I was just aware
The jealous be devaluing `cause I ain't trying to judge or scare
So I'm nothing where the kindness mean you're just a chair
The LORD requires all attention, think of if He wasn't there...
Espionage, antichrists, remain a thorn in flesh
And satanic cults that undermine me `cause the Lord's my source
Everything one sided, to en-ropo me in some sort of net
I caught it long ago, such transformed it, to distort the rest
To justify existing, for condemning, if I'm more or less

Vexed, I don't have to steal, the Lord is best, yes, the faith
Can make a major difference, the important, tests and tribulations
Anything that's mentioned, ain't definitive of what's withstood
Some presences is proof
In some cases, and it's nothing good, spirit warfare is real
I been misunderstood
Intentionally, but it ain't change the Spirit reach
It's all JOMO
5/25/19

Dexsta Ray

Just A Little Buzz

Social media, technology, a little buzz
Everything, appreciation
Key to greatness
Being the measure of a man ain't got a thing to do with where he goes
But just what he bring with him, praises lift to God
Ain't talking 'bout myself
Every single soul can make a different
It ain't limited to
Drastic...
It's the smaller thing, I've learned in this walk of faith
That ultimately, it's about the Spirit
This a shadow of it
Physically a mirror, scratch attention
No complaining, only using what's contained within the brain
For the present level of comprehension
And some will grow and transcend
On a higher level thinking
Than us...
Takes time, getting anywhere, I mean, it's promised
Loving small beginnings
Costs of business, fall, commending plus
For we don't have to start smoking just to get a buzz
Put God first, and if you honest, He'll give you such
Spiritually, be still in touch
Physically, be chill and trust

Dexsta Ray

Just A One Lady Man

True, I still believe in certain things long forgotten
Like the hatred for deceit
Framed conceit
And maimed statutes
Forming a concoction and a cocktail of things
That resort in all the products of the
Shame...
I can't explain
Can't attain the values that society's ordered
For today, you ain't 'the same' if you ain't clouded and whoring
That betraying God is taken as important
You forsake His morals
You congratulated, praised, and viewed as sporty
Shall we live as if we're never going to
Die?
Like He didn't form us
Like His Son didn't die upon the Cross for us?
Yet, the Bible tell us like it is
Ain't no other way
And I'm just trying to make it in like ain't no other day
Consider me a one lady man
And even though it's
Lame
After death, I won't experience all that smoke and flames
Must be evenly yoked
If they follow God you roll the same
All that whoring do is put you and your soul in chains
I ain't never with it
And I'll probably lose friends
But I remember what was scripted in the Bible, true saying
I recommend to be a one lady man
'Cause that's the way it's meant
The Spirit told me
I ain't never been to satan since
This shouldn't be the motive
Only focus is the spirit riches
No chasing love, sex, money but, if wisdom, get it
Until you fulfill the
Mission

Placed in your heart

Whatever it is, develop within, bridge resistance, be smart

The Bible is very clear concerning this topic

Since we believe in God

Why not believe His Word?

Dexsta Ray

Just Believe In Your Vision

I see your greatest visions come true
You did it... everyone is winning
Ribbons for
You...
Finished
Everything you've wished is sitting there in your face
You remember how it was though
Now you're living
Great...
Give or take
Say, no one is hurting at all
The light is shining
Bright
No more turning them off
Everything is paid on time
You were trying and you're actually moving
Now, you can afford more than
Just a sack of noodles
We can't appreciate the win until we've grappled losing
And you'll never do too much again
No more acting stupid
Things have changed
You believed in
Yourself
Give Jesus Christ the praise just for leading your steps
Towards a better day...
I envision such for all of us... we can do it
I truly believe
Trust in your own vision
Oh, what else do we have?
Forget the mediocre... no, don't settle for that

Dexsta Ray

Just Living (A Speck)

Every single, snowflake, is something different
Shown shapes
Made specific to the Father's will
'Significance' is not for real
When it's in regards to life
Just the mention of it picks a proper 'shield'
To dark the Light in hearts and minds
Focused solely on Spirit
The culprit see a target sign on souls that glow with a vision
The goal was not to hold the values up
To capture what's regressing
Take that pad and make it mad
Just by channeling and
Etching
All the breathing have opinions though
That'd likely miss the soul
And don't allow it to control you and you're 'getting old'
Hating change
Stagnant matters
Forced upon the hope for low
Flakes of all the aims
In conjunction
With the function of it
Nothing's wrote for show
Even constants
Noted
Ain't a rule
What you started out upon
Stay and play it true
Silly, wielding such a notion
Living like a leaf
Jesus told His way before
He's the vine
We're the branches
Legions with the touch of potents
Man, forget the bait
Satan's stand is meant to hate
Sitting on my dinner plate
Skinned or alive

Won't discriminate
Or both types
No light, shines where the cold hype blinds
Never relevant to devil's kin
Ghostwrite time's
Finds of kindness
For the better fix
Fellowship with spirit
And to know light guides
But to own it is to
Dwell with Him
Fetters chip
You'll never slip...
Dark things drain power
And it stunt the
Growth
Hungry, if the devil came devouring
He better dip!
Flame showering
If darts rose up, souls feel a little stumped
Like a duck does, they better swim!
Flippers flip!
Lift the tittles
Rip the phonics
Skip around the molehills
Stick to faith
List the scripture's pages
Never live a rush
But, the contrary
Get in ranges
Near the Holy Spirit til' the end
I meant, with the Savior
Then you'll know stillness...
This for me
I don't do it to control realness
You become a speck by trying to lessen other soul's buildings
That ain't close dealings
Solely off your own feelings
Even though our roads
Different
You expect a sole entrance...
We ain't both 'in it'

I be on my own business!
Mostly with a closed vision
Hoping Thee will grow christians

Dexsta Ray

Just The Prophecies

My reputation ain't define me
The lies be
Disguised, and twisted, designed to hide the lines
I write things
Find me chilling in celebration
Been a crazy road
And even though, I fell, I made it
Hate ain't take my soul, for hell
And days untold
Darkness sharded from the ray exposed
Glistening like bezels
Proclaiming hope, Weh' embrace my soul
Diminished the fetters
Expecting everything that happens
I've predicted the measures
My mindset is high above the earth
But far beneath the Throne
Spirit living
Until I depart and see my home
And leave alone, what is visible
My friend is God
A spark to be rekindled in regards to
Underhanded odds...
I don't care what others have in existence
My heart doesn't entertain
Plus I've mastered
Contrition
You see, my vision ain't include the jealousy
But they held on me
Whoever deviled me
Withheld of reason
I'm a measure higher...
They don't want to see me holding a trophy
And withinside, they just want to be me
Don't even know me
Though in their minds, most of times
Broken since their focus blind
Motions tied to carnal views
Because their living soulless lives

Flying monkeys
Distortion and smear
Discording and fear
Misfortune and tears
But coordinates are clear now
Inordinate shears
Morphing forces ripped down
Sorted, exhorted, portioned with a real ground
Distorting scripts, wow
I'm closer to Light
And it won't take a rocket scientist to know what's it's like
The past years
I've been growing as a person
Burdened persecutors
Nervous since I'm worthy in the purpose of my Master
And discerning
Claiming wisdom and intellect
But are still oppressed
Filled with bitter envy and sick respect
Trying to diss the next
And trying to limit others
Healed and redeemed
Such wouldn't be as real as it seems like a chicken nugget
My light is big
Disrupting all the lanes, all the things
Focused on myself
Unrelated strangers call me names
Since hatred paved the way for satan
Evil all the same
What it was is not important
Now, is what's resolved, sustained...
Haters making up contingencies and fading off
The same methods even though it's disbanded
Tiny pebbles that explode, stones thrown are systematic
Preying on me for no reason
Just my glow extends brackets...
I'm enrobed in His fabrics
The holy Throne
They've no power on me
Can't devour, crony, grown like a cactus
Exposing things that's going to happen
And has passed, and going establish

Re-draw the line
Demarcation, dreams are ancient
Needing caution signs, I don't love the world
But nature is the Cross' design
I exalt this find
I'm happy with the simple things
Attack the lasting passion and I'll challenge even gentle beings
And I ain't come this far to hand it off to trivial sleaze
Attended in this warfare if I don't even will to be...
And I don't live the evil route
I'm not filled with grief
Thinking how to get His people outside the villian's schemes
And I'm simply... Me
I was blind, I really see
I'm different from the persecutors 'cause the fact I live at peace
Taking hints and wad it up
I'm upfront, devout in
Jealousy is why some sent the first hate
I love the 'mountains'...
I come and round it up
Absent from the customs bounded
Looking at the Cross
Evils hooked on where I wasn't found
Slick spitting for a long time
Been on mine
Long legs, like a giant's feet, shaking whole lives
Making long strides
I'm worse than your fears
In terms of righteousness
Because my Guide is mighty
This a stifling trick and schtik
Meant to hinder this
Commitment, to the strict lifestyle
The interest in ruse, I never had
The devil mad, 'cause I didn't lose
Forever glad, and ridicule from wicked fools
Is blessings so I welcome, brags...
Jealous people want to end my light because I'm great
Threaten me with violence
So I'm silent while they mud my name
I don't have friends and I don't get close to any
I don't hiss nor interact, so, no, I don't be tripping

I don't trust the flesh more than the Lord
Before you try to judge
You could never understand
Truth is on my mind
And evil, you don't know my life
Being about what? I said it's jealous
Flying monkeys too
I define flunky, you...
These evils...
Ah...
The prophecies
Everything is beautiful, ain't nothing what it
Would've been, focus, constant peace see, the dreaming has stood...
And needing nothing
Look at how I'm crushing evil with good
Light can be understood, if it's really, really, wanted to

Praise God that
I shine

I feel the streets paved with gold

Dexsta Ray

Justice Or Just Ice?

I'd pass aside my tragic times at happy tides and such
See, adjust, to reality, that's my contemplation..
Consummation, different, at night, I eye
The trees, the sky can breathe, forever
Focus is on the other side...
A bunch of lies and stuff disguised
In plain sight, you can't fight obstruction
Satan ain't hiding, plain sight, ain't trying for nothing
Hate, lies a constant, the corruption lacks a consequence
Because of being great
There's no governing for sons of men that
Do the Father's will
The Jezebel prevails because we're blinded by a dollar bill
Then stuck within it, dust ascended, crushed, forgetting
That it's not for real
Selective negligence, and stuff pretended
'Til my spot's concealed...
It started with other entities, of conflicting interests
Got larger, then trouble mimicked me
Somehow, pit against this, now, hidden deaths
Big conspiracies, that involved my life
But, still I'm out the loop, like obscenities, unresolved, polite though
Cults, authority, different demons coercing me...
Framings I exposed, shouldn't limit me, being just
Defamation, slander, malice, hating, character
Assassination, don't matter to damaged nations
Nor masters that pact with satan
For chatter, and cash
And fakeness, nothing real in the world
Feel chastened, my lamentation, like
Some activation
Fables, I ain't, stable, I stay, is it always playing
Games, for wanting promises kept?
Does wanting help put me on the thin ice?
And why is that?
Mindless, justice is a concept given by lots of stuff, and in society
The whole thing
Hopeful, it's a cold strain
Focused, no imagination overLight

Snatch it down, pass it back, attach the atoms
To a crown, battle proof, and magics down
Just Jesus shine, eternity prospers
Though I learn to beat what burden me
Not turned into mobster

Dexsta Ray

Kerygmatic

Patterns like chaos, theories and latitudes
Aptitude, determined by nearly a series of the eerie spearing
Leery, weary, hearing
Thorns, and fearing God, clearing spots of things obscure
The searing plots, I'm near to God, spirit watches
Lots and lots of things that ain't meant to know
And through the years, some things acknowledged' spring but ain't really
whole...
Still, I guess, it's just the God in me
Plus frames been exposed
To take a picture of the blots from pain, erasing Jehovah...
Like such ain't see me on that rocky pavement praying
And hoping (way back)
Prostrate, the ground, while it was raining
Hands to the Throne, I'm broken, Father come and save me
Your commandments still golden
I didn't know it was so bad within the lands to be chosen
Full of love and extra grateful
Writing pamphlets of Goshens, if I can be there through my poems
At least, I'm happy, at moments
But, otherwise, I'm eating
Scorn
Because I chose to follow what is right, the signs of times are all around
The yokes of sorrow smudge the Light, and persecution different
I'm in peril again, I learned the way you meant for stuff
Some saying I'm feral, to 'win';
It's just those antichrists that prey on me to herald some sin
But even though it seem hopeless
You're the sparrow I'm seeing, some stuff not wanting me focus
Such declaring revenge
When all I did was seek hope while broken, scared, no defense
Although I worshipped He wholly
From this hair, when a kid, it wasn't fair, even now, some stuff prepare
Although I'm unaware, so trust can tear, I hopefully become a tare
I struggle there, the evil being allowed and then it's covered like it's
One who dares, when really it was crowds, as I'm persecuted
Wasn't care, I dream of Light, I wasn't rounded in
The themes of plights, 'til demons'd fight to reach me
Season after season, this ain't nice, and similar to the past

Framing me for other entities because of artists, envying
Multifaceted, some truth, then, a bliss, the rest of it
Nets and webs, threatening death, because I'm blessed to tell
Through written, just the testimonies, been along this spirit journey
I been doing so for years, why, just now, the wicked merge me, with disturbing
Curses, trying to dismiss evidence and override it...
Dismiss distress
And fear and trauma just to goad some violence
To facilitate the same evil that was shown for kindness...
Temporized, psychological, what joke is timings
Notions just are relative, before, the same, back in the day
The difference is, the space, that it's been placed at face
I hate to say, assimilate to patsies, as way to make my name erase
Many other candidates, but none of them, get tamed the same
Such gravitate to me, every year, though all the frames were spayed
Antichrist that's on me, deface the lands, til the Savior's Day
No matter what can happen, still claim the faith which my pages
Came
Always sweet like candy, that's what testaments for
And when it's easily accessible, there's definitely more
There's things deceiving, legions, extra, plus I'm grafted where I don't belong
When framing still a factor even after they was long exposed...
I didn't know, now, I see things more clear
Satanic witches still be dibbling, to steal, and milk my legacy
With negativity, I spill the truth, so that mean death for me
I never start a thing, being nice, became some debt, with grief
The seasons to remember, legions mad, because I just succeed...
And YHWH watched from heaven, saw no justice, in Scripture
And still, a prophet not accepted, then, he nothing, to sinners
The antichrists are taking over, I'm outnumbered, steady violations, but it's
labeled fame
If the nature of it, manifest, haters have confessed to things
I get the attention, and that is strange, if you consider, that I didn't invent
This, it's well known, the peril on me, cause I stick with the Scripture
Plus it be artists in on it, 'cause I'm Christian with rhythm...
It don't make sense, for me mentioning, the corruption
And the corporate crimes, that happened in the past years
Murderous, for something else,17 was rough, but still the next
Was really constant death, exposing crime ain't bad
Even if who knew it doesn't care, only God can save me
Since I won't consent to what's from hell
Some manipulate me, as a lure, and bait, to crush my sail

And still distortion campaigns, orchestrated by what's damned to Hades
Overlooking tactics, when it's them, but try to trap a saint
Just because I'm strong doesn't mean I should be slammed for faith
That which hack my stuff and read my info `fore I add the page
Implementing terrorism, and been so, since classic days
To snatch from my ascetics, and exploit my pain, to have some frame
And passing it to evil, which subtract from me to craft a place
Too much is in the atmosphere for that to actually have a space
I been through much before, they use battalions just to cover crimes
With implications present, and in spite of proof, just stumbling by
Constant eyes, on me, antagonistic, `cause I love the Guide
I handle my distress in solitude, they know, and jump to pry
Removing my peace, no matter where I'm in life
Privacy of my homes to my paths to survive
And never doing nothing wrong
But some stamped me with crime, the same time my talent shine
Just to brand me with lies, as a way, to carry grind
No matter the kind
Seeing things sabotaged, you'd think some hair in my eyes
It's been a long time line, of much despair and surmised...
I'm persecuted for the Lord, and now, the arrows is flying
There ain't no rationalizing, Bible facts, awareness, what's blind
Perpetuation of the type of traps that's scaring my vibes
But God is mighty, I believe in Him, getting married to righteousness
Same path, but back then, I wasn't bruised and scarred, `twas unrelenting
So I admit, I have pain, from the stuff presented
Even that is used as way to take my love and kill it...
On top of everything else
It was just as serious, much disguised to hide the truth
But pain don't show with one appearance...
Trembling cold, on my own, from it, plus diminished
Keep the negativity, unless you hope that such distended
It ain't nothing I don't know, I know Jesus though
Some wrong about what's right and wrong, because they don't
I seen it though, I been set up, trapped and framed still
Even though, I beat and overcame, oh, ye of little faith?
Say, Jehovah changed the world, rose, my Savior precious
Can't no framing work...
Though some influences may wish it just to waste my soul
Satanically obsessed, it's antichrists, when all the faith been known...
And another person's actions, stuff I can't control
And bridging me to that, in advance, through lies, to slay my hopes...

I knew what I was going through, but not who made it roll
My testimony Jesus Christ cause He was there while satan showed
Me darkness, during a time, that seemed forever
I'm not fearing evil, clearly antichrists that sought me
For the things exposed that's evil, which was drastic, for the times
And I ain't even know the features
Backtracking prove it all, I don't have to goad or lead somebody
Else the wrong way, to prove that I'm not wrong, a cheater
And I'm neither, some imposed themselves upon my life
And then imply I'm feeding into what they want to crush my Light
Too much proof, and Jezebels just help what's wrong suffice
And robbed on top of everything, ain't know some stuff was
Low as mites, Jesus Lord, what I stand by, I was rose up right
I set out for the righteous path, the devil want me gone, 'cause Christ
6/4/19

Dexsta Ray

Kindness Is Paramount

I find that kindness lie within the wisest bosom
Humbleness without docility
Supplying scripture
From within the wisest Book summed centuries...
Kindness intertwined and... Look!
Summed, it is free!
Glee
Properly
Not to be obsolete
The very essence of humanity
The tree by the
Creek
Timeless... with the kindness... can't nothing define this
A catalyst of love, it's a touch of consignment
The human seem responsive to
Whatever is in front
The rule
Though it's spiritually, the temp'll read it's roughly cool
Lest we come of fools
We don't choose to compromise the scripture
But it don't take away or ever make the kindness differ
And it ain't to say it make a person perfect
'Cause it can't
But showing kindness is a spirit fruit that doesn't fade
Satan manifests, switching good and evil... but sustain
Because this is the physical
A little's lost but much
Is gained
In the spiritual

Dexsta Ray

Kings In Rags, Queens In Rags

Kings and queens in rags...
I'm a no show
Absent with the damage did
Slain in the
Soul...
On the day my writtens gleamed
Your whole flow changed
What I conditioned, lyric schemes
Is sold your name
Which is distributed to beasts
It grows your bank
That which is meant for me
So thanks
But you sole hold claims
I pray though
People spinning out their tires while I'm sitting in traffic
Evil gets attached
To the castles built upon a fall...
Thunder bolts, and plywood
Haven't won at all
Many different gods, but One
I mean, just only ONE!
Crushed the wall, promptly, I call
I get an action back
Nature even fuss on behalf...
Can you imagine that?
And ain't a match, in fact
Fandoms ain't the holy sum
Taking from the poor
Picnic baskets, out of limits
Brackets, ain't about the gimmicks
Risk my whole life to get it back
On the run evils
Scared of shadows, holding bunches, arrows...
High offense, among the sparrows
Where I like to sit, barrels full of Bromine
Channels where the driest sip
I got the tiger's gift
They trying the be greatest man

Trying to steal my writing, flipped, and kill me if I take a stand
But I'm my Savior's friend
Enmity I don't mind
Witness all my weaknesses
Hanging on the clothes
Lines...
And, for some, either way it go
That flow's mine, that goal's mine
Subject and approach, lingo, concepts,
All that gold mine!
Triple sixes field against me, but it won't fare
Hate to have to go there, I ain't going to fold
Chair?
I put too much into my passion
Have a demon take it, I don't feed the hatred
I combat it with my mind
Time is patented but flows can't be
My tragic rags in this
As long as slander rations this
As babblers did
I'm in the game, but loathing souls can't see
Just how they did the thing
I scripting truth forevermore
Never caring if it's lame...
I'm aware of many
Frames...
Don't declare the physic pair of warfare at me
'Cause I'm a kid of Weh', anymore tare I key
I rip and chew it up, the juice from all the beef
Like those flavored stick, delicious, famous
To the haters being degrading
But I'm with the Savior
And against the snaking satan
Out deceiving all the people...
Under rugs
Label hypocrite and call me evil
Just to muzzle love that I embrace
Though I fall in neither... Local mixed with global evils
I'm a lowly king
Persecutors watching harder than me for my
Lowly queen...
And trying to scold the dreams

But the schemes ain't throwing me
I seen the evil demons reading meaning to unspoken things
I got some angels...
And I stay behind His holy wings
And I see the devil trying to find me for my goldens, I'm the chosen
No more coming after me, I'm the end of this
And I ain't just consulting
We already have a spot in heaven
Tried to get away, but trouble told me
Peace is not the method
But I show and sow the contrary...
Some plot to live my life, disguising all the
Great things about me, trying to dim my light
And hiding all the saint ways with flout
So I live a plight...
Every time I mention demons
People sound harass
Me...
And for oppression
Many evils should be prosecuted
But some others slandered get more
Season on their situations
But I'm bland and fighting envy
The old fashion way
If you really choose to strive against me
You don't have the brain
Which is required for ascending from the traps and hate
If you choose the Lord,
Then you are with me... not the malice way
But what the Master say
Unlike all these false prophets
Talk, walk, talk, talk, walk, then off topic...
Kings and queens in rags are still the royal
If the lost the cross them...
For we stand for something different
In another picture
Not a product of the will of fools and who shunning wisdom...
'Cause in the end they'll be consumed
With their rubbish with them
Sulfur and the brimstone and fumes
And the constant tension...
I don't fear what man can do

God created all
Never does He sleep on our behalf
But He stays involved
Until the word curse effect is null in my life
I'll keep progressing
Satan need to get his mind right
Defeated me
Unprecedented
Legions over hype the stuff
Sent to be a thistle
But my boots, it's crushed beneath
Like the devil or a snake

Praise the Lord of Abraham
No abomination is
Higher than God
Nor can God be out smarted by man
He gave man the knowledge he has

I grind from my own mind
I don't have to do such low things

Devalue and discredit me
In the first place, for what?
I don't even know such people
It's satan

You are a liar satan
Get behind me, in Jesus name

Dexsta Ray

Knowing Now

True, now, I know, but answer this...
What next, do now, you kill who have some sense?
The fans of quality stuff?
Somehow, my twenty fifth, as you probably know
Is just a number now
Silenced, for my witness of Christ
By those against the Spirit, that pretend, to hear, appearing
And it's clear, the age of antichrists upon us
That's in spite of anything I felt
Experienced many pains, when you raped her
Bet she tried to fight, that's my Scripture angel
Killed but they ain't kill her spirit life, Jesus is our Savior
Light is in the saints, like Scripture claim us
Even though I know now
I ain't changing any paces, guess I need to hold out
Ain't fronting, that stuff was all planned
Something must've happened, that troubled them
Got them all mad, I was just a scapegoat, what their pain was arranged for
Knew about Elijah, before these days even came so
When my talent shineth, at the same time, unrelated, tragedies
Gave entrance, and excuses to intrude my life
Something like a neighbor but we ain't the same
I choose the Light
Was wondering why the strangers, kept invading
They was framing (thinking back)
They was baiting, I was being arranged for later
But ain't understand it...
They already planned to do that evil since my baby carriage
Such satanic cults, YHWH's fit for their scams
Ain't no division, save the leaders
YHWH's licks for their fams, they try to tell me
In the slightest, so it hurt me
While nobody knows, but I ain't feeling violent
Get my Bible, all the Christians still exist, while on the other side
And live forever, demons found a gold mine, stalking me
I'm examples, and the best thing possible someone could come up off of
Killed off all I loved, now I know why women, placed themselves
Into my mission, it's to help, but also end and kill the truth of all
That really happened, I'm society's secret

Stripped of rights `cause Jesus really happened
Those that killeth mine, ain't have a cause, they made up stuff for nothing
Or they twist the trivial things, to vaunt, and taunt me
Just so others saw and cautious, at them, so I'm just examples
To the world, and falsehoods, used for pearls
They slew my girls then tried to sue me so they got to use my worlds
And I knew the pure in heart, that don't deserve the brutal
But that's what they did to Christ, the Lord shall soon return for His
The wicked won't escape, when they die, they find the worse begin...
Plus there ain't no leave in hell, believe me, Jesus is King upstairs
Deceiving, ain't my thing, to find out like this
Was supposed to hurt
But having people know the fact that libelers had yoked me first
Subtract from all their revenue
Some probably got from only thirst
Perspectives that's inaccurate and not aligned before my verse
True enough, some capable of evil, but in You I trust
My Lord, satanic cults, had take my peace's life
I know she was a soldier
How I fight with demons, different, no I don't encroach
I'm fill with Holy Ghost, although my pain can overflow at times
11/28/19

Dexsta Ray

Labyrinthine

Even though it's subtle
Assimilation, it undermine, according to
What's conjured
A different wavelength
It just disguised...
Of course, it wasn't tough to
Young and clueless, that's some truth
The one's who claimed it easy
Was just endearing dybbuk fruit, to undo
The Father's will
Potential was their motive...
Frames
Clocked, and out of element, paid, to try to stop, flop or
Drop, from other lands, at the devil's whim
Origins were here, before developing
Ain't no twisting
No, me, myself was did, I know the devil's friends always itching
To settle in the clever trick
That had long been
Exposed
But develop still, how when vessels here?
It ain't funny
My heart was heavy, warned the best that I could do
But dark nets and webs, where some special, fell
Even with no rest, in those depths, I hark
Expressing, but it wouldn't
Seem appealing, I'm breathless, but died to rescue though
In sync, my grief was building, with each
Tear from performance
This was mutual...
No vocalization needed, to understand
But soon enough
The usuals, may be comprehended, my volcanism showed later
Not before realizations, I'm still with truth
On a supernatural level
Still attuned, even if you feel
The doors of some derision
Closing up around, always reminiscing
Under bludgeons, I wept

Not my fault, but if you suffer
Then I suffer myself
To other depths, evil like to harm me
But for protecting, the harmless, otherwise
I'd step into a trap if harmed another guy
To compromise, some set me in a labyrinth
Fit for death, and magic, tragic endings manifests
Had seven sects of angels dressed in heaven's Light
The destined, guide the blessing, Christ
In worship, I ain't standing
Though outnumbered, it ain't man that I had knelt to like
Fell to
For the Cross that He was nailed to, had me there too
With the rest of all humanity
For sins that He ain't dare do
So we never could give up
Don't have the right, gon' have to fight
The appetite for Light
Increases, after plights, a sacrifice
What's after mine is
Seasonings, such ain't have it right...
But that's a sight, striketh not, byseethings
But decide just what's defied, my trust reside in He enthroned
Plus I'm kind of rushed for time
I run inside
My dream implode, wasn't high, like singing notes
But just aligned, like meter nodes, my leaves are gone
Might be the cold...
The way a season wrote, by He alone, my sheets He owns
But I mean Jesus though...
Laboratories, labyrinths, Laviathan
And some gleam of hope
Glory to the Most High, forever, because
It please my soul

On, throughout, the labyrinths
1/8/19

Dexsta Ray

Lacerated Faith (Certain Choices)

Rights compromised
Disguised by mighty labels, denying God's power
While deciding the Light is able...
To illegally push me in positions, and acts against it temporized
By those who's with this convention
Militaries used as thugs by artists envious and wicked
And demons pry into my life to spark this then it get hidden
So when I mention any form, this darkness, trickery is triggered
No missed attempts, ain't far apart, too quick to pen in my writtens...
It's like a taunt, to Jesus Christ, saints make mistakes, but it ain't even like
Blaspheming the Spirit, not a game, I'm actually seeing this
Never ending plights of deception, and undermining truth
Demons ain't prestigious, continuously, bugged to hide the
Proof
Nothing I could get in the earth, compare to what's in heaven...
My testimony is the fault of who misjudged my essence
Way back when, at the start of this, now, it's long-running
I don't find it funny, dying for nothing, while just grinding humbly...
It's the powerful, obsessed with every move I make
Have freedom to mistreat the sheep in secret and remove their plate...
They continue with this evil while the truth embrace!
To frame me for their schemings so that Jesus cease and fools get praised...
Such did have a form of godliness and knew the page
Refusing to admit the obvious to misconstrue the Saved
Setting me up for just destruction
Knowing I don't deserve it, effort to preserve some concept
Settling dusts, my hurt ain't worth it...
Imply to blame me for stuff that haters were determined to disturb
And burn, and turn me, to what things they birthed
And merge me, use my pain as lures to curse me
Who remains when rules are changed to bruise a name so fruits are wasted?
Scarred, to say the least, but that's a part of staying with Jesus
Some blaspheming the Spirit and profess, but that's a play from demons
Major major legions, I can't fight, my Savior lead me
Groups of thieves ain't only steal but strove to kill
To take my dreaming, in the ancient seasons, then my fame was framed to
Place convenient, that which hate the things I speak
To brand my reign from things they schemed me...
In the first place, it's satan's means...

I chose Jesus though, eternally, He please my soul
I guess if I had chose the devil, none would probably be provoked...
I've seen a many seasons, creepy things that'd keep me woke
The antichrists is persecutors, but can't see, 'cause Jesus "gone"...
Their kingdom jokes about the holy stuff in even songs
The devil never leave me 'lone, that's why my prayers can reach the Throne...
Integrity, I kept myself, but times, and people changed
Their mind, throughout the years, but I don't judge
I'm just staying aligned...
Persecutors blame me for getting hate though righteous
Plus some racists guile but it was mixed with some that hate I'm rhyiming
I was shining from it, such ain't want the saved to find it
'Cause the devil lose some slaves, and glory unto God
His Highness...
And to this day, the same allowed to sabotage my life
In spite of thousands of some writings, out of drastic time
While crying, I disproved, the lying, grimy, using flukes inciting
Violence, they the only thieves involve, and back-tracking proves
That, undeniably, it's antichrists, that still conspiring
And none of it was of the Lord, but of a god, not of Light', believe...
Certain choices, can't reverse, like taking life for greed
Been better than comparisons, not arrogant, fake trying to scheme...
Ain't no way I could recover from those kinds of things
Even if the hateful be exposed, it's still theireyes on me
To chide and undermine some more, then put hot irons to me
To make me into satan, stead embracing, that been Christ with me...
I ain't did nothing wrong, I speak about the wiles of evil
Just as God instructed His, while love what's good, throughout the seasons

Just reality, at least, as a follower of Christ
For me
Such evil was just bullying by the evil
Influential and powerful
God is All-powerful though
6/19/19

Dexsta Ray

Lady, Hold Me

Adam, Eve,
Guaranteed... to sound the pickings
Graph the seen
Liken much to the dust
Just...
Without the sinning
Tangled in the 'frankness' and captured
'Tis a power, lover, without the
'H'
Vowel stays
Like the power bundles
Thinking...
This is our jungle, etched in the 'scape
A couple of thoughts
Sullen freedom
Like a chance of escape
The butters stall, flutter where? , The lover's stall
When you see
For peace can't even blame the birds
Singing, that's, just the call
If you hold
Me...
Rusty Crosses ain't- - I'm hopeful;
Heard pamphlets
Opened verse, noted first
In the mind's eye, no absent sleeping
Soulfully awake
Greener light, the brightest
Through the
Trees
Gracious, spending quite a time to be
I really like your smile
Scripted in the
Dairies
Ha...
No kiss expires, while this trekking in the wilderness
Not something everybody likes
Finds amusing
Hiking, don't dismiss, unless, of course, you're tired

Let's set camp and strike a fire
Crisping marshmallows
Plus nobody knows if it'd explode, or if the sparks'll billow
There, within the hearts, a rhythm
Lady, come and hug
Me...
We don't have to touch the stars to feel them
Even in this jungle
With the marks, rip apart this tittle

Dexsta Ray

Ladybugs And Moths

I looked into a silver canister I had for water
Thinking, thinking...
Life is something like that
When I was empty, back before
I understood
Like a youngster would
Contemplate on concentration after getting told about it
Enclosed, surrounding, hopes
Asunder, covered, thrown up out it
Looking at that canister
Only getting what was in it
Life, sometimes, will shatter you
To writhe like moths without a light
But can't become a lady bug
Which seems to see
But teem in peace, just being complete
And nice to marvel
Moths recede, disguises borrowed
Maybe clung to trees
Or under jeans and shirts in closets
'Cause not big on getting seen
Disturbed or cursed, words eyes can borrow
Ladybug, I saw by light, and flying, it hit it
Pit and pat, and buzz again, then tip and tap
But moths just kind of live on it
The ladybug was near to it but upside down
It watch and wait, for what I can't be sure of...
Why I even saw that it was there
But this was fair
Assuming that it didn't have intentions to
The moth was non-existent
I don't see it
Didn't in this scene

Dexsta Ray

Larceny

The content of my stuff, comprehensive
The ups and downs, throughout my lifetime, like temperatures
Caricatures...
Abnormal, unlike the terrors from Babylon
I kept my camera on
Isn't error, the Holy Spirit, tarry, long before
I noticed the poking, at me, with
Sticks and stuff, for being loved by God, explanations
Are needed, from the past, for damages, evil masking it, with
The scavenging, keeping happiness, as some cabbages
That was spoiled, and sickening, after this, like spoiled chicken
Rationed into soil, getting adamantly scorned with differing
Tactics, that could spoil the living, tarrying and toil
To get it, talent being the point of entry, accuracies
Ignored, to lead attacking me with swords for envy
Matters being absorbed
Against the passionately Lord commending, standing with the
Lord against satanic tricks and forms of gimmicks
Patches in the torn conditioning, patterns of the sort is quilted
Lanterns being re-oiled, I'm Christian, that has been the source
Of squinting
Vulnerability, passing seasons, lures, while defenseless, still
Hacks misrepresent me, to coin the Lord as some wicked film
Of this rhythm being, what is being performed as it's fit to steal?
Wickedness has larcen me, then distort like the victim them
For being upset about it, I'm then a threat, to satanic cults
Cat-pawing crime, to have, all me, or threatening my life
The Cross, I keep, all for peace, because of Jesus
Next to die, love Ephesians, I followed God, so I was dead to rights
All them different artists, influences, some ain't spread the Light
But I knew the Lord without truancy during the heavy plights
Weapons, nights, or days, on Bible pages though, my sights remained
As I wiped away, my cries from being confined to lies engraved
Into my grind, portrayed as other stuff designed without my
Knowledge
Only to defy the Lord, if I rise, the mind a object
Rhyme resolve it, what I love to do, regardless, up above
The Truth is largest, I ain't the smartest, but God I do embark with
Still...

Like they witnessed in prior times, while was still a target
Poetry ain't cool to some people, but still, for me, the margin
Wings, I need to harken, unto the Father, my dream imparter
Thinking harder...

Artists keep saying that I'm killed by politicians, when I'm not attendants
Nor interested in realities, as such, never once have I been in
Contentions meant for me, to limit my ascending for God
In this dimension, being destroyed because expressing
By really, those that be mentioning, intentions of the sort
Just to stress you, I keep the Scripture open, evil I don't fear
'Cause of heaven, I see some different quotients
Trying to send me off, during a point of time, while some window open
Still it is illegal, regardless, who doing it, breaking laws
Larceny, included, I'm partially ruined, my heart is grieved
Large deceit, my doom, ain't that far from me, 'cause I choose the
Light
Larceny, because I do it right, so I'm chewed for life
Not to mention evil dealt so I can't prove the strife
Nor use the plights for Light and Christ
I find, the devil smite
The fight, sought for my destruction, and fall, what can't survive
Will die, my other stuff was sabotaged, for that reason
So I can't fly

Just one of many egregious persecutions
9/4/19

Dexsta Ray

Lasting Tacit

I'm the opposite of demons
God completes me, acknowledged in lieu of obloquy
Set to uproot me, lucid, I'm stupid, using truth as paint
On obscurantism, if I reprove it, I'm a nuisance
But I'm still if I don't...
One must abide in social stereotypes
Just to survive
Which was comprised of never feeling
Must be strife, just to thrive
Among some stuff instilled, subconsciously
I stepped on the lines
The extra filled with some destructive things
I just want to rise, in righteousness, what I strive to find
In time,
I never hide the pastry, complications, sighs
Unrelated, wasn't nothing basic
What's forsaken
I'm...
Shunning hatred, healings, love, replaced with
Can I keep, doing, my thing?
Without irrationale, or the stuff that satan rather had
The distractions, plus slow to hear, swift to speak
I'm subtracted from fractions, exacting facts in
The matters, where the damage, was absence
I'm getting laps in, the challenges, shattering
What's the path been?
After this, patterns, lists, in faith, unleashed
I play for keeps, in fun, my happiness, like ray guns gleam
And rayon pieces, where the lanterns is, I ain't on fleece
And I'm aware, of fabrications, myths and make up things
But in the same, for everything, that the fake stuff seemed
It didn't take away from greatness that I can't un-be...
To tell the truth, don't know the basis, any hate on E
And from, what I can tell
It's satan
For it ain't know me, so I pray stoically
When it ain't cool
Making poetry, no hate owning me, I shake the wool
That the loathesome need, and that's the only thing

My faith is full
Been through so much, things would get addressed
Savage, upon continuation of it, testing water
Seeing how deep I am...
To later persecute, and then ignore, whatever grief I have
The opposite of Light, hate without a cause
A beaten path
Needless traps, I wouldn't, reach perhaps
But my love is whole
Even after crafty counsel managed, I rebut it so...
3/24/19

Dexsta Ray

Lawlessness

I don't oppose myself, focused on the Light
Evil ain't a part of me, promoting growth
I chose the Lord
Holiness
Insight...
I see these things done to blind me
When broken dreams are not enough
I see these things done to hide me
Sat aside
For inequity, vigilant, to a certain point
Threatening, depending on
Blessings and where success'll lead
Especially
The less, degree, consecutively, affecting peace
I ain't lighting no fires
But my hope was like the rest of these
Preferably
I noted the mire, the soul's desire, colder
In the lonely nights
Where there's wholeness, it's centered, definitely
Someone to decide, who encroaches
Some things affecting me
And that's an understatement, under statements
Of another blanket, standing at the intersection staged
By a different presence, higher than my smaller dreams
In early seasons, all the leaves, that fall on me
Offensive message
Planted, by what brought the seeds
I'm standing by what crosses mean though
Halt for He though
I see, yokes, unhande'd, by what seem woke
It's so upsetting
Keeping my attention for myself because I'm steady framed
I'm dead again, and left to fade...
It's like I'm playing a game
Anytime I hear the cry for help
My wings get nets and
Chains
That's why...

That's why, I just refrain, from the depth of things
Conversation circles
People lying on my steps for Weh'...
I keep the time
Stranger things, underneath the radar
I ain't even tried
What's misportrayed, as a scheme, to kill
Actually, reminding me
Of sad seasons
Past...
The missing pieces come together like some plan demons had
That end in no win situations, real hatred, ain't a need to hide it
Besides, I still embrace the Scripture, I ain't feeding violence
I can feel the same, I change the temperature
Proceed in kindness
Seeing these realities, that's leaving me in battle scenes
The products of skullduggery
Not me, I be a captive, see, the actions
Of the darkness go ignored
Until it captures
Me...
Noisome pestilence, slanderous, tracking
Just traps for me
Further up, are sparks from it, sent and meant to subtract
From me, adding, from additions the One had given, advancing me
In Light...
Quite, the right thing, I write things
That have no relation
Evil make it that, through distortion, attached my soul to
Hatred...
Then come with violence or something if I expose the satan
But, it ain't my fault, if a liar reports
And ghosts embrace it...
As for me? Prostrate, the Throne, with no complacency
Even though it's hard
You can make it, I've seen Jehovah show, up and out the elements
Was NEVER forsaken, with persecution in abundance
And the devil was taking
But, then I learned, as soon, the function
Of developing changes
Which, in turn, ensued, adjustments
Evil nailed into greatness

For something
Larger...
Living for the Spirit, not the carnal
Plus, some evil manifests, and violating even harder
Diliating my communication until it's dead
There ain't a cause against my passion for this gun to it's head
Plus, all resolved, illuminated, if still upon
It's the man
I never thought the rules of games that you ain't on
Still withstand
Within your life
I ain't want it
Still some'd band to dim the light
But through Christ
I'm standing stronger, standing closer
Heavy persecution
In humility, I chose God, over anything
Lawless like realities
That holy things had been explained
Writing is my life
And some path don't mean I went the same
10/23/18

Dexsta Ray

Lemongrass And Orange

I'm there and, I'm here
The truth, a resolution, grateful that the Lord's in my favor
Of course, He's able, sort of lucid
Poems are lucrative
Ain't wanting some connections
I have my lemongrass and orange, matches, scotched wicks
Implore quick...
Because the blame is what oppressteth it first
Proccupied, I ain't even notice my success when it burst
But, as it turned out, my words got out, for positive intentions, at some point
Disturbed my route...
Some rotten opposition, plots and propositions, Jezebel, that left the Lord
Chose the road of violence, now, is logically a hellion for it...
Nothing in my tobacco, just think it help depression, I ain't even using the plant
I dwell in abstractions, and that, curtails the chords, the Lord is coming back
But the unimpacted would never know it...
Yes, sanging
Hidden nets, demons set, hating
Well, to tear, the veil, see in depth, and wail, she's just crazy
And, still will definitely hold a note... but with her head hanging
Hell is ready for the soul that loathe the Lord
But know the course, controlled, with a form of holiness, but no remorse
Ain't on accord, only thorns of lonliness, from some bad decisions...
Well aware, I set the chair, where I can stand the vision
Captivated by the Light, so half the time, ain't paying attention, still, in activated
plights
Laminated, add provisions, of the Savior's nature, phases major, shaking cables
up
The Master is the holy Shepherd...
That's in my thoughts
And only blessings on the righteous' head, and pleasantry, the Light, instead of
Guessing, trying to figure what to do, testing dummy rules
Stressing
Put, the faith above, like mixing sandlewood and soothe into the atmosphere
The fragrances, aromas, ancient kisses, praise the Most High, never take Him
simply, and see
Commotion nosedive
Roses by books, but I notice lemongrass and orange, notions, lightnings, hooks
Time is shook up off of it's hinges really, helps to organize, within the carnal

world

But there, it's useless, all we are is souls

But when I spell this, I speak about my own things

But when you smell this, just think about your own

Peace...

Dexsta Ray

Let Me At The Wolves

Just throw me in the midst and see my scars
Creeping through the jungle
Fixed to listen at the
Stars...
Chuck a stone and watch me hit it out the park
Nothing running over here but the engine on the car
Steady hustling
No fear
All the evil spirits watching closely
When my sleep, creeping up, hissing
Trying to choke me
I'm doing right
According to the things the Bible told me
Forget about the sleeping
I ain't going
Until the final notice
Watch towers, I don't think the worldly understand me
It's about to go down
Ain't no further
Planning
When you hear that bold sound of the trumpets playing
Then it is too late
Pretty soon
It'd be something drastic
Let me at the biggest wolves with the toughest tactics
Pray for strength
Know the Lord, honor the commandments
Let me at the villain with my sword
And the love for fairness

Dexsta Ray

Let Me In

You should know you could open up to me
Ditch inhibitions
Don't be afraid to let me see
I would rather let you be
But your eyes screamed urgent relief
To call in question what you say and what you actually mean
The sequent tear fall has become a problem
You frantically drop them
While I can tell you couldn't stop them
Let's go deep inside
A cryptic darkness in the way
Enigmatic emotions
And discontented mind-frame
Can't you see that time's changed?
Better days
Strictly here for the pain
To take your every misery and bring you peace in exchange
Don't ask me why because I really can't explain
Just want to see your face
Clear of tears
I'll do whatever it takes
Wipe them away because I'm here

Dexsta Ray

Let The Freedom Sing

Fail to let the freedom
Sing
Bringing farewells
Cutting off the true for the fairy tales
Restore the lethal dreams
Dealt to find ourselves
An awkward people in familiar space
Step, a left behind before distortion of the feel of weight
That's to realign
Core awareness seem to settle one
'Cause when you know, it's hard to care for what the devil's done
Burning candles then
Find it
Within, timeless
Wiles broken, this igniting, in mild dying, and Indian style
Meditating
To dead the 'waiting' and stressed the patience
Only one of each
Be free and see
Just be... free with me
Let the freedom deem it as it please
Let the freedom sing

Dexsta Ray

Let's Fight

Pandemonium...
I finally made it through the crowd
Fierce look with a million gazers
Booing loud!
I was shocked...
Even followers were spewing flout
But it's time to box
I don't care
Let's see what you about
Moving in the ring...
Pretty soon you will be moving out
But for now
It's just me and the ref
Where the hell is my opponent?
I'm defeating myself?
Wait...
Hey Dexsta?
Take look to your left
That mutant stood firm with the odor of death
Woah...
He materialized out of the air!
I see a snake tongue with a dragon like head
Three hundred nighty pounds
The announcer was saying
I don't care about the crowd...
They thought I was dead!
And this wouldn't go a round
So that wasn't respect
For me at all
I'd start to wonder should I be involved?
But I'll never retreat
He will have to make me fall
I don't stall...
Let's get this party cracking tonight
I don't care about the looks
Intimidation by size?
Not a factor
He may have some power but I'm faster
If that demon lands a punch

It would only make me madder
No more chatter!
Touch gloves
Would you give me the rules?
Ding ding!
Stepped back
Tried to steal me...
I moved
Came back with a jab then crossed with the right
Ducked quicked
Stepped left moving under his sight
left hook lands square
Caught it dead in his eye
Man...
Tell me why I'd want to go and do that
Flames blazed from his nostrils
I started to panic
Then he jumped up and screamed out something satanic
His eyes turned red and his stomach expanded
Check it...
Here's a lot more than what I expected
That sucker swung once and then...
It connected
I don't think that was fair but it is cool
The next thing I know
I'm in my corner on the stool....

Dexsta Ray

Let's Fight Pt 2

Everybody's warning... anymore and he could lose!
We're informing him before this in accordance to the rules
But we'd see him tell reporters in recorded interviews
That this really is important... couldn't forfeit if he'd choose
As thus...
It'd start the second round out with a rush
That first instinct would put the crowd in a... hush
I learned this scheme when I was down in the dumps
I'd merge this speed in with a counter adjust—ment
Plush hit...
The sucker's quick uppercut missed
This left hand' land and with a hundred plus strength
It's right came back before a brother could slip
The fight game stats...
They think another one's killed
In it's ring... threw up it's gloves... MEPHISTOPHELES THE KING!
I'd CHEW up a SCRUB if they don't want to FOLLOW ME!
You knew what it was...
Now if you'd BOW down to my feet!
I'll let you live and plus I'll give you all the GREEN
Then I'd look at the referee... all I'd see was EVIL
Then I'd look at the rest of these... wasn't even people
So if satan respected me—what'd that mean to Jesus?
Then I'd finally rise from the canvas
So I could speak to Beelzebub.....

Dexsta Ray

Let's Take A Late Walk

You and me... in the light of the city
Tell me something
If you want
Still it's fine if you listen
And I ain't tripping
But I feel as if it's different
Let's take a late walk
In the midst of vivid pictures
Within mental frame
To look away a second
Winter reign
A quality of heaven
Illogically reflected but..... a simple thing
I relish in the heat when I'm around you
Everything is deep
And I ain't trying to scheme or ever down you
I'm astounded by a queen
It never changes
Beautifully
And like the flowers are to nature
You and me
Look at all the fire flies
Tonight!
And at the stars...
Look at all the fire flying tonight and
That is ours
Make a getaway
To see the breeze and follow where it's headed!
Leaving all the pain and all the reasons why you always stressing!
Got to let it go, take the sea and feed it all your vexing!
Hoping to believe!
Knowing freedom in this walking session!
And I care for you
I care
I care
I care
Yea I care for you
And truly someone's there
And actually deeper but I have to be an average people

It ain't any pressure
I just had to say I'm glad to meet
You and me

Dexsta Ray

Life Is Impressing

Truly... Truly... life is impressing

Because it cannot be appraised, or it shouldn't be
But taken as a blessing
Free...
No regression even though the devil mess with me
But solely no oppression
Ease...
Looking at surroundings
That's the Lord
From the wind to the rest amounting
Best, if I do say
It reflects
The good and bad that grows, to reality's exposure
Behold, a fraud
Taught the odd on closure, a soldier
In Jehovah's
Squad
Sought the wrong but thrown it
Society's so repulsive
What it stole from me, it owes it, though this life is too impressing to reside
Good to see some connotations lessen
To describe good things
That the Lord
Implied perfection
Life something so much better than good, I just say impressing
Though that's still not enough
An amazing blessing

Dexsta Ray

Light Affects The Darkness

Obsessing over nature
Ah... The moon
Dock a hot balloon
Glass blown
Clay shaped
Days change but not the mood...
'Tis a constant elation
Infatuating arts...
Long for something amazing
With that
I'd trade my scars
I'm cracked apart
Bounds change me more into myself
Far from narcissistic but I'd break if I removed myself
Everybody's finding balance
That's what it's about
False labels tied to answers
'Lying' before you get it out...
Brothers, friends
How we'd make it in another skin?
Nothing is repeated but the grievances of other men
All original pursuits
An eternitarian
Like the spirit living within truth
For discerning matters
Urgent hazards and the temperament of burning lanterns
Word is like a Rock
Meant for discipline to err our actions
Lest we fall into the pit and be a soul in hell
Father, test me to repent so I could grow and tell
If I ain't enrobed and veiled
Broken biases
Haters give out pluses for the things they throw us minuses
So you live to be eroding me but claiming real?
Wickedness is slow but the overflow's for righteousness
Jesus' Name will heal people
Not with pills either
Pregnancy is sacred but the snake has come to deal evil...
It's as if the saints are not in The Lord

Like we are blind and cannot see what demons trying to form
See everything is innovative but a fool can't see
Stuck behind the inner hatred
Seeing envy ruling each
When a person's filled with satan
They're subdued and weak
God is my applause, sending rain in, when I'm spooling ink
And that's cool to me...
I said it already
The only difference is they're louder but they deaded already
I don't want material riches
A prophetic offsetting
You feel hit when scripture counters
But you test so all get it
I don't fear a wicked bound
There's no wisdom in that
Reversing envy with the sound still ridiculously wack
They'd probably label me a clown because I'm scripting the facts
But going to hell ain't weighing me down plus I'm spiritually strapped
The devil's wishing for my crown
But could never get it 'cause it's spirit
So he use the crowd to try to underhand me 'cause I'm different...
You try to mimic what you see me do and try to switch it
Like a monkey
I don't even speak the moves and lies you mention...
I'm preoccupied with Jesus
That's the only God
Sevens on my wavecaps
Gleaming but they going
Blind...
I ain't never listened to them but they heard of me
A young black brother with a dream is an emergency...
So in love with all my thoughts
Trying to stalk, to figure
Taking note of all my falls and talk
Trying to floss my
Image
Trying to think for me, and even trying to call my limits
Just admit it
You just wish you ended me before I finished...
So much enmity
But I ain't in y'all provision

Satan just be hating 'cause the Lord has gained the Cross attention
I'm in loss prevention
Made it through the paws of fiction
I ain't brought derision
False ascension
Make their fall a pendant...
I can do anything through Christ who lives in me
Remember all the times you tried drop me but I'd still proceed?
I switched my mental state from ignorance to winner speed
Evil want to plot to get me through the legions tempting me...
But I stand firm, rigid, in the plans birthed
Living in the spirit
Unaffected by a man's curse
This ain't the street life
This is holy handwork
Scripturally complete, Light, priceless if it's net worth...
Nothing evil says hurt
Be cause it's just dirt
Whatever people do or did isn't where my plans turned...
I'm more than happy with the Lord enacting mortal passion
Couldn't find a reason so they formed one to torch a maverick
All my focus on the Light
Not an earthly person
And I have the tactic sorted, Christ, will reverse misfortune
So I burn distortion
Nothing done to earn this portion
Veangence is to God
And He makes us wise, discern according...
I learned the demons tried to scheme and so they 'listen' to me
Finding things to fit the rumors liars made
I give it to them... Having fun with it
How can you say I'm this and prove it?
When my action doesn't fit, the binds are clearly in-exclusive...
Without me even trying
Demons crowned with beady eyes
But can see me rise
Leaving time
To be at Jesus side, counted, in the number
Of the saints...

If anybody asks just
Tell them...

Light Affects The Darkness!
Even if it's
Involuntary

Dexsta Ray

Light Cotton

Paradisiacal, paraphrasing, declare what ain't as is
Faith is this, replace the mountaintop
Para-
Grace consists of everything relating, air or gists
Splitting hairs, convincing, con-tent, conditioning
What con-sent, is missing from, if finished, is it being contrition then
Independent hope, etchings individual, sketchings seeming
Trivial, the depths, impressions, I just let my destined presence
Mirror God, ain't second guess it, fearing not
Because of Thine
Guidance, that I seeketh, and from high, it enterprises
In the Spirit side, at least, so clear the eyes, these bitter trials
Ain't kill desire, lest I'm pitiful, except I'm blessing...
Pails of lamentation, quails, I think of Exodus, the settings
Deserts, the landscape, the way, the satan planned my fate
To lessen, so I stay enslave to weapons, framed to misportray
My essence, take my royal priesthood, to eat good
Through means illegal...
And I been punished brutally for what they schemed for evil
Things that lack of substance
Even being disproven things, ain't matter, that which pact against me
To subtract, with tasks of envy, overshadow what I had
Just to advance, uncanny, slithering, what happened to me
Tragic, nonetheless, expanded scripturally
In spite of hatred witnessed
Now, society, imply that I can't thrive because of lies on me
Treating it like a statute, siding with evil over Christ's reign
Writing off my handy work, confined to stuff ain't nice as me
Devastated, no, that was premeditated, heavy wayment
Heaven made me though, not anything a snake imposed
As a way to take the gold, and take my soul, for satan, as a hit
Tracing all my moves, to desolation, can't exist
Trying to close the loose end, for evils, that influ-ence, this sequel
Of the persecution, for the Lord, was first amusing
Willing none to do with, in danger because I proved it
But that was years ago, so I don't understand this new gist...
A long-running situation
Quality degrading, chaos theories manifested
All my contribution, break it, but not like combative though

I've answered though, I rather don't, my passions unto God
Damaged though, the Master know my heart
They accuse another of their own
Embargoes
Smoldering card smoke, broken shards own
Coveted, partly hopeful though
She ain't demons like the demons smiting He
Justices threatening me because some artists were wrong
Being attacked in secret, while nobody in the world can help
Still my trust in Christ, this antichrists, ain't trample Light
Babylon is killing Christians, terrorists, they stand alright
With it, my help shall come from heaven, where my hope is set
I'm still better...
Don't want nobody knowing their lies were just instilled failure
7/20/19

Dexsta Ray

Light Fortress

Prisms and differences...
Split contingencies, pass envisioned hallways
I'm sitting, attending spirit depth
Health and the therapy
Well, and never slept in this
And seeing whatever left in it
As benefits and spirit riches
Such obscurantism
I didn't, if it's conditioned Light
But it was, then, from Christ
Which is life, and surely
It's sufficient, ends religion
Plunders of satan
And puddles at the sides
Covering up the mind
Something compromised
With enough conventions
Hidden comprehension
Why chilling with Davey Jones?
I feel a pilgrimage is anything but easy
From the feel of it
I shift into the Fortress, to revisit
All my own lows, having melt away
Like it warmed me, if, for a moment, whole
The Lord is over all of the temperature
Understanding
Costs...
The plus of glistening love
Quickened to the
Strongholds
The sight of pulsing light in the Fortress
You'd hear the word that some
Refraction has established and managed
To steal a sliver out, it glimmers silver now, and not gold
Deliverance, got told, in Scripture, soul disfigured, but molded back
Harps, and instruments, glow and flash where
Jehovah sat, hearts and spirit sense
Depart coincidence
At unguarded marks of imparted endings

Hopefully, that be the mission fixed
But ascension's snipped...
Woefully embarrassed of Jesus (cries)
And, notably, the souls that know defeat
The broken pieces, smolder, on the frozen beach...
He'd know, and
Showed
And rose from sleep, the reach of cold death
Stone kept, even, rolled away
And gone today...
Ain't hold there, as it was prophesied
In older ages, though the satan want to make it seem like it was not
Aligned...
All these writings on the walls that incite a cause
On the Light is where my vision is set
And not on what the God of right, the sky, sight, and might
Did not design
So, it's alright if any didn't respect
The Fortress is a realm of simple peace
Distort the films of venom's teeth
The Lord can still rekindle each
That mortals feel can't heal or teem
Lament all night until the Spirit is ready
I got the heaviness up off
Destined wilderness
In awesome Presence of the Lord of Daniel
Abraham and Abednego
Mix this funky rhythm
To eternity, the constant journeys
Living in the eyes of every man and woman
Said as broke
We're headed though, and full of holy faith
If bearing crosses, all despair resolved in where
We're headed, we'll be young forever more...
Though this little Light Fortress can't compare to YHWH's mansions
It's a plot advancing knowledge of His wonderous power...
Have you ever had the moments in life?
Where you ain't notice while it happened
Later on, it alights?
I met a dead legend trekking on a bus trip
A while back, at least it seemed like it when it, did then, approach
I turned away, just a glimpse, and it was gone

Disappeared like sterling gold abandoned
I attribute this to GOD or loathesome magic...
Nothing broke the fabrics of the just
And whole or, damage either
Ravished sneakers
Peaceful though, the Armor of YHWH
And while I'm praying that Jesus keeps my soul, from straying
Praising God commandments
Stationed as a hermit
That's disturbing, see, I have to grow...
Times of tribulations, with discernment, Bible passage wrote
The Light can have a toll, on the life of all
With passion for It...
A granite Fortress for the Man of everlasting
Glory, granted, I'm a fan of Weh'
And friend of all obeying His ordinances
And supporting it, we benefit by just absorbing
Any form or coordinates, He's still the Lord of it
Immortal...
Just as serious as the definition of the word
Witnessed many sacrifices just as a writer
To be accepted, is a issue, something has me untitled
Dissimulation ain't
Reality
I step as a fighter for what I love, which
Ain't bothering nobody, but it still insists...
I walk a different hallway in the litten Fortress
Been distorted, shown that all rays
Has been hidden, plans I didn't...
Label me a punk, or scum, I'll be that
File me that, and let the holy child see that
Smile, relapse, 'cause it's a
Problem but I mosey on, let's get something done
Not for me, but to show His Throne...
There's a lot of wishing bad but I'm feeling good
Said I'll beat the madness but ain't think I really could...
But I really would, imagined it
And made it happen
Even future hate is only trapped within the satan's tactics...
I ain't looking for no happiness so hate can snatch it
Learned to turn the pain and sadness
Into joyful praise and passion!

And that is with, without the poetry
The only Name I'm thinking of is Jesus
Not what satan has in store for me
No matter what, I feel joy, and I live joy
Not associated with the evil forces wanting to break me
So elation fills my
Being, in this spirit Fortress, that's invisible
And globe wide, like the Most High
There's different branches and degrees
In this spirit theme, God's the core of love and Light
Even when it's
Physically, the Fortress

Dexsta Ray

Light In The Stone

Philippians one and verse twenty-eight

Ha

The wicked think God is just a common word

Prophecies in motion

Demons run on the earth

In sin...

Don't mention this, shots'll follow

Since the curse has been

Shifted on the physical mindset

A forgotten sign

With everything the way it is

God has not been lying

Rumors on the rumors of contentions

Battles in the cities

Troopers be the plot callers

Beneficent to the Christians...

I find myself of special interest to the hell dominions

Want to see my mouth closed

Broken, beat, or failed the vision

But I kiss my metal pendant wrapped around my neck

Joshua in chapter one, verse nine, I down the nets

Prowling in the earth's hedges

Serpents watching

Us

The word is music to my ears

Make the nuisance disappear

Light's a must

I hide my trust behind the mighty hand of God

The devil saw me walking

And he thought he might've had a shot

But God had blocked it

Once again...

I'm in worship

He has a job for me

And jealous people don't want to see a prospered me

My destiny'd begin with my searching

As God would give discernment

I turn away from hurting days

And I'm still allergic to the will of curses

Not fulfilling the flesh
The hellbound hate the men that's giving women respect
They'd settle down in resentment
Only feeling regret
They yell loud about the sin of which their spirit's in debt...
And some women listen to the devil
Thinking he's the truth
'You're not crap.'
They commend it and believe it too
And can't tell them any different 'cause they've witnessed 'proof'
Lies that's been presented
Men instill it
So they live entombed...
Just a segment of the weapons that the villian drew
If men consumed by sinning, tell me, what will all the children do?
There's no regard for the next when money is involved
People I don't know setting nets
Come to hinder
God's...
Resenting knowledge and don't care
Wasn't talking to them
Hating but it's fair, and can't compare
The fake applaud the foolish...
What's a carnal weapon to an Angel?
Y'all had cued it
Call it just a small thing unless I had been tossing tulips
Why hate another for the stupid stuff that you created?
Come against the Light, knowing right
We don't commune with satan
Throwing darts...
But I dodge them like the dude from Matrix
Thinking I'm afraid, must be derangement
In the juice you drinking
I'm not embracing what's on earth
We live by higher doctrine
Blind to any fire popping, grinding because Christ is watching
Regardless if a soul believes
He's the brightest option
You can't enter Life without the keys if you hired locksmiths
Demons stepping out of line
Attacking all my passion
Reasons?

Still inquiring to decide, guess because of madness
When people jealous, they'll sacrifice their all to scratch you
No consideration for the Cross or that the cost's Abaddon
That they're lost...
And have played way more than y'all imagined
I engraft the Scripture to my life so mine ain't falling captive
I'm well aware I'm being watched
By my persecutors
I remember everything
Laughing while I'm hurt and slandered
Cameras during my worse
Misrepresented
Had me where you wanted
Close it with some falsehood
The hexes
Envy, bare components
God pulled my shirt from banter...
Picked me up to work with lanterns
Ain't nobody help me out but if they got it worse
I'd answer
I forgive, no matter what, because I heard my Master
But I ain't too big on trying to front...
Don't prefer your standard...
All the wicked do is try to clown a changed person
But they stuck within a slumber
Seeking wisdom...
Can't learn it...
'Cause if they did, they would use it for some vain purpose
Not to glorify the Lord
But to make their 'name' perfect
Saying the same type of things
I stick to my beliefs
That way we survive if I'm with you or if I'm deceased
All the time, He never failed to supply my needs
Blessed me with a good one
My wife is like my finest
Dream
They think since I serve the Light and Christ
That I am weak
But I decree, denying me, my life could speak for Christ's lead!
Living selfless and not selfish like the minds of greed
Free from any binds on me

Even subdued...
And I know why they got their eye on me
I'm speaking the truth
And I'm a sheep but they vinyl me with evil to do
Up all the wickedness conspired, see, they're creatures of doom
And do not know it...
God is watching people and He do abhor it
But He figures why destroy them when their flesh is doing that for them?
So condemned to hoards of torment
But we'll live within peace
But as for them, a portion's boiling, but we'll live in Kingdom!
My motivation be the motivations
Some souls enrobed in hatred
Loathing greatest
But we still will achieve!
Now say this here with me!

I'm free
From all things
Exalt the
Name
Of JESUS CHRIST.

Dexsta Ray

Light Versus Darkness

Light versus darkness... the constant that set the stage for pretty much everything
Our perspectives, actions, and language
It's the natural run of things
At this point in our time here
The range of this constant is anything but shallow
The physical perspective of it is only
The top of the entire scope
Which is...
Really, far more complex than anything the human mind could fathom
But the bible is a window
With a fairly clear view
Light and darkness...
These things are like fire and ice or death and life
And it's more than a conceptual thing
Contrary to how it's portrayed
The fruit of both extremes are manifested in society every day
It's not abstract but of a definite source
Light and all things good originate with God
While darkness, deception and all things bad
Originate with satan
Though the light has already conquered darkness with Jesus
Followers of the Light are still exposed
To it as a means of perfecting and shaping
This will ultimately give eternal life to those who endure
Now... the physical and spiritual are separate
Society is physical and these things we see are directly proportional to
The biblical prophecies
These things must happen (Mark 13: 17)
And that's why it's impossible to find another explanation
For all this confusion physically
You'll only run into a paradox because the physical is limited in every way
Only God can open a person's spiritual eyes
We just have to be receptive
For the spiritual cannot be seen with flesh
Unless the Lord calls for it
But the complexities don't come from the spiritual as much as the physical
Since the spiritual is pretty straight forward
Anything that opposes a Christian is of darkness

And anyone not living for God is satan's child
Not God's...
Spiritually, it's all straight forward
But physically it can be confusing
To a soul in the process of maturing spiritually but not there yet
The cares and confusion can be a great burden
That's how we know that satan is ruling
Society today
It's always trying to break you down
See, it's a trap...
The more you feed into the darkness
The cooler you will be in the eyes of the 'world'
Responding to hate with more hate will
Show us to be overcome by evil and that's what the devil wants
Once you are absolutely consumed by evil or close to it
The 'world' will accept you and leave you alone and so will the devil
Then the persecutions will stop and the 'world' will 'worship' you
Especially, if you have a lot of influence
All this means satan's got you
A seat in hell is already reserved
But the moment you become curious about God and the righteous path
Everything will get crazy again
That's satan...
We must have assistance when walking in the light path
That assistance comes from the
Holy Spirit within us
Making decisions according to the flesh will often hinder us
For society is a spiritual trap
Respond to the devil for coming at you
According to his devices
And you'll come off as a bad person
That's one of satan's deceptions in society
It takes the focus off of him
You may be defending yourself but that's not what's perceived
It's all a trap...
The only true way to conquer darkness is by following in Jesus footsteps
Anything else is a snare to pull you into the darkness
Once there...
We would already have a chair in hell
Don't be deceived!
Sinners will not get into heaven by any means!
Only those who awaken to what's really going on

Turn from their evil ways completely
And accept Jesus as their Savior will make it in
There is no other way into heaven and eternal life
All other roads lead directly to hell... and darkness

Dexsta Ray

Light..To Sitteth Neigh Thee

No tam'd fit ever who's skulls are inflated
Too big, to give a penny to the poor
Hist, in God, pretty sure, could fill in more
Can't just ignore the evil's celebrate
In the eye, see, heed, breath, and levitate
And never speculate to open doors
The very same place where the hope's abhorred
And seek to try the faith being laminate
Heeding scripture, breaching filters, mean life
Unto a soul, of hunger, eat and eat
Seeing riddles, cleaning diddle, dreams cry
But only, so, for better, seemingly
Tams fit ever, who'd, a little gleam thrive
Blessings flow, caress, and grope needlessly

Dexsta Ray

Lightning Bolt In A Droplet Of Water

I start again, marked to win, I'm a target then
Certain persecution, per nuisance, I heard the flames discharge
Played my part, regardless, with verses, pages, the perfect Truth imparted,
through the Bible
No circus, using the Lord for cover
Light absorbed the bubble, so much hurt I've seen...
And this a tool to sort the rubble for the worthwhile things
Full of mirth, smil-ing, I'm wild, dreams became reality
The hate into a battle scene, truly, masterfully
Mad at me because I don't embrace the evil...
So I ain't real, I refused to stay in Satan's sequel
Just to pay my bills, my faith fulfilled instead
Thinking of the book of Daniel, seen the bull, and took a handle, on the horns
So Weh' can lead...
We was going through a lot but it ain't even feel like it
I mean, sometimes, the storm is hot
But Jesus'd clean up real nicely
Like, just, the other day, another phase was opened, said I see a helper
Being together's meaning more than even scripting letters, and to Yahw.. the
Almighty, I beg, my edge remain a leg
For Light, and for sight, standard fights
Present, and Spirit ready, mighty in the Highest God, tie me, I'm floating...
Before, okay, oh, wait until the great is spoken, Weh' controls it, they can hold it
then
Grown, a kid still, some soulish, amidst hills, rolling, oceans, open forests, and
potent plants
Roads, the Master lives...
And pastors heal the cracks on the passage, noted
And time persists, the Gospel is the only, the standard, holiness, that appeals to
me...
I could talk about a lot... talk about the plots, squawk about revenge against the
devil
Like I'm lost and
Got...
I'm never living to be cool because it costs a lot, a soul, moral, values and the
truth
Just to ball then rot
Wiles, prattle, broken rules, spirits chalking spots, some falling hot lava
The worse of curses, the Word discerns it...

I can feel the joy that I seek, as if, I had it all
Healings, look how joyous it'd be, and, oh, how coy is she? Spirit sense, the
portals I see, the Lord shall be exalted
Lack respect for time, just the changes, I be where fog is, ribbit, frogs and
hidden points
Of this nature, the course of peace and progress...
I don't care what they thinking, that ain't my source
Selfless favors left me
Stranger than basically everything they said, never changed trajectory
Though
I been the man I am, who they are, I'm clueless, I do this, 'cause I ain't went
nowhere
Karma's an illusion (not godly)
Psalms eighty-three, verses two through eight
Do explain why 'scars are elusive', the crafty counsel set to wipe away my
memory, like I get no air
To steal original, individual, and dimensional, and since unfair, the Spirit
motivates
To keep me centered...
I eat for dinner, tactics on the plate, the road was crazy
When I heard about, the targeted individuals, taken, I was mainly surprised, but,
I ain't same as that
There's actually others
Stating facts, relating... it'd just take me back...
The only going out I'm doing is where my Savior at
Testimonies hold power, blessings, to the saints, perhaps, I'm fading, from the
vague, other nettings, it's hard to concentrate
Malice conjures much
The honest way, I choose, I love the reign, function, praise to God, His sons obey
Battle stance against the prattle scam, judgement being soon, and no way I'm
being shadowbanned, what I speak is truth
Inking through, bleeding squares, what I even do? Listening to the rainfall,
thinking 'bout some cream of soup
I don't get the hints, really, what are they for?
'Cause my intentions ain't so difference from the stuff they implore
None absorbed, everything is dead to me, how I like it now? Etched in me, ain't
no feeling, lest it be a net
Lightning bolt in a droplet of water

Dexsta Ray

Like Evaporation

A spirit is free
I plead the Gospel through a logical
Appearance of ink
The watches bleeding
Say, around three o' clock in the morning
Quite obsolete
For proper sleep is not accomplished then
Locks unbridled and dropped for common signs
And not the seen
What is this midst on me?
Reflected, sixth degree
Message meant to leave
Collection
Flop and flipping
So, lethal, hot and febrile
Evaporation
A light of water, soaked up
And snatched from the lakes
The sky absorbs
And I was never lined to strive
Reminded why
I was trying, it ain't helping, it ain't welcome
Better grinds to find in crimes
The mindless drive
But I stepped it
Saw a freedom through the vines
Getting dried
Fried and eaten, what's the meaning?
Kindness plated though
Vivid life lines in a painting
Without the liquid in it
Out to take a picture is it?
Houses with transmitting with them
Pow, wow, sound out, clout, flout, ground found
With no cogency presented
So it's cow bowel
I got a spirit dream, delivering what Spirit say
Being heard, dis-cern, no gorilla genes
Happiness, a brittle thing

Joy is more connected, in and out the dungeons
With the rain
Sacrifices and decisions made
With the Spirit's gaze
Sunday morning interlude
Minutes giving praise
Like an evaporation, hope of story
Mapped across the globe
Costing nothing more than fallen souls
To revitalize, and grab the waning
Activating new contingencies
Stomping out the hatred
From the placement of a written cleave
Separating odds, like the inspiration in the sea
Blocked the sun of God
Taking particles into the peak
Back into the zenith's reach
Then soon
It's seeping beautifully
That's evaporation, overlook the pitfalls
And dive into the splashes waiting!
Gliding pass the ranges of the big jaws
Never luck
Only everything is in alignment
And by the Father, surviving sorrow
In the midst of borrowed moments
'Tis a happy ending, and regardless of what is happen
It be a brass beginning!
Through all the struggle and madness
Instill a man's ascension
Trusting in
God

Dexsta Ray

Lions And Doctors

It's been a long time, long rhymes
Of mine
Roses, holding tokens, close to stuff
Doesn't matter...
Noted
My focus on my shoulder, in the form
Of the Scripture
Becomes a lantern, oil when cold
He strike a
Light, the Holy sanded, plights of life
But, death, I guess, could wrest or wreck some things
Consecutively...
Suggesting pieces, for realities, that's special to it
But, not exactly, matters of facts
You know
Settings, tracks, a message to it
Lessons glue it
Tsk
I lack maturity
For purity, I think is graspable
Ain't obscure to me
Assuredly
Think sin's collapsible, and it's practical
Adhering to no slanders
Nor liars
I stamp more fire for it, higher chords
Beneath, just the mire
Completion
I ignore it, seasons, Light restored
This desire...
To be the best I can
No clandestine plans, tests, contestants
Unpleasant spans
Chances
Never plant in middle ground
Stuff messed up
My life, the underhanded means, en-netting me
To dress up my light, to bless up
But it doesn't count

Like I'm just one to write...
The pleasures mine
The legions quick to dismount God
And evil stick to evil
Predicted how it'd get, although, some lying
Neither did I either...
I'm still in my line, just fear that I rise
Expose, strongholds
Of darkness kingdom, sought
To kill off my shine
The truth of me illuminated, surely, end all the chide
So I must die, because the devil
Lose to Weh' all in
Time...
Ain't want to play, chose my own embrace
But most couldn't tell it
In fact, without, the innovation and the quotes
And the jealous
I haven't heard no substance of it
But I feel yokes and fetters
I have the nerves to just accomplish
What I'm here for
Forever
The spirit warfare rages on
Now I'm being stoned with pebbles, and as
One turn my page along
They can feel
Hope
I never, engraved, what's being told, or spilled
In antagonists fashions
And, plus, I been, on, for years
No hate attach this
Advancement, I've had my, then, hopes
Appeal to some
Basics and crafters
That went, a bit, low to kill, out their ranges and bracket
But on another
Note, uphold the souls inspire through Jehovah's
Throne, of course, I gravitate to that
From jump
What I was focused on...
Evil threw some bones, when I was broken

From the smoke and chrome, and sold into the cold
With just my dreams, their laughter, holding on...
But, O...
Composed...
Said the Word is a lantern
As we grow closer to the end
It'd take discernment and
Standards!
I feel the Holy Ghost within...
For the Almighty ain't forsaken me
In spirit war, alrighty
More
The fight for truth, ain't phasing me, but changing me
God's Light, and what He ain't bring, stay away from me!
For satan kingdom's tiny, the Lord rebukes you
Absorb the truth
Too
Days, can be as lightning, a waning thing
But a form of beauty
Weh's complete as fire
10/10/18

Dexsta Ray

Listen To Your Ticker

It's confusing, maybe Cupid don't exist
Or it's stupid
Listen to your ticker
Through all the music, and if you find yourself, in position where you are
choosing
Go with the second 'cause if you loved the first
You wouldn't do it

Sitting at the kitchen table...
Hitting twisted fables, missing all ticking listened, within, it's sympathy
Enable! 'Tis this pending resolve, attention ditching, how?
Pinching, itching, pain, living in this prison now
Spirit visit, mentioned wishes
Shtick to figure out
In which ending, being replayed, really mixed this vision down?
Broken up
Burt up cards
Certain shards piercing
Darts aiming
Peering
At two hearts, dearly, nearly, fearing, hearing
The utterance, 'cause it's enough of this
I tell you I don't want you to
Go... before I cuss and it's really ain't about nothing though, but still it's
something since...
Wait, don't throw the ring on the floor
Think we can conquer
This
Rustling through scriptures, trying the best to make the mess good, before the
point of talk out the door
But, for sure, you have a lead foot
The said good statements, and trying to see, in fact, if devoid of that,
Ain't a need to have to try to
Sleep
Even feel crazy
Fronting, missed calls, made...
But ain't touching real bases like a stick-ball game
I wish all this could go back like that
Rhyme the soul, then you

Write back

Sure the light unmasked, the finest note I wrote, O, I try bad
But I guess I missed, hist, a fickle resistance
Out the blue, all the signs, I ain't tripping, if it really make you happy
Then I'm glad, don't be crying, hope you get him
Lady, anywhere you go in this land
Just listen to your ticker

It's confusing, maybe Cupid don't exist
Or it's stupid
Listen to your ticker
Through all the music, and if you find yourself, in position where you are
choosing
Go with the second 'cause if you loved the first
You wouldn't do it

The pieces, hearts, I see, that these complete me
She redeems
But it's sharp, I can't make a game related reference since I been upfront with
you
What truth's accustomed to
From start, I ain't into all
The cards
And astrology, I think it's nothing serious, something earless
Just the Spirit roams with this
Leery soul
Being I know you from the Scriptures, rigid clearly
Then you listen to your ticker
Knit a bleeding
Sleeve...
'Cause although silence ain't consent, the malt or quality displayed
Been all complete
Quiescent like walking in the rain, one ain't even got to talk
Predicates and actions
You...
How I'd rather instrumentals
No phones, resent retinue, where we're taught to make our own rules for life
And now I see...
Try completing though journeys are strictly tied, derived from Jesus
Letting evil run head first into fate
I listen to your
Ticker

Teaching things that turn the time to teach, and only you
For through the storms
You can confide in me, a lowly groom
I guess, if me still, feeling blessed to see, feel,
Though I'm in it forever
We've been dressed with freewill... like the land of sunshine
Be collect, see connect, shun not what
Is true...
Lest the spirit unrest, 'til the other life, anywhere it be
Stout-hearted with a the missions
In the midst of this
Route, bodacious in degree, miss, listen to your ticker
Hist, hark

It's confusing, maybe Cupid don't exist
Or it's stupid
Listen to your ticker
Through all the music, and if you find yourself, in position where you are
choosing
Go with the second 'cause if you loved the first
You wouldn't do it

Listen to your ticker and the Spirit that switched it
Regardless what the flesh
Tries to rationalize, the established lies, nearest to satan
The missing purity's
Waiting
That no oppression can revoke the light in heart
So keep going on...
In the mirror, not degrading
Affection, 'cause God is love though what you've known
May not have been, plot pretend
'Cause it's a trap if it ain't sent by the Light
The Lord, is with you, it don't matter what they did
It's alright
The Lord commends you, sure... listen to your own inner essence
And stay aligned so you wouldn't miss and hinder your blessings, and strongly
'Cause at the end of the age... it's only you, but like me
You have to figure a
Way... to mosey through, it ain't always rosewater
But if mended in truth, there ain't a thing
Strong enough to break it,

Or grip you, so don't give up, on faith, hope, and
Don't give up on love, oxygen is like the same, that
The humans essence is
If one listens, for this is strictly spirit

And see,
You can really be punished for not knowing...
That is life
Sometimes, you just don't know
Forgive me, listening
Ticker...

Get a pretty picture to get her attention, abstract, pure intentions

Dexsta Ray

Lit A Candle For You

Last night I lit a candle for you
Said a couple of prayers
Then I lit a candle for
You...
Wishing you the best while I lit a candle for you
Open up my heart and then I lit a candle for you
And I can see your struggle so
I lit a candle for you
And I can see your pain so I lit a candle for you
In these darker days
I just lit a candle for you
To lighten up your ways I just lit a candle for you
I saw you crying so I went and lit a candle for you
Praying while I lit that candle for you
I need some answers too
And troops...
I lit a candle for you
Because it's crazy
And as I sit and watch these candles blazing
Supplication to the Lord in hopes of strength
To help us make it

Dexsta Ray

Livelihoods Or Naught

This is unrelated to those with my best interests at heart...

See...

It seems as though

Somebody wants me to starve...

But I already done that

Before

I earned survival, after hard trials

And now I finally found

A means of giving to God

And ain't no way, some evil stuck on my

Destruction, when I mention

Stuff related, in my personal life, to what's my livelihood

I always hear disturbance, specific (distance or)

And ain't coincidental, to the point of knowing

With no doubt in the matter, that's it's because of what I think it is

But ain't knowing why...

Well, I ain't going, bye, to how I eat

Just cause satan picks me out of countless others

Some thousands, to raise a mountain at me

Though I'm out that battle, it's after, the darkest seasons

Well, at least, I'd like to think, but I ain't give up

My blessings, unconstitutional, my stomach getting sick, it's disgusting, but just the usual...

Guns and innocence

Evil rushing, while I be struggling, just to get a couple of pennies

Intentions, that I ain't sure about but it seemed

Unending, let me speak to, let me seek the queen

Let me ask the king about these things as if I was a squire...

Fire, mire, brighter lights, abiding strife and writhing

If the wicked picked me out to kick me down

Then that's just prophecies, what not for me, a lot to see

But weapons formed shall never prosper

Though the devil's hot for me, I got the dreams

And wrote for Jesus, goal completion

Not for me...

So I ain't worthy to decide if I shall stop what God

Achieves...

Initiates, officiates, see, they ain't got no tie to me
And who they friends are not my friends because
They hate the Light of Thine, demonic persecutors, stuff basic
That just don't like my kind
On the straight and narrow, for greatness
'Cause evil blinds the mind..
Some say pretentious, aware, I call it, some dare
Uncultured, measures, pressures, talking to haters
If something happens, still, the goodness will revolve
Like it's nature, satan ain't stopping nothing, want to thin me out
Twisted metal, I shrugged it off before, trying to borrow something
See, these persecutions are spirit riches
That's stored above, it's more to hub
And even the wicked souls, still just more to love
That's a different bracket
Attacking, whatever it could be
That's a wicked action
Impacting, attracting, though I got some broader range
Still I'm being restrained by these tactics, I ravish, because
I have to
Have to threaten me for doing me...
Which don't concern the devil, even though I'm just
Pursuing peace, the evil'd burn my letters...
Discerned, it's clever, no matter what though...
Stand firm forever
Just reserve the flak, pull it back
And hold it there
So yeah
I'm scarred up, but my faith is untouched, still, in place, my guard up
Far from that dimension, satan must depart, trust...
Never hating, 'cause my arrangement is stardust
Spake what's on my paper, it ain't the same
As what art busts
Far from competition, ain't in other people business
But the wicked still in mine, violent
Violently inclined, unreal...
But I put that aside, confide in God
That's weird

I mean, I'd rather not
But I don't see another choice
I do my best and, through God

Excel at everything I try

"For even when we were with you, this we commanded you: that if any would not work, neither should he eat." -2 Thessalonians 3: 10

Ay

This about God, not me..

3/3/18

Dexsta Ray

Loner Christian

John the Baptist, truly, was the last loner Christian, now,
We're called to intermingle with the other Christians, Jesus knows the hearts
It's really hard when facing pre-conceptions
And the art of letting go
Is extra slow
I don't want to be a loner, I have met a bunch of other people
But it's hard to form connections when you're judged as evil
After tons of slander
You "become"; one of "them";
No matter what
'Cause you know, deep inside, that's how they treat you
From the binds and ties to lies
Past
Attached to your name, by the creatures from the blind kingdom
Really, that defines evil
Times
That I remember, this was all satan did
They can't exploit what you don't give them so withdrawn's how to live
Just a coping mechanism
How I had to get to this position
I taught myself
Caught myself and bought the death, of feelings
I can tell you of the Lord
You don't have to ask me, it's a testimony, I'll confess the growing hope
A long and strong attraction
To the tactics
That becomes my muse
Because the impact that can have
Really changed the psyche
Mental stabilizing
Now, help me reestablish my contentment
Out the flames
Loner Christian cause of pain, not deranged, probably strange
Lots of pages
Mopping up the modern ways
Running out into the dropping documented
Hop tradition, writing...
For excitement and to right my crying life
Igniting, power, loner Christian, no religion, our guide is God

No attention
Hope I'm living life to find ascension
Father, don't let wicked turn my fight into condition
This is who I truly am
Through the nets, my staff is a reminder of the Light of Christ

Dexsta Ray

Looking At Fishes

The flow of life...
Often mold us into stones
Unfeeling
Uncaring
Idolizing time...
If we switched for a minute
And used our minds to focus
We could see the picture
Those most important things...
Of course...
Life discovers a challenge
A bunch of rubble left
Crush us
Just to make an example
Until it's nothing
There...
Contemplating on the teachings of our Master
He ain't leaving us to shatter
Through clamour
See, He conquered death
Looking at the fishes swim by
Full of grace and beauty
But that description can't contain the One who made them
You see pigeons all around
And the clouds then down
The grasses
All the fruits and vegetables
From the prunes to cabbage
The little things prove the Artist and we see it daily
So distracted by the devil we can't heed amazing
Trade the grief for the peace
Take the hate and evil
See affection
If we hope to see the heavens
Got to read the message
Looking at the finer things
That couldn't be appraised
Wonder how can I explain

Looking At The Clouds

Clouds and clouds and more clouds
Forming different shapes
Sizes, but I think, in the skies, it's a spirit thing
Anyways...
It ain't came to mind, escapes and fleeing stuff
If it be my fate, I keep facing
My challenges, besides, I don't think it's straight
Fair or equal, that I should have to change
Switch, my whole trajectory
Life purpose, 'cause envy raise obstacles
Selfishness
Fake ambitions, to kill what God can do
Why not subdue who did it?
Why drop a nuse just to stop the truth?
And why include
Consenses...
That's not in-tune with what God approved
I visual the ridges, lots of blue, alien breezes
Winds, my topics in the air, Light, the property
Of the Highest God, I write a lot, despair taketh flight
That's when I eye a spot
If I'm a target now, as I'm hinted, well, that's as Christian
Jesus Christ had lead and guide me
In righteousness
Aspects in it, even if they want a knife in me
Spitefully, that's His business
'Cause He fight for me, YHWH, the Alpha Omega Father
The Pantakrator, my Lord, even still
While things concocted
Stuff to bother me, don't cry, just see who watches me
Repent, since it's the end, it's been a lot of evil
Obviously...
Plain English, saying I ain't seeking
Things Weh ain't send me
Still there's extra presence, but ain't righteousness
They may get me
Different methods, ain't asked, imposed
The same mission
It ain't what it says, but it's just the fact

That I ain't with it...
Break limits, in danger, for faith and staying quickened
Kept the track of evil arranging the frames but things finish...
Place my mind on the positive stuff
That bring me peace
Yet another year, Lord, I'm thankful
Dreaming clean, and seeing each of these
It seems like some clouds
Tell a story
12/31/18

Dexsta Ray

Looking At The Stars

I see more than just a constellation
Cancer, Orion, Ursa Minor
Major...
Mapping euphoria
Master's origin
Verse... desire nature
Like a love...
Like a dove within it's symbolism
If it's the verse
At it's worse
It's probably white or something
Fighting nothing
Squinting to see... we claim we like the shine
Though I like the way it shine
If I can find a different ray of light
Out among us
Like the type of hope
Then to there... I'll write a boat
To find a soul
And lo! Just behold the commotion from the approaching clouds
Stand behind the window just watching
From the smoking house
Still...
There's the moon in it's fullness
I can barely see it
So your view is likely better
Atleast we see
So... though I'm sure I ponder it more
Yet I'm content with that
For the night just changes pages
Changes fragrances
The rain drops pounding
The wind
The night surrounding me
Then Jesus gave the flowers and end to all this showering
And within a couple of minutes
All the clouds were gone
And the outer shroud was shown
And the heavens shone

From behind the curtain of the darkness of night
Through those holes in the sky that had been carved into time
The stars...
Looking at them...
Seeing the light from the heavens
It reminds me how our lives are connected

Dexsta Ray

Loss Projects

My mistake, I shied away, from how I normally do
And scorned the muse
I glued to my technology, from order
Gloom, consumed the orb unto point I couldn't even see it...
The truth supported, through the sort it is
But shouldn't even be it, so God exhorts me, see, this was a major loss (o, my poem)
In deep obscurity
The Lord had left some depth
A revelation, that was sure of me
And, certainly, pass the breath of cerebration, life, for me, is different
Not revolved around the persecution, and it's so annoying, when I work the truth
And words dispute me like it isn't, it's indicative of bridges built on falsehood
And ropes conjoined, it's all good, He opens up the thoughts, like the Cross should
The fogged up, the sin cloud, must fall, stuff restricting God, I do implore the Spirit in my life
In devices, even, quickened to what's right, it's my life, and how I choose to live it...
Strictly peace, but sin shall flee, it's not the end of me, I'm built on heaven principles
So hell would not consent to me...
Resenting ink, and twisting links between un-fitting things, in feelings, telling me what I feel
In thinking, telling me what I think... (strange)
And nothing lame about the Light
The stagnant reigns are dry, and suffer from illusion of the same kind that makes it rise...
I see more behind the shadow than the blind can cue, denying the truth, and just like the examples that the Bible's proved...
I've shown real love before and still got hate returned, while some other stuff ain't never been related
Penetrated righteous dreams by what's never been engaged with
Instigated spiteful things while the best is imitated, with malicious intentions
But the benevolent, is never dished...
Sometimes, it seems I'm not enough, but I know, that's a lie
Always humble but ain't letting stuff just pass me by, 'cause I was choked like that before
My visions grasped for air, was looking for the answers when it was the fact

My plans were snared, and by my own lack of action
Satisfaction, open, when my tablets closed, into transactions of the spirit realm
I went for this conversion, and forget that I'm in physic still, but this is real too
Contrition builds a tent where God can dwell... (truly, truly)
For all have failed and fall short, and that's a constant, nothing changes that but
Jesus
Reknaded us like conjunctions, keep in touch with Light, His eternal guidance
The perfect timing, while I'm focused on the hope, but to evil... no worth of
trying...
Not supposed to be 'respecting' myself, I'm reading Galatians, and I'd like to be
known
But by the right things, salvation, these hackers can't take my peace from me
Right before it flashed, and reset
He blessed me something better, wouldn't be the first, if not the last
Giving up, ain't me, the clearer that it get
The easier it is to take the needed steps, the demons kept proceeding
Seething
They ain't of Light, not word, in deed, is how rep the Kingdom

Dexsta Ray

Love And Dreams Are Lights... Sometimes

An age is full of stones
Owning human
Faces
Not subduing wrong
Prompting us to move along
Maybe in the ball of such discordance
Rest a smaller key
People born for this
Thus
The dungeons follow thee
Out, about, the spout, along the route we found a mound of doubt
Counting now
The rainfalls
Do accrue endowing clout
Stop going
Even pigeons have to rest
'But the ants don't'
They tell them
'And it's true' they responded, 'Sooner death though'
They tell them love is knocking
Are they sure it wasn't next door?
And I ain't trying to stop it
I'm astounded by the
Echo
The mind is like a socket and the heart is what affects growth
I'm sick of hitting rim and still I
Veer towards the
Next goal
Miss a bunch of shots and common sense
Will tell you 'Heck no'
'Net is not your calling' 'What is this?' 'Buddy, let go.'
Accurate? Well, probably
But it's then when the regrets flow
Never saw it dropping
Love just blocking like connect four
Funny how the problems turn to options that oppress souls
Love is extra starry but the dark
To see...
Is just strong

Dexsta Ray

Love Illumination

Textiles, texts tiles, mortar, and wooden beam support
Kitchenette, with aged stone, in the check lists, with paint
And plants, today, relaxed, I'm thinking, aside from matters
That taint my sand, for taking stands against
Persecution, that I ain't bring
Nor plan, faith remain, perspective, my visions, from God
Are still sufficient, satan's stead,
continue arranging ways to destroy my harvests
Anyone who backtrack, could discern, how it's made unfair
Intentionally, specific, to my domain, and it ain't a care
Trivialized, injustice, that favor artists, that larcened me
Yesterday, attacked, violent, though, my focus remain on God
Like it always been, and they've known it
But hatchets, still ain't covered, evil lie about stuff that's heavy
The frame campaign, exist, and frolick still, unfrocking the Lord of hosts
Is the object still, know a lot about me, my toddler years, wasn't quite as usual
And my latter years, which are recent times, full of grief
But I'm at peace, when I consider, the Light of God
I release the hurt, sabotaged surroundings, preventing the purposes
Of God, to merge me with, the extra, to turn my tide into something dark
Artists been positioned, to claim my stuff, fore I even write it
Heartless witches, in it, that slander me, just to keep me rhyme
Getting double teamed, by satanic cults, and the structures clueless,
Never seen me lying, and art is priceless,
When love subdue it, testimonies flourishing, applications
That I ain't made, as a way to wrap up my talent
But that ain't happening to them, either that, or standards allow the slander
And malice scam, to arrow, at my life, so my fragments, and patterns
Are diminished, love is still my actions, in spite of, that to subtract me
I'm not sure if they can tell that it's YHWH they run this tactic gainst'
Talked about my life, and the Gospel, while sneaky scam persisted,
As they placed some demons, to Velcro me, all without my knowledge
Love illuminate though, subtly, evil pace on, but humbly, I blaze on
Struggling even, Weh's Throne
6/11/20

Dexsta Ray

Love Myself

And anything I lacketh, contentment, I chose to love myself
The limits were exalted, my fiction could even conquer that
Pencil sketches, crosshatched, spiritually, myrrh, for healing stuff
That's all fact, consistent diminishment, I dissolve that
Resolve is still melodious, bitterness, hath no root in me, ain't odious
The Lord is my Shepherd still
Where my focus is, the earth, is YHWH's masterpiece
Like the heavens, expand away, the planets placed, bigger than whiskers
I like my sand from space, cults can't enter paradise
Not accepted, my lands innate, spatial
Like dimensions, Light amidst it, endless interests, with unlimited
Activities, consistent with specific wishes, in the Kingdom
Buildings made of living substance
Spirit realm, is realer, 'cause it's God's abode, although
He still impact upon the earth, my priorities just differ
And it's nothing dirt, joy I feel from serving God and worshipping
It doesn't hurt, the devil want me burdened, feeling cursed
When it's just he worried
That the truth is manifest, and God is praised
The way He should be
1/15/20

Dexsta Ray

Lowly Jesus

From the shadows Bethlehem
In Judea
Came the shining, mighty Warrior of Light
To give the mortals sight
From the manger
To the tombs, raising up from there
So much more than a legend
Restoring transgression
Reconnected
Man's blessing, came principles
That's established, set before the vision formed
Of academic, applied science
Spiritual in presence
In a sinning era, now, a modern age
'We are getting hotter' days
Crashing up the limitations
Not a need for that
Passing of the information that would lead us back
Like a constant
He's a fact, not a mere religion
Leaving tracks, that'll get us to a clearer place
And social class is slack in that it's sat
Controlled sideways
No matter where you at
You can catch the Spirit's grasp
Shifty time frame
Slow attaching mind games
Indoctrination
Eternity is limited to self and not the places
Spiritually, you're good if not complacent
That's the only peace
But we're living in the flesh so we're knowing grief
But not controlled, the key, in the ghetto
Or the upper regions
Set upon the earth, which is cursed
In the lucky seasons
Be enrobed with mirth because the girth of the coming Kingdom
Larger than the tribulations
Scripted in my Idol's pages

Living in the Bible ages
Still, but with introspect
See, nothing dark'll stay concealed
And He mentioned that
Concentrate on getting back to the same shape
That 'without a blame' state
Before He made us as a baby
Ghetto Jesus, came
Jesus stayed lowly, not discriminating
And unknown to wicked faces
In the trenches, praying
See, the ghetto don't crush the firm
You can all things
'Ghetto' is just a word
So, then, it's Jesus worthy to be praised
Within this season, not to ever be ashamed
Nor be resented in the Kingdom

If just accepting Him

2015 stuff

Dexsta Ray

Luke Six Thirty Five

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

The first two verses before this
Held the same amount...
Of weight
Or of equal importance
It took a minute to
Erase...
Every evil in orbit around my mind
But pretty soon
I'd get my soul aligned
Open eyed...
Hoping I'd fall neigh the wayside
But He said not so
And whatever they tried
Is forgiven!
You tried to set me up but it's forgiven!
If they ever need my last
With no hesitation
Get it!
And I'll mention this no more
Consider it a closed door
If you ever need help...
You won't have to go far at all
Regardless of the things that I was called
If you ever needed me
I would drop it all for yall
Though you hate me...

Dexsta Ray

Luminous (Back Again)

I have seven personalities
I use two
And not a role, not enrolled in cursed
Confounding dreams
Un-handing certain battle scenes
And mountains
The abuse too
And grief consumes you
The nets of pursuing values
Ink, spilled onto freewill
Leading from dirt to canopies
Ascertaining has a price
After changing life
Wheat, till, can see still
Covers of tessellating vices
Life of violence
I defy it
Eyes deflect awakening
Light is not affected by time
Forever sets the basis
And God is mighty
As I wait to see the next arrangement...
Sentence structure
That will always be a part of me
No diminished luster
Just a glow of different colors
Satan stole from in the folders
I applaud a dream
But pardon me
For long time, loaded of the holy kind
Many meanings to a group of words together
Using curses clever
Suiting me in false and crossed garments
'Cause they heard the devil...
Back again
Doesn't mean I'm back to win
Or actually did crack, 'cause never
That just mean I'm bashing sin
Evil seeking out a soul to match my craft

Though I ain't competing
Trying to stash my map and plan a trap
Of words, since legally, cannot shatter lamps
Evil secretly, awaits debuts
While it's looking at it
Yahweh's wisdom took for granted...
Not a sanctimonious approach
Making molds of self, the death
Is, really health, like the essence
On the stove of chefs, and in the bowls
Any L stands for Luminous...
I'm doing this
And not to gloat, this step'll show
The foolishness, is not awake
And got to go
They using me without consent
I'll dedicate my life removing evil while about
The pen
Dismounting sin...
I remind you of it just because it copies me
And watches me, so not as free
The style is coveted
To top it
And the object's not to prove I'm different
But just true persistence, I'd just two percent it
If I had to choose the bottled dreams...
Demolished things
I don't start the stuff with demons
Either you're the plot arranged
Or not smart enough to see it
Only God can read your mind
But the devil tries anticipating
Got my hood up
But I dare opine a different statement...
Never instigating tricks of satan dis-engaged with...
I promptly would hush if God resent the way I've taken
What's exalting self?
Maybe, we should stay content
Disserting from His faithful presence?
Even though He made within us
Wisdom, faith without the work is dead
I get the plow instead, jealous comes without the cause

And I'm a grown man but I'll still speak up
About the false harassing
Not responsible for thoughts of others
Maybe I'm the best
To another, I'm a wreck, either way it go
I'm set, the aim is heaven, not the flesh
I'm joyous...
Faith can bring the blessings for us
I ignore delusions
Some will use the ignorance of some to prey
On lower
True ones...
Claim the innocent are dumb and that they're
Playing victim
When the closest victim is of mental illness
In the villians, which is not a good thing to see
How it will mold the children
Guess since it ain't their babies
Things are different...
Break and entered, evil did, taking 'vantage
Of the Father's sheep, the strangest tactics
Steal the wool, now mentioning it is obsolete...
Got the drop on me
With God, I hopped the plots and schemes
Look at what we came from
You got some dreams
So name some... Then watch what God achieves
In you
Your works exalt His name
I have seven personalities but they all the same...
So ain't no causing shame
Defiling what the Light
Configured
Different feels, different textures in the atmospere, if time is just complex
Then God's outside of it, the mind can hear it
Conjectures happen here, and I am just a vessel
Who's to say we can't be traumatized at all
By what's another's minor thing?
When trusting fire ain't an option
And familiar things began to look so different
Although similiar at first, makes you cringe
All the hate and sin, that hang within

The physical reality
That's channeling the values to the youth
Without our Master's teaching
A bad week don't define a person that keeps
The principles and spirit riches 'round the neck like brass trinklets
Light bulbz and lightening boltz...
Hold some vast meanings
Never waste your time... Won't let the devil take of mine
There are clever waves and binds and lies
And lines and truths, disguised as flukes, we hear direct from Jesus
No confusion and unwise disputes...
And if it'd rise, it's through
The Word is like a solid rock
The hurt's a knife to
Spotted socks
The thirst, a kite, up out of boxes
In terms of righteousness, I cry in this
'Cause God acknowledged, strikes of venom got abolished
Now the problem's something different

Dexsta Ray

Lying Questions

The example for the sample
Embellishment...
Tell, it's been a battle
Plenty platters
For the devil's men
To relish in
A minute faster, dishes held within
'Tis peppermint and slander
Fit for hampers
Trashcans with lids, mashed in
Abandoned by the side
Like the broken
Bottle
My hopes established in my eyes
Then the goals had followed
Might receive a revelation
Light to be a mirror
Wiping off the rocks and stones
Surprise, the theme of celebrations
Fights to be remembered
Like the Cross, strife has loss, we're winners...
But for the walk of right
Not wickedness
But all for Christ, the sinners live and talk alike
I'm falling up higher...
They're asking questions, speaking 'truth'
That all was brought from the fire
That demons sought to conspire
The giant light is all consuming too
I'm still attacked by the flak backed with foolish tunes
Ghouls and tombs
Faking fans say I'm losing room
Who can prove satan's man's accruing doom with foolish moves?
Nobody in his plan is trying to see it happen
To spoil all that's in my hand
Trying to see me
Lacking
When I talk about the help
I'm meaning something different

God's strategic 'bout my steps
Leading us through
Visions...
Something gets me though
It seems I'm sent a different road
It's like the beings who kick me while I'm down
I have to kiss their toes
And get controlled
Since I'm hungry, just to get a roll
I'm given tolls
The Christian life's my occupation
Even though the wicked know
They sticking with the plots awaiting
Got a rigid soul
In totally different conversation
I consent the Throne
Within this spirit consummation
Thinking, 'Here it goes'
When the evil see you shining bright
It wants to see your wick
Engulfed
By icky waters
Webs and fetters, hidden fortune too
I know about intentions
In the devil
I ain't forced to snooze, by electric lows
Tactics wouldn't let me go
To let me grow
I'm next to human, even though my blessing stole
I just composed...
Not a stranger to feuding
A day to pay attention
I pray my Savior would loose me so I can face the villians
And maybe willing, make the angels come to shake the building
Poetry forever
Work is never done, 'cause satan killing
You never heard the devil won
See, his fate is written
Scripture in my soul, when I'm gone
I can take it with me
I condone the mind imposed
That makes my Savior visit

Never letting go the message owned
Never trade the mission
A whole society
Just itching, trying to bridle me
But I ain't really tripping 'cause derision is inspiring
I'm used to sailing the Pacific
In my mind, that means
I'm true to my prescription
My conviction is a hierarchy
I'm outnumbered in the flesh
There's a bunch of haters
Sometimes, I'm running out of breath
Being in constant danger
But if it wasn't for my Help
I'd be dust and paper
Got a bunch of comrades in the spirit realm
I trust my Savior
Some say my passion's looking slick to them
Like something shady meant to steal
But all it is, some others hate my vision's real!
I need the max amount of nicotine that I can take
The Lord can break the habits
Doing it instantly
Apply your Faith
A time and state of rest
Praises up 'cause Weh's the best
Sevens all around me
Connected like a cage, I'm blessed...
Making next, a major test
Inner change and death to any wicked ways
Remaining latent
In my pacing flesh, okay? You bet
The day of reckoning is closer now
Best to seek the Light and be connected with Jehovah now
And it's over now
Anything that holds us down
Broke around the middle source
Standing firm and wielding swords
With the chosen crowds...
Some create the problems
Hoping only they can solve it
Offer up a nice solution

Knowing that it'd break the object...
Then you ain't accomplished
Just because you staying polished
It ain't what you do but how you do it
That could break your options
Reshaping constants
Optimistic and zealous
And all the stuff that I been through is
Why the minions is jealous
Embracing persecutions since the earth is hurting humans
Praying for all the children in it's care
That the curse
Consuming...
Lying questions be the ones that's degrading
For what's implied does not apply
Just some combat of satan
Manipulation
I defy, so many testimonies in the spirit
Nothing like thinking your were less
To learn your real appearance
Letting tears collect
In the Father's jar, the bottles marked
Sorrow's far
Blessings clear as heck
My rejection sheered the nets
And put me right side up
So ain't no turning
Down
And all the things I didn't know
I am learning now

Yes, it's even possible to ask lies

Dexsta Ray

Magic And Temptation

I'm uninteresting because I'm not the fake they said
Want and wish I
Did, go, and pick a wicked rift to live
And then conceal and shield, I'm still being oppressed
Demonic waves have been consecutive
I reel in the nets, collecting things to maybe prosper from
But famous, like it's not
For fun
The still in affect, I will dissect, deflect, acceptance, if, the methods peeled the
blessings off
It's not of the Lord, or either, me, not getting dressed at all, stress involve, not
YHWH's armor
Never, never that
Yelling back the Name of Truth through action
Stuff uninteresting to me, my focus only on my soil, no yokes to foil
Continuation of the path I'd start it on
Holding fast, open hands, my Father, keep my eyes on You, aligned to truth,
supplying proof
So I keep confiding in You
As time withdrew my damage
Golden moons, serenity, and, some gloomy passage, know the rules, I do
No refusal, pursue, Your looming standards, first, so I could learn it, soon
I heard a word meant nothing, then discerning
Put some action to it, then, I heard, it's actually music, otherwise, my craft is
stupid
Passion desired...
Still I'm a writer, that ain't good enough for some, meant to be a writer
And that's fine, 'cause this sufficient too
Shine until some madness stop, opinions is a different tune, advanced, since was
praying alot
I'm asking God for wisdom
Understanding, I don't have enough
I see the difference inbetween what's key and what's just passing stuff, for me,
in Light, at ease
Insight, uncanny, peace, for granted, naught, tactics or distractions, at my
dreams, I be a cannonball
Disbanding all, that plan for naught, the Father came to conquer darkness
Even when the sheep in peace, the problems came, for love's a target...
See, a thought without Spirit is misinforming, it's distorted, I don't quicken to

that, the Lord resume
His business, then I know my place, beneath Him, if the wicked rip me down
I'm still astounded by the love of God, His mercy lasts forever, open eyed, and I
can see Him
Different from the
Nagging devil, no position found, some still devout...
Temptation all in life, have to figure out, the faith within, the way that it
connects, to the Savior, then
How grace extends, illuminates, the Light
What I think it is, is usually true, I knew it too, but Jesus keeps my feet from
slipping...
Drinking, sipping
I ain't doing, think it's best to be attentive
Poor in spirit, still I'm good, wish I would, consider ending, giving up or
something, that ain't in me
God is still in front
Scriptures blunt, encouragement, but never compromise Him, vigilant, do be, it's
beauty, friendliness
Do gleam like jewelry, but it's not the wisest, when some wickedness do seek to
sink in teeth to eat
I mean, it's just the beast, the stomach of it, after the Millenium, I think about,
the things of Yawh...
I meditate, I'm crazy 'bout, the blameless route, that faith's allowed
This is spirit warfare, strongholds, I take it down, when it's made to flounder
Things that's only for right, that which directly interfere
So darkness blows out the Light...
So many magics and temptations present, slanders, different satan's methods
Scavenging sensations, hectic, asking condemnation
Gladly
Fools don't understand, the aim, is make the Savior happy, not unto another
man, the Lord is truth
Above the planet...
Victimized, demonic forces, sort of flip the picture, enterprise, and other
portions...
Frowning on me
I say, the louder that it get, then, the prouder He'll be...
See, understand, the wiles were sent, not expounded of me
Although, I chill, and, this antagonism, stands, fast approaching still...
In spite of looking YHWH in the hand
Some still don't know it's real...
I'm hopeful though
Post my scrolls on open noted boards

Quoted like some other stuff, the Holy Ghost, I show the Lord
So many opportunities I had to deny
Imagine why

Discipline, no magic

Dexsta Ray

Make Believe (Uh Uh)

Ohhhhhhhhhhh huaaaa eee waha

(Low harmonizing)

Only makeeee believe..eee..ee

Dang, it's crazy...

The enemy is out of turn

Sick, beings dissing, leave my ink twitching

I'm like a child, in humility, I keep scribbling, seat, pits of vipers, in their teeth, I see venom

The evil digging, mines, my light grenade, be Scripture, see

Glitter

The golden road that's up above that fornicators won't see, and slanderers could not imagine, or most haters won't reach (without repentance)

And I don't even know the brood vipers, oooo liars... (still praying)

Want to see me low by hocus pocus youu hired

Feeling pressure (uh huh)

Trying to flip the extra, truth's brighter though

My pleasure, I can still affect the roots

Rising slow, like measures

That's used against me, and some of mine, doesn't slide

The higher road is final

Though

I'm never letting it rest at all, nothing but some seasons, such decieving

Constant feeding

I'm suppose to just dismiss although I'm leave with nothing needed for (how to?)

This sort of terrorism, and reparation, this set the bases, plus I fear no evil

Seem like that has passed as actually peace

Next time will be different

I mean, who knows?

Reject correction, guess decline could be winning

The distance in between us big but, still, my mind and prayers, assigned to care

I sympathize with ailments, the noise disguised, to hide some

Terror...

No consideration for it, with the information, knowing that, in excess, when unchecked, a bit unhealthy

Never question what I say or do, just stay to your business

Because my aim, the race of faith
Including breaking the wicked
Erasing, making pain
For me, it's satan's team, pleating hateful things
And it's no respect for that
Not caring for no make believe
I wait and see
That it ain't hard to match campaigners with
Their actions, and ain't being tricked away, as if I did what they're inacting
Now, it ain't as frequent
Now I face, a weight that's wicked
Still I been there, and scored
Just trying to figure out defense
While being still in
The Lord
Some want to take away my happiness, don't know me, never have the chance
I bet I move the latern in
If I'm to where the magic heads
Or, then again, just slashing nets, so the salmons fled, or candle wet
Stalking, 'cause most victims of these tactics, scared...
My hachet next to me, the sickle ain't far
I mean, I guess, perhaps it's destiny, my rhythm takes heart!
Like space, the darkness
Had a net on me, I reel in the harvest, of spirit things, get more spirit riches
Then it can rain
And I can handle it, I channel it, constructive, hachet for the weeds, and
damaged trees, the sickle
For my Savior to swing, and, what's this matter in the atmosphere?
Attached to stuff I never think
Demonic stuff beneath my soles
And that, to which, I'd never speak?
Jezebel or Ahab, lashing at stuff, it'd never see
Destined hellions, may laugh, slander, for fun, and better cease...
Never be, what persecutors misportray me as, whoremongers, and the serpent's
rulers
Trying to burn the future up, I keep my voice recorder with me
Learned that proof is
Staunch
Picky slime, and vile decisions, wildest envy, 'preciation, but, it ain't who
Some contributions, I ain't in relating, period, stuff imaginary, just some savage
Tragic, trash, that badger me, to damage peace
Evil matters tarry, can't compare to what I script, I get the win, pound for pound

This other worldly supplement, still commence
Without sound, plowed the ground, I made it, still, from beginning to now
And can't nobody else replace it
I bring enmity down
And I'm the only one can phrase it this way
A pet that messes up
Inside, one to face it's mistake, but not malicious though
But trying to have a spirit embrace
And it's direct, but I don't know a satan spirit by name, it can't appear in my
range, and if I ever
Found a good one
I will get engaged
And quicken to whatever true, to never do, whatever
Devil use, to never lose her, 'cause of me, in arrogance, forever too
I tell accusers, better stop, oppressing me, secondly definitely, a truther, and a
doer
Dreamer, plus pursuer
Of the spirit treasure, destined, mess ain't logical, expressing, eating lots of
humor
Bringing meaning to the extra measures, not exclusive
Nuisance
It's alright, I guess, unless I drop the truth on rumors
Equal in expression, see, rejection, leaving questions, silenced
And besides, the stuff I write ain't even in the hands of violence
As a man can think in mind
He be defined
For bad or Light of God...
Yea, tell I'm nothing
I'm needing
That
Yea, yea, yea, tell me I'm fronting
I'm seeing that there
Well, well...

OWAaaaaHHHHhhhh, yeaaa, O, My, O My....

ONLY makeeee beIEEeveeee, yea, yea
(Overlapping)
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

(Fading Psalm)
AND SOME SAY HE AIN'T Ree-aaalllll (Ohhhhhhh)

I KNOW WHAT YAHWEH's DONE FOR ME
(Some can't see!)

But it's alright
Knowing
It's so much more
Than

Make beiiieeeevee..e..ee

Ohhhhhhhhhh

My writes ain't biting
I can write the way I like

Dexsta Ray

Married To God

It started with a cloud of dust, visions, wishes
Smile, touched with the truss of repudiation
'Cause trust was hard, difficulties, communication
It 'twas my Father's voice
I finally could discern
Took a minute, before I simply listen
Mists of yesterdays
I see labyrinths...
Elaborate stones and roads, cold visits, plentiful
Night walks, when there wasn't bawling
But, the crawling, before the steps, emits it's own light, and difference
Broken ice, with prints of shoes and boots
A new pretense
Provisions in the sevens, evolution's in the heavens, bet it, settings of the gold
and silver
Like a pleasant word
That's spoke, connections, to the blessing
True reward, to cue His message, essence
Presence of the Lord, the more, than flesh
I set my focus on You, glorious are Your works, and methods, masterfully
Your Throne's abode, Your Holy Ghost inspires me, the fire gleams through all
the pain, and lows
Untold, are truths, I've yet to see, I called the rain, to fall, again, Instead of
talking
That, I saw What paid the cost, remained, the Cross...
I say, a soul, won't have to break, on my behalf, I place my heart, beside my
faith
In YHWH's feathers, where the mark is not
The substance of the loyalty, no changes, so I take the pen...
Strangely, satan's waiting, aim to place me in, to paint me
Into spaces, vaguely, ain't embraced
Mis-stating things that Weh' had did
To taint the Light, and take the sight, but bring the fight, the day is bright
And stay aligned, in prayer, then it's okay, alright
The saints are quite His bride, as He returns to get the Church, and sooner
Than expected
If it's night or in the sun, the Christ...
Shall come, the fight is won, I'm anxious in nothing
If strife is numberless

Then none of it
Just mean tons of drama, could be a lot of lies...
And the one defending ain't wrong
Except to coddled minds, fed what is deception, it's welcomed
And I apologize, if wrong
But, I mean, if there's banding against a soul, as if, they were a roudy outlaw or
something
Without the violence
Flying against a soul that's standing for God, I mean, don't get me wrong
But what is being defended then if men rebel the Light of God?
What exactly is being projected, and being protected?
For the Lord ain't done no harm
So what after is being affected to the point of utter scorn
Like of dangerous beast, or when satan eats?
See, I be by my lonesome with Jesus, 'cause things are strange to me...
But, even so, I'm open to seekers of the amazing peace
And I speak the truth, fear no evil, 'cause God'll break the
Teeth...
I keep my eyes on the hills, steady watch, in faith, this age, I'm obsessed with
the new
Creation, the second earth, receive the Revelation, in the flesh though
Things are tricky, bitter sweet, hissing, I will never do, I just go into my spirit
closet
Talk to God, and then I'm good again
Nothing changed in such regard, it's just the same, I up the Name, though stuff
arranged
By satan, be exposed, some remain, still...
And evil spirits are some beings explosives can't kill
And a soul can't fill itself, although it may feel, possible, an obstacle
Not even human beings could conquer
And the saved was once the prodigal
To Weh', our clean is dumpster-like, but His righteousness, His grace, and
sacrifice
Had cleaned them...
And I write regardless, normalize is not, a margin, got me thinking, that's larger
I ain't scared of that
Righteous anger my reaction being instead, in fact
No, to all control, just accept it, or be fed to cats
Demonic, in the bottom of the bottomless pit...
I never asked for any of it, still I'm bothered and
Then, I get sublimally hinted, that I'm being followed and it's...
Um...

If, I had to say, my feelings of it, I would say it's JOY!
Only confirmation, such was done to God and all the prophets, but I talk about it
Just because it's got some broader prospects, I ain't bothered though, all is
covered, plus it's widely known...
Monitor the evil, and mostly, because it's eyes are gone, blindfolds and
misinformation
A recipe for hurt
And I know the different engagements, distortion, genocide...
Touchless, other suffer, from me...
Because how demons made it, even in Nelsonian Knowledge, of
Some good people's
Wailing...
Truth is nothing wrong, but the error's in how it's misportrayed, music loves my
soul
There's a snaring, but now, it dissipates...
Anticipating...
Jehovah protects my soul from hell
This lowly shell, was broken, one can't put the Lord above, if loathing what's
declared or spoken
By Him, when I read into that hint, it nearly broke my heart, ain't spare me any
sympathy
But let me know just as it is, but after this, I understand a lot
The other hand of God, I'm meaner for expressing, some just see
There's more perspective to it
If they saw the things I see, from others
They'd suggest I'm foolish, for compassion, brand it odd, the cruel
Dealeth extra ruthless when it's known that no one else can view or even cue
it...
This relationship with God, I want to overshadow
Everything in life, the muse, the watches, must reflect His presence
The wicked must be so confused
I let His glory shine
I don't need the praise, unless by Him
Fortified in love, that's more than mine, or anything I have
Under mortal skies, normal lines for me, in mind, I dream
Like a horn disguised, when farming in the heat, important times
Contorted, I imagine, truth, I pass the love, through Light, to all who need it
Which includes myself, I step in YHWH's arc to dwell forever, healing stuff, and
do right
The way that it's been, in spirit marriage to the Lord, means elation within!
I don't expect some to believe me, dust beneath me...
Plus, it's deepening, but I never did consent

Why is the fonded things as creepy? Sneaky, scheming, feeding hate, you see
You can't address distortion like that
Fight back through YHWH's wisdom
Spirit realm is real, universal, and not a mere perception, seen a couple of falls
And experienced, a bunch of loss
And that's the reason
I'm uphelded, by God, I see the world like Him, in hope, I'm never shrinking
below
My destiny is this, definitely

It's something like, I'm Married To God
Committed to the Light

Dexsta Ray

Marry Me

Stash the games in the trash bags
That's the status quo
And so
I'm apt to giving up everything
For this chance with you
I'm praying Jehovah's Light shine down
Established true and pure
Imagined for a moment
Us dreamers...
Traveling close to Jesus
This road between us
Didn't grow, the chasm didn't trap us
Something in the soul that flows
The love just explodes
But ain't a way that I could make you grasp this
That woman, woman
Noted in my heart
So consistent, that's my only, only
Patented and adamant, yes, and she's holy holy
That's a lowly queen, no Jezebel
So no controlling...
She knows me
Happiness, a state of mind
You may think I'm lying
But any choice you make that brings you happiness'
Okay, it's fine
I make you mine, and eternally
We'll stay aligned
Believers with believers, what the Word has state
Let's change our lives
Marry me, and turn the curse away
And I'm telling you
The devil's truly angry, trying to separate and stuff
But I'll fight until I can't no more
The faith implored shall bring a change
Beauty that I can't ignore
Not limit to appearances
I see through any fake report...
So yea, I thank the Lord

'Cause just to know you is a blessing
While I visualize your day
Advised by Weh'
I crave your presence...
It's a gift of all the gifts
It embraces heaven, grace and rich connection
With, without a ring, for now, but everlasting
I'm in love, I'm in love with you
Repelled attraction to attachments of the devil to this union
Satisfaction with it
All that really matters to me
Is all the love you
Show
Forget what people saying or believe
I'm feeling comfortable...
God has really granted to me
A love insurmountable
I'm crazy for your
Inner light, and insecurities you might've tried to hide
But this is fine, just shine them for me...
I accept the whole person that you are
Flaunting spirit rich, positioned in the kindness
You're as fine as this
Ink...
Just marry me, all that matters see

We're crazy for each other

Dexsta Ray

Math Is Something To Be Faced With Twigs And Thistles

I ain't never got along with all these e-quations
A mind for fractions lacking
Always slacking
Back when I was sitting in those classes
But I passed and graduated
Damaged
Me... greatly
Coming off the pages laughing at my sheet strangely
Then we meet again my worthy adversary
Wins
Math is crazy
Something I ain't even needed since
Asking, 'How would this apply to anything out there? '
Got me ripping out my hair
I didn't prepare
I don't even
Care
Math is something to be faced with thistles
Let a genius fight it
I can't even state the issue
First it's basic then it's something that relates to Mitchell's
I can't even name it
Man, a shame how it remains official

Think you doing something then it switch around and get you
Math is not a subject and it should be faced with twigs and thistles

Dexsta Ray

Mathaldaye

Mathaldaye

Some thoughts can feel like hours and hours
Devouring the psyches...
This little light is
Different
Might be, similiar, to nothing
I don't debate about the tribulations
Made me strong
Satan's waiting for a space
To take away my
Testimonies, but what's strange
I'm calm
'Cause, simply, nothing can change it
I guess it's on me, I just refrain
The muzzled are frantic, a cup for granted
Even half filled, it covers the planet
I conquered, legions, for their last meals
Was dozens of souls, through buckets of hope
Gallons of the backwards jokes
And dark matter, fabrics that are abstract
Snap back and hearts shatter...
As a matter of fact, the hidden darts badger, more 'cause tracks conform
Up under covers that they're larger than
I heard the Lord talking to me
Now I must embrace
No matter what's the consequence of standing up for what's at stake...
Staying elusive to foolish moves as we're ducking tape
Passing by the past
In a flash
Moving up the chain... And even though
Uncontained, darkness love my name
Coming through the shunning
Like it wasn't on my stuff for ages...
But I'm tough, I made it
Rudeness ain't my aim and purpose
Neither is diminishment
They hate the space that winners in...
Even in the midst of such danger

There ain't a grain of table salt upon the platform
The pepper keep the path warm
In such occasions...
I don't contend in where the grass worn
Against it, but conventions throw
The faith in place has made it walk
The pinnacles
A figment of the ridicule for scripting so...
The angst is a delicious bowl
Remembered vividly the things...
Power hunger, money conjured up
For a common purpose, love the certain
Plugged into obscurity, there's other puzzles, muzzled things
Detergent, trumps the stains for real
Determined, just to stay to afield
The ruckus came, but I can see
It has another thing coming, faith and praise
For us
It's Mathaldaye

Dexsta Ray

Matthew Chapter Seven Verse Twenty Three

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only Son to die for our sins
Stay brave, hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Nothing more disheartening than to hear from our Creator
'I don't know you' and 'Depart from me'
After passing through, away, to the other side in spirit
No, I ain't trying to hear it
I don't thrive in
Veering
Only staying near Him 'til the end because
It seems like it's a game until
The time appears
Then hey
How it happened? We don't know, but now in spirit states
Death can come at any time and ain't
No going back
Or His Day shall quickly leap upon us while we sowing flak!
No, I ain't ashamed of all my faith
I can see it clearly
Pictured as He manifest it through His holy word to us
Maybe I'm delusional
But one day I will turn to dust
Rather not be foolish, die, then wake up to the burning much

Dexsta Ray

Matthew Fourteen Twenty Eight-Thirty Two

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only Son to die for our sins
Stay brave, hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Forget excuses
Losing sight of the picture
In sinking
I...
Blinded by the light
Delusions
A serious thing
Peter took a step and started moving
Impart
The wind was brewing
So he stopped to look at that instead of Jesus
Lack of faith distracts
The grasp of that ignites
In any season
Ain't a need to even try to plead 'I'm human'
Focused on the dark and not the Light
Confusion
And save me too
Like Peter said before you pulled him up
And gave me proof
It ain't about a thing but praising you
And the discerning
Let me focus on the end instead of the sin diversions
Save me from my own
Folly
Every single day
You sacrificed Your own body
Handing me Your grace

Dexsta Ray

Me In A Bodybag

Picture me up in a body bag
Praising in Spirit...
The devil's probably mad
But God is dwelling
Past, present, and the times to come
Assigning trust to that
I'm kind of numb
To stuff like carnal nature
Departing major lusts
My faith in touch
A larger Savior...
A dark occasion's made to test what you know
I guess if hearts are scarred for payments then oppression is broke
No longer stressing over inner things
I recognize the scene
To rectify the message
God's set to intervene
I'm putting nothing...
No short change, the Lord, the torch
Blazed, fortune
Even though poor
Mane
A different sort, ain't struggling...
With your eyes on the heavens
A fleet of angels
Watching
With no despising the message because
The chains are popping!
God, we're in need of you most
See, we can barely pray
I'm going to church
With the hope of being forever saved
I don't fear the words of the cults
And it's in every page
While taking notes
Trading gold for Your better tastes!
I learned that You don't test to see how strong that we are
But you only let it be just so we know that we are
Well, Father, thanks

For letting me see...
I took a visit to my grandma house
Waited in the bushes...
With the scope on
Trying to see my soul gone
Broke bones
But my faith's in God so there's no chrome
Every time I hold on..
Jesus changed the whole song!
I hated not...
David's spot from a Psalms verse
Every time I'm praising God
Everything becomes
Worse
But still... Afraid to stop
I don't want to quit
Remembered when the Spirit made me hot
And I'd become legit
But somehow, I must forgot... all the stuff You did
Father, please forgive me
If I'm blind when I'm buffeted
Yea, I'm in a body bag...
Called a supplement
Dead to all the sins I probably had
That's a compliment...
Second death is not my destiny
Ain't going to hell
When you're fighting satan
Ay, you best believe in thorns and veils
Cannot beat him in a game that he's coined and sells
Nothing but confusion...
He 'disdains' it but he's going to tell...
I put my Faith in where I'm
From
An eternal kingdom
Meaning hurdles teach you
Hide the stakes 'cause
Here I come...
Make spirit riches but appear to be a 'clear eye' bum
And with a visions
Mere... I'm punks
And silly image, cheer, I'm one...

If being a Christian is diminishing
I'm fine with that
The scripture says to be just like the children if you're Christ's fam
Rise again, die to sin, with the righteous path
Endings don't exists
Just alignment to the Light and crafts
There is more beneath the flesh
That we all will be
The only difference with this thing of death is
Where we all will meet...
We all will leave
Fall is destined like the August breeze
Caution me to freedom
All will see
The call of Jesus, present

For Faith... We live

Dexsta Ray

Mellow Breeze On Lightwaves

More is possible, for me, ignoring obstacles
Important, through my chords
And my stories, that may, at times, restore, enjoyment
Thorns, some trivial things, that peace could scorn
Sort of difficult, but not exhorting, decency is close to God
The Lord has speak to me, listening, accord the deepest things
Imploring understanding, 'til it's normal, or it seem to be
Evening breezes, gliding over tundras, forests where creatures
Hide and flourish underneath brittle leaves
Among the floors, of seas
The beasts of the fields neigh the florences and the creeping things
YHWH's everywhere, every coordinate, faith can activate Him
Glory being His preoccupation
I praise the map's Creator, formulas, on borders of slinky theories
Encapsulated, rather focus on YHWH's masterpieces...
Though traps from evil after me to shatter each lantern
That could impact the sheep, harder not to mention, cartoonishly
Large convention, darkness paying the smart to target me
So my art get diminished, indiscreetly, scarred and battered
I guard my loins, put the wisdom on me, wish I could just mention
Roses, tulips and chrysanthemum, in lines, when I can stand in love
With vibes, the Throne commanded, broken naught
An overheded, holy Cross, my fragment soul can fathom, so I drag my losses
Up from where the planet hung, and often, as I think of all the clouds
Of wince that candle sprung out from, I'm on the ground
Like one that's sleep, like one upon the mountaintop
Like one was found, and one was free, and one was bound
To what's unseen, the substance sprout, I'm but a piece
Of what is YAHW, I love to read, to come to Jesus for it
Faith becomes of hearing
Trust it bring, when the constant haze of paroxysm
Ain't just the fame, precious little seconds, accompanying
Wisdom, that seldom fades
Puzzles for sagacity, subtle, cover with heavy blankets
Tumbleweeds, enough humbled me, but I ain't never wise
Just the eyes of YHWH, that matter, and comfort me, with lanterns
Under trees, with quilts, that's crushing leaves, in hills, that summers heat
Much could be accomplished, for the Kingdom
Light, with ink at night, in plights, in eventides, as well

My grieving find a means to fly, by reason of the wings disguised
As paws, that keep my peace as hostage, 'til the streams of sand
Is lodging, on the dreams expanding, feeding impressions
Things unsettling, deepening depths, and topics
Being the welcome, probably, themes to devil with
A lot of weapons formed, to set the glory of the Lord below
I'm got again today, acknowledged, seasons passed
I glance away, unto the hills above, and add, that when embraced
That second, was a lasting peace, and that's for saints
The sad and saved, the bless-ed, glad to see the message
Captured in the Scripture
Such have pleasure in it, all shall have a true reward
The prophets slain, that have some treasure, proof recorded
Through the ages, hues of torches, fruit and oranges
Beauty forms, delusions scorching, truer ordinance flourish
As aligning to the Torah, Lord, just You get the glory
At any time, just YHW immortal reign, I'm mauling all the smear
Dissolve the fear, til' it's resolved and clear, but foggy
Spirit stuff is all sincere, when it involve the pure
Enthralled with pictures of the heavens, all could see the cause secure
The enemy shall flee in sevens different directions

For Jesus Is Lord

9/9/19

Dexsta Ray

Melting Candle

Candle lighting dancing in the darkness
Asking
For the silence
In the soul
Melting
Wax
To roll
And hot for like a moment
Since it slowly
Call upon
The soul
Helpful is the scripture
That's it's robe
Candle lighting dancing in the darkness
It is never gone
Never told
Since it call upon the silence
In accordance to the
Spirit near it's
Hold

Dexsta Ray

Meteors And Astroids

Write then, try, hide or fly, might win, the sciences
Lie then, fight then, write that, right, bite, free bite it then
Find winds ravaging, with the lightening, spiraling, with ashes
Light is volcanic, as well, I'm random hyphens
Minus types of liveliness
Hinged, on kinds of substances, my kindness still offends
Go tie it to rhythms then
Over-cite the simple pens, or hype, the stencils, I opined
Thy require enmity, spite, against the sky above
Talons or filangies, extending, I guess it sent me
In the right direction, Light, my settings bright
Dextranase, since I'm chided, yes it cleans, I smile too
Proud on other levels, bless your soul
Dextro, odes, no clocks, but no, sis, got the top of line
To help, in prayer, in case, of brokenness, the hope remain
Controlling skips, to hold the weight, that cloaked the Name
With several snares, extra measures, so mundane
I'm never pressured, what's the same?
A run in vain, plus, the other false light
Daring to misrepresent, if cost right, I never been
My Cross high, the frosty nights, alone, in the straw with Christ
Jealous entities, never be, a friend to me
Evil eavesdropping on my homes to get my recipes
Most just go along with it, focused on my own business
Such try justifying the hate in spite of seeing they're wrong with it
YHWH's still my strength...
Some say you're weird because you ain't a copy...
And if you mirrored them, then still, they would say you're floppy...
All it is, innovation, thieves just hate to watch it...
Envy that you're topping all their extra stuff
They hate their conscious...
The devil's best was pole vaulted and the hate was punted
I ally ooped it to my Savior and what's Greater dunked it
Some blocked the goal before I kicked it but that game was nothing
Wasn't fast enough, the haters slid, trying to take the puck
The evil knew their truth was twisted
Soon before, they moved against it
Acting like a whole adult but wanting to be viewed as infants
Strong strong wording

Whole old person, home grown burden
No psalm worth it, gone gold early
Flows don't deserve it, underneath the shadow
Underneath the battle, underneath the babel
Like that tower, lon, I guess that what was meant
The only thing that's really in common, ain't nothing sense
I had tons of different colours, although I was just a kid
The devil feared that I was something
So they framed me nothing quick
I ain't hate because of it, became great and conquered this
I'm the real definition of why they was something then
I was conversation pieces, without me, they just would sit
I was underground before, but my peace encompassed them
Some ain't understand, that even if you was a man
That evil isn't just the plan, that people have to struggle in
To be somebody...
YHWH said it'd be uncovered
Even in the former years
Meteor and asteroids, even back before my tears
Jesus people abnormal
Scripture say it, some seen it clear, like before the traps formed
And evil replaced the people's cure
My life was like a template, even in secret, being a peer
So when I say some steal things
Even just breathing
Engineered, some dreams, that went in brackets
No thank yous, just weapons, hidden gases, meant to add to death
So my vibes were floating and demons have them...
1/7/20

Dexsta Ray

Minute Past Midnight

Take a breath
Throw out the rage
You've got to clear your mind to make your way through a maze
Chilled skin
Ice cold
Gelid blow through your braids
Focus strictly on progression
No suppression in place
Heart beat
Heart beat
What that follow behind?
Double timing footsteps
Pounding
Other than mine
Dead end
Turn back
An alternative path
That what followed disappeared
Soon returning with wrath
Quick move
Go right
Take a shot at the light
Half-past midnight
Fog obscuring your sight
Hear loud rants from across the way
From what was quite a distance
Now fast approaching
Call it fate

Dexsta Ray

Missing Mists

I'm sitting on the floor...
The air is like molasses
Quite the maverick
I'd describe
Any mind of tact
Diminished
Then I'm writing back exciting facts
A life of tasks...
The lists of feelings
Like psych and fighting bad habits
Just the minor feel of my biography
And empty pages
Wimpy stages
Lack sobriety, I'm lobbing clocks
Conflicted
Not the prophecy's seal
The drop in simple clashes
Clipped as if it got me for real
Fulfilling...
It'll snatch you
And after glasses broken
Plants and roses clothed with wine
Clenching fists
Which hopefully opens...
Folded notes from souls to eyes
Which conditions what's
Unspoken
Not particular
With everything I write
A lot assume that it was meant for her
Or meant for him
Or meant for them
Or meant for he or she
For all I know
They think I talk about a tree that's eating peas
Still in wonder how I hurt them?
We ain't never met
To see a younger brother with a vision
Want to level that

I have no interest in their wishes
Or their clever flak
Bad terms? Good terms? No terms is everlasting...
Even Christians hating Christians
Father save us all
Fake Christians joining with the wicked trying to make me fall...
It'll never be the same because you played the Laws
The only thing I'm sending is the praise up to my Savior's Cross
Everybody talking at me
Jezebel a liar
Showing absolutely no fear to those hellish fires
Jesus came through and saved me from the devil's squires
Now all the evil just degrade me and it fails to tire...
I made a building out of rubble and turned on the light
The sky
Is truly free, by sight, I know I earned my rights
The strife accrued to me
Like fights
Is of spirit nature, slammed down in view of the might
But never did it
Help me...
Really swept and overstepped me, not the shallow type
Fusing with the destined walk
Trying to leave the
Gallows right
Fakers judge a honest man by what he don't embrace
May as well have the world 'target' written on his face...
But you must progress regardless
Life is but a shadow
Even if it feels like it'd start to be too much to handle...
What I do and what I stand for is my decision
Not permitting you to come into my booth
It's not your business
I don't have time for the foolishness
It's not consented
Why these people on me like hooligans?
See, I'm not the wicked...
I try to speak a certain way so haters understand me
Blind to the obvious
That they just want to underhand me...
Smooth places can oppress
Because it looks

Cool
Picture me just putting in my best
I'll maybe look fooled...
Claiming summer time again
Somebody'd take my life
It ain't about a troubled kid but that he made it high
Life is like passion
I'm escaping through this
I know some probably can't imagine I'd be hated for this
I'm fighting organized harassment
I'm supposedly ain't owning up
That justified the damage of the lowly seeds that's holding up
Barely...
Feel the wind blown, scary, what the Lord can do
He'll break a sword in two, before a clue, abhor His rules...
And now they claiming I ain't ordered in my normal shoes
Borders are they breaking down
Portals to a lording fool
Wicked visions...
From another, God dismisses that, saying it ain't the truth
That ain't your cue, why don't give it back?
I'm like a child and that scripture is my Similac
Wisdom is the rudder, twenty-two, but I'm still a lad...
They label people in advance for what they don't know
Just to try to keep them in a mask that they out-long-grown
It's long gone
In the trash, with the cold soul, the sole hope of seeing it
Is a bag
Or in a photo...
People change, but the haters hate to see the fact
I bet if they were starving, the haters wouldn't feed 'em jack...
But probably throw it in their face of how they need to stack
While at the same times, finne-, chaining them
To keep them back...
I learned a whole lot of lessons in a little time
Stay away from guesses
Try to live life of a simple kind... and if you don't understand
Then don't give up trying!
Think about our handwriting all began with scribbled lines...
As a prophet, there are times when vision gets drab
Focused on the battles, of the spirit, hidden witchcraft
Pressing in ain't always easy

See you have to test it...
Just until the voices of the devil are picked down in seconds
Spirit warfare is all about the grounds of presence
Which do you allow into your route? Sin and flout or blessings?
You don't always have to write to be alright and solid
I don't have to tell you when it's light, if your sight is polished...
Sending prayers to all the ailing since I feel your pain
It seems like night now
But tomorrow's not your tear's domain...
Using every drop of potential, never stop
Fitting it to life
Not everybody everywhere is living
In the paradox so it must be
A reality
Or benefit to climb in the mentality
I see the rubble...
Rumors have it but ain't got it like that
Plus once you're living with a passion
You ain't got to fight back
I'm on a level un-imagined by the devil and his sad mission
Metals on the road, if you miss it, claim you act different
Then
Without the crap mentioned in, that which broke the soul
Healing...
Not to snap, diss or sin, like when on the phone
Chilling, like the zone was cold
Slapped with the wind
Instigators been the traitors in the craters
I ain't came for static
Shocked, by the tripping of the flankers
On the shaky trash top, getting around
Trying to stop another person's blessings
Ha...
Stress is not a pleasant spot so I check with God
Who just prescribes a message plot which is specific to me, I always talk
About myself
'Cause devils mentioning me, no one believes until you make it
So what is it with me?
I step aside
Believe in Dexsta, and don't cry cause He accepts us
I don't lie since I don't fear because of God who never left us
If it's snide

I won't go near, until the skies can both show clear
I was a prototype of product at first, at birth
I owned a conscious
Lo, it's the earth
Now it's time to get these goals accomplished
Solely in the Holy Promise, asking God if I'm alright
He responds quick, and if I'm not then I behold recover
Though I am a writer... not an English instructor
I didn't get to finish college so my English is rusty
But I promote the potent fire, ropes to choke and own the mire
Pour a load of sand into it plus the boats can't row, it's dire
Jesus put His hand into it, brought a land up from the ruins
Made a rock into a chapel
And the sand into a
Human
Just this power's an example, it devours
Giving answers
Which is pleasing to the Lord, for He hopes we be a candle

Missing mists

Dexsta Ray

Missing Stuff

I'm the same one you paid some to become
So I disappear...
Mysteriously, isn't here, then it's clear
Missing stuff
If it's love, I draw it from, autumn comes
Then no wonder it's forgotten
Stolen thunder, evil is esteemed, on the cover
'Cause of such obstructions
Wasn't only what's promoted, but the focus
Like a hook and bait
Took a page, shook it, ain't a need for that
Crooked lanes
Hooded flames, put the shame
Mis-application
Never understood the change
Stuff positioned
To diminish, YHWH's agenda
The love of mammon, is an inspiration
Probably the venom
I guess, my self awareness, faileth
On my knowledge
I suck
I keep the Proverbs there to help me when the calumny come
I take my chances, sabotaged, it wasn't fair either way
But it was done like that on purpose
Such despair, lengthy days, that touched the air
When nothing cared
I'm told, it may be the same, but keeping faith
Though trouble fared
To erase peace and grace, I persevered, reversed the phase
To re-make it with faith, direct proportionality
With no le-way for satan, I seen a re-play every single day
When hate reigned completely
But still, I prayed things would even, in later seasons
Maybe, sick of grieving, plenty meanings to restoral
Decadence, decay, in evil
Dex again, distress, my seven pens
Every blessing win
I'm stuck on all my Bible verses, humbled still

Collecting twigs, skipping stones, for Light, I'm thirsting
Righteousness, His presence heals, the message clear
I'm never near, entitlement, success is sheer
Bet it's fear, that keep us from aspiring
Unless it's killed
I had some extra stuff that pressed my fire in the mire
Though, but higher, I was rising, slow
But final, through the binds
And yokes, titles, and all kinds of smoke
At times, was close
I died the most, I seen where all that fried me go...
And I'm opposed, I find my Home in YHWH
And assignments
Hope...
Define these notes, only YHWH can decide I'm woke
Trying to grow, just catching up, to thy impone
I not impose

Nothing but express some truth
3/23/19

Dexsta Ray

Mist And Low Propane

Ay, yea, I want you but I have a lot that comes with me
To some degree...
Such a needy appetite for growth, a conjuring
Of olden passion
Lasting, tragedies, a candle light
For all our trashing, that
We wasn't reading
Left aside...
Hidden notes, the swept behind, the chair and desk
I'm praying we don't ever find, for the sake of better time
Eyes shown...
...And I know
Bind whole, like a zygote
By a slow change like a slideshow
Lo, why despise hope?
Divided souls maimed
Like a mind that's dying to rise broke
You never laugh
Though a cry's designed to open eyes though...
Whoever grabs
Wrinkled pictures, ink and tittles, ripped, scriptings creasing
Plenty going through
Ain't knowing you but...I'm going to
Frozen tune...
Cancel out the spikes within the mind's lift, prickly legions
Tricky season
In fact...
Picky reasoning can keep us seated
Then I think of truth
Like a moissonite or awesome pearl
Not judged for being simple, not a little bit
But lost in whirl
Sitting on the lines of the ink going across the world
Imagination flies and it shinks, with every blink
See a youngster pay the cost the scripture talked, never
Peace
And never preached in his life, but heed the need of being
With Christ
Who enrobes the closest souls, plus the lowest be aligned

How we figure..
This quick kiss'd be alright? And how we enter?
Like last night, the kick against the pricks, the frigid temperature
The fight
I said the temperament defines a lot but not the woolly toothed
For even Solomon could spool the truth
It's rooted to your beauty...
Minor additives, ain't trying to be romantic
Time for looting
Who abused? The jewel established that's your heart
I'm finding rubies in the strangest way
Soon attune to growth
Cause who can promise they will change today?
Far away from start is where I'm comfortable at
Besides, the faith is in the part we find Comforter at

Dexsta Ray

More Purple Ribbons!

Mama's surgery was successful
Ayyyyy
Purple ribbons!
Worry be, regretful, for the Lord is healing
Times of massive tribulations
Unfolding
Emergencies, the pressure...
Worldwide, hurts to see the world dying
Compliments
Of mirth and peace, Jesus loves you
The week was troubling though
So much confusion
All around
But we clutching hope
I finally got my arms around correction
Plenty more rejection
Crashing through the door of truth abhorred
To find the Lord is present...
Looking at adorable testimonies
Thinking, 'That's the love'
And not just baloney, you can tell by just the vibe of it
So many times are spent
Praying for the rest of broken souls
To go on
Fighting illnesses and strife and sin...
I pin this ribbon on rigidity in history
Some individuals need NSAIDs to get to sleep
Waking up
It's a struggle just to get to feet
The flesh is full of stress in this condition
You've a friend in me...
I guess that's why I question
Minds inquire information
From the east to west, it be the head of my inspiration
And there's no sickness from the Lord
But He use it for a bunch of reasons
Usually, it's because of demons
Moving through the truss of regions
But Jesus touch the people

Serving you
And crush the needles, sent to be a thistle
Spurs of satan
Father crush the creatures
Yearning for destruction of the flesh
If it be Your will

Dexsta Ray

More Than One Dream

Limitless...

My dreams are more than mental pictures

Innocence?

Your schemes are forming

Did you figure?

Oh...

The kid's dreams didn't quite make the cut

Didn't mean to intervene

But he's...

'Writing too much'?

Speaking life into our seeds could inspire a bunch

We should push them to achieve see

They might be the

Ones...

I have a couple of other dreams to reach

I haven't made it but I'm hopeful

I believe in He...

Got tired of waiting on the sofa just to reason things

Now giving praises to Jahova for...

Receiving thee

There's nothing wrong with having

More than one dream

Pursue them all

Let's encourage the younger

Let's push them towards their dreams

Dexsta Ray

Mourning

Physically, I'm mourning, forever, from an atrocity
Great moves, for power, or either of, either or
Same clues, hidden, deaths, covers thrown across
Only all about the Cross, I knew it
All about the Cross, delusions, might've
Ground the cause, of what pretenses
Concluded
Unnecessary, heard the Lord, ain't want to see, must face reality
The same is stuck with me, and for that reason, maybe
Evil happen to you closest if you never know it, why the sweetest
Maybe, those whoever did it, got engraved in plaques and hailed
With praises, but I know whatever reason wasn't truth
Some stuff was racists, plus, what's brazen wanted that for me
So my steps wun' painless, like it was a price I had to reach
For love and some greatness
Sneaky sacrifices planned for me without my arm nor graces
Just another body count to each
That claimed I ain't know pain...
Somehow, just that statement enabled somebody else
Whether true or false
Social ladders, I ain't have the image for
I never felt perfectionism
More attuned to wallflowers, I related more to things that ain't
The centerpiece, some cleaned up good, it killeth me
Remembering my mirrors leaned, and unacceptance
In the teens, I don't have a cool story, 'bout a lot of sin and things
Just bouts of cries from feeling
Beat by life, before I really seen it, used to couldn't wait to grow
Wun' grateful for the simple peace
Or maybe just distracted
Life ain't easy when you under brackets, like not even in them
But beneath them, all the kinds it is
During the vital times
That mean a lot, actually trees and fragments
Piece, gathered, from the tragic
Tacits and reality, my life was later turned into
Emotionally, I'm casualties, my latter years
Being troubled, massively, majestic though
The majesty of God, my eyes behold

Until I'm with Him
1/13/20

Dexsta Ray

Movie Ticket

When blindness was a light that shone upon the kite in flight
Benefits of the cages
Movie tickets
O! the sight, the mode in night sit on the dawn in right of write
Insufficient is the payment
Movie tickets
Alack, the passing breeze blast trees
Traffic lights from the corner
The horn to compliment the ambience
Immortal
The evils seen
Lethal scenes
The fabrics of perennial findings
You can hear about the shooting but don't peer any bodies
Worship money like it's rooting for our souls
And movie tickets
Truth to witness coolant are the woes
To revisit laughter froze
That it planned to hold fast lasting mag attractions
In the smooth poet's lifestyle
At nature's pity
Longing
Why the movie tickets with the flicks and of the same image?
Lists of finished abstracts
So who are limits?
Only so much to explain a movie ticket's magnetized
On the comfort of the concrete
Water splashed
Benign
Beauty that you see to truly get it to pervading through
To a glowing brew... the movie ticket

Dexsta Ray

Must Be, God's Reign

Riding up, somewhere
A crowd of ravens waited
They we're black birds, I guess, they were some ravens
Maybe, they appeared to be, and clear
This never happen there
Besides, I'm sure, the grief, and restless
Agitation, at the time, from snakes obscuring me, obscurity
He's faithful
And I'm trying, the Father of the Light
Purely gave a sign, that truly calmed my soul...
This ain't the first and only supernatural show of faith, but, sure
The age of blindness, make it mindless trying to show another...
Broken on the cover
Whole though, the undiscerning, just determined
To replace the righteous stuff with lust, I learned confiding in the Highest
Plus, it activates His gusts, if it's aligning to His timing
Some calamity is "Hush, and listen."
Judge derisions being perpetuated, sent, I didn't, ain't no reason, visit
Visions, six dimensions, ain't enough, it may corrupt, the image, brazen junk
Make it up, flip it, paint and dusts, crazy stuff, a rough ending
Loves sinning...
Never write for that, I like the glistening of the crown, positioned, in the other
bounds
Another round, the underground, is different
Rigged above the route

10/28/17

Dexsta Ray

My Intentions (God Know)

I ain't trying to put nobody down
I'm out here trying to
Make it
Just like everybody
I ain't fading
Nan'
I ain't trying to put the spotlight on myself
But if God did
I ain't tripping
I will use it for His steps
Don't feel guilty for the blessings you receive
That's disrespectful
'Cause God'll take it back and pass it to the next
You can't help it
But you can speak the Gospel
To see some others
Prosper
Don't worry, if you sick, God's a doctor
I ain't trying to outshine another souls
I suffered on my own
I struggled in the cold trying to scuffle mo'
So, I know one day the sun'll shine
Until then
I got to keep the message on my mind
Trying to keep together
I ain't trying to prove a thing
I grind
In my own way, for my own reasons, for the kind
That try to make a difference
Even now, I have the same intentions
Not to bring dissensions
That's ungodly
I'm just trying to make a living
Tell the world that it can listen if it wants
I'm about the kingdom's business
But sometimes I speak the images I see
Find your mission
And stick with it faithfully
Not everyone the

Same
Different spaces, different places
I just got to do the things within my spirit
Or I'm shaken
God know... exactly what a brother strive for
For our hope has not diminished
We just had our eyes closed

Dexsta Ray

My Last Years

Now, the hope's left again...

I have no loyalty

But I have contentment, at least, in what good I did accomplish

I have no royalty

Only if it's to end my substance, placed in this position

Outnumbered, surrounded, being encumbered...

To some, faith would be foolish, but I been here before

Persecutors joy in my sufferings, plus my distress is great

Compromise is forced on me, just to survive, I must befriend

The stuff that's branded me as outlandish, so such can have their way...

And work whatever fantasies, manage, or damage promised to me

Trapped because of talent, non-monetary, I love the arts

Collapse, I probably will, feel eventually, hatred full of numbers

Vulnerable, to envious killers, unless my books are rubbish

Nonetheless, saying as to how, it's Yawh that brought me through

I'm willing to defy, such impossible circumstances, try at least

He ain't bring me this far, just for my rhymes to cease

Long as I'm alive, I'll be grinding, to write, inspiring people

He told me, "Don't be afraid." I been through timeless evils

Mind just on the sign of Lord, then, I can die in peace...

I don't fear the wiles of the sword...

Such'd have their time

Believe...

Im waiting, til' return of my Savior, and I ain't shaken by them

Manipulation, satan got them, I ain't satan problem

Goaded into stuff for years to get me in this shape to stop me...

Amplifying the fact of my distress to frame my knowledge

Hopefully, to get me slain, or anything to maim what God in...

But, my faith, still remain, I just be thinking though

Many things that's happened for satan, I'mwith my Savior though

Which ain't been that tragic, tell haters the truth

And play your soul

A lesson from the wise (take it from me)

Watch the timing, silence can save your goals

Unless invading your privacy then

'Cause satan bold

Somehow, you're still a bulleye if artful unless you're aged and old...

You only have a measured time, that's why the hate imposed

And Barrabas is chosen still, if Light is what your basis on...

Some want to complicate my life for sharing YHWH's Word
And whoever started it may lie 'cause theirs would probably turn
Because the other thing ain't right but still a lot converged
And I'm a primary target so I fight, still got submerged...
Hate reading is a thing but I wrote what's important
My last years is what I'm saying because I'm just subordinate
Can't tell a vessel not to stand up for the one that formed him
I don't really care if I was dead if I can bless the Lord still...
But He's also an avenger so remember that
And if I'm still alive or not
The Lord is still the Master, not a man that He should lie
The Scripture still a factor
Even if I've plenty more years, the Scripture still the answer

Not afraid
God is greater than you, satan
4/27/19

Dexsta Ray

My Last Years 2

All directions

In plain sight, like when nights arrive

The same in presences, hatred, aim, like mistakes are sought

To bring a fall, satan take and stretch the connection substance

Just a stranger, less than forever, inside the planet Earth

Methods worked, to misrepresent, I'm stripped of human nature

Demonic cults, with corruptions, that's slain my reputations

Intentionally, so I'm stuck in, nothing but loneliness

Plus it's entertainment, and what I been through repulsive

Since He's hated, facing fate

Like my last years, been arranged for seasons

For other influen-ces, in spite of, what's revealed

Been caught in wars, unconsented, and I'm still being attacked

Special types of warriors, that blend, and most don't glimpse

At that, because the things I been through for real

Consistent with the map, exposed, for the evil it is

The devil gets offended

But when things be happening, I spake, and yes I'm still a Christian

Like I grew up being, while my dreams established

Being a Baptists, seeking candle-stands, and my Master

Christ, see, there ain't no sides, but such conjoin against the Lord

As one collective mind, the dragon's coming

Ten-heads, yea assuredly, it stand for something

Don't just take my word, see the Bible, for what learn discernment

Ain't got defense from the demonic, the circumference

Solid, and no where is safe, because I choose to stay with Christ

It's closing in, although I'm blameless, proved within things I write

But satan made his playground a maze to take away the Light...

So much evil, it's unheard of, you'll be killed for saying it

At this moment, I'm surrounded, by the villain stead

But still my faith in God

He bigger than the wicked's plans

Death is not the worse for the saved

But, for the wicked, man...

I see the spirit land, no pain, since I had kick the can

The difference, is the destinations, God is where the Spirit's laying

Evil rulers seek excuses but ain't really scared

Perpetuating the crime from the beginning

Just to end a man

That follow after righteousness, don't tell me, tell Jesus...
'Cause only He can win a fight as this
What different time this is
Bible showed the same thing, repeating, just a cycle in
The time tables, from ancient days, wishing bad won't change it...
Or what Weh has made, I'm broken, but I ain't afraid...
I know that when the Savior change the sky
All the slain will raise
And our blood is on the hands of all who gazed but ain't
Prevent, when had the power to, cause then
It's just facilitation of such evil
It's an hit, allowed on grounds of mammon, race, and a hate for God
Isn't something new, judge the proof, been my reality
Tactics, strategies, meant to stamp the latern gleam
Mentioned and disbanded, but somehow, is still factor see...
This result was why the whole evil plan was schemed
Somebody had some knowledge of the Light and aimed to
Stamp the Seed, of the Holy, it's the ancient dragon
That established these, attacks upon the Lord directly
Seeing it in the path, of these, aligning to His righteous purpose
Those along the path of peace
To ravish all the fruit of God to use them for some mammon
Deep...
It been sophisticated, years of seeing tracks and feet
My craft and me been trampled, had no evil wish
Just that He's pleased...
Good pictures, bad pictures, never that serious
But all that really matters
Is that it's me...
When it comes to mortality, the math iffy
It would have to be on purpose
Due to what's revealed, so it'd seem like the antichrist spirit flourished
Either way, I trust in God, so I'm having peace
Until He gathers me, from all the
Heartache
And the damaged dreams, of a dark age, past traumatic
But I manage, to establish these, tablet sheets
That's damp with ink, I rather keep, my tragedies...
And if I am destroyed, the Lord, shall come avenge me
Sevenfold...
Just let Him know, the Lord of hosts, He set the stars up in the sky
And knows the number of the sands, my faith in Him

He hears my cry
7/8/19

Dexsta Ray

My Only Enemy Is Satan

That snake, that serpent, that instigator
That fake, that worthless, that imitator
That really bad person and a christian hater
Telling us forget the Lord...
We should only get the paper!
Listen...
If you have skin like I do
If you have a heart like I do
If you have veins like I do
When I mention enemies...
That is satan...
Not you!
Anything he tried to make you think
That is not true
Satan telling us to hate our brothers
What would God do?
But...
It seems I was destined for that
God changed me around
I'm confessing to that
And everybody else had their own perception of that
But it's real...
Now I wonder what's the big deal though?
Satan tried to pull me down
But I still will go!
Hey...
The devil's still around and will kill folks
Everything you ever loved
He will steal those!
I rebuke you satan in the name of Jesus
Amen...

Dexsta Ray

My Only Fault

I made the cool decision to pursue my vision...
Satan's servants steady stirring confusion
Around is different, heard I'm under watch, jokes and scopes, toled
Noted, like common knowledge, my holy hopes grow
The soul is polished, arguments that ain't really fruitful
I don't attend, feathers knit together, to cover me
I'm under YHWH's grace, pondering the nonsense and what's justice
And clutch trust, crowns, not exactly, my passion
I aim for YHWH'S portion, O, what do I see?
Things are bolder, unlike it's ever been
The more success I reach, creeping closer, and I don't go provoking
Still, I see the claws...
Heard it's dangerous to be successful, rhyming, I had never thought
But, my angels, I trust, to help me out
His Words do not return to Him void
And, think of this, in order for a form of this to come, some have to see you
As an issue, but, for me, that shouldn't be, that
Couldn't be...
Organizing, so the souls would have to join together, like they needed help...
When, the streets witnessed that though, and then it'd act, and see, the thing
that's bugging
Me
It's what's discerned and abhorred?
'Cause I can see if it was evil that my verses support
And, obviously, some people want my silence
Urgent resorts, should be disturbing, for my only fault is serving the Lord...
Just like Word the land was birthed from, was merged in and through
My message, and my whole lifestyle, is turn to truth and choose the blessing...
Clues and weapons, some society forms, but I can see, reprove the methods
Or the mire absorbs, the primary, efforts for the normalizing
Is the bigger picture, if I ignore it, it'd still gravitate to me
Later...
Ink, papers, torches of wood, so I can bring nature
God's exemplary alignment, life is all of His
Many held as hostages
Evil creating circumstances, hurts to know it though, so I pray for them
Most my power's spirit...
Leaving what I can't do in God's hands
Til' He manifests

Plans and tests, steps, pit in sand and stones
Second guessed
Wrecking ball, snipping nets and all, mega meta falls
Mecha, differentials, different windows, ah
Some settings drawn
I'm well aware of what could transpire
Been on the write for years, tying these originals
Poetic combustion, that gives me peace, when I'm weary, as a gift from the Lord
From love poetry to ghost, to some glory to the Most, through whatever
Fruitful measures be the pinnacle
My memories...
Love repaid with hate I'd never do, odd apologies
Reconnect the ending at the end
Like cosmetology
But no manipulation
Diabolically, acknowledging, and no commends
To satan, in a prophecy, astrology, and sin, that is forsaken
For the will of the Most
And so much more can explained
But it ain't milk to the soul...

Dexsta Ray

My Wife...

I guess, things don't always go, the way that it could've
But, you and me, well, we'll always know...
We dream of walking close
Crossing goals, I never thought a joke against you
Funny
I never saw your strongest insecurities
Just purity, and surely, peace enrobe me
From the look in your eye
Your countenance uplift console me
And I want you to know
Lately...
The trouble, take me, on dates, that I ain't crazy 'bout
I see the prairies and the open fields
Your face, and wow
Your name and smile, make me think of staying away
From crowds
Consistent, even though we not together
In a way, I'm proud...
So you gain a little weight
Couldn't make me frown
If you would, I take you out, still look good
I sing your sound...
No other woman even make me feel the same as that
Though I really am your husband
Fate remain afraid of that
The chains, the masks, disappear
Some reign in nature's past
Aware of who we are, I always love you
Ain't a rank for that...
Though spirit warfare cross stuff up just like we playing tag
Pour me up a cup then, you only, no dehydration stand
1/8/19

Dexsta Ray

My Words Ain't Perverted

I started writing
I was young, a part of fighting, off, the darkness
I was blind with
So God assigned this
I was writing poems, hoping to inspire
Hoping I could warn
Talk about the truth, 'cause liars won't accrue rewards
Of the Spirit
And I'm hearing something I ain't even steering to
Tell me if it's clear to you
Why it's always so perverted? My mind is clean when I write
With a holy purpose
I am never with the sending hints of the sex stuff
Wicked minds bend to convict and it's messed up
What's going on with the world?
Everything's perverted
Soon to end
You can tell by the mess occurring, stress and burdens, I don't live according to
the crooked points of view
I write words for their true meanings
Why err?
The ruse teeming, but I shall not be disturbed
Don't misunderstand my words
If you can discern
Otherwise, you're stuck within pervasion, that's an evil spirit in few
Sick sex sights
Immorality and issues...
No retinue
See, I live for the Lord, I don't recall Him giving orders that the simple enforce
See, that ain't me
No matter what you think
That ain't seen
That's the devil playing tricks on your mental actually
And it's sickening
To think I'd mix my Savior with some physic, trash, abomination
Image, now, you must repent for that!
Truly

Wow...

This world is so perverted
You can tell satan in it but God is bigger
I mean, things I would've never even considered
Twisting everything
Need prayer, I pray for you, seriously
I see things differently
Not perverted
I ain't even like that

Dexsta Ray

Mythology

The different gods were named after planets

Taught us..

It's fun to think about but ain't

No truth to

It...

The old times consists of serving fakes by those who knew it

That's just a wile of satan sent to trick

Humans up

Into thinking God is one of

Them...

It can't be further from truth

It ain't no Zeus

And ain't a god assigned to different types of weather

Whatever, ain't a different god to pray

In different measures

There's One

The Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit, only

And that is not an opinion

This is obviously

Vital...

Dexsta Ray

Nature's Pity

Take a walk along the coast and watch the ocean
Acknowledge it's motion
The setting sun's rays are floating
Surrender your thoughts
The beauty witnessed here was more than I sought
We ought to start toward the shore before the storm is in route
I have a minute to escape the cursed city
I mustn't return
I'd rather stay at nature's pity
Here the streets aren't paved with envy
Suns up
Taking flight with the clouds
Appreciate the windbreaks and looking down at the towns
The kind of picture that you'd only see in paint
I do fantasize of where I want to be but can't
An invisible restraint
Hop on every stone
Cross and I'll wait
can you see the river bank?
The pink salmon are bait!
Up ahead
There's a big brown grizzly
We best to take cover
All at once it started drizzling
I rather be here
I hate to stay within the city
I don't like the hype
I'd rather stay at nature's pity

Dexsta Ray

Negativity

I saw the book of
Psalms...
Looked at David's panegyrics, slowly
This reality
Was something holy, God had witnessed
Not as wicked, or it wouldn't have been anointed
Negativity is ordered but not counted as the sin is
With conviction...
I notice different souls will hit some different stones
Writing is expression
Not a method to present the wrongs
But if the mix could grow
Then why cheat a
Life?
That's like God giving men a light
They're seeking to hide
So take the grief from the mind and strive to find your own
Testimony...
That's your power
Trying to quiet that is extra phony
No silence in the test be holding
Pleasant hours
Best to stay rooted in the light or through the wretched
Showers
Kill the devil with the joy you have towards the Lord
Nothing wrong with speaking truth to free the ruse
The Sword's accord
No matter what nobody say I will continue speaking
Being silent is equivalent to demons stabbing you with a knife and
Telling you to 'Stop that dripping right now! ' when you bleeding
Like it's false or you pretend to see it
That could be explained but how to fake the pain of when it's stinging?
See, I'm on the Christian route embracing written times
No I'm not negative... just have different lives
Can't nobody fix your mountains or are fit to try it
Prayer is all we have
I see writing as a kick to climb, and get through mine
Everybody has a different story
Scratch appealing

Ultimately, God is meant to get the glory

Dexsta Ray

Negligence

Limericks or Sonnets, irregular, the medieval sort
Spiritual, pentameter, broken English, or tarza rima
Either or, my stanzas of epics
Would be like Petri dish, for leaves and soil, the fabrics of essence
For I believe in this, messages, that's deeper
Than mockeries, still a pleasantry, parsley in my gardens
I plant my strawberries, fresco style
Rime is just subjective, olives on types of pottery, like festive
For it got to be enveloped from the dotted themes on vessels
In the vestibule, with my Bible
On John 16, scripture pyro, cryo, Light is manifested out the building
Fountains glisten, with YHWH's glory, He said to stencil hope
I'm given to this reason, like the vases and gouache combined
Toxic not, the lithium carbonate, so new socks survive
In boxes, in a car to your bracket
With some advisors in it, gift wrapped in bows, pitches ain't points
Fictitious, more convincing, with the truth, such conditions
Make life more floral though, it's normal, different hues, on my aura
Ain't meant to use as portals
Cruelty borders purpose, I learned it first when the serpents came
Curses, grains, despondency, certain, conforming biases
That earlier was spliced and split by scripture and reality
The wicked still inclined to it, existing, round the path, specific
Fruitfulness of youth, I guess it's straight, my pain I wear as well
Dietary stuff, binary coded, some mini systems
Substances from space rocks, like immoral, forbidden
Sort of blemished, for I'm finger snaps, my faith
Support the circumstances, finger traps, origami lamps, with paper
Door, just my house of cards, I'm a product of
Like the opposite stuff, got my gruff from life
Being in Bible stories, not lots of drugs
God I trust, forever, I'm not a teller of fortunes
'Cause of plots, I'm not in Fortunes, 'cause some watched, so I ain't fortunate
So they can flourish then, from the folly, against the Lord, His kid
And purposes of YHWH, held to small and less esteem
Nonetheless, it's key, and established by stuff that mess with me
If Jesus has no rights, then it definitely can't be deific
Just the devil need a presage, forever, witnessed, the message
And the nuts and bolts within it, just ain't enough to what's hellions

Kept my sunny disposition, I never conformed to every thorn
And form, the devil badger with, practices, this a candlestick
Evil get amnesia just after the Lord has shattered sin, laugh and then
Drag the end across the place where facts begin
Exalt the maze they trapped within, with false arrangements that distend
Because they make it, actually been embracing what they can't admit
But taking bits of gold for satan's inter-fold, just in a different mold
But blame the kid creating from His Savior will...
It's major, but still, I'm cradled by YHWH, Light is heaven, with the angels
Lullabies and different color flutter-bys, I'm still the same...
I lift His Name, though the devil want to steal His praise
Picture me in black and white, then turn the figment into paint
Ain't here to glorify myself
I'm in a different lane, ain't forcing no connections
I exist within the simple things...

2/3/20

Dexsta Ray

Never Be Friends

My background is unrelated to a dealer's touch
Crack, pounds, is nothing stated in a brother's lines
That'd sound something crazy
'Cause I never did it
So I'd never ever say it, but I do know
The angels, and the spiritual realm, and that's my place of thinking
Even though it ain't cool not to play with satan
In the current world
Vague rules
Just to be accepted
I ain't trying to be that
I ain't trying to
See
Rooted with the honest, I've changed, ain't no denying this...
I saw the Light and I aim to keep my eye on it
You never have to worry
It's same
Don't have to be a friend
To be content with the Lord, not to need a hand
Other than what He had to send
Give Him praise for that
Anyone who don't feel it can be away and back
Jesus saw no difference in-between friends and neighbors
'Cause we all need to make it up to heaven
Where there's no strangers
But in the flesh is struggles to survive
Plenty tribulations
See the proof within the times, soon He's coming back
Any speaking down
I don't need you in my life
Please hear me
Just believe I'll be alright, what to trip about?
Not to breath a word to who don't trust me
I don't trust either
Everything goes both ways
And society has chosen to ignore me 'cause the Light
Can probably lighten things
Just some clarity
Ain't nobody sparing me, no declaring peace

See the words and disrespect them solely
Like some do the Holy Bible
I'm not feeling that
I don't really care, it's pathetic, I'm the villain, eh
Imperfect like the rest of you
But I been unveiled my masks
I'll be underground forever since I have to be
In the world but in heaven
I do matter, see
And I ain't tripping on connections, it won't master me
Praying until the traps are free
So to bring to bring the Master
Peace...
I'm off of everything that's possibly defining souls
And still I share my testimony
'Cause it's mine and
Grows
And we see a bunch of truth but only time'll show
Society's red eyes just roll
I ask the Lord to guide my soul

Dexsta Ray

Never Decrease (Grey Lights)

So many ideas
So many ideas
So many ideas

I don't know where to start...

I see a field
Then I peep a sea of krill
And a large whale
Watch it swimming far above the Hermits
With our hard shells...
The dark dwells beneath the surface like concealed emotions
The bill and notion heals discernment when the hearts fail
Lift it up, feel the burn, and like with barbells
Life is building us
I strike my light from the Bible
And lately
Wired is the rise of the alignment
And it's namely hired
Parasites exist
But care is variable, and stare
'Cause in her hair
The wind has made a tent
That is fragrance pitched
In spirit battle scars
See your glare
I receive your dare, to battle scars
And need ain't even see them there
The Tree won't give us up
But when we fall, still we'd be a pair...
Reality just gets involved
I see another scene
Trouble in the galaxy
And sirens and lights
Word curses, Jesus standing here admiring the fight
That is internal
Gets no burning from the fires in sight
I'll do some writing tonight...
Placid lake with a light tower

Classic pigeons, night Owls
Scripting things
I cheat myself, but how I'm cheating others?
When I grasped that wisdom
Be myself
See my death, to sin and evil
Needing help, Jesus there for me...
I feel a year behind
Spirit mission, that He dealt to me
So I really climb up the stairs to wisdom zealously
Good enough to be examples
But not more than Thou
The hope in which the vision lives
Trying to get His kids to Him...
And ripping veils down
That separate the delegates
I see deterioration tactics
Proud the Father left them baked
Malice integrated backwards
Trying to break whatever's made
Regardless if the Lord established
Trapped into the devil's fate...
And poets just enjoy the art
Today, the form is grappling
With broken swords
The born that own the Lord
In the darkened age...
I'm needed
So I've thrown a beacon to my Home of eons
Lead me, as I go into the regions of unholy legions...
It's the battles out the spotlight that matter most
Enough chiding after ghost
Just the lightening after bolts...
I can't slander when I don't know a soul against me
Don't own a blow that hits me
No whole had gone unfinished...
And no evidence is found
Won't you think of that
It's like my destiny was crowned where the evil sat
I don't know this woman
I'm a target of spirits
And threatened with the fact of harm

If I don't pardon the wicked
I see derision as a thorn
That has to form, to keep the righteous holy
Not absorbed by that
Lest I'm torn and then it might control me...
Chatter when I ain't around unless it's groups together
Shout out to the anti-bullies
Power to the youth
Forever!
I'm having dreams
A little more peace than used to be
Sand castles on my back
The shore cleaned this beautifully
The Master's seas...
All we have to do is stand in that
Trashing all the sin
Never pass an open hand in that
Traps for all the trends
I'm a rigged opposition, fenced
Be just as the Light
Different sections of it, bind to Christ
And teeming as the night
Passing predators with fetters clutched
Surprised to see abandoned harvests
Guess it be a weak end
Crush and leap in, to the sheep pin
Unhanded targets
Only to discover that it's deep in the Land regarded
Plans are sharded
By the Father's speech
His hands are larger
Spanning farther
Tending to the saved folks among the earth
The wicked's flicked
See the hate's cold
But love to all who Weh' knows
I want to make the number
Of those covered in the great robes...
In that Place, gold paves the city's great roads
If you're busy getting right
The devil's going to take blows
But he can't grow

Only take from what's existing
Some will lie and say you did because they hate because you didn't....
That's a pinch
God gave me time to gather sense
I master not a thing on earth
Just pray I'm Light and have repent
Reading Scriptures
And the saved alike that have submit
Away from freezing waters
To the grace of He
To be immortal...
I'm trying to rub her hair and pinch her cheek
'Cause she's adorable
Rainy beach at night
With a space to see the sky...
When I write, I don't decrease, unlike the chains that evil hides
When you praise, the woes released
Light sustains, and re-aligned
The happy...
The kind that's laughing when that foe don't agree
'Cause the joy that clothes the lantern when the soul knows it's free
Cannot be blown, broke, or shattered
Only gathered

Dexsta Ray

Never, Not, Naught's Forgot (Gold Souls)

And some folks you can't help but appreciate
See a golden soul and, treasure that
Don't forget them

See, it ain't too often in this crooked, lost, and falling world
Shalt you run across authentic people
It's like a needle
Mixed in with some straw and quickly tossed into the ocean
Rare...

And scattered few and far
As scarce as hen's
Teeth

In this journey of redemption and escape from satan's grip to God's
We may attempt but can't no gift from here fulfill inside
Every honest soul can skipper time
You never see it...

Just by being yourself
Maybe someone else was lifted
I commend the open hearted
Rare...

It's like a needle
Mixed in with some straw and quickly tossed into the ocean
Shalt you run across authentic people
It ain't too often in this crooked, lost, and falling world

Any soul who'd put their stuff on froze to help another
Deserve the utmost

Eternally

Dexsta Ray

Night

A light breeze barely brushed across my face
The wild black yonder placed my troubled thoughts away
I'm looking into space
Supple drapery enshrouding the sky
The stars are only bantam holes
Can you see what's inside?
For space is just a curtain made to hide the heavens
Science can really constrict your mind if you let it
A beautiful sight
The so rejuvenating air of the night
Replace the artificial stuff with only natural light
I have a passion for the eventides and such
Where I stay to myself
And keep my eyes on everyone
Cause you never really know
I'm fairly comfortable where you'd never go
Sun's down
Why don't you come and take a stroll?

Dexsta Ray

No Entitlement

I've no entitlement, for success, without the work, I ain't expect
Some kind of gain without
Faith
That, even Manna, needed, for it's manifesting, I think, I mean, I thought
That maybe I could be successful at something, that's just a positive, a lot is still
On YHWH's agenda, before I got forreal
My watch was simply praying, and saying the Scripture's pages loud
Until I witnessed changes in my life, in such a way, and not today, but small
beginnings
Was a couple of years away, hear for faith, I need to feed my Spirit with it, call
existence to me, strictly, all provisions, all decisions
Shaped reality, I aimed to stay within the Arc until I made it, build my patience
Everything I dreamed, I live, I'm simple, YHWH is success, and faith is that
connection to Him
I don't care
I'm still impressed, and just enough for me, if there's more, the Lord is faithful

But, I wasn't entitled, it's grace

Dexsta Ray

No Fear In My Heart

Open up your Bible
See Luke twelve-five
God chastise he who tell lies
God will help he who fell
Rise
Josh one-nine
The strong and courageous
Stand against those being controlled by the Satan
They won't see it
That's the sole explanation
God isn't there but her soul isn't vacant
I've been awakened
Praying for the wicked
Back against the fence
My hand's on the picket
Not their eyes so they can't see your mission
Proverbs
Chapter eighteen verse two
Proverbs twelve-fifteen works too
Never bow down
Just give God praise
Fear no man with blood in his veins
Second Timothy
Chapter one verse seven
Only fear our only God in heaven

Dexsta Ray

No Ghosts

I ain't like a spector, when I love, I remain

So I ain't open to the

Ghosting, hope it's known, so the whole of it

Reflectors, woe, forever, long my soul's disposition

So when you told me

This was never, froze my notes and emojis

I know what's home is my phone

Alone, behold, different foes, my zone

Expose wicked wrongs

Consoled with cold shrimp and Psalms

Behold, some motives

This gold...

I wonder if it wasn't really you

Consistent, this suspicion, witnessed ropes

That the wicked threw

Persistent, I can't stress it though

Those wishes I respected more

If seriously

I definitely had let it go, albeit, such mysterious

Seemed allowed until it's deaded so, I guess it's cold...

Stepping on what's special to me
And not to mention, witches lied, to get the essence of me
Undermine the legacy to be connected to me
Unsettling, and this is now, though was consecutively
But if we was together, fine, but this was definitely sleaze
A sacrifice of wicked kinds, not the Omega's decree...
But back to this, classic lists, where marriage is
Mare and carriages, with pacts that it would last
Not in reference to what malice in...
I saw that look in your eye
That ancient understanding
Something else decided that, nothing left to hide the fact
Lightning boltz and light bulbs
Puzzling depths
Plus some kind of traps, time had passed
Encumbered, just everytime that I try advancing
I collapse like stars, supernova, I'm holding Christ's hand
Still...
Don't know how I could handle some situations
And, heal, for your faith made you new
I think, attuned to timeslips

I'm in rips of dimensions, theres fields and hills

And I'm near

With somedeal of fulfillment

But persecuted still...

Aside from orbits, distortion, that first consumed my meal

Hurt, I feel disturbed, and deserted

So, cursed, I do His will

Still...

Though, it taunt me and chide me for how I choose to live

First Peter four and verse four

And Jude sixteen

For real...

Discrimination, that's normalized, so the truth's concealed

And it's me, that's villains, in spite of all of the proof revealed...

But I ain't ghosts, faith, composure, the way it usually is

Everyday, regardless, I'm closer

To truth, I proved

Again

True, yet, domestic terrorism continue

11/17/18

Dexsta Ray

No Lines

With foreknowledge, shouldn't nothing happen
From preparation...
Obvious are signs, no lines, between, no separation
Something's aiding this, behold, crime
Although, in righteousness, the throne was established, or should be, I mean
Good grief...
I gravitated to what's electric, it's of the same thing, the essence
Or the absence of it, surely, bring some type of chain
But, I would have no choice and no option
The terrorism trapped me...
And if you think, for a second, we don't possess the power
Needed to deflect, one is blind
Just let it in to wax me, never'd bet it is
And exactly...
That's what you're made to think
It's never been that harmless, to harness the dark of hardened hearts
Forever, it's illegal, but, still, the evil embark
To start, regardless, so I part this, satanic massive net
With plans to smash the web, to silence
But, what you expect, is not, the guardian...
That vessel it was set for, once dead, it'd then return like normal, demons on the
ride
Hungry for the righteous
Jesus' more, He armors His, in YHWH's peace
Despite demon wishes
Directed energy and methods
It's alright, Jesus
With me
The line you thought you seen between, erased, when money entered in the
scene
Manipulation, stuff at stake, for something wicked leaders seek
To maim the Gospel
Maybe not in open, satan preys on watchers, messengers
And of the Light, and from above the law, they speak
Oppressing, the, upright, and less, in more discrete, malicious
Hell is never full
And such increase the visits, these, continuing to grieve the Father
These attacking me, and sending kitchen sinks even
Massive risks so I won't prosper, and it ain't the main expected, staged,

connected

Aim...

To hang the nets around, so things regress, and praise of heaven

Dead and drowned, and out, an aim to check the Light, to smite, out in darkness

But, it ain't the enemy, that setteth, bite down regardless, so many strike out in heartlessness

Celebrating when the Lord

Is chided...

Steady claim to praise Him, though they hate Him, as they hate His prophets

Saints, and others messengers, just come on out with it

The anti-Christ spirit in the earth

Which is why some hate

The truth...

YHWH made the earth, I'm at home...

My home away from home, many sacrificed to kill one, on the horizon, sitting, spanning appetite

I fear none, I see what really happens

Society is fooled, but not God, who only knows my thoughts, I just express

The Light, was tight before, so, now, it's still as cool

That's why he wants to wipe it off

For warriors still in school, to never feel the testimony, growing in God

During wicked rules, and twisted views

I work unto the Lord

Not for sin and doom, nor gloom

I'm never arrogant, ever

But if, I'm inaccessible, it's not an accident

Clever, but not attached to it, I notice, so repulsive, detestable, wholly

Cannot make a joke of me, ignoring the gods

And strive to over speak, to overshadow, with my same style

Just to shoulder me...

Old to me, violations, I ain't 'sposed to see, it grows on me, some froze on me

When I ain't even thinking of them

Fishing for a problem, for the birds, I don't eat it, the worms, and creeping things

Ain't in my diet, Jesus came, I ain't in yokes

Broken, scoped awareness, I see, a thief, I'd never be

Eager for damnation, His power, can overturn the sea

The devil's playing games like Jehovah ain't merged with me, and, in this hour

Urgency, the foreknowledge, the Word of He, the Bible, Light, shines, amidst

Encouraging me, no idol worship, plus He knows my heart, and the start...

See, it's like this...

There's no way that I would throw any darts, to sow a scar, to what is innocent

Or wicked, by the way, and like today, if I had went and saw my health

Was physic, not up to par
Won't any have to be protected, I would go from the
Heart
'Cause, when distortion and the smear campaigns
Came, like before the signs, before I had to block my doors to sleep
In the homes of mine, there was never any defilements, of the nature
Not exactly, been a fan, of some questionable activities, but tactics did
withstand, framing games
To take away my happiness, I'd want no happy home, campaigners still inact the
lies
To sabotage, they know what actually zoned
Cold, left me at the stone, to graph the soul, as slander tied, when mass exposed
To do anything to blow the candle's light, even staging battles
Fabricating, principalities, in the plans of satan
Handing hatred, carnally can't bounce back, my crown is pass the flesh
The sands are waning
And there's action to destroy my craft
In any sneaky way, mislead the day, to keep the shame at bay, but I ain't ask for

Matters

And my silence is consent to silence, minus this, particulars, the violence is okay
To the violent, why stuff all at me?
Experienced bits of hell, some intended, enough for all to see, I'm scripting truth
Regardless, a target, who can I call for me?
Jesus, seated, high, by the Father
In faith, He walks with me, like stalkers seen
No fear, perfect love, just casteth all that out
Talked about, I know it, I don't care
I give to God, no matter what I hear or see
The victory, is mine forever

Satan, you are a liar

My faith is strong in God
I praise the Lord

My life is all about my relationship with God...
All that other stuff sent just demon made

Time don't exists...

No More Chances

IF it's war
Then it's war
It's been a war since beginning
Evil force and the course
Of the light
It's resenting, and rest assure, the victor triumph
Far beyond in the
Flesh
So even if the legions scheme
The cards are donned
To regress
There's no more chances
Come and beat me, let the fun be depleted
'Because without my consent
You never won or
Succeeded
I keep it honest, only truth
Since I'm fated to
Speak it
And all around, is the proof, but some claim they can't see it
Talks of war, talks of slander
That's a war
Here's an answer
Seen it forming, being distorted, I don't know
Who's the master, rather
Not become
Absorbed
Never fear bow and arrow
A broken soul with
What to lose, nothing's true about prattle
Irrelevant to irrelevant
It's better to spend time alone
Than dwelling in sin
Developing
Ends
They have their swords drawn
Aiming at my passions, I'm not a forced troll
Just speak when I'm attacked
And satan, imitate me a lot, but not too good at all

He always seem to leave out all the
Good involved
I just try to stay to myself
But devils throwing
Faults
And over time, it gets annoying, think they know it all
Ain't no way I'm going to fall
I'm not ashamed
Whatever problems people have with me been got explained
Unless it's fiction, portrayed, like fact
I been out of range
With that
Get off of me, got no spit for a stranger's path
Then I hear of wars
You don't what is in store
For I answer to a higher one
Marvel in discord

Hahahaha
I'm what? I don't care, I don't care
I'm such? I don't care, I don't care
What you have to say
Don't you get it?

I don't fear you, satan

Dexsta Ray

No Secret Nothings

If something happened, then, you know who it was, I guess, to love the Light
Hath cometh with a price, but it ain't really stranger
Than, major plans, erasers, satan plays, and take a stand
It hates the Savior, plainest nature, but He says to take His hand...

I guess that why I sought you out
The Light is sufficient
Sometimes, at night, I would cry, just talk to crickets
But it's real life... sealed tight, sister, all is secured, the Cross, the cost, bought it
all
Some physic falls are assured, the call, exhorting the assignments
Described or prescribed, inclined, surely, the alignment, defined, for our minds
In time...
For, like a Christmas tree, is lit when connected, this, is we, contentment's king
or queen, or dream
Any second, the Scripture breathes, and Light returns, may simple things see
respect...

No secret nothings

Dexsta Ray

No Spark

A princess, she could never be, specialty, pretty privileges
The devil's preen, what sacrificed my life, without my own awareness
Sabotaging plights, racists origins, plus canonizing strife
To brand the Light as darkness, so my grinds never paid
It's strange, to me, how this arrangement, slain a sheep
Bring so great a heap, 'cause I ain't choose society to wear
Jewels and piety, despair, truth igniting the peace
Aligned to dreams declared, sneaky tactics that are ever-present
Smote, it's wheat and tare, I strike with bolts of lightning
It's equal, it's pleasant, cults unfair, loathsome schemes
To joke me out the history, just so some heirs, positioned, demon doctrine
With perfect plots to keep Jesus prophets, in some means to profit
From the evil against the vulnerable, and even watched it
And that's the spiritual, satan waves mistakes, and stage and frame disgrace
Inflate what ain't embraced to take away from things that's Weh' emblazoned
And they blazing, in lakes, in Revelations, there, for taking
Petals of heaven, to pelt the grace of God, failed occasions
Some ain't obsessing, just through the hell, they take me
Just for choosing God, over satan, and it's still hailed some greatness
Devil nations then, in Corinthians chapter four and four
Never raise again, some things was did to maim the Savior's kids
To make a way for sin, not inordinate, it's what age we in...
Criminals overlooked by justices to kill the witnesses
Allowed the same access to them, and double, killing businesses
And subtle, for the envious, through mammon, and some system
Mix the false into the truth as a way to make it mysteries...
Brackets getting twisted
I saw that when it happened, I'm guessing, back when this potential
Had surpassed what was rapping, some had to slander up my image
Just to snatch what was patent
Without a government resistance, Christian standards abandoned...
It can't get up from this, even with the compliments, of others rich
It matters not who doing, but it's happening still, because of it
Plus the wicked etching out the rights of those that's humbly living
For the Father God, in higher places, ain't no consequences
'Til it's not confined to laws and structures that the country been with
Equity can't wait, from years ago, until the current witness...
In YAHW, I have significance, copied by some, been in it since, the dinosaurs was
here

But flip the script, and use the law to aid them...
Before I knew, am I the only to see all this strangeness?
How could such continue with awareness throughout all the nations?
If the same is under God, and He has taught the basics
Who is that resolve, it must be Baal, 'cause Jesus isn't satan...
YHWH even point to Jesus in the Scripture pages
Which they hate without a cause, enshroud with false, to kill what save it
Ain't late to this, was just ignored, until what's satan's rich
Invading all my personal, without a cause, to take my gift
While I've proven everything
Illegally, it stay amidst, intense, just like my precious themes
Of God, attacked by satan's kin, something placing hits on the LORD
Through vague umbrella billets, framing that position
In conjunction, but behind the scene, staging of a scapegoat
I relate, been the case, so, I'd pray long, and stay neigh my roots
Though diabolic schemes, that demons made, to change all
The truth, to some illogic means to fade those that Weh' sow for
Fruit, for teeming oppositely, depraved yokes arranged on the proof
So Jesus' crops contained...
Satanic cults framing everyone that God ordained
Hate the scent of righteousness, and plus such won't give God
The praise...
The love of mammon is rooted unto some broader things
Biblical proportions, of persecution, you'd probably change too
But I'm only of God, as all campaigners knew, ahead of time
And watched the same truths
Proved, but never tried, to make it any easier, such blasphemed God
To waste fruit, and did the Holy Spirit, now forever, to the lake, glued
Rapists take my flames, and embrace them, placed in the frames too
Angels, such degrade and defame them, until they lane grew
Society became this on purpose, some antichrists that's hidden
Sticking with the shadows, behind the tape, and behind the tape
Devising and disguising, publicity stunts, then hide away
Back into that basement, with snickering, comfort, eyes of hate
Squinting at that monitor, different screens, some comprise of babies
Rites from satan, types of grievances, that compromise the nations
But I'm still in faith, and still embrace the Light
And trust in YHW, even in the valley of the shadow, YHWH in it with me
Some distort and misinform to undermine the vision
Integrity can be adored, supporting my decision
Not a thing immoral, that's a way they formed to pry and limit
Like a crowbar, this crow-bar, it's kind of frigid

But, in faith, my crows bar the basic doubts that chiders wisheth
I use this crowbar to maybe out the Light's consistence
Just to know art bringeth major
Persecution, still, my soul, ignite for Christ, and YHWH
9/22/19

Dexsta Ray

No, It's Not

No, it's not...
O, no, and no, it's not
I don't destroy
The blooms
And often thought about how it function
The age and all it's work
Soon, the ice will melt, the mountain ranges
Will return, the flowers, raise, unto their purpose
Days, the pages forgotten
Before you know it
Time is strained unto a waste of betrothment
Although, embracing this topic, I don't evoke a certain
Known to go, my own abode
Electric, poetically
Overdosing, on the hope I know to be the Most High
I don't for show or such, want to keep the wholeness
Close by
But so much in-between, any way, I go, I know my, alignment, centered
On the Light, and what I'm striving to find
I've so much evidence, that's relevant
So miners are trying, to find the devil in, he never did
Live withinside, there's more development
But, I ain't dwelling that, things are changing
Just want the settling back, it's well perhaps
I'm never degrading...
Not even seldom
Flak
Attacking, like a pack of nothing else
It's double love and peace, I need, and not deceitful
Just honest scales and a humble king
No, it's not that falsehood
Oh, no, oh no,
It's not, no, no, no, it's not
Oh, no
Don't be deceived

Dexsta Ray

No, Society's The Bully

Dirty dactylogram

Planted

On society's candid turpitude through

The satanically inclined working hand

Discerning ruse, through a dactyl...

The prosody

Type...

Actors, masons, speakers and... alky

For a lot of these nights

It's alright

For this was just a mighty fight of the moment

And this wasn't to decide who was strongest

I can see it looking...

From the bushes! Are there molotovs left?

Just kidding, with my protestant self

But I will tell you

What a set up when involving a christian

I'm a liar for not telling people all of my business

And I'm stupid when I'm wrong

And I'm off when I'm...

Tripping

I just care about my soul but you calling it switching

And my good-hearted nature makes me fake

And I'm weird because we just don't relate to things the same

And I'm lame because I'm banking on greater things than fame

And I'm shady for observing and staying out the way

It's a crazy time...

And I'm fine just as long as I get love from mine

Let me shine, tell society

Chill...

And you don't have to do what's cool in human's eyes to be real

Because that's satan... anybody talking down of satan

And anybody looking round' and trying to clown of satan

And I'm not important if I haven't really made it

And I never had a fortune but for all I have I'm grateful

Praise the Lord...

Society hates them for thinking different

It hates them even more than before if they are christian

In the scripture...

John chapter fifteen and verse nineteen
You can even do the right thing
It doesn't matter
Oh, society's a joke... fingerprinted by satan
So no matter where you go there's resentment and hatred
What I'm saying...
I'm forever fighting this fully
Don't antagonize the people that society's bullied
I'm not trying to be a hero
Just a guy with a hoodie
Trying to stretch the devil's lies and divide them like putty
And really...
I refuse to let it stand on the youth
And I'm a loser just because I'm not a friend of your group
We're insecure because we care about what some people think
And I'm boring since I'm trying to drop and crush evil ways
And I really can't wait to see the day when I grow
Don't you ever try to tell me who I am
'Cause I know

No, society's the bully
That's the true enemy
And...
I already know who I am
You don't have to tell
Me...

Dexsta Ray

No, We Have To Jump Out

I can't change the world
I can't say exactly what...
To do next...
But I can bring awareness to the skulduggery
This society... will only feed off the
Ghettos
Instead of looking for a way to fix those
Unsettling issues
We hold them up to a higher esteem
In the shape it's already in
This has done nothing for our
Advancement...
The section is forsaken
We only want to leave
For we are
Hungry...
The powers will continue to keep us in this
Subservient position but...
Only by our consent
It's all about the
Mental...
Self-realization will prove to be the most effective weapon here
For we've been separated from our
Identities
And we fight against each other cause we
Don't know the enemy
Self-education...
This would bring us back to the basics
This could act as a foundation
If rebuilding...
True...
It's impossible for me to clean up
But together there is hope
Own our TRUE conditions
So to prepare... become the catalyst
For my motives are to heighten us...
Only...
So, if we can be the factors of our own revolution
I mean... what's holding us back?

Oh, that's the reason why I wrote
Should a person still... drive a flaming car?
No, we have to jump out

Dexsta Ray

Noise Cancellation

Shh shh Shh shh shhhhh!

Cancelation

For quality performance

Wallabys and forests, pottery

No obloquy...

And this stance is basically for hands that pray and see

The lands that praise the King

To stay complete in ages

Fragmented...

Had mention of spans given

Damages, acquisitions, palliate the mind

Contaminate the vision...

Buzz killington's surprised

Still unveiling ties, and ascots

Unhanded my patience, and, standing

Ask why...

That's my observation

Not opt to taking joy, breaking, shaking, stopping elation

With fading faith employed

Many changes, inspirations...

Some conditioning, stiffening

Forgetting relevancy since a different realm...

Dimensions been instilled, ticked

For being involved in this, sick end of the stick

Demons hit me with to draw in sin, resisted

I don't need the quick advice designed, and condescending

Envy filled their mind

But still the sights of earth exalt the wicked...

I ain't get the business yet, thought I'd give the benefit of doubts

The pits, no lifting out, estates of snakes

And major blatant manifestations of satan's brazen hate

I been in this, before the jealousy, I'm still in this

Celebrity, with enemies that I don't know

But, in the end, every liar, the fire, will take

Even when I mind my business, still conspire against me

I must stay silent to live, in peace, serenity

It get to me, instantly, presenting the facts, and so much sin around

The little kids'll drown in the ripples of such darkness, sending that

To get me touched, emotions, feelings

Being the slickest way to do it, I cancel out the noise within my own
For the Throne's help, while unrelated evils sit and long to wait for my
destruction
Either closed up, or blind, but trying to find a flash
Because I don't confide in ashes, only grind in
Passion
Plastic knew what I'm about before the crafted tactic
Planted in through other people, that has been a while now
Many other evils, granted, found out
And just accompanied, to beat illumination as some form of malice
Things that don't include my ranges...
Switching, I don't do
In a different tune, never sitting with the cool
Never fit in with the views of satan
Fumes of hatred, gloom, and praises
Been renewed and made it...
Hidden access to me
Eyes wishing for humiliation
But I don't give it to them
Twisting rules
And I don't have a thing but I don't want it all
Something's off, different basis, masked as if this crazy
When it's extraneous
Expanded far beyond my own mind
Since... it's nosedived, below perceptiveness, inept to this still though...
Meant to deal blows that kill slow, and feel no compassion
But I still know the real Throne, I still go with that One...
The hope is granite, grown and candid, strong mechanic
Had a goal of engineering
But don't know if I should chance it
Mighty powers, insincere, laying below within my hammock
I can't really talk or tear
Without exploiting hidden fabrics
Inadvertently, even, it occurs to me
Even fortified castles on some hills isn't worry free
Persecution give me strength, I don't take it from it
I'm paid from it in spirit riches
Some supposed to pay in cents too though
In truth though, this judo, you know, kicking muses, ripped illusions
Minions through floors, for hitting low, rebuke it...
I'm getting comfortable in dreams
The one who many see, and not generic images

It's me, and I'm feeling welcome...
And when it comes to what is right
Something doesn't like the abstinence
Attacking by attaching crummy standards with some
Pacts of sin
Don't know if it's a new thing
No accidents, but all I know is that I live in
Deuteronomy chapter twenty eight, thirteen
The worse thing is being absorbed
Especially, when distortion, think it gets away with evil God sees
And living for it
It ain't my job to get revenge but ain't a sitting duck
I'm flipping with these flippers, trust
I'm swimming in the Spirit's love
I like to hear the trainhorns for the ambience
They warned, you can't dismantle this, just have to pass or sit...
The devil posted, told me I was getting crapped on, like lamps blown
But, when you have hope, even that is nothing
Disbanded tactics, leave it looking like a crash or something
God is everlasting, not in malice, only Light and truth
Cancelation
If it is or ain't, it will sustain, I feel the reign
I ain't even scripted but some steal the names...
Bet as soon as you give up on me
I'm breaking through
And that's the way life normally is
Sort of crazy ain't it?
I remember days would fade without a scrutiny
But, now, the devil came to measure hate, that's if I know or not
Glowing eyes, angel light, prose and odes, credentials, when it's wrapped in
Truth, to the tell the truth, you just may see again
But until, I cancelled out the waste to concentrate
But, what's substantial, I'll embrace, retreat, within, the Spirit deep
If I warn a person of some form of yoke amidst the sheep
But they didn't heed the horn, but went, proceeded blissfully
Then it is not my problem if skullduggery happens
I arm myself with the shield of faith and sword of Spirit
Ain't ignore what's formed
The same exact things establish every time I praise the Lord
Demons stalk to see me walk in evil, straw and needles
Something
Rushing, love to see a brother struggling, conquer him, and crush him

Nothings claim we're nothing but somebodys know the truth
Frozen juice, so chosen doom imposed
Even for perception, I ain't even feeling that, leaving peels in paths, of traps set
by evil
Time is febrile
Feeling happy, not from lack of hate
But tracks of fate
And plus, Light has been official, O.T.P., get close to me, in faith
The best I ever met besides Jehovah
I don't cancel that, drew a camp on that
Making sure the latern's sat, and patterns match
Appreciating true appreciation, too, and that's a fact
Harkening to larks
Shh shh Shh shh shhhhh!

Dexsta Ray

Non-Conjectural

Definitions of success, really variable, it depends on a person's
Interests...

And, for me, that was God, it's still the same as that
Now, fame, perspectives, with jealousy, hate, obsessed with me
For satan, that misrepresent, to break whatever left in me
For standing with the Lord, in my faith, I spake in self-defense...
With just the Bible, yea, I use the Light a lot, so I guess it's plagiarizing
Since I choose to write for God, YHWH, still my point of origin
Although fools conspired plots, I ain't ever had some histories
That consist with some enmity, that's meant for me
From evil that resenteth me for seeking righteous...
It's even crystalline clear, that even if I'm killed for being real
For the Christ, I still succeed still...

Bad wishes, for success, enter deep realms, to add wickedness
So one can stress and not perceive success
Or at least, what it mean to them

I figure, if I please the Lord, I'm alright, I don't need the fields...

I revealed a million times, only facts and truth

Then the devil get in front

Of everything I say, and it is clever, as way to maime, erase my name
To take away what's right, with some lies, although the frame
Defaced...

It wouldn't be the ones they say that are responsible
For blatantly attacking Christ, but claiming to be under Him

Ain't taking politics, it's artists, in conjunction here
Exposed a massive evil, but repentance, isn't sought

Instead, the silence of His messengers

Persists, so sin

Exalt

Backtracking show some concepts I originally

Had bought, and said, my platforms, subject to attacks

In past seasons, with no faults, what's unto me is unto Christ

And all that witnessed, of that mind, can wield no cross

Calling Him a devil while the Scripture taught...

Unanimous, like when God had first established His covenant

With mankind, His promises, expand time, and I'm...

Trusting Him, success is what a man finds, when the Lord come sup with him

To me, that is enough to see

Though crime is worked to stump on Jesus

And disguised as certain ones
But really was a plan with ties, that stand with lies
Character attacks, and just to slander God, and ban His eyes
Informally, and rhyme has been inordinately, resigned for more
Important people, seems the Lord abhorred by evil
Even more if more can see it, larceny, to dwarf the spark in me
So I'm hard to see, arduously, larger beings that'd target me
To tarnish Jesus...
I don't wish no bad on any
And I don't diss, I uplift and script down my experiences
From time afflicted...
And nothing's promised, high realities I'm not attended
But was being enwrapped in some directions so false prophets killed me
Because potential for the Lord
Ain't much logic in it
And in fact, the hidden evils of the sort was meant so that nobody could
Remember me, of Christ, with Lightbulbz and lightning boltz
Overshadowed by some, infamy, like mysteries, the Spirit
Lead...
Some even threatened what love me because the Scripture teems
And such might destroy me, but Jesus, still got the victory!
And, if this the end of my story, because of envious beings
I feel I did succeed because the Lord remain my inner peace...
Ain't did no evil, exposed it, so I don't fear a thing
Guess if speaking Scripture, I "stole" it, though that's why it was
Made...
Plus stuff had been explained, I have to prove a million things
You can't convince a fool of wisdom
That's the truth
Right in the page
And like I said, the guilty place themselves right in the way
To justify to hide my work for envy for some wicked praise...
And that's definitely unfair
Like to pry, invade, to undermine survival of me
And in spite of Christ's presence, want to write me off as evil
Justifying some crime in question, merciless is what I faced
Without a cause, my life a Message
Evil sought to take my right to life because somebody reckless
If there be conflation 'gainst the Lord instead of Bible essence
He's forever moved from the equation
Like to minus, Light, I started on, I'd find it mighty dark and wrong
To switch from truth, such things persisted through

So this position grew...
Because early on, the devil was against the fruit
Of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, the jealous loved for this to brew
I'm disadvantaged even if I'm right and this the truth
In the interests of some mammon, it was did, to end the proof...
The definition of success
Is the Spirit fruits, scripted in Galatians, still I'm in the Word
Salvation's God's...

Prayers for the Body of Christ
Experiencing some intense persecution
For standing by the truth
I know, personally, some of the
Worse in my literary life
Nonetheless, praise the Lord
The gates of Hades shall not prevail against
The Church
7/11/19

Dexsta Ray

Non-Contaminate

Fields of golden grass and low paths of Light
The loathing soul can only mold the hopeful so that's alright
I'm quite the soulful opportunist
That's not open to evil
The Throne encloses proper unions
That got noted by preachers
You see, the Light could never gravitate to evil
Aggravate the teachers
Sowing unbeknown-ingly at stake
Creatures, poesy, the buoyance creates
A place, in shape enough, for sowing seeds
If can't adjust
The growing speed is pain
Too innate to
Notice...
Beauty changes focus
True, another wave approaches
Placed into position where he doesn't have a thing to go with
Still remain, an ocean's likened to the silly maze
The dragon has some power
Lasts a hour
But Thee will sustain
Talk of what's inconsideration
Revisit what could count
And paying attention
Man, the wicked route is nothing now
I trust the sound of the Spirit and down religious
Thinking
Satan hypes the libels up, minor stuff
From the biggest hatred, yup, I pick my Bible up
Lightening
Love, with this shield of faith in
Christ is still amazing, my life is called
Like the little Saints is
Satan's will is basic, my holy Father is so complex
Complete, complexity caresses each and every soul He stationed...
Solo walks through the
Scary jungles with spider webs
Supernatural sightings

During nature walks when nobody's there...
O! God has cover His people and that's towards His glory
Lovely stories, God is a Spirit near
To His children here...
Those who do me right can trust me
But I'm not a fool
Erasers crack and crumble after constantly
Re-optioned moves...
I was deceived, tries to buffet me
Accompanying
But I find some trues and I must decree
He covers each...
See, the world is full of worthless deception
Though I'm aware of evil's plans, I'm not erring the helpings
And tell a demon, take the traps back
I'm speaking truth, so graph that
Real crafts mapped
Peel back that, teal snapbacks, and old vibes
Cool for who?
Progressed and from my own mind
Laughed at
But lesson bearing, blessings, set my own lines
Like clothes drying, fabrics hanging on
Mine, and no lying...
For while I'm trooping 'til my life change
Using what the Light gave
Some make it like you're foolish just for trying to do the right things...
Atmospheric peace and gentle amoras
The open room of Jasmine fields
With Dandelions or Roses, the Lavender and the Chrysanthemums
Captured
For moments, before the matches was opened, a lasting smolder
Fighting compromise, tragic components
Of only smear campaigns, to clear away the
Greatness and the glory of God
In fact, an aspect of it is the false accusing
Of insanity, expanding deep
This malice blows my mind
And I can't believe it...
I stand and beat it, finally seeing what I'm up against
I know what's going on
But my trust is in the One Who sits

Up upon His Throne
Never mocked, never won against...
And I don't know those evils
Plus some love the crutch of something
Jezebel in numerous vessels but dressed and veiled
And well, the devil use deception
Like the strings, puppeteering stuff
And claim that I deserve the worst
The curse, I laugh and claim the treasure
Found along the path, this spirit journey
Spirit riches, waiting, clearest image, engravings
Bitter wickedness will not take my joy
'Cause in my eyes, no amount of sin can fix it
Floating down in pits, the quickness of the disses
I had changed before the smear
The wicked did this just to end me
Never bringing me down
And since I've mentioned, witnessed times of
Peace...
Survivors of the fire, ruckus, none's defining me
Combining Jesus with the binds released
And blinded schemes are, equal, to elation
Heightened basics, He supplies my needs, never be corrupted
My morals I hold above the love of money
Plus the crummy lust for power that the
Dust devours...
The evil speaks from the world's perspective
And it listens
Fine, but, deeming me some unfurling fetters?
And man, this tripping
And panning different, expanding spirits
My hands delivered, thinking 'bout the Light
And scanning scriptures, a day without a
Night...
And meditating on the heavenlies
Not losing sight
A contract under Yahweh
The trajectory
And, too, polite, ideas are just ideas
But the recipes are copyrighted
Plus do not conform
And let your Light become

Contaminated
Stay, if liked, abhorred, either

Dexsta Ray

Normalization

I gravitate to God

I guess I'm pushing luck

Different angles...

Labels I can't imagine

I'm asking 'Weh

To place the barricades at bay

And pray, a reign of angels

Agitate the shadow

Activate plans of faith

As affirmations

Visions, stained aspirations

Amidst a gleam of

Hope...

Focus of the small town kid

Perceiving fog now

Even though the small mound sits

The peace revolve 'round

I call down, all exalted vain things

Constraining passion

Of the Cross

The pain stained, wasn't loss

It break chains

Engaging plagues of apathy

Normalizing, of borderlining...

Oil, defined anointings

The moissanite

Scorched, rejoicing Light, the choice is right

Poison, conjoined with torsion in normal plights

Feeding on the brink of deletion

In fact, the ruse is packed

Knotting, locked in proxy recruitment

This sloppy fruitlessness

It's probably hard to read

Acknowledging pots of fine vengeance

Not in my kitchens

Just flowers and broth in my dishes

Watches, hard to freeze

Unpolished in God like my image

Not that I'm finished

The opposite topic, hides missions

Disregarded grief...

To guard my seed, but I can't though

It's stolen from a brother

Pardon me, so I can't know?

Pathological liar...

Because my fame's grown

'Grooming' me like animals, chronicles

Of this same show

The fire in my heart, of forgiveness

The frivolous, feeling emptiness

The mix of 'litigation' from 'intimidation'

Manipulation, 'Mirroring', wicked imitations

'Infantalization', 'Invalidation' it hit me with

'Gaslighting', mainly... if I managed to get suspicious

'Push and Pull'

'Imposing Isolation', violence raging at me...

I scream, 'Hallelujah'

Jesus went through worse than this

So I ain't cursed, I'm meant, to get this honored

Far from self-centered...

But, still, you have to mention you

To get yourself delivered

Evil minions do misrepresent

Specific persecutions

Hurts, delusions, ain't a pick of this

Not, at least, from me...

'Ranking and Comparing' used to keep me on

A lease, froze in beefs, that I ain't been aware of

That I don't

Concede...

Jehovah's King and Prince of peace

Lowly, on my knees

Praying I don't slip into the rift evil longs for me

Explosive words and actions sent to be a woe

To 'teach', but curses in reality

An evil that I won't believe in

I don't receive the potent sleaze

And I didn't betray

Go through what I have, and you were nothing to them

Anyway

Some place themselves in front of words

To try to get me framed

'Rumors' are specific, but my truths embrace the

Villian's chain...

So any only self-incriminate, I skip the 'Baiting'

Of 'Triangulation', that's disguised as help for wicked plays

'Sexual Coercion' got me in a depth, more urgent

Seems my loyalty to God has made me unaccepted

In a way...

'Self-Aggrandizement' is all my eyes get

'Not My Fault' is what they say

Even if devised it... And I ain't crap

But the feces bring the flies in

So either I'm important

Or the devil's imps are blinded...

'Cause I'm the coördinate for torment

'No-Win Situations'...

Either I submit to satan or be stuck within his mazes

'Til the grave takes me, still I'm praising God!

In face of plots, this ain't 'Magical Thinking' but I've witnessed

Things that Weh', with faith, can change

Provided for me when I didn't see a way

Miracles and dreams attained...

'Chaos Manufacturing', looked pass that

From a flashback, empty hands clasping
Life like shattered symphonies, and 'Alienation'
Restricting me, trying to limit me
I hate being patient, I hear the sound of bitterness
Striking light for the cause, uplifted odds
Trying empty minds, I finally realize
And I pause... for Light and positivity
Missions, the excitement evolved
Because a soul was
Saved...
'Avoidance' dealt due fear of accountability
And left me by myself, finally wept
My mind is overloaded, rhymes, flows, schemes that's opined by God
And the Holy Ghost
It's time to apply all He's spoken directly to our
Lives...
There's such deception, I'm telling the truth
Just to survive, hunted for no reason
The devil pursues what crush his lies...
I don't know the persecutors
These are no excuses

Wishing for some comfort and some trust
That I ain't never had, forever sad to demons
Impeding without a welcome mat
I love what ain't attacking
More golden eggs, hate can't devil that...
Seeing what I'm actually saying
The loathsome envy me, the only reason why
I'm sought, it don't exists, at all...
I'm in the midst of this distortion
And smear, why pick me? I don't know
But imps saying 'give me, give me'
I don't have a thing for them, for my soul
Belong to Weh', so I issue many many
'Til this trench is ending, wick is dimming
Out of all that, plenty tactics then it fall back
Ain't resolve crap, I ain't in the pain...
I had some hard times in life
But I can deal with that
It's different when you find out your poverty
Is really crafted, I don't fear consequences
'Cause I ain't wrong nobody, no intimidation 'cause I'm

Blameless

Ain't too many coincidences in tricks and gimmicks

Never mentioned terrorism until it destroyed

My life...

The persecutors...

Some'll leave right after sowing spikes

Creating massive wars as diversions

To end that sole light...

Slander pours and converted into the 'Circular Convo'

Type of tactic

And 'Chronic Broken Promises'

To grab it...

And so dishonest since they do not want the soul

Established

Like a bus that comes but leaves every time you go to catch it...

Types of theft, keeping one from promoting tablets

Downplaying Truths that's more serious than being

In boats that's

Damaged...

My poetry is not negative lest some make it that

I go in peace

Repulsed by outspoken foes trying to make me crack

I just state the facts

That are thrown at me as a wave to maim me

As a man

Inclined to define the lines that my

Savior gave me...

I pray and I can discern it

Ain't perfect, but ain't deserving it

Certain that whoever curse me, first, ain't satan lists

Electronic stalking, technology made some great inventions

Obviously a product of prophecy in the age we're living...

Flying, Flying Monkeys'

They clock me for many things I didn't

'Kill the Messenger' just for dropping the wicked

Frames against

Him...

But still enchained to scripture

Joy no matter what's to come!

The glory that shall be revealed in us

Greater than the pain, I see the crown of Life there

Waiting... For all the granite saints

I'm trying to make that number

Unmoved and un-bothered by this extra

Praise the Lord in Summer

And every other

Season...

No crumbling, no eating drama sent

From the muddled pit, only loving peace...

Trouble's watching my steps

To try to come

With me, to conquer me, and cover me up under

Evil stuff, I see, but thinking that I'm blind to it...

I beg to differ, I head to scripture

It's not normal, far from normal...

And I'm not accepting of it at all

No one should be able to profit

At anyone's expense without

Their consent, knowledge, or approval

Praise the Lord

Satan get behind us, in the name

Of Jesus

Dexsta Ray

Not All There Is

It's kind of ethereal, see, I'm seeking, these remedial claims
Because sometimes, my life has seem just like a video game
Evil be kneading, keep it plain, even lame
Complete and leading though
Couldn't be appraised...
And that's all that evil need to know...
That is all Light, and this is all peace
Don't need the validation, YHWH called me, the Cross feeds
Everything is problematic but the stuff befall-ing
Everything that God established, evil, tries to cross me...
I got what I deserved, buffeted but not disturbed
Doing what I love to do, and even if it's not observed...
Spirit riches on my mind, and the love is equal
Knowing that if I didn't compromise
I wouldn't suffer either, in the lake that stinks of sulfer, flies, and a want for
Jesus
Though it's then too late for one deciding
That the truth ain't fake...
Life was taken, many times, for nothing I sown
If I'm suspect of anything, it's cause the stuff that I known... (Hm)
The envious can never say that my identity false
Because the stuff the true ones claim
They got from visions they saw
But, even still, that's not to say that I'm conditioned in faults...
As if I went a different way like I ain't live what I talk
Because I kneel to the Cross, He catches me, imagine me
As whole, still in the fog, but better, devil extra
Stunts accrue, I'm never right
I'm must a fool
If treasure is the will of God (good)
But, if not, I just refuse...
Shush the shoes, what is that, while holding up
The latern, to it, answers through my Master
Constant truth, lavaciousness, that lack
In honest reason, just consumed, and trust is needed
Like the Bible, said the theme, of life in consummation
Unrelated but, whatever plus I know
Applying the stuff adjacent to my Savior's Light
In faith, I think I'll make the day

And wondering, why the changes came
Remaining, placements fade away
And was it just survival of some angst and pain
That made the say...
But can't erase, this fixation that satan has on me
Making bad for me, and shaping paths
That 'Weh ain't add to me...
Anywhere that I go
I see there's snares, and, the air becomes more dense
Persecutors pretend I'm talking to them...
When I hug my pens, plus the smear campaigns
Still are off and ruined, fewer runs with sin
All I fear these days
I pray aloud, until I clear these stage
Depend on YHWH still, 'cause without Him
Many of years erased, and I'd miss it then
If was split and twist aside from YHWH
This ain't all there is, but intrinsic, and hypnotizing probably
But the Cross is clear, what it signifies
Is the opposite of progress that's against me
Grown up, just mama's only son, nobody has to get me
Nor us, I got the Lord for money...
Love, and other sources distorted
And I ain't for that, just the unadulterated and pure, complete
Most assuredly, since God forgave my sin, made ammends, and aimed to
Cure the peace
While still illuminating 'cause if I stopped
I'll be sure of things...
Lures and strings to grip this, whathaveyou, larger than the carnal
Greater than perspectives, ain't about, without...
Made a route, containing clout with flout
That satan engineers, to tests, and tempt, resist it still, arranging
Flout with clout
See, it's about the falling...
Reputations in the Father's hand, the power of the Light
All-consuming, no association with the devil's webs
Misportraying and mistaking, undiscerning, what's on purpose, shallow
Thinking dark, shrinking hearts, although unbeknownst...
Like termites, biting my table, chunks in the chairs
And my foundation, should've changed it up sooner
The Scripture's diamond though, when I behold
I trust what is fair

No way that I would sow some stuff that get me crossed
And ensnarred, like satan wants to happen...
I don't bring no fake on myself
I can't control imagined wrongs, and hated perpetuated
Got the worse, I'm given now, a reeling route
But still devout, though evil egg the castle walls
So fall...
And all those sick ways to take it, some haters, think it up
If mountains rise, I climb it, haters, break it up
To hide, deny survival, is human, but God is higher
True, supplied the breath of life, hidden answers
A lantern different, I ain't too much for destruction, humiliation
Some constants in this
Damage rendered, over it, what's closer
I no longer feel, I no longer deal, nor heal
For real, I no longer shield, all that old is dead
Like I want to be to loathesome souls
I don't give a heck, all this global, wholesome talent
Changes made, forever better than my yesterdays
The weapon raised, to try for condemnation
Either way, I'm great, my presence stays, tried to block me out
But when you live for Weh', you never fade...
If I'm hypocritic 'cause I don't want Jezebels,
At all, then I guess I'm fake, jealousy campaigns, scams and stuff
To pull me low regardless...
Deal me darkness, threaten cataclysm, if I go to
Heartless
Don't you ever worry, I'll never stop the battle in this
You just only hating, no, it ain't that complicated...
Try to sabotage my life, well, kind of right
'Cause I ain't bound, to that...
Forever, for this reason, things schemed
Keep it, out from all that's me
So ain't no need to keep restating mine like you're
Some kind of saint
Never said I'm perfect, but I'm saved, and that is all
That matter
But, evil just don't quite get it, keep on, don't call me
After
Read between the lines, I ain't feeling it
Because of slander, nay, and standards placed into
The wayside

It ain't supposed to be, but still
If not this world, then
The next...

Persecution's not all there is...
Just stuff I have to face
Nonetheless, I'm still optimistic
I know there's better

4/24/18

Dexsta Ray

Not Another Broken Cabin

Not another broken cabin
The last thing any brother should want is to not be there
Leave you on your own
In the dark...
Which is crazy 'cause it actually requires both roles
That lack of symmetry shall
Only fan the
Sparks
To burning ground

It's crazy...

Ay,

Now, behold, an avid look into a start along an ending of a part of a beginning
To a latent degree
No...
Hanging up
Ay, bae, adjustment has it's own arcuation
Hearts are marked as sharpened
Beast
Hark, they dart through the cages
Ribbing
Smart? To disregard the up away of bereavement
Hope the letters turn from scars to
A parade of completion
I say
The whole of this could grow amidst the toll that it takes
I only keep my mouth close when
I don't know what to say
'Cause lately
All we find is distance with this ball of blind contention
Try to mold a mind to listen 'stead of
All the time desisting
By the moment or the minute that was heard of what you call a blessing
To forgive of all the questions?
And maybe thens
Resting on the drugs within the thought of sudden separation
Sometimes you feel like I don't

For real wife
Still the fact is clear that the cabin we've had for years
Has now been added to indeed
A sapling, the babbling
Tears
So I ain't really trying to leave and do damage
But I peep some things the evil mean would speak when you vanish
Reinforce the firewood
Create a dream with the ashes
And if we have 'reliance', good, a little faith can establish
The darker moments
Darker times...
Embark, and ride, and trying to thrive
Into another quiet place
Up in silence
Waiting on the mind to change because I might've said some things I didn't
mean
Trading curses placing burdens on each other
And I'm tripping for the peace
Beautiful...
Girl
Believe me when I'm quoting these scriptures to grow us spiritually
Deleting all the names from before today
Hope to bring us close
A friend, because today is root in something from the underworld and stands
Built this cabin in the woods by this kingdom near the sea
Baby, tell me where you see another girl?
It's only true
And let us shoo the bears from the property
Keep on coming 'round
To stop and see that there's only you
Would not be
Obsolete
Powers that control are attacking evils on top of people, crazy
It'd be robbing to leave
You feel?
To stipple that potential not to fold of the youngest
That, I'm against, indeed
But happiness important to... grasp
With that, I love you, just my overalls, my porch and my ax
Don't know if that would
Do...

Telling me you loving me back... without the 'I' attached
Another with a fortune perhaps...
Has take your 'eye'
The rabbits laughing at it
Rabids, they ain't getting no more carrots out the garden though I promise you
I'm tripping, they will eat again
Mainly, just devoted to the thought of being from knowing absence
We can have the world but please don't let it be broken cabin

Dexsta Ray

Not For Sale

Rustic or suburban, picayune, ridicule, clandestine
Scripting by the sycamore, different mood, constant or it's worthless
Anywho, that score hackamores
The path ignored to snag this, forms absorbed
And tacit with doors of thorns, that expand projections
Sands collect, that wasn't too far
Stop saying it's precious
Staggering, breathless, guess some just out of shape
In pants or dresses
Fresh impressions, at the same time, Light reveal
Trying to change vibes, to claim my code
It just was hang lines though
The humble stress you, deadly nets was set
To take my soul, to claim my home
I got forever
Ain't my song...
And after seven, all the adumbration cease
That's the boundary
All the other distance for my wings
I ain't counting it, defeat is not the Lord
And the Light need to know
So I agree with God what's scorn and use the strike as a bow
Just like the strongholds, with lightning, scene comprised of that glow
But it's exciting, dissing psyche babble
Underdog mentality
A typic in this kind of battle
Rigid, in the Lord, with my shield of faith, and my shoes of peace
Belt of truth, and breastplate of righteousness
Got my helmet too, behold, the Lord's salvation
Got my Spirit sword, He never lose, quench the fiery darts
From the dark times, remain the arc, hark, I start my laboratory
Artful, it's my hamster wheel
You part of, ain't no fandoms here, to startle, got that "hamp appeal"
My glasses near, ain't fancy, like my plants caressed by natural Light
My hamster got into some stuff I used to help my plants suffice
It's fine in moderation
But abused, it might expand a fly
The hamster almost
Overdosed, just think of what the damage priced

Still, and through the Holy Ghost, I managed to collect the mites
And to protect it's life, regress it's height, and set the essence right
In lying, there's no real success
Some prying just to ban my rights
To help who dwell in sophistry
To thrive, when they ain't branded right
In plants, they pour the wine of violence
Mad because they scammed they life
And sabotage a child of God
And plan for evil and demise, I'm saying I reached that mark before
Expanded seasons, marks before, what's saying it seen my cards be torched
And spreaded lethal sparks and more, repaying evil for my good
And laughed in secret, marked some score
My heart abhor what hateth God
Some planned me sequels, parts ignored, to snag my features
And disbanded my readers, so they had my features...
Standard neither, fruit I have, I ask the Lord to plant and keep it pure
For the saints that remain
I'm full of joy, despite the seasons, still my lantern in place
Awaiting the Kingdom
'Cause I know about the mansions with Weh'
So that I'm keeping in my heart
So my happiness stay, I guess, in that way then
11/10/19

Dexsta Ray

Not Leaving The Throne

Stop that

'Cause I ain't wanting to dismantle, not, you see, I'm not that man
So not with cans, I speak, releasing those, the souls the devil owns though
That leave his lead, and seat, he had established

For them

Dreams, imagined, visions, creeping things, that commandeered a mind, the inner,
then, is hijacked

Fight back, and then, it's like glass, graft the Spirit

Truth is peerless, actions cool from words... and grew from words

Using curses, not my type of thought, observing what the Lord commends

The war is won so ain't no rush

It's fun to watch them 'score' and 'win'...

Immortal stillness

Joy, inside, though ploys devised and I can see it, Light achieved this...

Spiritually, unlimited victory, back then, on the Cross

I fortify my heart, from the misery, love is interesting, but I ain't falling over

Concepts, evil's copulating with, on some hot potato misc., and I ain't holding on
to hate

'Cause I ain't got to stay with it, I'm quick to put my faith in action

Things will happen, don't be quick to say, I had a hand in malice

I ain't gestering my fingers, magic, trapping up my bloodline, attachments, want
to lure me back

Don't want to snip it off, but, if ain't listen when I warned about it, nothing I can
do, and not my storm

Ain't got absorbed around it

Thinking it's a weakness, I can see this...

Not receding though, eyes surround me now, not alone behind the trees no
more...

I ain't dumbing, maybe your intelligence is leaving, the malevolence, the devil
sent, the contentious seasons...

But may the heathen see the Lord as the wise

And let them both come to the altar

May their courses satisfy, and gratify, and lift, their sacrifices, burn, a pleasing
fragrance...

Learning, some'd prefer you don't succeed

I don't mistreat, I live for God and Light, and close to me, the lonely, souls it
won't receive

It's said, I'll end up dead, for growing, if YHWH chose for me, that road

Then I embrace it to the fullest, with my limits present, in attendance, blessings

Spiritually

Effecting air, confessions there, I see the love is limited, and ain't above, the killing

Of the things I really cherish, and, shoutout, to the mavericks

That didn't know me, checking distance, for the old me, showing kindness

To me, making sure, my aura ain't enclose me, from what's tried to cook me

Then, I saw, I'm not an island, not a lying, rocks are flying, sticks are lifted up against, but, in God

I'm shining bright, apologize for trying to fight, noone knows until they're shown, but, now

The Hope's supplied the sight

As for my enemies...

When wisdom speaks, I'm flying, God has give me peace, the enmity is power, I devour

Things at different speeds... repressing, or ends, flexing? But I yawn big, while my death is visualized

Not oppression or sin, I didn't get the common sense stuff

Switch ups, come from witches, mostly

Threatened by the lifestyle of God

It's poetry, not that, and I control my ink, how I want it,

That's if it's gold or trash

In the eyes of those who, unnoticed, and I ain't focused on

This is just another of many

And such expressions vary, not to harken love, or acceptance

And let me make this clear... Not a soul alive control my shine

I don't care, if one don't like me, I don't care, I keep writing, I don't care

Boltz of lightning, no confining, got my mind set on justice

Like my God's is

I'm grinding, in my own purpose, demons just want me to drop, I see a lot

Through spirit sight, ain't scared because I'm everywhere

What I was doing before you knew me, works for me, I never care, I'll never stop what God command

Because someone the devil dared, feel like they should have my seat, and, sometimes, the jealous fare

I'll never care

No discouragement...

I feel the same about your stuff

Just stringing words, no worrying, the Jezebel will die, because it thinks it's hate

Can burden Him...

My Master, gets the praise, and the honor, stay away from me...

Attempts against me life can greatly validate some things

My destruction was ignored before

So that remain a fact, don't try to clock from when I mention, that's a trick
I see, some things, but that don't always mean that's what I'm scripting, ain't no
telling 'bout it
What impose itself upon my life had terrorized to death, I ain't villain nothing,
I'm the one that people come to help
Clean everything
And I will hold that 'til the Father comes
I never play with drugs, It's just my choice, and that is fine
Demonic idols on my back through demons that's aligned...
Not the type of thing ignored, dreams restored, from plans designed to damage,
ravish, murder ain't a joke
Some people trying to manage
Cameras set to see defeat, some schemed my genes, and I can't stand it
Then, have the audacity to treat me mean, saying I'm a tragic...
There's been an increase of similar things to normalize it...
Whatever happen to me, the Lord will even out, I can't even doubt
Persecutors have schemed to 'lead me out', just to have some leverage, no way,
and innovation
And innovation must be bad, to mediocrity, innovation's wack
I love to bask in the ambience, laughing, inspissating plans, can't stop the faith
I have, I'm prostrate, laying all the darkness at the Throne, and I ain't leaving
from Him
Not a game, regardless, of how large the means to buffet, I am not afraid, I've
stayed in righteousness, and I ain't wrong
And, I admit, stuff in life, as this, can take a toll
Heathens try to make a witch frame me to enslave my soul...
Framing lows, but Weh' consoles me, I don't feel a care
Either way it go, I'm opposed to satan's demon lair, I dream of where, no one
can phase or stage
An evil there
Everything expressed because I had to, don't even care...
I beat a chair with bats and glass because there's work to do
And just because it change since when I crafted it, don't err the truth...
And there's no evil that I'm standing with
An absent heart, away from things that break
In my brokenness, I have the shards
Collected, with a bow to Him, in heaven
With an open heart, I'm sure that He can heal
For I stress what others don't regard...
I don't break down, I build up, still tough
That's not what demons want to hear
I will love, I'm healed up

And I don't care what satan done
I'm still up
Still trusting God

Dexsta Ray

Not Letting You Down

Like I'm psychometrics
I'm tested, but Light, I choose in spite of
Ruse, I write the truth
Like, of You, my Guide, is ELOHIM
Taking up my cross
And my portion, with losses, fortunate
In spite of all the thorns in it
Glorious
Like proof, restoral, used to hoard a lot of heartache before
I knew Your ordinance, is more than true
Importance, to immortal
Light, my Lord and Christ, my mortal life
Is shadow, Ecclesiastes
This battle, in the mind, spirit warfare
Been raging since when the earth was cursed
After times of Eden, and origins, to feed
It's worth to work
The turgents turn like portals, it's normal
But, half the time, discerned
I'm disturbed...
Lies and distortions, to hide Your glory
Trying extorting, high societies, righteous life
Ain't esteemed, Light can't be manipulated
God sees value like they, His grace exceeds
The grips of satan, not commandments like hate
And I concede, these lips You gave me, God leads man the right way
I know the sources, ain't the forces
Such was sorted
For this form of torment...
Never was a psalmists but that could change today
Besides, whoever loves a poet just as good taking reign
It ain't a name, Christ withstood, that's in faith, that I praise
Another tier of persecution
That's a wave that
Remain
In spite of that though, I write and craft, flow
Like my past goals, facts, on the other hand
Some envy want my path gone, that's so to understand
Ain't really on some cash note

Even if I died young YHWH had a plan so...
I climb rungs, of plights, neigh the mountaintops
I'll be dumb for life, I don't fear the evil
Some devise so I'll be drug
Or die
Revelations, fire and brimstone, for what shun the Light
Evidence abundance
What's done to me is what's done to Christ
Conflicting interests, previously mentioned witches
And stuff disguised, hatred taken out upon me
When I ain't nothing like it...
And I ain't stumbling by it, conjuring, try discovering violence
Lord, I know You see the truth, my dreams reduced because was
Righteous...
But evil try to change me to what's evil but I'm fighting
But no matter what's Your will I know Your grace is right behind it...
Yet another season, yep, experienced some excitement
Wouldn't You believe the foolish scheme to make my proof
To bite me...
Just lamentations, state to lift Your Name
'Cause You are mighty
Save me from the worldliness
Beneath Your wings
Lord, You can hide me...
Search my heart for any wickedness
I thirst for Light
My own understanding ain't enough
I need Your Word
To learn, the time, in which Your will is worked
Until all is empty, to purge the dark, to straight and narrow
And to heal, and to till, and collect the fruit
Forcing me to hug
Ain't know if it was a net or You
Except I knew the Scripture
The presence of antichrist, is evident, I lacked defenses
My hands collide, in prayer, God is near me
Don't want to let You down
3/14/19

Dexsta Ray

Nothing Alike

I ain't even know I was captivated, enthralled, and such
And gravitating to what I don't embrace by just minding mine
Demons draggeth me for my better thans
Masking that with theirs, while I'm not a judge
I ain't interested, scratch the impositions, massive with distractions
When asking questions bring answers that was lacked
Like why you palliate passions that you attracted to
Attaching that to my life, it seem as though it's advances made
I ain't in the shadows, even legends are regular people
If the Bible say it, I'm embracing, what the Light command
Evil go that way, but I'm still by God, like the Bible planned
Suffering looks the same
Some want us obsessed with the lies they spread
Jealous of my talent, and plus I'm black with this kind of span, of content
Flow, and substance, lines expand, but in Christ's hand
Devising plans to end me, 'cause I'm a brand, and some wives are fans
But, nonetheless, I'm Christian, my sight is set on the Light instead
But that disturbs the wicked, for instance, such want me like their fans
Covering up the evil, antagonize me, to justify some sequel which was hidden
For nothing, such took a life, on purpose, gloating on the lowest
For what, I don't know, for Christ was perfect
What it really was, such was jealous
But I was fighting curses, so they did some extra and hit me worse
Just 'cause I'm divergent, everyone was scared of the devil
I wun' that kind of person
Bullied for no reason, some hyped it up, while they thought it was a secret
The conspirators, watching me while I'm watching God
With stuff I couldn't imagine, but doing it to damage me, and take away the
Things I loved, 'cause my talent was shattering the slander
Such satanic cults, ain't got dominion on God
Some kill the righteous, still the Holy Ghost, is still in the plot
The gruesome things that's past tense, I'd be a failure if I didn't speak
Structures worked with demons
To coerce me into wicked
Schemes, they wouldn't place their kids into, so I don't get how this a thing
The sweetest souls you'd ever meet they kill because they envy greatness
Mass distractions, tracked and hacked to mask this
By what's antichrists, the evil happened for no cause
I ain't bad for saying it right

1/12/20

Dexsta Ray

Nothing Cool About It

There's nothing cool about it
Catch a clue cause' you can do without it
A reason why the graveyards are crowded
Shaking my head
So full of memories of shame and regret
It's the reason why the death angel came to collect
We can't expect lost souls to lead themselves
We turn towards drugs to keep from saying we're needing help
If a man would be himself he could tell what his mission in life is
Like this
Our kids need to get with the right cliques
Cause' peer pressure could present a problem
In school for the lessons but beastly bullies bring the drama
No need of the stressing because we're blessed to see tomorrow
We should lead and never follow
I admire those above the influence
You can do it
tell them no to drugs and never pursue it

Dexsta Ray

Nothing Gangster

I didn't really need a lot of time to see...
When I went astray, while, for others, it may be different
But anyway
'Twas not prescribed for me...
Like a puzzle
I struggled organizing
Love had crumbled normalization
I trust in God, the Lord's grace, usher more faith in...
Told me, 'Stop doing it your way and..'
Ever since, been some strict limits
Not condemning nor rage
More flames...
Sealed within me, filled, replenished
Getting that feeling of the Spirit even more than what I used to feel...
The muse is real, I use it still
And most of what's imposed on me
Only rush to hold on me, so focus closes
And the whole illusion heals
Souls are doomed and killed
Sown components on the moment that the truth's revealed...
Enmity
Trust and
Bait
Just like enemy of the state
Just my misery, just my faith
But I pray I'm raising
Spiritually...
Vague, mysteriously, the Lord had claimed His place on me
He paved the way and stayed on beat
I'm straight
I stay obsessed with greatness
Soon, I'd see it manifest, and I'm blessed for ages
No, my dreams and visions ain't over
That's the nets of satan, hectic fading...
I ain't interested in wickedness
And I learned a couple things about success and how to live in this...
Harassment, certain tactics happen everytime I'm shining
Everytime I'm trying to manage
All my hard work...

Not too many understand it, eh, my art dirt
Dark shirts and hats, my standard, knowing I've answered Yahweh's call
I'm sorry, y'all
For planting Light that's sprouted
Granted, sike... I write a kite
I strive for right
I like the sky, I'm counted, in the name of Jesus
But my flow and pattern's strong enough...
I'm a wave and a flame, and a painted sign
Point towards the Light
Not to hell
Just to save a mind
Change a life like mine was changed
Rhyming phrases-wise
Lots to tell...
If I fell in love, I want to fall in love the right way
Type a, all up in those stores like Lifeway
Finding things defining faith we share
Trying to take it there...
Nothing gangster, just the faithful place that grace prepared
Searching out the picture that's extending far beyond perspective

Dexsta Ray

Nothing New

Nothing new

This poetry all I loved to do

Just as true

In the present as it had been before...

Still, the Lord, is my fortress

I mean, I'm just some proof, of faith

Although, sometimes, it get hectic

Within this spirit war...

I ain't looking for stuff to do

I want the love I got (all mine)

'Weh is still enough and sufficient, the world is stuffed with gimmicks

When I look around, constants hidden, consists of

Tough decisions, rationality is decease

And trying to tug me with it

Even still, these matters, we see, the same as what's

Predicted

Even being famous, it badgers the same

And nothing's ended...

So I can't breath, I can't rest

In this dimension

Yes

Visions of the prophets, and martyrs, it's getting harder, plus

If it's not comprehended

By flesh

I'm feeling farther from society, the margins in it

Targeted, indefinitely, for harkening sobriety, suppressing things

And nothing new

For God, I dream aggressively, and blessings be

Because it's true, the Light and peace

A recipe, I just believe in love and truth

I see a W

For Jesus humble too

I promise you

Regardless of the minor setbacks

One could still believe, and feel the breeze

Nothing new to this

Just unveil the fire, stars, in the mire, just that

Can you harness?

There's a larger picture...

What I love to do, from olden times
I can't predict it all
In my inner heart of hearts, sparks, cards
Regret that, affect that
Unless that's
A figment, and the rest traps, hiding YHWH
Still I love the truth, clues, and other rules
Embracing God
Nothing really changed of that
Nor faded
I can't say it will

4/12/18

Dexsta Ray

Nothing Of Something (Can't Forget)

They saw a broke young brother and
Tried to help me out...
I could never forget, dwelling in the flout
Ever
Got my measurements
Honest, I could never see it
Sound are the wanderers
Care free...
I'm some of this
Deep into the jungles
Despair breeds
Like weeds
But ripped out from under them
Bare seeds, you got to get
Take root where the wind goes
Probably not where intend though
View him on the sidewalk
Maybe with a sign
Brought
Conversations, some truths, like doctrine
Only light
Locked in dropped ends
The top ones
Are lowly
See, they know me
That's crazy
I'll sit right where I fit in at
Where the tents are stationed
Where my friends at
This track
Flash lights at night
That's right
Living life in a big bag, the mix stacks character
Smite the gist of scavenger
No matter how
True
For, with a home, things are different
But a human's still a human
Ain't an scheming pillage, day to day

Feed acumen, need to eat,
Feast on wisdom
For a meal, instead of all the gluten
Come, come, and talk to
The willing
Meet a humble soul, but be careful, some are genuine
But some are cold
I was, watching, then it got me
The constants
Of money gone, that's okay, because when gold came
It taught us something stone
What is mend unless you've
Known break?
Another's own way, misconstrued with vanity
Finally learned their own fate
We don't know the
Canopy
Maybe, it's the wrong 'scape, unloading in the wrong way
But something will explode, ay
Last or first
Stash a box in the spirit
Rocks and riches
Precious jewels you can't stuff in a duffle
Or touch with fingers
For I do appreciate the
Same
Earned, or something, given

Dexsta Ray

O! Marvelous Light! (Painted On So)

Take the glam and then, bam! It's a precious night!
Write the light life measures that's by
The antipode
Find the right type dream, shining bright
O! Barely, a flight.. Night
Airy
Very frigid
Not staring
'Cause strange things came
The facts cracking
All the cackling, and battling with forces in the spirit
Got to get up and get it
More decisions
Hoping we ignite, like the fire burning
Sky light, many stripes and
Colors
Fleeing from the savage, the ashes of any time uncovered
Sure to find a rudder, like a cure designed to pure
Asking, what you think of life?
Defined like love as
Blind
In the bind of mind contortion, skewed
Metamorphic clues
Missing Porsches, ain't important, time distorted
Twist, disordered views
Witten forming
News
That's... tsk.. Madness if an eye can see
You can ride the breeze, while at ease and peace because of Jesus
We defying schemes of the evil, the febrile dying
Matches flying out, the box
Ousted plots
I know you'll be okay, even if this my last poem
Stupid nicotine, using rooted
History...
Our chemical love, the chemistry, though it's scripted offbeat and amiss
Take the glam and then bam! Freezer heater sagas
Not tripping like I don't need...
All this soulfulness

That's keeps
Me
From weakness, you know, reading Ephesians, true growth
Never once abandoned
Not to ever have to wonder if it's scandalous
For it's absent, underhanded
Peace
Out into the prairies and the tundra, preservation there
I'm rolling with the good guys, all the saints
Us lame ones
Sike...
For the changes that we fight until we see the Great One
Though I know we have to die, here's my book
Of spirit, hoping all the pages
Ain't replaced
But painted over, timely, with the same exposure, kindly

Dexsta Ray

O! Shekinah Glory

Hallelujah! Praise! Praise! Hallelujah! Praise!

O! Pantokrator

The Almighty shining God!

Strong and popular

And proper with the timing

Light's atomical...

Chronicles, enlightening pages (Holy Bible)

Dynamics, with writes for ages

Non-refundable

His shekinah glory!

The splitting differences, within this realm

A blending, interventions...

Signs and wonders

That we've written off as something else

I find another manifested, unfamiliar sightings

As time's uncovered things the Scripture taught that wasn't felt

Initial 'cause, the minutes ticking, all

Witness quick alignment

Then, offending false, insufficient calls, persistent falls...

'Twas the faith of few that made and glued entire pictures

And raised them through

What's it worth was in the dungeon first...

Mud and dirt, fire, spirit riches

One alert, working during the intermissions

Clearing sin to crush the curse...

And satan too

YHWH's power is the greatest truth!

With grace included, nothing thirsts, or faint for food

Nor just devoured...

Above the pale sunrise, golden sunfalls

Below it, with the sunflowers

Cloaked in like a sun dog

Beyond fog though, clouds on the crawl slow

From the water to the sky

Lightening when I scrawl flows...

Duplications are a constant, or the substitutes

Becomes the flukes, roaming in the arc

Where it doesn't bloom, dust and gloom

Just illumination, or a part of substance
Trust the moves, the harkened, justice from the One that sits
Among the Cherubim, as far as nothing goes
Light is surrogate, to slighten, upped the nose
Pride and haughtiness would soon diminish
Kindness comes along, love is strong, and bold
The non-conforming
Minus grime and sticks and stones and
Life had taught us this, the Truest Spirit
If ain't none supporting, still, Jehovah knows
The message wouldn't always be an all complete synopsis
Shocking prophecy, some watch the peace, and all can see
Eventually, events, fully, being amidst, the fixed
Cacography
I don't care for envy in this twisted mix
A lot can see, forgotten things diminished, disrespect is blotted out
I got it now, insufficient is the giving up
Sick enough, to live and not compete, watching me
Wishing for an ending
But my business here is not defeat...
YHWH's power is like volcanism
Molten, systems, in the weather, molding at His will
Or permissive measures
A sinning era, tricked apparel
With some visions
Feral
When I, do behold, His moves unfold
This just moves the soul, and true, our fruit can sow
Get root and grow, then illusions broke, concluding goals
Individually, and strictly spiritually...
Magic is abominable, so there's no room for casting, tactics
With the hopes of having passage to some secret knowledge...
I mean, if college mastered dreams
That's a way to make it, in the fact, of YHWH's class
Even the uneducated, gleam if all the faith
Sustained these visions, that fulfilled the hearts
All this skill and wisdom is from up above, not physic smarts
But still impart, ain't fighting for no reason
Writing for a season, mortal thinking, sort of sleepy
Normal pieces ripped and marked...
Giving glory to the Lord that lives in heaven
Proving what I am or ain't is really self-explanatory

Feeling helped, I left the death abhorring
Picked out but picked in
Enroute, dismiss sin, I give doubt a kick then...
If they wonder where I'm from
Tell them YHWH's
Dwelling, no exaggerating either
Heaven is eternity, recieved and now he's precious, now accepted
Clothed in validation, from Jehovah Jireh Who supplies me
Now I have a Friend...
Actually, I'm YHWH's treasures
Chase only spirit, and all can have the women, bounty
Pleasures
Ray on the difference, of openness unto the holiness, to shine, brightest
Christ and Light defined direction
Fine, rejection
I ain't really trying to climb through time
Just refine progression, but that which aligns to
Light, we bind and tie around like necklace
Looking, ain't expect this...
Strange, neglecting
Everything ain't doubled
Every fading second, things accepted
With no faking 'love yous'
Praying covers up a bunch of crumble ones
Beneath His blood, no other judge
See me plead my case? It'd be a waste
Forget it, shun the need to fit in
I'm awake, I'm elate as well
As fails create the path I face and came
Weh' equates to praise...
See, the evil's never given me a fair chance
See, it's like a hidden movement, to get me losing
It's fruitless, and it's
Shallow, spanning shadows, I ain't on the castle
All that time I was, just, was used for my destruction
Nothing mattered, now I utilize the wings, and clutch the lantern
Never living by realities where Light doesn't fit
And all that energy, I gave to you, that start
You resenting me, 'cause sin is ease, you were
Feeling phased, but I lifted the strain
Filled you with some power
Now it's sickening just how quick it changed

And switched and twist again
Mixing names, and hidden
Pains
Benefit can blind us all, and attention is the same...
High deception, final helpings
Let me write in peace
The Pine is fine to me
Can lines survive these times of fiery ordeals?
I'm useless, true this
To inclusive roots and tentacles
Of satan's kingdoms... more filled
In mischievous forms of torment
Who keeping score still?
To the creepiest points of origins
If anymore field, the torches and the lamp posts
The Lord is, I bow like John
Down a notch, but YHWH, sees the honor
On those standing souls, praying and staying awake, and laying hope on
Those planted
Sowed, reaping season come and it's a harvest
Even dreamed upon, then Jesus bring it up, and feed the farthest from the
Cross
Spiritual reality is everlasting, there's compassion in it
And romantic, golden glass and silver lights
Let's go react, a little slice, a simple guise
Alike in minds are all the saved but...
I'm not their hero, chiaroscuro spit
And Nelsonian knowledge
I'm probably famous but there's tricks why I ain't rolling no profits
The information is the information
On and off the radar, or the platform
Cold, but it can act warm, whole but it can act torn, I'm sworn in-between
To be with God or live for Him
Is still a fortune to me
The demons still try distortion junk, although the portion up
Label me a horrible person after trying to make me that...
Facts is what I bring
But wrath is what's on the horizon
Glory soon to forward truth
The LORD is Who will
Judge
The good and bad, nothing's good as that

I'm looking at, the hooded past
Hoping on His Shekinah Glory!
The weird and unexpected

Hallelujah! Praise! Praise! Hallelujah! Praise!

Even under individual terrorism

Dexsta Ray

O! Trendy Landscape Sketching!

Intersecting lines connect, awry, collect, comprise of different
Settings...

Guided, by some kind of expert's time of leisure, vibes, and fine
Vibrations, high wavelengths, inclined to find the mind
And pick it up, designs, it's still enough, filled with love
And stuff that matters most to them...

On my stroll, through all the golden fields, emotions
Captured, portraits, of Goshens, hills, that those posters steal
I'm closer here to peace....

A museum, a notion built, at least

I just observe, some muses, appeal to me, even heal a piece
Sealed with ink, the expert ain't notice...

It's just a skill to feed

He in his quiet room, staying focus, on what he still believe
She'd vent with different beautiful blooms, being in her realm
Of peace, the landscape photography, cool, but ain't quite fill the seat
A single dreams, but different realities, like a quilt, with themes
Knit with seems, together, the masterpiece, in the world of art...

Abstract I relish in, archetypes, that benevolence

Forever trendy to me, perspectives, sparks that develop, send
Different types of ripples, a part of life, some can settle in
Through pencils, pens, I'm set, I'm at peace

In just the presence of it

Definitely love it, settings, as scenes, that feed, the devil nothing
Extra humbling, something, I mean, I see, a dream with wings
A constant, although art is in danger, 'cause art is able to replace
The pain of heartaches, to greater, and things like nature
Later...

Visualize such strolls when I see them, it's just the simple things
Some pencils bring, some paint it, if ain't in front of me
Still, it's reigning, feel creative hearts, that's a trendy topic of God's
Domain...

4/25/19

Dexsta Ray

O! Vivid Landscape Painting!

O! Marvelous picture!
So no discarding this one
Thinking ink is free
But started scripting to regard the scripture
Landscapes and dreams
Bland grapes
With harks and cherry blossoms
Man can't compete with
This one
I started prayer and watching
Father, grant me knowledge, this is home
Pass the flowers
In my soul, lasting constants, with the shown side just barely
Opting
There, ain't a rigid situation, strictly divination
Head first
Greens, orange, pinks, yellows, even red works
The miracles, resenting information
Nature doesn't care
Periscopes
Sifting through the basics, really what is there
The artist found a limit of the ranges, present everywhere
So many voice, many courses, plenty fortune
Really hoarded, extra care, the rest of pairs
Get absorbed into the better share of ordinances
From the chords of Jesus Christ to be aligned
For no time or mind is perfect, borders up
To see the kind of peace that finds the torture, crushed
And mortals hushed
I guess that's why the heart is vicious like a panther
Tanks tore the image, through
Parts are missing
Hidden
Answers, vivid dancers, when it comes to ruse
And visions like, lanterns don't approve
Is it something new, different patterns touching soon
And all the trees and grains of sand are a constant muse
Paint it if you want, I ain't taking stands or shunning
Truth

Or the proof that's manifested through us
Of the Grace of God, great or not, the man is pleasant to Him
If he's straight with God, and claiming not the gains that rot
That make us drop
Paint brushes being schemed on, portrayed as not
The main subject but it is, crushing pills
And things are watched...
A funny feel until we hug the fields of other realms
Praise God

Dexsta Ray

O, Lord

Valley of the shadow of death
I'm walking through
And full of
Peace...
I stopped a couple of times
As you can see
The Shepherd doesn't leave His sheep
Trust
To feed in the pastures
And rather than an act of fascist
Had the staff just to capture
And grab the prodigal cadet
Say
There's many a few
And to acknowledge pass the flesh is implementing the truth
Which, if resented, cool
All of Jesus enemies conquered
Even death
Raised up Lazarus
The victory's promised
Because the cross
Innocent
He only did 'cause He loved us
Although we sin, we can repent, and still be glimpsed as on button
I'm reading Luke eleven
verse forty nine through fifty one
A cold reality that's clearly described
Predict and done
Don't act surprised, a village, grappled and tied up with that satanic spirit
Jezebel is after us
Love is in the equation though
John chapter three
Verse sixteen
In the Bible told...
All I hope to do is spread the truth and open up some eyes
Loving everything and everyone
Spirits on my mind
Father, give me strength
Please don't let the devil affect your will

Fighting all our battles
My weapon, O, Lord, just let me
Heal
You already know of the venoms that keep me on the fence
I want to give your Knowns to another
I need Your spirit gifts
Protect and keep my people and I
For I have listened to
You...
Doing the things You've asked and if I fall I strive to get it right!
A saint is just a sinner who did fall but... got back up
I've done too many lessons to quit
Aw...
It's not enough

Dexsta Ray

O, My Timeslips Are Finite

Dehumanized and humiliated
I mean, I gets by
That's mainly, a result of the Cross
I paid attention
To
Abuses, rulers wicked, using tricks
To subdue me
Though conscious of the Light of God
Truth and spiritual
Fruits...
Out on the ledge, with no way out
Oppressed
Just how it played out
When some power in the hands of some set
On keeping 'Weh down
The intentional infliction, assassination of character
Attacking godly morals
Emasculating
Caricature, the darkness be so thick
It enwrap you
But you can't tell no one
It's negative, you're sick, or some matter
Of being devil's spawn
Such don't want the truth 'cause it shatters
But I don't have a choice
Mountains can't do pancake maneuvers
As God created that
But may collapse, volcanism, movement beneath
The plates and stuff
Harassing actions, making applications
Trying to frame me up
Ignore immoral stuff, when evil do it
To bring me to it
Expression being the only weapon
I started, without a love
For mammon
Pretty faces, able, manipulating, with wide knowledge
Prior stuff ignored, so the situation
Defied logic

Tonight, I'm with Lord, just in meditation
The pain is great
Only well intentioned, somehow
Stuff misportrayed as
Hate
They the ones oppressing, conflating, so none of 'Weh's get saved
Strive to kill His prophets, old testament
Like those pages say
Light is still acknowledged, especially, when it heals the pain
I ain't did no wrong, evil mess with me
Praying until it change...
Perilous
Like the summer weather, ain't no one playing
I'm doing what any would in my boots
I have to hold the faith
Even when the odds are against me
And satan own the place
I'm driven by the power within me
Embrace the Throne
Of grace
10/13/18

Dexsta Ray

O, Vivid Landscape Photography

I tell you...
Life is art in itself
Ay, to notice is a cardinal...
Step
Vivid with
It...
Impressionalistic visions admitting photographs
So elusive it's gone... still, on the slabs
Endless...
Representational... a straight descriptive style
No manipulation
Take a more realistic route
See the composition's
Range...
Skip provisions now
Light and the timing and the passion...
That's what it's about
Fixed amounts?
No...
Abstract is brilliant... if it didn't have IT
Then it shouldn't have any feeling
For comparison... contrast
Not the average
Or the rash...
Calming
It's relaxed
Calming... unrecognizable, perhaps
In it's design, exposed to exposure...
Under...
Silhouettes reduced
Choked... and wrote in THUNDER
Still, it was brilliant
Vivid... was it
Landscape remain appealing as...
The pictures admit

Dexsta Ray

Oblique

I needed medicine...
Relieve, receive the peaceful message
Completely
A drink of water
Enterprise
On the springs, in winter times, spirit guide
Intertwined, prickly vines growing free
Come hither, lies, kinds of bitter chide
Some tides won't recede
Oh ay, no k, erased, and contracts, ain't satan, but way beyond that
Kind of weighty, saying, it can't be, ain't shaky
Ain't crazy, hate be, little molds of silicone
For degrading, making forever solid...
Topics range within limits, I ain't the devil's prophet
Seldom profits, treasures, and pleasures
For extra bizz for God, is it not the weather?
For better, conditions, spirit watches, is this hot together? Some measure, I
guess, that means to freeze
Seeing as to how magic sounds, and that it dials
Mountains, many knots and cedar chests
Where cedar rests beneath some nets
Perceived neglect
Protection, informal, because what's normal
Frame, abhor, and I ain't harm, satan scorns the way the Lord
Creates...
But I ain't fanning no flickers, it's different
To the point where if I write a thing at all
Some'll join the devil
Now, see, I ain't playing with no witches
The truth is my God, the muse is Light
Not what abused
Like suicide squads, I'm terrorized, need life, what's attuned?
To my deliverance
With land in lack of structure, no luster
Or text from exes
Said to sweat, I guess, and test and to stress
Plus, mass of justice, shatter, just at my expense
As if I had a life I lived
What else to do but write and heal?

At least, try
I see why, but need not to be, are dreams obsolete?
Work I've published, they plot from me
Got the scene, of ownership, of a network
That used to didn't exists
'Til I starting learning what happened (wrongfully)
To me, now adamantly, accurate, some watching me
For stopping me and prophecies, improperly
Exacted, stole a site to own my property...
But it don't work that way
Earned so it emerge my rate, I churns
It's old fashion
Like sewn fabrics, of heaven though
Alien, it's extraterrestrial, Weh' is ethereal
I'm hanging in the balance
But stable, my Savior let me know
And able
Trying to quench every evil dart, I don't heed the extra
Nothing else forsaken
Every piece and mark of what they claim
Like misjudging things, basis being races, genetics, religion, stuff they name
That can't be used against you, in scription
But when it's done it's straight
Threatening my security
Persecution for finding God, Light, odd nights
What's remaining if the foundations broken?
And where you're from doesn't save you once the damnation's
Opened...
Seven seals, un-tact, Revelations, the things that Weh'
Had spoken
I ain't joking, seems I'm entangled, now
Only hope I got, my roses, and bouquet
Oceans show the sky... it's a selfie of us...
But I know some other humbles, mumbles, stumbles
Other dramas
But I still remain aware of utter darkness and such
Technically, was left for death, my little harp being a
Crutch
The Cross would put me back together
Changed my cards into huts, and that's a start, see
Departing dreams and purposes is not an option
That ain't being romantics

Hard working, and I ain't got to drop it
In this indie
Relating but ain't an aspect of that
Said a thousand times
Passion ain't about the kind that bind
And blind, but I mind, attempts, I slip imps the wisdom
Conversate a verse, raised ascetic
It's hard to even trust, and when you know you're trustworthy
But the falsehoods
Advanced before, the point of trying to prove, more of shallow, and just a
different
Tune
My unknowns are more than my knowns
And that's to say, greater, major, I was notable before
The platforms, that facilitated that force, but satan grabbed swords
Because disintegrated misinformation, made it abnormal
Arbitrarily scavenging dirt with hopes to slash the Lord, and gnashing
At the sheep, with teeth, but soon or later, switches, gnashes still
But it's below though, actually
Having acquiescence, I'm passionate to death
And heck nawl, I ain't embarrassing
Some barrassing themselves...
Cloud-buster with sound clutter
Single me out
Don't know why, back to how it used to be though
The only way it'd ever be, although, alot probably changed
But not the devil's
Feet
The Spirit living in me is more powerful
Can't catch you, pick up on implications
The following ghouls, bent on trying to fit me in sick and twisted
Bits like their mentals, that's alright, it's venom, when I'm accused
Not with them, although I ain't attuned to any of it
I follow through, you're blind, it's time
If get to tripping, I'm flipping, like ketchup use for fries
Set stuff, cool, no forgery, ornery for that
Thank God, I don't internalize, the hater stuff
Yeah, wake me up
I'm best designed to rise, and since they couldn't thumb them, prevent it
Then I do what I feel... (But in Light)
Because it's equal, oh no, won't quit it
They got enough to build, but I'm still sitting with the

Father
Though all my stuff are steals...
They have to treat me like stuff I ain't just to feel important
Some kind of cretin
Or animal, how I live is normal..
Seen enough
Release the, it'd be abrupt
Ink and stuff
Don't want to see, at all
Pause the hate...
I get a lot of that, persecuted, following God
The heat of common facts, after physic death
Demons out, with flames, but none of that, for saved, who's the Light
Schooling plights
And these continuations, I'll articulate everything, I see the tricks awaiting
Meant to face this, foes get exposed
The wicked is of satan
Yes it does mean something, or else, why be so quick
Negating?
Information like this ain't meant for what the envy make it
Got no need to spy on, keep an eye on
That's excuses, guilt
Nuisance flipped, because the Light shows
Truth concealed
No using zips, somebody tossed in my clothes
View the script, accrued attempts, for folly, stalking my soul
And Christ had spoke, I hide in lightning oh
He mighty, being entrapped in stuff
D demanded litigations, from the evils
Now the clamour rush!
Active terrorism, like sequels, where demons after one
Knowing that he was following Jesus
Before they'd blast the gun
Breadcrumbs, amounting, bounties, legions, what have you done?
It doesn't mean I'm aliens just because Jesus actually won...
I ain't out here
I'm praying, that's what I seek to be
While these extra powers be scheming on how to beef with me...
Society isn't helping
It wait for my destruction
Just like in the Bible
No Christian forsakes the Bible's customs!

No, I don't interact
'Cause I don't trust enough, but on the up and up
Feel established, by Yahweh's love and just, figure I could press on through
Because His promises
A message, see my next poem too
Embrace the honest things, no questions

Dexsta Ray

Oblivion Erased With Ink... Memoirs Of 5

Don't know if I'm as fast as others in the class
Fifth grade, dragged truths, I asked to move
A couple back...
She uttered
Facts...
Next, her, say, 'Your name is Dexter Ray? '
'Better put a 'p' in front of that...
Your grades are...
Dexter pray..'
I'd never think I would've made it at first
See, there's a break in concentration when you're faced with
A curse
I'm singled out
Some teachers pick on me
Driven down in front of people
Sitting down within my
Room
I seem to be in clutch of evil...
No matter what I say or do
I can't adjust
A sequel
Like imprisonment within a tomb
But just because I'm feeble...
So inhibited
Embracing no derivative
I know about the Lord though I think it's only fiction then...
See, it depends
We are born as sheep within this sin
Until we get the picture
We'll be torn to pieces, in the end...
Restored but beaten
False values peaked the mortal being
So unfit to win
If you're holding it within
Normal reasons
That we tell ourselves, or pour it out the mind
The same things we grieve be a torch we found disguised
Oblivion with ink
Erased before we're out of time

Counted as a sheep, import the Spirit to dismount the wine...
And some of us don't want to hear it
I don't like to talk
So I hid it all within my lyric
'Cause I might can fall...
An understanding undemanding but a bunch'll panic
Fast forward now, if I go to sleep, I rust advantage...
Waking up with shame, regrets
What type of mess
Is this?
Went to bed alone, in my home, but connected in
Upset and filled, I etch a poem
Since no presence
Near
Sketches of my birthday, my heaven's though
The flesh has lived
Watching movies, with my eyes closed, that don't exist
Faces coming to me, darned, if I
Know whose soul it is
Visions...
Images, of minutes all around the place
Different languages, motives
Is it for my mouth
To say?
I remember back when I had an ounce of faith
Trusting in the Lord's hand, still I do it now today
Around the hate
Bound the lies and wickedness behind me
Had my own layouts before I did the bits admiring
If my wick's inspiring, get a stick and get some fire
Then praise the God of Abraham, Who
Sit on High and lives
Forever
And like the scribes, all the doubters in a pit together
First we must believe, then persist, in route, the Spirit helps us
Out of ink
But there's wisdom on the end of feathers
Louder than the seas
Constants sit with none of this befuddlement
So the showers teem, the blessings fettered?
Never come of which, devour all the trees
But that seed, you mustn't touch of it

The power we receive
Don't deplete until He's done with it
A coward won't believe but
The rigid see His
Promises

Eternal

Dexsta Ray

Oluwasgun Chidike

Magnifiers, black attire, thy masks
The fires ravishing the tactics of Abaddon
In the bags of Scripture
Catching extra flax
Woven dire need for change
Never know about the
Magic
I vanish... an avid squire
On the corner
Pass that bottle on the curb
So absurd
Product leaking like the dreams
Stolen
Robbed
Ropes to chain the children
Courtesy of earth
You see
To work against them building
So attaching false values as an err to keep them illing
Thinking...
'What could people do for this? '
I could be a villain
Maybe...
For the Light side
Stationed on the right side
Ain't a bright time
Double negatives
I write mine
Any way to say, just expressing it
And might find
Time dying
But a kind sign to the upper roomers
With the Christ mind
Dwelling in the underground
You find me...
Black and white though no color's 'round to bound me
See romantics
The complete mechanics
Etching marble...

Bless the cornerstone...
Where people manage...
Beg or borrow
Sorrow...
Make me feel alive in despondence
Helps the mind to see
Oluwasgun to write even if it'd fly tomorrow
Oluwasgun to fight even if it'd smite the
Carnal
Seen the olden times
Homes of stone
Mostly, brick and mortar, keeping one aligned
To realize...
Loathing ain't the focus
Seeming things he place in motion...
Slue footed one
The enemy of humans
Father, built the castle of high, prepare for armory
Like that rooted tower of David
Remain in place
It stay in age, sustained the rains, engraved in change
A beauty...
Like the praise to the Holy One of Israel
That grew thee
After ten, and wide awake, and sleepy but no time to break
Barely is there time to think
Divide the chains and ride
The faith...
Defy the way that rise the hate and strive to pray
Up out of Gaza
Grovel...
Spirit curses only work without involve the Father
Seemingly convergent
Some would say that I'm flipped
I don't know 'bout all of that but just my name as I've script
The little pipe, forming O's
Ain't the smartest
If you targeted, the start of something else
For the moment you departed it
Regarding this as step
Ain't confined by the world at all, everybody's hurt and falls
Seeming why He wept

Lack of faith was the reason
We can grow it by just
Reading...
Oluwasgun to love much but stuff just depleting
Oluwasgun should trust but- -
Trust God to lead
You
As I'm sitting on this stump, when I leave, into the public
Never mentioning a soul I used to know
Because it's not my business, slipped, and missed and got offended
Sanballat just out to get me
Heard about the
Walls...
Ay, Nehemiah, I got the vision, surely, this is not the finish
Passing through evil valleys
They talk of Dexsta all the time
Satan's kind keep him
Laughing...
Onto the ladder! At the top and looking over, there's the Promise Land!
Grateful to the Lord
No discord
Reach to crush His plans, Holy Spirit underhand
Mr. Chidike, remains a constant in this troubled land
The Spirit of Light
Nearby...
Reinvention keep us lifted
Far above the darkness, and the heartless, in the shards
Poverty will not survive
In within the kingdom, there is plenty for the parts of Christ
Who's regarded life as the spirit
Not the carnal sight
I'm in it...
On the side of repentance, sending God's wisdom, go and get it
In the scripture
See for self...
Oluwasgun Chidike, the Lord can lean on me for help
With the love and His guidance
For living life right in His sight, for more than just the own arrival
But for those of Whom He reps!

God is strong
God is victorious

Dexsta Ray

Oluwasgun's Prayer

With love...

At times the flesh can get weak

Idiosyncrasies

Mistaken for

Hate

Though reality is the furthest thing from it

I pray...

That those who hate or

Dislike me can

Feel...

The peace that God has given me

I pray... Lord

That you forgive me and

Forgive them alike

I pray that you allow your mercy to pour on them

Just as you have allowed it to cover me

I pray... Lord

That you allow them to feel your loving-kindness

To understand that the empty void within the heart

Can only be filled by

You...

My prayer

That you bless them that talk down on me

That curse You... Lord

I pray you lift them

Up

I pray... you allow the mind to understand just how much You love us

Just how much you love them

Understand that you are greatly loved

By God

And by

Me

And Lord... I ask that you protect them and their families

From seen perils and unseen perils

Eternally

Dexsta Ray

On Purpose

Upright

For a reason

Life a person chooses, true

Pursued on purpose

None else

One step, become a mass

Of fruit that could last...

The proof

Of Almighty, and hard to ascertain

It's hard to follow too, 'cause truly Light will follow you

I hope that all can see their perfection

And through the Master's eyes

Have to live an upright life, no matter what the cost

On purpose

Dexsta Ray

On The Mountaintop

Different colours I never seen
Flowers, special trees
And others, ain't consider this, extra, extra
Intricate, I, then, revisit climbing and tripping
I missed some stones, slipping
Dig, I stick my pick in the ice
I feel the cold, shivering, when I hit the end of this plight
I'll lift the whole Scripture
It's so much warmer up there
I know what broken is...
Behold, a different take on the dye
An aim, to stay aligned
A claim that I could lose anymore
I think about the meaning
Slouch, sleep, I dream, down, my knees
I'm weak, I bow, pleading, Yahw...
To hover 'round, when I need Him (anytime)
'Cause I don't want the same...
The wicked taketh counsel
The greedy, I'm needy, spirit riches
All I really had, ain't complaining, the mountaintop's amazing
Pouting stop, smile around the clock
Crowds surround or not, grounds of lots, and mounds, confounded plots
For YHWH's child's destruction, founded
See, the Mount's in the thought
I talk to God about it
Famous, went from maim in this
To helicopters passing 'fore I wrote
A post, unveiling products, given, that's the Holy Ghost
A lonely road, and even when I get, it's strictly sent
Before I notice, had to recognize, commotion, though I'm scrolling
Only strolling, what's the fuss about
I've been through that before, in the valley, tactless
Scorn and tallies, sin mixed with attacks that distort
What I don't understand
I ain't build, uncanny resources, remembered late walks
In forests, with the same Cross, and moon
Not exactly sure
Underlying, time, it ain't loss, with this attraction for restoral

Then, imagined, anymore, I figure, I could wait
Peace Lilies, Ficus, Aloes, Pothos and Light, I'm straight
Hiatuses, from strife and angst, and demons, like repeating evil
Seeing neither though
Ain't my position that ignited flames, I like to trade the truths, the fake ones rust
Of dusts, I made a stew
Arrange for doom the satan use
It's changed to food
I break the rules, that's made to fool
There ain't a use...
Plenty new flows, never changed the fruit though
Experienced true lows, at a vain expense
Replacing this, with righteousness, that of renewed souls
Eternally, I write again, as I consent to Light, their perjury, and lies won't end
The Savior's truth, goals, I do know, if I, was, fibbing
None would be offended, bethatasitmay
I know me... and seeds of pain, with heaps of gain, for persecutors
Emerging when things explained, emergency, my work, my jewels
Not worried, but being engaged, and urgently
The burdens be though, like pebbles, the Word is steeples, words are lethal
Intellectual property, economic hardships
Couldn't protect from what's robbing me
So was bound to happen...
I'm atmospheric, the devil just be around me laughing
Trying to down me, bragging
Kidnapping my substance, clowning, packing
My rounds are patented though
My mags of Holy Scripture
Drastic times and measures, forever
So, won't revoke it so
I'm on the note, to sow what I've reaped
Along, the Holy Ghost, focused on controlling my life
And throwing the stones in seas
Consoling, since I know what it's like...
I'm on the boat with Peter
Open ear to hope, and it's Christ, out on that water
Walking
Then repeat again, fasting forward, the portals, caution, abnormal, listen...
The Spirit sits on the mountaintop too
Cease, desist the diminishment of what's not moved, being misrepresented
Depending on how the prop's drew...
All of this was wholly earned...

Plus a price was paid, a lie to claim this type of thing was libel made...
That ain't true, like the proof coming from something other than straight fruit
Strange, hues and rains on the mountaintop
But I love it though

Praise the Lord, when even, in the valley...

As so

Dexsta Ray

On The Outside

Depart the ego targeted battles
That be the large things regarding evil heart as the master
Before the shedding off of other guarded values
We speak of darkness
Though regardless
It'll be a constant, map rules
But we have a hope
Cancel out the thought of limitation
From the word of mouth
Guard the heart
It's worth a pound
Worship Christ and give the Spirit riches life
Don't resent the graces
Take advantage of the time the Lord has given
Waking, patience for the Light
On the outside
Without the mountain of the inner hatred
Loving self
As the vessel for the Spirit's greatness
O, the beauty present!
Up above
Live the life to claim
The sting of death don't exist
In your transformation
Speak about the spirit more than flesh
Try to stop the cursing
That's a change
No matter how ascertained
We do not deserve it but we're still alive
Free to move around eternal
Knowing Christians never die, through developed eyes
On the outside
By the lake where the tulips prosper
All the flowers
Never stress about the means, like the sparrows
Never stress about the feed
We should be the same, outside without the secrets
And the mysteries
Ditch the Crooked Bubble into freedom

All a white surroundings
Full of peace
Let's go! Get the mind amounted
That's where it begins
Leave the hurt and pain for at least a second
Think about that place
Where you go when you seek a blessing
But instead of leave, let it grow
Strive to be connected

Dexsta Ray

One Day You Will See

Lock stock and barrel
Nigh the cobblestone...
Small minds seek problems
Take the drama
Gone!
Nit picking...
My every action is probably wrong
According to the critics
I haven't asked to be coddled
So...
I don't really care
I see opinions as bottle notes
Drifting in the sea of the night
Lost souls seek shelter
Now
Can we be a light?
Unredeemed...
But I see there is freedom in Christ
I promise you I won't have trouble sleeping tonight
Stand strong even if you stand alone
Just the other day...
An abolitionist I knew for a minute
Pondered up the word
Real
What's it's true definition?
What's fame, cash and pride?
Just a few contradictions
Still opening the eyes of the youth who'll listen
To the truth...
And every activist are the proof!
I can surely see the changes they're envisioning too
Real people are survivors
Admiration is due
Giving glory to the Lord before they take it from you
They are vessels...
They are where I'm planning to be
Recognize
There is nothing that was handed to me
Focused on the positive

I took command of a dream
Try to make a dollar then lend a hand to my peeps
You'll see...
Now what's the definition of real?
Are you fake if you wasn't sent to prison or killed?
The struggle made us tough
Help our children to heal
Maybe if they hear enough we'll convince them to live
Orderly...
Thank God for the ones supporting me!
I'd probably end a poem right now normally
But...
Don't allow opinions to adumbrate your truth
A couple won't support me
But there's others that do
Since you know your story you have nothing to prove
Pay attention to the positive
The others will lose and be removed
Permanently from your life

Dexsta Ray

One Eighty

Priorities and nuisances, Light is constant, there's many thoughts
Compromising what then, subsidizing, I love supplying, quality
Among all the tents of Kedar, my countenance suffered, topping off my lantern
For darkness is certain, once again, the avians emerge, just my twin
Another witness of it, first actually, not what you want, a lot of mirth actually
Dirge, tactic, really, in my reserves, that reverse branding
Don't disturb the righteous, words subtract, like that purge madness
Been a whole one eighty...
My micro poems, blow, like micros old, the cycle close
My girl want some different, and got that cider open, got that Bible on me
Like olden times while the liars watched
Anything is said to control my time like some kind of plot...
Circadian disruption...
Natural instinct, no basis found, so on dangerous ground, like foundations broke
And the make-up loud, grace amounts attention
Deceptive measures, ain't definitions, several rhythms, I can melt a vision, hell is
settled in it
Not a metal pendant, and plastic hurt if you meddle with it, not a special figment
I'd rather substance from heaven's glory, God will tell your business
Through Bible verses, that death supporteth, as it's let to flourish, the righteous
just haveth life though
Eternal, several stories, enlightenment, heaven's full of action, schools, brands,
fashions, and buildings
That's way too good for earth, boasting in my brokenness, fragments, are detail
oriented
Nameless, may be namely, imagine, my stuff, shattered, dragged, to gather,
what I am
Through my fabrics, and glue the glasses back, in candlelight, in nooks, that's
some planets
That wasn't handled right, but lasting, so I'm absent from scamming
I hath an appetite, for righteousness, some'd think I was damaged, from all the
plaster
And decanters, on my floors, that's in tatters, that I ain't breaketh though...
Nonetheless, my lantern's intact, my closet looking empty
Slanderers be dressed in my rags, but scold my looks, to tempt me
To express, then call it a drag, so they can look to kill me, book fulfill me, for
God I stand
Like they had always witnessed, looked for faults, but only saw blessings, so
claim I took the loss

When really, just the Cross, I was dressed in, the devil cross-dressing
4/26/20

Dexsta Ray

One Eighty 2

Still, I feel victorious, my righteous cause, overshadow ruses
Not despising, small beginnings
'Specially knowing the Cross within it...
Poetry unrelated, the technicalities, used as weapons
When the cruel persists, even cordially, to design your fall, even still
My baskets of fabrics, I hide them in the trees
Manufactured from heaven, natural structures, my standings "other"
Hand in hand, I'm lovers, that's married, in Light
Where praying is cuddling, that I feel victorious, one eighty too, from the scam
upon us
Rusty fields, with castles, where lightning dances across the heights
Calvary advanceth, it's just the feel of it, I don't know
Light expandeth time...
Got yo pry glasses, and cryo heels, got the landscape matching
Everything go crazy, the cadence sync, with the camera flashes
Think if women were beats
Got that ancient line, with gigantic tapping, I can't even deal, when you pranceth
by
Had the grass ecstatic, music notes that followeth, like a fiction
But heaven real, and the essence spilled, when the Father of Lights, predestined
Only covers, unsubstantial, righteous timing like blessings
Got some melancholy letters, mahogany how I dresseth, I just go by what the
Lord say
Witnesses, had upheld it, and if such received attack, for seeing Christian stuff
That'll tell you, this one eighty too, perhaps, and I'm kicking with just my pedals
Left the training wheels, and crashed, but I got it, with faith forever
Ain't a devil, like the slanderers,
4/30/20

Dexsta Ray

One Eighty 3

Trying to pull my micros, cheating, again, the Light is full
Bantam chatter, my occupation, is not the basic, more than, mediocre
Hyped up, God ain't satan, I see the motive, Christ won
Through humbleness, unto death, at that rugged Cross
Even though I'm broken, the fact exist, quotients, matching this
Exposed it, pull one eighties, and triple fold, even if I'm killed
Notions, unrelated, to audibles, that's to ruin a harvest
Clapping, I return the concern, ain't stagnant
Been extra patient, saw the thorns and thistles
But trusted God, not to let it change me, dragged into the open
By persecutors that diagnosed, themselves, with mental issues
But opposite, see the problem is, acceptance, psychology, not an expert, but
Several drive themselves into insanity, trying to bottle the Lord of hosts
Labels insufficient, confirmation that scams exists
Like a therapists, not aware of this, not prepared for it, long coats
And stethoscope, like to write, like to let it show
Battle on a baby, but it's alright, God as heavy though
Grown ferns, and aloes, for decorations, my castle solid
Have to solve it, plants that's distracted from, that expanded
No curses, on the Lord's work
Otherwise, other wise, saw me, stuff disrupt circadian cycles
That get aligned in silence
Just enough
5/9/20

Dexsta Ray

One Elijah

Save me from the hatred
Nothing loves, shun and crumble
Plus, discovered compositions hung my trust on the fence
Consistent writtens, with the endings in the front
Different time for jokes
Limits improvise, this design, feeling signs like...
"Try Christ", adjusting my tourniquet (spiritual)
Thy reminding I, that sight of the Light
Is subject in the flesh, still, since I must
Imploring my Lord again
Just to give myself a pass like distortion
Some mortals hid
Purple ribbons, lasting constants, advance, attraction that's lacking traction
I ain't really big on the function
I hate the cords of sin
A force of evil spirits, attacks, perhaps
Collapsing origins, avid stories, nothing like that
Besides the fact, of slanderers with rattling tails
Exacting tales, to damage, passion matches love
When in action, and I don't bother none...
Entrapping, even mad, don't let the grass x the path out
Manage, being glad, Jesus' Dad has a plan now...
Revelations, shock my mind, devils waiting
For engagement of my substance, corrupt it, forever basic
I engrave this, with the depth of my essence
I'm less than nothing else
Terrorism, certain harassments, I ain't of despair though (unfair)
Double dares, ain't dumb or scared
The battle is the Lord's
Wickedness will burn while the righteous Kingdom is restored!
Ain't with violence either
And I'm humble, fair...
The devil exercise deception, etched my mind, why correct him?
I collect the vines, expressions, seven kinds, my perspective is in time
Though it don't exist, but spirit realm...
And I understand the hidden threats I get (for doing right)
Prepared to sacrifice
No matter what I lost, God is there, to quench my appetite
I'm acting like a prophet loving YHWH

That is right
subject to abuse by some society that laughed in spite...
Still, I write up and live it
Society's a joke
Even when my titles are missing and idle themes are sold
Hence, I'm never over or finished
A liar's speech is wrong
Against the circumstances I fight
And that's 'cause Jesus rose...
And evil's cold
The Light is warmer, and a source of hope
Ain't nothing that I fear
Was destroyed for naught, restored, and grown...
These essentials, being credentials, deemed an issue wrongly
Lowly reed, had slowly grown, at slowing speeds
For knowing He, and throwing seeds of sin and evil
Off, potency, the costs, the Cross can show who seek it
Broken things, resolved, Light has sown the peace
Anywhere and everywhere, the wind is there...
The call, the atmosphere ain't open, seeing the tribulations for myself
And some contraptions
Stuff my craft encapsulated, what's before me
I'm adjacent, figure such I couldn't imagine, technically, I have the graces
Stages, phases, major pictures, publications
Things, I'm in them
Rays contagious, though my name and praise, remaining unattached
From things, the strangest, what's subtracted me and why?
The impact I bring
Is wide, never absent, key, I am the sea
A planet drinks...
Harassment, seems too coincidental
Actually dreamed to be like that, I didn't, crafty scenes
Misrepresented, reason for my end
I want to know...
My hands were clean, focused on the Lord
And, not what the satan be saying of me
Holding on the Sword
Of the Spirit, the Word is paramount
It's funny how distortion commences
I'm in the Scripture though, for real
Veils of fraudulency, that, lips of envy rose
But, here and now

I'm caught on the peace, and all the things
He promised... (I Praise Him)
Knew that it was something but thought it could be
Abate with "sorrays", but there ain't a need
I've forgiven 'cause God is in it, with me, Spirit
God entrusts me with this?
He's Alpha and Omega...
But no clamour and won't go to counters in bodegas
Just to handle extra
Rather graft to what the Bible says...
I don't expect satan stop attacking 'til I am led, the prophecies unfolding
A lot have seen, sands of time decline
Still, in faith, unbothered, aware that God has my light in hand
Coals, and spiritual warfare prayers, to cast the torsion down, celeb and sound
My Lord's fair, cares, when things distort His crowned
Which is all the righteous
Exciting, an ever present Helper
When I'm in the valley
Even, things ain't like I wanted it
Strange, but reality, I don't
Understand
For God has placed us in a battle scene we won't comprehend
Without His guidance, been about the minus, pluses, and I love it too
Arranged to be at odds with others doesn't compromise the
Truth...
Was glad to see my 23rd
Had a meaning though
For every precious moment, underneath the Throne, precedes a goal
Being enrobed in constants and other stuff I ain't even know
Even though love crushes and puzzles us
Such we need the most...
Receive a dose, contentment, my dreams are ghosts in
Figments, clearly, gravitating near me
The coordinates of orbits, comments, comets, something
Many mazes, the jungles
I make my dwelling at, and never that
To conquer and cover, I loves a sheltered might
Never strike by thriving in imitating a different Savior, limitation
Held withinside, like stories burning through
Anointings spreading wider and brighter than just to
Furbish you...
So altruism is final, it's all perspective, see, and broad, connectively

The resolve, oppression free, oppressively, paying attention, it calms...
The devil messed with me...
A lot of spans revisited, not that though, I dwell upon
Forever, guess it's me
From the measures, was set for me
I grew where I was tarrying at, as a plant, or tree
Left the hand for leaves, a tribe that's in expansion
Surprising, and coinciding with God...
Speaking things in righteousness
Creating opportunities
Waded through the mire with my staff and Savior rooting me
Made it through the fire
Saw some traps from satan schmoozing me
I knew because it'd change up everytime I'd raise to move my feet...
But I can notice the future
The sands of time decline, roses shrivel up, and the clocks stop
And the ocean sighs, anything I do is towards His glory
And not for mine, I'm good in every season
I look to God for what is important
Thoughts of olden times, from my watchtower
The sandalwood, and soothe, mixed
I haven't lose this, the fabrics, new sense, I drew, impacted, even moved ships
Ancient hues a factor, I'm adhesives in-between the fuse lit and newest
standards...
Untraditionally, a truth glimpsed, use of lantern spiritually
I mean extolling God's, rules I'm after, at a different speed
Not controlling odds, using hammers
Just the Spirit's lead, it's never been a movement
Gluing patterns, and subduing matters, fruitless
My cocoon's full of scratches...
Plus, sandals beaten up
And patches in my robe, got my candles
And spools of wool abandoned, granted, it's with matches
I'm adamant to include my Master, God is yet alive, Father help me
I cannot do without You...
Opposition strong, and outnumbered, ain't getting bold, I'm double
But I know that victory cometh just from Your Throne
I'm humbled...
A problem addict you would think, I never had that wish
What's labelled problematic, my reaction to the damage did...
Or when satan chose to go and snatch the map You'd give
So I'm hated 'cause I won't relax, decay and practice sin...

But, the flesh can see what is done
God can see the why
Many times I've fallen and thought of if I should even try...
But still, God saw me and
Caught me
And died for me to fly
I've come to far to cautiously fall in naught
When these wings are fine

Elijah

Happy holidays

Dexsta Ray

One Hundred Proof

They strive to undermine me
Hate to see me make
It
Only dreams...
Ain't no way I'll let this evil take it
Covered up with dirt
Buried
By falsity from satan
Mustn't know of botany...
Obloquy drops a seed's inflation
Negative for real
Watches
The hours do unfold
Night of cobbling
Heels, like clocking back
Re-experience
Vigor
Though remain exposed, no Achilles
And not to know the truth
Opposite of alcoholics when it come to brew, because in other news
The prophecies were fermenting
Times of steeping
Fire, repent, to far exceed what's presented
Err or finish
See, it ain't too many options, plenty dropping hate
Pouring brine, everything was forming
It ain't ordinary but it's corny just because it's nothing sordid
Like the kind that is accepted
Here
Ask the Lord to help me hear, only important
With no contortion of the Gospel
The morphing into gods, no, idolatry
Can not go
For there's only One, Anti-Christ Spirit within some, deny the Only Son
Heed a broken bond, separated by men
Strictly, perceived, a chosen
Bunch
But following the Light ain't just wallowing in might
By applying to a physical sense

A willing intermission, a healing intervention, fulfilling this in scription
I don't know the voices, they whispering
Silent walls, a fortune, maybe through the eyes of the dark
To find an ordinance
I remember binds, wasted times, break the blinds trying to see the Light
That's shines from the out
Dividing routes
And people, or the devil, try to ostracize me
To hide the trueness of my character, to watch their lies free
Very envious, declaring the attack on my dreams
Twisting every single concept just to mask
When I speak...
They got the word that I would have a couple of people that's for me
Then kept it silent, during the times when I had needed some upping
I ain't know what they was talking 'bout
Scheming to crush me
They jealous, so I ain't slipping, that's the reason I'm covered
I'm saying, Jesus is coming
A lot of us won't make it in
And I don't care what you try, the Lord ain't letting satan win
I'm prepared 'til I die, full of grace just like a pen
Turn aware of the mind
And throw them thangs until the end, this forever, ain't a measure
By a human
Father, this a gift, not a burden to me, thank you for the whole scope of the
message
The birthed acumen, using Fu Ink Growth
Free rhythm on the antipodeee
I ain't who you trying to make me, thought I'd let you knowww
But you get it so you hating, unaffected thoughhh
I ain't even next to folddd
Think I'm leaving? Let it gooo
On a mission, God given position, many lessons in attendance, bring your mess
to His kitchen
God can do a lot more than what you set as His limits
And some people will abhor you 'til
Your essence has
Ended...
I have been through a whole lot, God has been good to me
The devil try me through obsession from an exorcist's perspective
God has withstood with me
That's in my heart, God rebuke's the wicked!

Took a little while but now I get it...
But won't a thing save the souls who did it from the flames below the living
If they don't repent and turn
For I don't have wish to burn, so I take my own advice
Ask the Lord forgiveness
Firm...
Blessings to the helpful servants, bless develop purpose, yea
Things are good, worth the spare, 'cause, in turn'll care
One hundred proof spirits, learned to grind and to curse despair
No matter what you do, we will rise
Through the verse and
Prayer
Every person can decide just who they want to be
For this society'd confine you to the lowest things
If you happy, then that's what success supposed to mean
Listen to yourself...
Go for dreams and leave the sofa scene...
Just because you ain't the same as them don't mean you wrong
They just degrade your light to make you feel believing gone, because it's satan
The majority just feed on souls
NO, they don't be playing, they just really want to see you low
Don't let it happen
Find a love, then let it 'stablish
If you great, the devil infiltrates your space
To just disbanded it, understand that can't nobody muzzle you
If say your name or
Not...
The jealous cowards frame, 'cause hate to see you make it out
Win, learn, or draw, it was smooth but see it's crazy now, a negative imposter
So much pain, in uncontained amounts
Shoutout to my uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers and my sisters
Mom and pops too, I'm doing this for the constants and the realer
Hustlers and the killers
God is still as forgiving
If you do accept His Son, watch He live in your spirit
And there's
Peace...
One hundred proof souls declaring beef, on the tactics of the devil
So to know the tare and wheat

Hahaha

May God bless the willing
The kingdom of darkness shall not prevail
Try me anytime
Standing firm, I will never falter

Hahaha

The Most High be in control

One hundred proof

Dexsta Ray

One Lamentation

I'm a mess
I'm a sinner but I'm forgiven

It's hard for me to contradict the truth
For God is watching me
And chastens me a lot
I can't complain
But I still
Do
I'm blinded
And I think it's purposely
God withholding knowledge
Or I'm just a fool within
His folly
Now I can't see
Left alone a lot
Isolation longs to hold my hand
Since ain't nobody else ain't there
I take it
And she's only playing
Am I lonely then?
I'm asking God for answers
My communication clipped
Before I trip
Inordinately answered
But it's hard to read
No, this ain't normal
Something else is working
Ain't no way I miss every single thing that's set before me
I don't really like it
Or I do
I don't really know
Is it just a test for growth or something done to let me cope?
I ain't even know that I was noticed
For this long a time
I just recognized and now I'm hopeless
Stresses on my mind
I'm tired of being a mockery
But still I'm getting blessed too

I know He has a plan for each
But I don't feel like pressing through
The fitting of a misfit...
Forever awkward and less than cool
I'm blind, I'm blind, I'm blind, can't connect with the best of views
And Joseph was a misfit in the pit
He's thrown
And sold for twenty
By his brothers
Only thing he owned was just his destiny and holy promise
Still, I'm in the pit
And the walls just keep on closing up
I'm trying to see the end
But I'm blinded by the dust in front of
Rough
God is powerful and just but I can't deal with much of
More of this
And crushed
Tired of playing into the devil's stuff
I've tried to get away but God just lead to the same journey
Even in the flames, maybe changed, though it ain't burned me
I'm fine, I guess, just as long as fate love me
Which is false, 'cause when it falls, nobody ain't coming
It's puzzling
Father, it seems you only want to see me weak
In positions where I can fight but tell me hold my peace
In positions where I can turn
Sickened
But I got to play
I ain't even feeling it but you won't let me out the maze
Keeping me up in it
Feel I'm 'bout to reach my limit
Lamentations on the mind
Nicotine ain't helping kill
It
The resentment in my eyes....
Multiplying...
The wicked only thrive in the confines of my pain
Asking You to handle all of that
You silent again
But I know You doing something so I can't help but praise
Evil ain't attack as hard until I changed up my ways

Now I'm targeted
LIKE JOSEPH WAS BY POTIPHAR'S WIFE!
Stole my robe and told society I'm part of this hype!
Then it's spiritual imprisonment
Regards to this lie!
And now I'm hoping now that You come in the dark and divide
See... In my mind... I'm just a soul that's has to do what's in heart
I ain't apart of nothing else but crafting goals and my art
And unaware I'm unaware of several things but
I know
The wicked hate the truth I speak so now they aiming they bow
But Lord, you understand, ain't acting, but this came with my soul
And I can't help it if I'm bashing or have traipse on some toes
I see His kingdom's coming....
Ha ha ha ha ha
Satan's mad but I rebuke him fully
Using all the faith that I have to pray for all the ruly'
Looking at the ways I have come, a long way, thankful, grateful
Everything has been rough
But none can take it from
Me
I ain't even doing this for people
I aim to disappoint 'cause if work for humans, I'm evil
And I resent the Lord
The only crowd I want to embrace
Is in the Spirit
Christ, God and then the Christians here who do their best to live it
I ain't running back to the past 'cause that what's broke me
I ain't got a thing to do with the brass
But jazz consoling
I ain't had a thing to do with the past since like the olden
I don't fool with it period
I'm glad
It can't control me
Ain't no grudges or ruckus or madness but I don't know it
What the devil really want but can't have it
So now he throwing
I ain't afraid of nothing under the sun
I try to live right
But Lord knows, I ain't perfect, and I still might
And just exposing of the serpent is my real life
The devil had me down in the dirt

And so I still fight!
When I ain't a have single soul trying to help me out
Nobody wanted me to grow
Only left me out
When I was only on my own the Father swept me out
And showed me what it was to have a goal
It's what He dealt me now
Society is saying I'm dead to it
I always was
It don't care if I was dead or if I fall in love
And be crushed by what it said
Because I thought it does
Better things than messing with your head to trying to draw your trust
And if you fall for it... then man
Just let us get to
Praying

Dexsta Ray

One Thing About Loyalty

Just an observation...

Loyalty is not hard to find
Period...
But when you give real
Pure loyalty to
Someone who's not genuinely
True to themselves
This...
Will frighten them
They can't
Tolerate such a
Thing
If an individual decided to end
The connection between
You too for no logical
Reason...
This doesn't mean you are fake
Or that your character is
Flawed...
This means your light was too
Bright for them!
This scared
Them...
They needed distance...
This poem doesn't have to apply to
Me personally
Or the lives of others but...
This is simply an observation
Of a truth we are all too
Familiar with...

Dexsta Ray

Out And Out

So uncertain
Caverns of abstract mazes
Turn and turn
The chatter vacant
On out
And that's the strangest
Way before the figs changed their colors
To ask the raging bull
With red engravings
From it's horn
It fed the paintings
Can it quit?
Fast asleep at the midst
With water falling down
Dampened wool comforts the head
From all the constants shed...
But damaged spools
Branded cool
God to be the judge
Opting out the obvious and locking on the proper sense
To stop the object knocking rocks aside
Robbing spirit value
Fear is old
Here, the soul's knowns near the higher kingdom
Lighter freedom...
Glide with wings and fire dreamers
Displacing flames like faith to pain
Seek
Desire Jesus
In fact...
If not contributing to that
I'm convinced its sin
Living in a writer's deep
Writhing in
Collision traps
Out where you are
Would be visions others kid about
With the heart
Which is a house

Sent a hidden key
Wishing on an image of a star
Not to scar
Been a very long road
Spirit cards
You're the yin to me...
Pit against the enmity of this against her feet
With some impersonators
Don't fall for it
Such has been the mission of a curse from satan
Since before the Christian birth
Jesus reimbursed us greatly
But you have to hold on
Don't turn away
Out and out
About God's work
Can you discern the placement?
Tell the serpent that he cannot have your miracle
And never be discouraged
There's no shadow in
Me...
Besides, without the scent of her
There is no shadow with
Me
And battle just until rattle start, don't let the devil grapple ours!
You know about the spirit realm
Can scope without the physic
Veil
Forget the old things
For most just what you hear from them
Focus on your goals
And I'm with you 'til the end's fulfilled

Out and out
The physical world
Just see...
The spirit

Dexsta Ray

Over By The Sunshine On The Perch

I don't know exactly where the birds fly to
Over by the sunshine on the perch
Time drew...
Picking up the sticks and all the twigs it takes to build...
I wonder if the stone amidst it did predate the field?
Planting flowers near the Hickory, a mystery, for real
It is history to blossom... 'tis misery... a pill and a seal
Covering up the whole Apollyon
For the beautiful
Presence
That you see among the kites and all the usual essence
Graphing, testing, asking questions, laugh at answers, behold
Understanding what you didn't, as a man, to see whole
Instead of partial like we probably used to heed everything
Partial
Then it change, and we dream everything larger
Speaking of refrain
Even sleep is a
Chain
Sign inside, kind of dying, 'cause my people in pain
In the same way
Leaning on the
Faith
Praying that everybody get it right before completion of this age
Never ever giving
Up
I will see you in perpetuum among, if not before, the end of days
In the rain even
Bad attitude, all alone, in the maze seeking, back to dandelions
Only wishing on a vague meaning
Longing for a known
Very thirsty for the spring, season, near the old well, Jesus spoke unto the lady
Teaching of the living
Water
To receive and never ever be thirsty or dehydrated since
And that for only that...
Visualize the bees in the trees with the honeycombs
Spirit riches zone out... still if the money gone
No bummy souls

But only labels placed by satan's space
'Cause even if we get a taste
There's something
Wrong
Never take advantage of the grace that is all around us
Have to struggle to awaken
And fall to ground it

Dexsta Ray

Overshadowed

A lot of stuff is known for lying
Owing time
Growth I need back
Magic on my mind, witches crafting that
At max, the hand repulsive
Sold on that
I ain't
And can't relate
The prattle is the rattle, shake, attention
For the same today
When satan plays, his actors may display some fake remorse
For it
Of course, it's fixed, to figure out the force
That will be most effective...
In an age, where friends are killing friends
And stealing lands
Rest assure, the Lord is with us always
Commandments instilled
We will expand
And, spiritually, Light can clearly see
Now, so many different things can cloud one's focus
Plus, the smoke of persecution
Certainly, makes grateful grumble
Until some ventilation...
Camera eyes, trust concealed any situation
Many plans devised, why fantasize
Life aside the purpose?
All some wanted was to see me down
Then mention pride
How much more to they?
That's if we're playing God and saying not...
In the flesh, vengeance seems like the quickest peace
Even if I died, I will survive, I'm no celebrity
But somewhere on the other side of universes
Welcoming, it treasures me up there...
Doesn't measure me up there...
I know of hurt and hurt
I'm telling truth, that hurt ain't the word
The same evils claim I can't grieve it

Can't reach it
Can't see it, ain't even on the wavelength
Year when it engaged me
Career was taking off good
Some say I slandered
I ain't name
Self-incriminated, Jezebel a demon
All the same
First, I need to forgive this
Deemphasizing, why apologize for something
That you have been punished for?
I'll just ignore
While it get away, in a cage, I ain't trying to pin it
Trying change, from the maze
From the haze
That I was sent through
And this too
See, my homies ain't a part of this
The enemy is many things, a showing of how
Smart it is... hard to end, scars extend
To welcome darkness in
Hearts and battle fields, from the start
This battle real, I don't care about the air
Of tormentors, I'm trying to find a job
Nothing more humble, than a stumble
So I ain't nothing much
And since the truth's released
I'm judging good
Feeling nice, that's right, the wicked rulers
On the high, convinced that strife is tight
Against another's life, something blind
And though I'm less appealing
Never losing sight, I choose the Light
I don't want a witch, and may not know a lot
But the only thing that I know is this...
Jehovah's quick
I don't switch because somebody tripping
Coming for me constantly
And persecutors only strangers
Many want to see me, beaten, broken, low in danger
Choice between protection and the Light
Plus there's no remainders...

Some say I'm taking way too long
I agree though
I ain't for everyone, taste's acquired like a
Frito
I keep it three though, a lot of faith
Several sequels
And still I keep on, amidst the trials
And the evils
See, I ain't what you thought
But still I'm good
Feeling peace, and never was involved
Sick of being judge and framed
Manipulated circumstances
But what can you really do though?
I'm uno, I ain't all of that but I still embrace the
Truth though...
Too much I'm dealing with myself
So you can move on
Who can I embarrass if I never
Choose to pair with? I'm declaring strength and hopefulness
No matter how far, the Lord is Light unto my path
Doesn't matter how dark
Don't have to give me any chances
I been snatch and capitalized
On it
Alphabetical grind, I kick, the lists
And rhymes that fix the mind...
The misaligned can win and rise
That don't hypnotize me
Some successful people leaning down
Trying to sweep me out, dirty work
And worried 'bout the wrong thing
It's so strange...
I don't hate because, to me, it's really no gain
It's like a ticking time bomb, defeat
By the wrong maze
And it's easy, wanting to give up...
But we're still up
Every soul that's in the Light
The only ones that feel us...
See the devil want to
Fight

And I'm on the sight, got my Spirit sword
You'll never see me on the side
Holding knives called prayers
Angels on the ride
Never losing faith no matter what
Until I'm shattered up
Being famous, evil trying to see me battered up
To sheep, so it can scatter us
And shatter trust
But God is greater...
Overshadowed, like a cloud when it's hot
The shade is disappearing, scripture hearing
Missing bitter hateful speech...
On a carnal weapon also known as the web

God will give me back what I'm owed

I am ex to nothing
I am dominant

Dexsta Ray

Palladium

It's not really hard to keep it going
Forget it...
The forward thinking
Tarries
Ain't a need to change for the graces and praises made by satan
Fakest
For a minute
Ain't made to leave, hatred, make believe
But prayers for the gracious
I'm praising Weh'
For He stayed with me
Through many days of anguish
In patience
While evil fables teemed...
Majorly
But nonetheless, paper, ink, replaced the grief
Seeking spirit riches...
Seeking what can't be stolen, clear as crystalline
Cellophane, spirit hands on my shoulders
Granite motives
Include no witches lacking hope and Jehovah
Won't attach, although they fib, if you won't man their notions...
Architecture, my layouts routed, not on grounds or bounds
From down below, the heavens is the essence
YHWH's presence, that surrounds my soul
Sound doctrine, messages
In the shade, where I found a home
Somehow
It don't amount to the Crown of life Christ'd endow His own...
Evil things continued, even though I'd expound the yokes
Broken the foundation, now satan don't have a crowd to grow
Rationally, report these harassing things, from the slandering
Squads of jealousy, won't abandon this only hand for me
Distorting plans and dreams, to control me, so other hassle me
Deny unwelcomed schemes, I divorce it
In mostly apathy
I wish some had've seen, then they'd know it...
And wouldn't disparage me, but, in these end times
It really ain't no telling

In Light, I'm not aware of pride, see, there ain't no selling
The age cold, I'm in faith though
So ain't no settling
Especially, when it's framed, whole arrangements
Being degrade, so the praises mold for Weh'
Is erased to fold the saved's hope, angst sown
Scapegoat...
'Cause evil want my attention
That I had only use for Light, but evil wants my position
To slide derision in it, with the sin, design some wicked end
Then disguise it like the righteousness is why the villain kill
But, in a way, it's kind of true
And what's insane?
The Light is proof, ain't survive the cover up
But 'cause of Christ, I write the Truth
And give the wicked plenty distance
Intentionally
Time is jewels
Plus I don't consider that beautiful enough
To be tied into, blinded to, what ain't my prerogative
Bind and glued, I'm confused, I'm attuned to the Father's Light
Not miscue, inclined to fool
Why I'm stalked still?
By a ruse I ain't bought near, and the law here
It saw clear, while I proved, legions talk lures...
Hermit life
Ain't serving mammon and God
Him first, if gave me mammon
I discerned what it's
Not...
Like a lot, of satan's tactics, made to curse what is God's
And, some watched, more famous than me
Was determined I rot...
Everyday
Was no palladium, aside from the Lord
Though, non-violent, still they came to steal
My life under swords...
Everyday
Plus new distractions formed to hide all the sources
Backtrack, the time aligned, there's more, they lying in a fortress
Sometimes, it rains, when an angel cry
But just if they are straight with God

If justice can't given to me
God shall come repaint the sky
And make the pain subside, hide the saints
From their eyes
Reality ain't always perfect but ain't undefined
I fear no evil
1/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Paper Walk

I think about my early times, elated, 'stead of negative
Revisiting, all the solo walks, and
All the fellowship, with YHWH, significant, tossed my composition books
At times, bask in the moment, for surely
Time is not replenishable, God's my only focus, like throughout
Persecution, with evil rulers at my happiness
And mellow fields, to build with it, through malice
But I'm centered, God remain the source
Of all my hope, the wilderness was different, founded solace in Christ...
My life was primarily, library vibes, comprised of Light
Necklaces of simple items, and beads
With Bible verses, if the heart in half, aligned, give my arts and crafts
Another look, plus I got the yarn in stock, the ribbons
In my bargain shop, and visit, peace, the starry park, that's figments
Like the gardening spot, envisioning, through the staples
Of the envious, my heart is God's...
Darkness, plots reported, ignoring, until I'm not alive
Just so bots absorb me to flourish
And such is out of line, I be persecuted, enormously, 'cause of Christ
It's fine, the present moment suffering
Can't compare, to the final stop, buffet me for talent
In artistry, such the antichrists, Jesus is victorious though, the Lord of hosts
Is soon to come, and toddler lives do matter
I slew the slander with Bible wisdom, so the cruel badger
The Lord's my Father, ain't nothing wrong
Just the mood matter...
The plushes settings, alamedas, and blesseth by the fireflies
Summer breezes, with music notes, and yes it's, litten symphonies
Organs, pianos, at their softest, YHWH makes the plant life
Dew and light through the trees, on the freshest mornings, usually sketch
Some ornaments, through ascetics, in writings mainly
Compliments the settings, your color coordinated dress, support it
Florally, nature is paintings, on God's dimensions though
Light? A high percentage, the shiny, and Christ is in the center
Triple-fold is stronger, Corinthians set the basis right
Expression ain't a wrong, creativity, with some innovation, ain't the devils
Ain't enveloped

Paper Walk

3/19/20

Dexsta Ray

Parabola

Adjusting ain't a problem, compunction, that can't resolve the same
Constants, ain't involve the pain, nothing
Compare to YAWH, trusting what I started on, funny, the imposition seethe
Tilted, feel the need, to unveil it, a constant, quilt on leaves
Crumbling, hills and trees, on my portion, I still have faith in God
Glory to the Alpha, distortion don't really phase
The truth, forests full of nightmares, inordinate, cruelty, I care, that's why the
Light there
Though the matter, was made conclusions for, muses that's reduced
For embracing God, to remove the course
To remove the choice, from reality, so the youth is tare, before the youth aware
Of the fruitfulness YHWH's truth can bare
Some rue the Lord, my face is against the devil, the usual source
Haven't much I ain't embraced, that aligned to my
Savior will, contortions, being subordinate, reasons needed to harm the Light
Demons scheme it, even before, illumination was
Witnessed Weh' and stuff, grace and love, that some had lacketh
And the remedy, subtracted, to run the fabrics through
New machines, apparatuses, fashion catalyts, til the damage is, a pattern
Seen the paths and cleaned my lantern
*Shrieks! *

I seeks the bag, I had for seeds, to actually feed my patent
Seated by some patches, with parabolas, that's sprouting from it
Carrots, posies, plenteous spinach, fountains, to irrigate
Agriculture, integrate, notice and focus, close attention, yokes distended
Smoldering, it was chosen, as a broken trade, as if a cult
Was hinting at, specifics, that it want to fade, and so a trade, of valuables
To fold it, so it hold the space, excluding what the subject think
I'm sacrifices, for my Light, the bracket different
Grafted nearer though, like the fabrics hither, nice to what they plan to kill
Thrice, I known it, more than thrice, exponents, and components
Hate the Lord, but hide it, claim it's life
Before, but days, suffice, disguising time, defying covenants
The plights is all or nothing, for another's pain
Of God, were honest gains, if strange or not, the summer came
Illuminating that, fumigating pacts of grueling hatred
Crucial basis

1/25/20

Paranormal Is Just Normal, Now

We don't have to be
Afraid...
I won't say they can't and don't interact
After all, in the spiritual is all
That's the fact
Demons...
Are disguising themselves
Some probably won't believe me
And there satan goes...
Decieving
See...
Everybody has to pass in this life
Either hell or sleeping
Jesus went to prepare for us a dwelling
Either angels fly or demons on the spiritual side
No human beings though
The devil lied...
For God is equal
Satan has a way of disguising himself as people
On the other side, who have died
Ain't it evil?
For the hell of it
Those familiar spirits are the devil's tricks
And believers...
Pass away and stay asleep until that final Day
But the wicked drop to hell
Their dying day
The Father knows...
Paranormal, now, is just as normal as normal
Unexplainable encounter happen sometimes
When supportive
Or...
When Lucifer is mad and start to slamming the doors and stuff
I just laugh, more to come...
I see him watching but he cannot touch me because I'm covered by Jesus Christ
So I do believe I'll be...
Alright

Park Bench Blues

Ding Ding Ding

Ding Ding Ding

Hello? - - -

Almost there

I'm actually about fifteen minutes away

- - -

Well, I'm on foot so...

- - -

Okay, that's good to know

I'll call you back when I'm closer

- - -

Okay'

I wonder if she meant what she said

Because the last one didn't

Life ain't even half as combative

And happiness ain't free

I haven't been a candidate

Acquiescent for a long time

Lasting off the market

Park benches

And road signs, the heart listens closely to hope

The stormy weather pardons

Heaven's bright light shining down

Although it's raining so

Dark, and there's no stronger part

Of life than Weh' and soul's connection

I'm infatuated with archetypes

The bones and flesh has so rejected

Being alone is the best?

Distant shadows focus on brokenness

If emotions live

Boldly spoken, listing me on something

Mysteries and coverings

Archetypes are abstract

Shards of life in napsacks

Feel the chilling

Breeze

So much rainfall, we can't really see
But it's straight 'cause I just listen to your
Rhythms
Bebop, seems like tops of the drums
I mean, stop!
'Fore you have me lost and locked in the
Love
Beliefs, hots, pleasing God
Think He watch From above
And He plots
Knowing exactly what, and when
Hugging trees
But just for kicks though, Spirit's running deep
Though I'm sitting on this bench, low
Drenched rose, and pocket-square, lo, tanktop is fair
Change, prompting trials, drain down
From underneath the hats, moods
I'll be there a minute
Trying to see what these cats do
I snap two, to add my collection
Need some cat food, and that's cool
Animals and plants, in the manifold
Moldings of the planet, gold for granted
But I have you...
Park bench, park bench, park bench, fix
Only when it's raining
And there's stuff
To do

Dexsta Ray

Pay Attention

Only fools

Go and live by the rules of a silly game

If the objective is the heavens

Why fulfill the

Vain?

Learning 'bout the truth of the environment within our midst

Common sense will tell us something

Now I get the fact that

God has placed exactly where I'm at

Everybody with

Him

Really

Consent to bow down to Lucifer is never options

Pay attention

Brace against the fumes

Prophecies fulfilling, only thing we see is hate

It's the cheapest

Change

What we reap or gain, don't be a fool in this evil age

Decide to stand firm, breaking down

The evil praised

Implementing Jesus

Ways

That won't be accepted, but, even still

It's commanded

So stay chained and ready

Never live by the rules of a game that you ain't playing in

Project CHANGE

Keep the faith

Dexsta Ray

Perfection Ain'T An Option

Just an observation...

When speaking on society and against it's darkness
That's in no way excluding one from being a human
It's embracing the Light and potential for a greater good for the whole
But we're all human
Though we're striving to be a part of the solution
Sometimes
The flesh tries to get in the way of that
Just like Romans 7: 21
I can never be perfect but I can and will continue to pursue what's right
And I do know the Perfect One
Who guides me...
Never should we portray anything unnatural
I would rather embrace my imperfect self and sleep peacefully than
Trying to seem flawless
It's impossible
Let us live life and be comfortable with who/what we are
But don't expect society to accept that
For if you don't behave the same as it behaves
It won't accept that as you being you
Be you regardless
Can't no stranger tell you who you are
Society and satan are synonymous
And satan doesn't 'know' you but he knows 'of' you
And all he knows 'of' you is the lies he's trying to impose upon you
Only God 'knows' you and only Godly things accepts you for who you are
That's something to understand
Continue to embrace the Light and don't stay silent in the face of evil
That's conformity
Speak!
Society won't like you anyways because it's satan
If you be quiet and become dark it will love you
But then what will change though?
Ain't no acting here
This called living life and learning
And trying to make a difference
Satan, go to hell...
You won't stop God's plan!

You will never make me stop being who I am
To be your 'idea' of who I should be!
You will never make me conform!
I rebuke you
Satan is a liar
Christ is the way!
Let us expose darkness and satan's lies by speaking truth against them
We shall rise up every time!
The aim ain't to be perfect but to not accept the ills of society (satan)
For they are corrupting and killing unknowing souls!
Satan's accusations shall burn in hell with him
Stay committed
All glory to God!

Dexsta Ray

Perihelion

It don't matter though, like after growth...
Elephants and mice, fighting of the elephants
The mice might define a smite
Blind enlightening, time rewinding, time's unwinding then...
The devil's yelling, trying to lure me, trying to tie me into something
But, the Light is, surely, with me, He's secured, and Thee is pure
Being enthralled with instruments, the resolve and cure
Seeing because of His consent, ascension and the plenty benefits
Spirit riches, and conditioned temperaments
The spirit's willing but the physical is feeling what the pattern sought
With lanterns off, sniffing out the damage
Counting, rounding, sounding
If I chose to lounge and found a nook
That I express myself, conversing, personally, but, I don't have one yet...
But that don't mean I am a dummy, speaking publically, allow consent...
And serving Light is multifarious
The wicked cults, disparaging, I don't care for other artists
Intervals of hounding sin, abounding
In the clouds but really grounded, hungry for me like a lion
But His angels are surrounding, faith and mountains, change and poutings
Ain't about it...
All I know is all I wrote throughout these years is all of growth
I hope, in the Most still, He's so real
And I glorify, Light without the power won't heal...
It's about devoured, evil's mortified, restoral
Climbs
Like disorder, kind of normal, sight, when mortal, strikes in quarters
Life ain't always complicated either...
Unrelated features, latent, I'm in other pages
What's delight? The sun and brightness
Such excitement
Plus I made it and a hater doesn't like this
When it ain't defaming it's degrading how my life feels...
Come to think of that, some stranger facts
Plays of organized harassment continues, aim to normalize
Misportraying things to damage, everlasting, never held advantage
God is able to restore the grind
When I wrote and spoke, is different
When I woke, I know, my hope is still positioned on the Throne...

I roll along, think on a vision, it's plain to see
Frozen phone, and I can't even mention what satan's schemed
Lonely on the road, mistaked my position, misplacing me
Older souls evoked, they think something's fishy but can't perceive...
My definition of authentic is different, the Cross presented
All I do is try to honor the Lord
In talk and business, saw the limits
Falling quick if I speak, so I deplete, set to question YHWH's methods, and
bugging it every second...
Only played out, I played out-side when I was younger
YHWH thunders and I'm staying outside...
My real is in the bible, it's like I'm destined, expression, it ain't another choice
And if I rest, I'm in nets, we're overqualified
But lowly, not a god, got a Guide, there ain't another source
But, in other sorts...
Shunning you, I won't, I just don't, be knowing, how to get in touch with you
(love)
Time is getting stuff confused
I have to sit and meditate before my other moves, in other news
I lift an extra praise, my Savior doesn't lose
W's with crosses, I'll draw this...
So it ain't misrepresented, and the principalites and evil spirits really been a
menace
This is what did it...
And the Name of Jesus, higher than the names in earth and heaven
Worthy presence, giving His the strength and wisdom to survive...
Shined before I died, but the Light would guide me right, and it ain't diminished
'Cause what others have decide is life...
Mine is mine, but, honestly, it's really not, it's really God's
He gave us time, it's borrowed, and the righteousness is how to take it back
To Him
Evil's blind if they can't see that these are my layouts
People lying to make it seem like it ain't no way out
Erasing me, or at least, just attempt
I look at that the same way that grows up see what's for kids
I'm better than what they compare me to, and I ain't scared to prove, I ain't
scared to fued
I'm prepared in truth
My schematics ain't like nothing they imagined, ever
No respect, so don't act like we attached
Cause never
Some attack my passion in this fashion cause their craft is measured...

I work hard on this I love
I'll never switch it up, the person that I am you do not know
Cause we ain't meant to trust...
Deleted disrespect, presented and deleted after
And some disrespect still in affect
But my word is this...
I tell the younger generation what I prove through life
And how one doesn't have to get with satan
For a fruitful time...
Probably change their contemplation and resume the grind
One don't have to reach within the basement for a cue to climb...
I stay away from other people's art, leading smart, clinging to the heart of God
Humility while being
Large...
I write my poems on my devices and harassment starting...
That mean I'm hacked and someone trying to see my craft get thwarted
Misrepresented, I'm ignoring all those tactics harder
Grasping spirit riches
This immortal, that's immoral
Far from troublesome
Some garbage bubble gum is life without my God
I get attention on accident, evil prey on purpose
I do my thing, feeling happiness and I am determined
No amount of sound's distracting this, Yahw' impacted this
Now the magic ticked, I'm branded in
And God is more superior than the flesh and all the riches that a man can get
No one can buy talent, that's endowed by God...
Still I wonder why some strangers so obsessed with me?
Setting up stumbling blocks, and options that only money can
Evil lies, claims I've stolen stuff and when nothing stands
Evil times, was struggling to find an honest friend
I confide in God
I ain't troubled at all these other hands, conquered plans and blocked methods
My God is awesome...
Things continue forming and I'll just contrive this offer
A-b and c-d schemes, familiar measure
I was doing h-t and e-g, I distilled the pressured, but nothing that I done ever
Was aside from He Who lives in heaven
Healed forever...
I'm just not interested
Regardless how you feel, dissonance or
Something

It's funny until one starts reaping
Won't rejoice, I'll keep running, until I start seeing
Harvests of a righteous life, the Light is nice...
It's coming too, and coming soon
If some stuff is true, I'll lift up the proof
What I'm judged for was overlooked when it's another too
I ain't just a fool
I ain't wise or dumb, I'm cool
There never was a mutual
And I don't even want one, true...
I mainly harken to some melodies without the voices
Soothes me
Amuse me, renews peace, it does...
Infatuated with the Scripture, indubiously in love
Opinions have no seat in this dimension
But this my dominion, my decision, no one has to be a part of my provision
Recognized manipulation, I don't want those types of kisses
Tricks of satan, Jezebels, want me in defeat, but if I had to suffer
I look at it different, spiritually...
One is either justified, condemned, by their words
Which ain't distorted nor twisted
When it's God watching...

Dexsta Ray

Perpetual Incline

God's love is always
True...

If I don't really love, the silly stuff is gone
Oh, I lift Him up, still, spiritually, when it's something wrong...
Conquer roads, and furiously
Now the clutch is strong
Nothing tumbles over
And faking ain't what the Pages say
There ain't another life
The compromising, of the Light
We can't
We think our cluttered minds can conquer binds
That only God can... holy watches, only opt-ions...
Know He got us
Though we conscious of the clock's hands
Feel for-got-ten, at times, but still, acknow-ledged
It's mine!
You must aggressively pursue, blessings, destinies, meant for you
With passion...
Action breeds the fruit, if imagined, that we can do
Collapse attachments to the doubts
Moved around, proceed in truth, and rule abound, this be the proof
Of His presence...
Was playing against myself
And missed and hit the game point
The wave poised...
Plus we know the devil really ain't want to see it
But one should never settle down for that
Better with a crown and stacks...
Than bouncing back, from lousy tracks, embed, around the flak
Forever... and no meaning found in that
Filthy gowns and hats, when silk is what potential own, just get enrobed...
Envisioned Home, amidst the Throne the God
Up in the Kingdom, with His moral standards
Women single, I prefer, I concur, the course of marriage is the sort the Scripture
lead to
I need truth but that's just for the earth...
To be like angels with the Master though

The gathered souls, and hope I feel within me
That no man can erase...
I see the demons, hell sounds, held down
By the pride of life, and must not take me serious
Eh, I'll... just taste this wine tonight...
Smiling wide, been reigning, so I'm too tired to fight
The Light inscribed the time
From the dreary
To signs and higher heights...

Dexsta Ray

Petals In The Name

Ah, eternity, I go enrobed in righteous linens
Though a hole or two
The soles of shoes, broken
Liking pennies
Finding...
A letter untold...
The light in the grovels
And only time is of progression in the blindness of bottles
And floating, that
Open hope, coast along the rolling oceans
Lookatthat!
The sailor's spoken, O, I'm sad to be a failure
Hooking
Back
In hooded jackets, froze
A sorry for bothering, as aligning to the labels as a
Following father, or dad, child misaligned
Tiles, looking through the
Blinds...
A different sight familiar, the kind of wrecked
I forget, time of hex
Minor tests
Find unrest and grow above, I ain't even message you
You come for me, and plan to get me
Bugged
I ain't chasing things, up under earth
Much love to my comrades, in the third heaven
Undisturbed presence
Focused on the
Birds
Over head, got the nerves to hear it, a lot of urns
Smoke regrets, holding on the lessons
Which, in turn, expose blessings
Hold and own whoever you want to, mixed signals
Twist riddles, get scribbled on
Enrobed in something
Else...
There's a beauty in my mind's eyes, and it ain't Cupid
Told that nuisance to be gone, bye, for I

Am of the heavens, that
Professions, isn't necessary, guess it's scary
Transcending old tradition, known
To ditch it..
All growing souls, enrobed in the Light, don't mention
Let the Father, hope, supply that
I used to turn the time
Back
But I learned to fly past, if there's any lines
I resign the clutter
Trying math

Dexsta Ray

Phantom Light Bulb

The life of Light is
Volatile....
There's pits with sticks and leaves across the faces of them
Even hotter now
Miss and slip, and then get bit and ripped
Phantom-like, shadowy faces
That's of the rotten, down
Standing like it's loose, in the fields
To hide the truth
And what the innocent don't get is that
This film is really dense...
And if I spill because of it, I'm driven, off loss time
From lessons, trekking on the pavements
The destined on the same rift
Crossed all lines, of less expected
Filled with less acceptance...
For I am not a product of humiliation
Of the earth's constructs
I'm cut from what was stagnant
Added to, the trusted pattern, Light...
I see, I write, and it's portrayed as if I'm feeding strife
Now have to stop it, lest' I'm fed to the devil (tsk)
I see the changes in trajectory and methods
Claims progressing peace
Everything developed but I'm ever stained
I see unrests, erected by my set reaction
Ain't a way I take the blame, to tame through
Frames, and cover words, and umbrella terms
To damage, burn and scavenge, and regardless if there's care
I'm full of such, abundance, lull
Conjunctions, spools and ribbons
Cruel condition, any trust is jewels
Trends
Embraced just to pull the nothings up
proxy and recruitment, and who coming up, I crushed the stump
With fire, relevant but only to the welcomed in
For death to sins, which is just attire
To the souls that roam on golden roads...
Righteousness above the spitefulness, exposing has no meaning when it's

Just conspired, fabricated acts
From satan's packs, I take and snatch
Completion, placing back a season
That attracts the demons, crazies, strangers coming at my houses
That was foulest, everything is done already
Just for laughs and constant buffet
Jealousy, amounted, equals care, and just enough
To mention
Fountains full of living water where my visions are set, and get in check
I want complaints of emotional distress against entire places
Lace me with restraint, for this, I pray amidst and ain't afraid
Disbanded branches really can't infest
I speak and throw it back like open frags
Or joking bass
Caught and tossed when fishing, tripping
Haul my fists in, that's for Weh'...
I'm back in it forever more, I'm the violated, I'd make it
With my faith
Through all the evil, I display my portion
Even though the forces still are so hard to see
Sparked the dream, depart from me
With hearts of mean education, finally, I'd start to see the shards and pieces, and
it's dark
For earth, but Light to me, I'm trying to find the secrets of the spirit battles...
Don't fear me, fear the prophecies that ain't stopping
Never had I been a bother to the ones who come against me
Everywhere I go
Some are programmed to throw some more
Presenting me with character and knowledge that
I don't own
I see a matter come, some flopping
Even if I did, it was made to happen
So no stopping til I'm back on top
Where I'm stationary like papers
The damage that I've seen is greater than my justice
But some frame it like I'm crazy or I'm hating
In reality, I'm taking what was snatched from me
By satan, strangers, trying to kill me
And in Article 17, I guess I wasn't human
But I'm just a beast in this, and seeking spirit riches, only
The wicked on me
I ain't never saying I be the toughest

But some feel I am, and to disprove it
That's what people run with, the evil's done with
Article 16, some even mud my name
To crush my opportunities, and though I mention, nothing change...
Article 7,6, and ain't too much remains, then you reap a punishment
For speaking just on what degrades...
In the mire, I was grieving, liars, shrink my
Patience
Articles 8 and 22, in complete violation...
And Article 19, was ripped to piece by satan
Bad enough I ain't consent in any confidential stuff, the image switching up
Different, when you haven't did the junk
Treated like you have though...
So the evil have more...
And who configured ain't my problem
I ain't big on buddies, difficult is trust
I see, a must to try to shatter this
Nawl, what happened is it didn't work but just expanded quick
Now a brother's branded sick
To try to crush his candle wick...
No matter how insignificant I may be to you
That ain't a figment of my temperament, I be in tune, already played the fool
Before
Gather wisdom, truth ignored
Respect ain't for the one that fell
But just reserved for Who restored...
I can function without acceptance, that's what I'm on
Because I'm gone, already, manned up
And learned to face my problems, first, dissociation from evil
To focus, no confetti, opened, only conscious
For power, love and a sound mind...
I found time ain't really existent
I saw the Light myself, so can't nobody tell me any different
No conspiracies, or theories on my eyes
Only spiritually aligned, well aware of disbelief
But the Scripture's so alive...
That ain't scaring
Within me, Spirit keeps, and reach the beings who seek Him
Confident in God, never caring who conceive the evils
Reputation stays in carnal hands
So I can't help that
Unless you praise him, satan hates to see you

Part of plans, I respond to flying monkeys
Purposely have scar my lands
Then vacate the ruins
Bugging, write and then it starts again...
Intertangled connections
I guess I should've know
I mean, the prophecies expressed before it could've shown...
So as I properly inspect the devil's plots for me
I learned what's more important
People's lives or the watches of the whole
Hot society, put in time to climb off me
The persecuted prophets of the olden days
I, so, relate...
But I learn to use the knowledge for the growth of faith
For anyone who know the grace of God
Even, just a
Little
Everybody's going to die some day
That's just a constant
None is more important or significant
It's just the truth
But those who chose the Lord
Know some joy, even set with doom
Another form of benefit
But death ain't in the realm of Light
Like a phantom light bulb
Look different but it's still the sight
Vision still sufficed
Far from finished, stood up for myself
No fear, regard, contentions
Shouldn't had come for me
From the jump
But curses don't alight without a cause, evil wanting me to flounder
But I walk in faith, that's fake to what is blind
I'm straight, 'cause ain't too much refined
Been washed as white as snow
By the Author and the Finisher, and nothing frying my hopes
Get excited, evil fit to smite it...
If talking bout my testimonies make a human mad
Then that's just too bad...
Enemy is the devil...
And I don't ever take it kindly, play to bind me

Stuff withheld against
Tell me you believed me and then you make a stolen smile....
Okayyyyy
Sell me for a profit and then you think I'm open
Now
No wayyy
But Yahweh is in motion, and I'm solely devoted
And if He told me something different
That, I wholly would go with, I'm on this...
Very strange, very strange
Amplified wrongs, the very things overlooked
By others, singling me, been living clean for eons
No sin, can stick and stink on me
Repentant for a very long time
Carry rose vibes, and palms leaves
And white robes, I dreams, with the Most High
And palms deep in spirit riches
Sitting on the calm seas
In my own mind state, where the Psalms preach
These poems free, and plus, all because He loved me
First
See my life style and story, evil get a grip
And I ain't out control, but I'm living just what He
Unveils...
I ain't staying within the brackets that a man congealed
And I will keep on speaking Light until I can expand for real

Phantom Light Bulb

Yea, truly
We speak life or death unto aspects of our lives...
Which way are you headed?
Make today the day
You ask the Lord into your heart
Renew the mind
Pursue the Kingdom because
Without something bigger to stand for
What's the true value of living?
Nothing's larger than the Lord

See life as an perpetual incline
In Light

Dexsta Ray

Piece Of Me

Scam artists, are plenty, but I ain't one of those
Plans, dominoes, underhand, so one'll fold
And I can hardly envision
A part of life without some type of target
Scar on my business, where art is light
But you can find my heart, was shards, but reknitted
With ardent harkening, discarded, still I hardy har again
While departing sin
And then I get the threats of violence and ain't did a thing...
In the scripture, death is silence, and ain't giving praise
To God, the Being of Life, Highest
Mighty sending lightning strikes, unto Zion
Til' His shining Son rise and end the pain...
I'm not better than nobody, I don't even think it
Only striving to be better than my yesterdays
Entire hobbies, time in prophecies that never fade, together
Praises up, only desperate for One
The toughest things for me to find adjustment in
Is to comprehend
That's it's not somebody else
Got karate belts, when it comes to spirit visions
Being someone that's been forgiven
Being a son, of the Most High
Chosen for His holiness
I go with it, motions on the globe while it slowly spins
With souls amidst, stolen flows condoned by the cold within...
But the Holy Ghost is strong
I'm believing in Him
And whoever don't can roll along
But I'm keeping Scripture...
And noting, if you're holding on, you can be delivered
Seen it from experience, God will never forsake you
When the devil arrange you
For the fatal chains
Faith is gain
God and karma doesn't mix because it ain't the same...
Envy spitters never paid and trying to take my name
Got the Sargent leveled like the kids and it's a major pain...
Still, the faith sustains

Prices on head
If I hadn't hailed my Savior's Name
I'd, likely, be dead
Vigilance, you guard your heart
'Cause satan looks to pull your scars apart
Sharpened darts of venom set
Curses on predicaments...
I ain't never being awake to figments in the smoke
Soon as you get in the boat
The sealant's broke and then it's gone...
YHWH told me that I'd have some tribulations coming
I feel the pressure
But I mustn't shy away from nothing
That hides His Name, and heightens pain til' His Light is vague
Brushing off the constant dross
Wipe and spray the minor things...
There ain't really much that's harmless
Just misrepresented
Just like the reign and fate of margins that the devil twisted
If one died, it's like a spark because it kept them in it
But, the other side, the plights are harsh because this kept them winning
While you was alive, a loving Guide, waiting, for our praying
Stumbles, humble times
What's inside align to what we saying
Compromise, the un-designed, in a certain sense, perfect words from God
Mustn't be disturbed, nor shunned, the light and reservoir that is the Bible,
libelous times
The honest climb and the fun of lies bind them to
Up under rugs, tied to keep from coming up...
I want to be a lame, I'm trying to cease from evil ways
I'm trying to leave what Jesus saved
I'm trying to be a peaceful servant
Even as I write my rhymes, oh, I perceive that evil's lurking
Like a week from now in time
My lines or schemes
Or maybe longer, find a seat in people's verses
Smiting me, my ink's divergent, trying to shrink my dreams to worthless
Trying to drink my finds, uniques, providing me with bleach, when thirsty
Which, in turn, just bleeds my purpose, kinds of sabotaging...
Appetizing ain't, I can feel when my golden eggs arrive on plates, with sides of
hate...
Fried or placed in boiling water, sure, they'd handle the pressure

But, mine is made with light and faith, as I will wait until, they finally break...
And they wasn't meant for mammon or pleasure, I relate to what my ions says
They're like my babies, I won't chill while some grimy take
Putting Lights at stake, so I never see prosper
My concepts are a part of me, a larger piece
Ain't even jealous, but if it's mine then it's mine, or I'm vehemently zealous
I promise, I can recognize, my presence fine
Never letting it slide
Oh, my precious vibes, electrifying
Stepping death for mine, I can tell it's lying
Confessing I'm...
That's the false witness
Talk and talk, walk and walk until it's all finished
Caution, satan tossed the ball you caught and it was off limits...
And it's all business, I ain't what you call tripping, I ain't going to fall
The Lord's involved, never caught slipping...
The devil only operates when he deludes a masses
Crueler tactics, you'd imagine, there was rules established...
Since it ain't none, I don't need to stay hushed
And not everybody have I heard nor ever knew their passion, so ain't tribute
Nor fashion any of my muse's brackets
So it's lies if some try to shine
Accuse of malice, snatching, stuff already mine, so stuff it back into it's
package...
Or it's nest, immortal eggs, stored in nets, oh no...
Never got to see, how much I loved, and I can't let them know...
Now, I'm obsessed with growth
Innocent, unrest and low
If the situation flipped
I'm sure they'd leave the nest and go
And try to help, at least
Ions that have left from me
In the atmosphere on fire!
Not their destinies!
Oy

And some hatched and went to
Some who they were assigned and safe to by God
But some were taken for evil intent

Either way, they're all a piece of me
And I need and miss

Dexsta Ray

Pieces, Somewhat, Gathered

In other words, wouldn't matter, they hood the lanterns
To hide the Light
Factors, demons gathered, to put a standard
Of what succeed, want to see that banter
I don't esteem, in positions, fake, never really mattered
The baphomet, placed some, that erased them
Still they benefactors to some, although they scams and frauds
Tactics implemented, the only way some could bag a thing
Classics lame, ain't added the maverick way, all their classics staged
Magically, some drafting who plan the plays
So they had some fame
Mysteries, some things unresolved, 'cause it was meant to be
I seen the demons, in the face, scripturally, originally
Endless seasons of secret plots arranged, demons mimicked me
Instruments that's major, such'd infiltrate where I sleep in peace
Mocking me with things I ain't know, until the deeds complete
Boxing me in frames I ain't sow, for things I ain't owe
Hiding what they doing on the low, to have the same flow...
And same glow, up tons of pages, but sent the same yokes
Things I can't forget, made me stronger, I prayed in this
Only, gratefulness, in YHWH, so much I wish that the world had witnessed
Everything is action, my tablets and composition books
Became my only friend, and my fashion, I like to write for God
Life is odd, numbers don't matter, against the Light
The wicked spitefully misuse it, to put it all up to mini plights, this endless
Stripes forever a part of Jesus, the lashes healed them
Tribulations for me been different, ain't what you normally see
They try deemphasizing the full extent to be forced to me
Restoring was the main thing
YHWH, in heaven, orbits me, i like the normal things
Light forever, I seen the scornful
Scheme, but never could such get into heaven
Where God is Lord and King, reward is freedom
On other levels, more than my stories teach, praise the Lord forever
I might can go, now they see the fragments, thy behold, the Master's
Original plan, in the Light's my Home

Yea, this is why my purpose seemed late

1/8/20

Dexsta Ray

Pineapple Peaches

Roll on to the New Years!
Shaken values and rattled views
Plastic over faces
Abandoned masks that were not removed
But that's just like a payment
These hidden fandoms
That diss in tandam
Dishing random venoms
Word curses
Because their person's perfect
Wondering if their faith is complete
Some may've heard discernment
Sandlewood and soothe, everyday
Replace angst in me
Running from the hate? Never first
For peace, the faith is key
And satan had a problem with that
The narrow mind is clenched
Like a fist, that's robbing life from kids
But just for praises probably...
I'm taking pictures of the darkness
'Cause it saw me first
Picked a bunch of sticks up out my garden
May they all be cursed...
Twigs were piled up and stacked together
Framed in slyness
Evil lie, misrepresenting me when I ain't even like that...
Not insane, not psychotic
If I choose to fight
Enchained to the rules of Light
And the true sight
Satan crew moves too, vainly
But I do it right...
I'm not responsible for pride that's in a demon's heart
Yea, I'm playing with you
Someone tell me what's the new hype?
Filled with energy from all the shtick that you tried
Never will forget the tricks
You envied me but you lied

For some benefits
We're enemies, these cruel times...
Lacking authenticity and so you tried to use mine
It's spiritually specifically
But wickedness ain't comprehending this
So it's coming physically again
I wrote a bunch of times when this was imminent
And I exposed the binds
Before you set me up
And I don't even know the culprits
'Cause the whole time
I was trying to open eyes
About the soul's rise
The soul ties, trying to get to heaven
Of our own kind
So they threaten me with physic weapons
While I'm on my grind
No contesta to a wicked question
Wicked methods
Pineapple peaches, focused on the Lord
Ostracized a family
Heard some strangers speaking on accord
Already barely making it
I prayed to Jesus on the porch...
But evil owned a torch
And longed to see me gone to morgues
I showed tormentors love but they showed me that
There's no remorse...
So my soul divorced from hate
And the force arranged
Claim I took the largest loss
I couldn't do no more but change...
But it's right
All I want is trust from Christ
Feel dead towards society
This drink needs more, um... Ice
And I can't hold on to this pain
But let it go, I been saved, and not enslaved
To unforgiveness
Going back before when this came...

Yummmmmmm

Combinations

Dexsta Ray

Planet Of Night

Every single stone they throw at me just keep me rooted
Evil people
Roll along
I need more supplies
Drop it off
I'm fortified
Your soul is only formed in ruses
Devil won't defeat me
I'm probably broke and needy
Riches from the heavens
Stored above
I was told to seek it
So I do
I ain't worried about the gold and jewels
Evil try to tear me down
I'm firm...
Fire bouncing off
But it won't without the Cross
So I round it off
Planet of the night
Full of darkness with some bantam rights
Bad opinions get discarded
In the can of Light
Spirit things are nothing to the wicked and the hell-bound
More preoccupied with others being held down
Speaking on the shells
Know the physical is soon to pass
With the attractions on the carnal end
The truth is brass
Jewels stashed, crafts and facts of passion
Not impressing flesh
And I was born on the bottom in the wretched nets, of society
Now I'm a grown man, still a child inside,
The key
Learning from oppressions set, how, to till my own land
Hating rhymes with satan
It's related...
They ain't worried about nobody who ain't struggle for their place
And all I see is evil traps and tracks that drive

Us back down below
I ain't go
Abaddon isn't all of that
I don't care about who don't care, spiritual garments don't tear
I don't care, I don't care, stop telling me
I don't care...
I'm wrote there, to make my own rules, accepting no dare
Just desperate for salvation
Place Medusa with
No hair
An life of finding truth and getting fetters un-dealt
And how I want to be like you and you like everyone else?
I sit and write just what I choose
I need to grow up
I do
Or maybe just what people say when you don't tie with their views
They want to taunt you with the folly
Think you stupid, then you
Ain't...
But the fact do remain, why are you within my way?
Such confusion...
Love is being abused but that's a common truth, and I'm a problem
Just because I'm on another move
It's something cruel...
Attaching folly just to see that you're down
And it's been years since we we're talking, why you screaming now?
I'm only faithful
Never straying on my lover
It's the Truer way
And some'll blame a deed for nothing just to do their thing
Some strangers even say you done it just to ruse your name
You ain't even cross them
Tell me something
Tell me who the same?
That's the devil but I worship Jesus Christ as Lord
And that's the real reason everyone'll smite you for it
See, it's spiritual
Without the spirit, you are blind, absorbed
Into the dark society
Conspiring to hide the Sword
I'm with the feelings, like a writer be, just like a poet
That's a normal thing

Humans aren't immortal, sane
Especially, when evil working extra hard to form a maze
Ain't no choice but to mention it, at times
But order praise! Even more!
That's until we see the \square rd
And even after that, evil, evil, get behind me! I'm immortal, pass!
Keep it, keep it moving, I'm annoying to the nuisance
We are here to spread the Light
All the wisest ones can use it, from the Bible, until the day we go
Speak the fire, beat the liar, see the ruses be exposed
To inspire, similiar

Dexsta Ray

Plant-Based Sandlot

It's been a long time, years worth of persecution...
The largest part of my life, the main thing I mention
I ain't change the vision
Though I can't make a living, because the Name of Jesus Christ
And there are stranger things
I'm picked for
Seasons back, before the current circumstances
Things were bad as well, heavy persecution
So much stuff behind the framing
Because some tried to change me into what's devised to break me
Sick, sadistic, times and pages
Of just my lamentations
Fell to my knees, so many times, they like to see that
Since I said I'm strong
I'm weak, my strength been God, all along
I said that too before...
Last month I went to heaven
Seen the Truth in armor, knew from reading Ephesians
Saw the winged beasts, the angels say, this was the temple
That I seen, remember Light, that still with me
The most amazing thing I ever witness
That ain't near some dream...
What's more amazing, was the sense, of what remain unseen
I know from reading Scriptures
It aligned, I seen it for myself, I guess, it was a step up
In God's sight, O, I praise You Lord, revealing to me
Just a simple praise could make the heaven the cheer
Aware that I'm a Child, one from You, from just the things
I see, no need for some aesthetics, nor rhyming patterns
Just praise the Lord...
Up there...
Contending earnestly, down here, in this race of faith
A battle for the souls of humanity in this day of age
Lies, malice, slander, I'm casualties, 'cause I ain't the snake
But the Light rejoices
Persecuted for our Savior's sake
The angels ain't as worried for me, they know that God is real
From the seasons pass, 'twas obvious, but not appeal
To others, that despise what's right, my trees already bore their fruit

I pray they glorify the Kingdom
Even if the swords accrue
Artsy from the wavelength, God placed me, and so much more to do
The devil get more hostile whenever the Lord restore the Truth
I only want to speak life, honor God, and to speak right
I asked YHWH for something, He said, "Ask the right way"
The firstfruit only, still, just like ancient days, the Throne uplifted high
Above the globe, worthy to be worshipped, I can't help behold the glory
God's my healer, He erase the pain
All I need, to hear Him
Just a word, YHWH saves the saints, from the tribulation period coming
On the whole world...
Aligns to Scripture, now some trying to make and find an issue
With embracing that, when centuries ago, it's fine to lift Him...
But that don't mean anything like I'm some kind of stealer
Just because I feel the same 'bout God don't mean I'm not original...
I'm talking vibes of Scripture, but they ain't got to feel them
Some put you down to gain some friends when they ain't got
A real one
And you can prove you got some sand that they can watch you build with
Time and time again, ignored, think of pain that God is feeling...
From a broader field of image, evil plot to kill them
Just to hide the facts of that
And prophets just some pods of Spirit
A lot of people far more qualified
For what I faced
I've not been evil, with my watch on God, and not on race
Jesus is my Song, and panegyrics, been a lot at stake
But somehow all my stuff subjected to what others plot to bring
I'm not complaining though
8/29/19

Dexsta Ray

Platforms And Bags Torn

Platforms and bags slashed, crap, tacts pouring out
Masks cracked and sorted
Pagent for the backwards portion
Passion black and trashed
Contorted
Clapping, mortals stand like a mirror
A man of granite morals...
In between
Torn within the flesh
A stash of more than one forty thumbtacks
Representing forgiveness
Because the wickedness'll come back
To strictly shun facts
If I can benefit from such traps
And scripting what's drab
I will be penniless
But fine
Know repentance is the rise, pick your senses
How a limitless amount of wickedness has swarm?
Sending lies
Indoctrination still aside, suddenly it's puzzling
A shifty proposition given to restore
None of that is fiction
Facts of vision
Acts of plenty hatred
Rather than just being happy for you
Facts of envy
Platforms present a place to speak the truth
Which we do adore, that's abhorred
The evil we can do...
And not have remorse
Forget about the eating, needing food
And a week to clean my boots
But on the Sabbath day
I can throw the past away...
I long to hear about your life
A clearer sight
Peering pints, of time and fine experience
Here, absorbed by minor difference

Struggle just to rumble with the humbleness
And high positions
And the fact that plenty want to cover this...
That was something rich...
My dead cat just randomly approached me
I guess to console me
'Cause if it know me, it could see that I was in the motions
But when an Angel gets to me
And the Spirit breathes
I ain't feeling beings wielding grief for the villian's needs
Clammy weather...
I imagine the touch
With understanding, if I said that, Abandon would jump
A part of scripture did forbid the wicked living
So I get with it, scripting like I did when this
Was strictly hyper-vigilance
Kindred spirits been the source of my prayers
I hope the whole world make it but
Of course, God declared
I'm out the dungeons, crushed and bludgeoned
Hushed and buffeted for little seconds
Nothing is accomplished when you're clutching on to tittle presence
I'm alright...
Different matters omitted
I guess the image isn't nice because you have your own vision
I pass attention to the Light
Alive is what a platform's meant to be
Never in the fights of bones
Flak or flipping wickedly, but sitting rigidly
I'm snatching that form instantly
I don't have to cuss and disrespect to have authentic dreams
Plus that ain't meant for me
Subordinate and history
The Lord selects the best of chords
The forth and fifth
I'm in the keys, and not in misery
I'm fighting for truth
The temperature went up like ten degrees
My vial is cool, to Christ
With fire in His eyes, about to bridle the fool
Because He came to bring division
And the Light is the proof, and that's my fuel

Utilizing anything to really bring awareness
Principalities and ruler spirits kind of seem apparent...
No sex
Unless the marriages between a pair in Christ
The Light's Parents
Triple spirited, we're in the carriage...
I feel good every time I hear the voice of God
Even through some others
Got to grind if it's my choice of not...
A poison shot only misses and avoid the cot
Truth deploy a lot of rules
To comfort who conjoined to God...
See, the Father loves the humans like you'd love your mother
But He hates the sin like shady friends
So He suffers double
And when you really think about it
It's the same plan...
That's how one could love and stay devout to what they can't stand
Satan's snake, man
Full of deceit
Attack the things that's near and dear to try to pull us beneath
I'm staying focused on my own goals
Exhorting all the low souls
Persecutors satan
Cursed the muses, but we grow though...
I'm about to close this, complete, before depart
I'm so clothed, with the hope sown
Told to leave marks...
Envy get to rising up and that's how beef starts
When you're living in the Light, you have no street bars...
But that don't mean that the evil can't be scarred
The Word of God will pull us from the snake
And cut, reshape us, brush the wool away from face
And test for praise just like a G-card

Dexsta Ray

Plenty Waves And Seasons

Then, I grew, persecution remains, it's messing with me, and certain jealousy
Measures, to keep provoking me, and I would rather express
The best, far aside of tumult, but it's rooted in
I don't care, it's like a dare or something, proved again, again, misrepresented
different (as evil or violence)
As if my mission's glued to sin... (And that's just crazy too)
Even, knowing that you wrong, but disrespect the Lord, I don't know, probably
thinking I don't possess the form
Tune the spirit world, no blinking, until the seventh orb
It's a spirit presence, and lessons, message and blessing
See, these types of things are easy to beat
I don't possess a timid spirit, thinking out, or about, scribbles, the chipping
mirrors
Scripture be the Sword, you're only fighting God...
Christ had died, for sinners, and not the saved, even sinners can repent, but,
when He sees
There's not a change, they're 'saying' He died for nothing...
Persecution, one can cope, but not defy a constant
I hate the wicked plots, with a passion, I know how it started...
Wiles, garbage, serpent accusers, with flesh that's foul garments
'Cause in God's nose, the sin is an odor, and it's a long running thing, I caught
the persecutors
Off balance, wait until they hate, capture that
Like an off standard...
Thinking I ain't prayed enough to bring the chains to dust, if I live or die, I'm
straight
'Cause this is to some greater stuff
The ones who help me tuning in to me around the clock
But when my human moments happens, does that towel drop?
The warfare is unnatural, honestly, it should've ground and stopped
Some aspects disappear, I think I'm watched until some found a prop
To use, to discredit me, to see if I was bound to drop, I'm crowned, no flopping
happens
Other innocents could not imagine, what I've been through, that still continue
Getting worse and worse
'Cause if you quit what God put in you
It just hurts and hurts, the serpent lurks, to resent you, til' you're words on
shirts
I don't even care, I'm to that point, the world despise us anyway, just

pretending, really hope we die away
Light embraced, want to end it, using snide and many ways, sick of that
I been fighting it for timeless, plenty waves, disengage... (for years that seem longer)
And sometimes, it seems a blessing, switches frames, can't get too used to something
Cause it flips on different phases, it's a spirit battle, stuff I'm tired of seeing, I don't feed into it (different forms, many long years)
Camouflage when necessary, I can act how evil do it, but, for me, it's only Light...
Only Bible, some people have respect for God, and those who help His vessels
Can forever be correct with God, unless, it's not in righteousness
This fight is at birth
Although, it seems as if a word is nothing, libel, that hurts...
I be a writer, that earned, what satan try to pry away from me, I want it all in full
The devil don't discern what Weh' achieves, just shut up or kill me, I ain't afraid of demons
Never claim the Father if wanting to bring His saints to death, that ain't Jesus, that's satan there
And I don't get it, the prophecies, I know I'm not the only one who recognize, this stuff's predicted...
Of Scripture, present unfolding, I ain't the one to chill
Don't hate me 'cause of that, just bother some one that wasn't real, about the things they worked
Hard for, but what the Lord inspects
And if the source of persecution's known, then how the storms progress?
Forming nets, that I see, but just ain't forked it yet
I still ain't even started recovering from just the sort of mess!
It's like a shame don't exist, I mean, respect for God, though present, in particular forms
But, slightly, don't relent...
My recent actions doesn't always constitute the writes
I see a tactic, Jesus tells me what to do with strife, to do in Light
That's been all I embrace, it ain't no secret I'm attacked, the question, what all it takes? Cause when I mention
Help is the reaction, but, the devil be enwrapping
Guess it's all on me, to choose, to sow, or fail, what evil's fashioned...
You won't be impacted? Run in my shoes
With every step, the road receding backwards, not from my do's
'Cause in the flesh, this type of thing is classic, think of if I had the pluses, some would just complain about

Some bring me down, so I don't see it...
So they stay around, in crowns, money, things on T.V., but that's fine to me
I'm just like, why can't I fly and be me
I ain't in the streets, but some of Jesus' people is, the Jezebel can rest in hell
I see the speech that evil sends...
And it's mutual, all the Ahab and demons piick
Digging, pits and slipping in, I live for Him, the Spirit still, exposing sin and evil,
but not because I'm just tripping
Feel, I'm picked for this position, and triggering impositions, just solidify the
truth
Even if I don't wish it
I'd rather be just chilling
And reaping from all I've built, then
Experience YHWH's fullness
At peace with what all He give me, but, still, I'm like that
Now...
I strike with mountains, laced with lightning bolts, the faith can activate the
Light
When down, I idolize the Throne, until He lifts me up again
Whenever He feels
I just say, 'Thank You! ' I'll adjust 'til then, forever, He lives!
I'm nothing major, stuff gets stranger
Future snares on my wheels, in desperation
Fetter placements, setting flares where I'm is
Contentment...

8/19/17

Dexsta Ray

Poetic License

Freedom of expression
Recollection...
The traditional route
Is out...
Without a doubt
Let the marauders pounce
On their loot
Scare who?
Poetry can bear fruit!
Their juice are the poet's...
For the tree prepares you
For your license
It takes a great mind to heed our writing
True poets aren't consumeful
But the rest of that is trifling
Mr. Nash
And Bob Dylan's quote was not that bad
Everyone of us are poets
But I think of mine as trash
In a bag...
I passed by Frost on a stroll
He took the road less traveled
I was spawning my own
Walking through the tall grasses
A bird in a cage...
Maya help me understand
It's determined to sing!
Still singing
Still singing
Ezra Pound I believe
Breaking that pentameter really was the first heave!
When you're writing for expression
People have to be free
I could never get stuck using patterns and schemes!
This is my poetic license...
I will write as I please
Because you can't define a poet if you haven't that dream
Most people ignore poems because most poems ignore people
Mr. Mitchell said it best and I just ignore evil

Dexsta Ray

Poetry Is Scrapbooking

'I wonder why you're so filled with angst? '
Like a camera
'Wrote' the flash but isn't still in that day
Or like a pamphlet long forgot
I'm not still on that page
'But see I read about and...'
Yea, but that's was then at that phase
Today is different
But it ain't going to fade
That's all I
Got...
Look at the pictures of your folks when mama brought them out
Even though the moment gone
The image talking out
Same thing with poetry
The MEMORIES ain't involving NOW
That's why you never lose the dates
Write your scrapbook
Some poems grab flicks from another world's knowns
Everybody has their own
Adapt nook
Let them have it
So reality can flourish
Their reality can
Flourish
And connect to the weather
If the poem shall be the picture
And the writer be the camera
Then a whole lot of negatives have yet to be developed
Never finished...
Real and imagined
Poetic license
'Man, I'm reading what I see and I believe in piety but...'
You ain't hear me though
I ain't writing to impose my own tenor on folks
It ain't like I'm holding on to any tier that's gone
I ain't out here trying to find confusion but to mirror hope
I ain't trying to climb profusely
And don't get me wrong

For the archer, at our souls, is steady spitting bows
It's probably best to find a solid point to really build a goal
It's all about the
Artistry...
'Are you dissing people? ' I'm a Christian, not pretentious, I'm uplifting people
What I script is not specifically to physic evils
Just the spirit or it's not consistent with the scripture neither
All I see is only love
I just want to
Help
You have to bring the canvas out before the paint is dealt
I ain't feeling any hatred
All I see is truth
Or I wouldn't be a follower of He above
'Do you even know the path you're rushing down? Going, D? '
Dwell forever in this underground poetry
Even if I'm irrelevant
And no one else is knowing me
In the flesh
But never been in spirit to the Lord, see
I'm fine...
Don't really care if shining or I'm merely fair
I just want to serve the Lord
And I think I'm right
Everything shall pass by faster than the blinking eye
I hope they take my scrapbook before the ink has dried
And blaze it for a way to aim and bring to why our Jesus died
Father, thank you for your breeze
Everlasting praise
'Why you angry at the facts of absent past and days? '
First you write about a problem then you laugh and change
It was never 'bout a woman it was 'bout an assent made
For my daddy wasn't
Present...
If anything, I learned about some absence and the lessons
Within the 'chains'...
I ain't want to see that happen to a kid in vain
That's the ONLY reason for the tapping into vivid rage
At that little stage
Ha...
Ain't no sucka crap that satan try to frame and make up everything to be
'Why do you bother at all? '

Is the prophecy complete?
'So, do you have any shame? '
Can't no obloquy beat me
I'm coasting...
'So you chose the pen in lieu of the mic? '
I'm a writer that ain't never made no music in life
'You from? '
A town in southern Georgia with it's root in the Light
I'm on a mission for a bunch of what exhumes the fit vibes
And coasting
Roll...
'You ever think that sometimes you are wrong? '
Yea, I'll fail you with my sight... I trust the Lord to lead me Home

When the word are not words
But are not tangible
Almost something ethereal uncomfortable with
It's makings...

Dexsta Ray

Pokadot Basket

Pastoral vibrations, some quests for understandings...
That I lacked, happy matters, and pallets by the dandilions
And the grasses, beneath the towel, a gratis breeze
And the heat ain't feverish, every since trees develop...
See, I was focus on the notions
Roses, I mean, the songs it bring
Me closer to your
Loving
Hope above it though, afloat, and covered
I ain't really wrote whole emotions
To modern cadence, hot occasions
Pain is laced with
Thy topics, don't want those methods though
Flaming, that's divided, anger, because likeness
When it comes to blaming, nothing, the honest truth
Is the promise too, covenants, remembered
Summer countenance, and confidence
I love the wisp, backtracking
To the absence, of the wayments, that came with
The pattern, and the extra, for the greatness, hazards
Stuff archaic, doesn't matter, what relate then
Trust, the lantern on the natural hill
Reflect my shattered piece, collected, gathered
From the sadder seasons, for a sadder reason
Cultures that are just ideas
Can't hold me if I haven't keyed it
Seen it day and night
Evil on me in my bracket even, strange to my reality
Ain't chose it so it's actually greivous
Traps and reaches
So I stayed on my prairie, there ain't a thing can make me
Latch onto legions, that's righteousness, in this life
Of Light, unless I'm drafted on, just to graft me
To have my odes, poems, psalms
That I seen it before, although I'm still joyous
Toxic like the opposites, to beholder, it feel normal
Psyched, it been, of timing, I'm me though
Minus ego, them
Influence my Chrysanthemums, wrong

Plus, nit-a-picking
Even when I'm scripting spirited, not you
Who the hot fuse
A lot grew, ain't brackets, just tacit
And pokadoted baskets
3/21/19

Dexsta Ray

Polychromatic

Slamming poetry
Killing it... (Exasperated sigh)
Trying, hands are showing
Plans and notions
To ban the ocean from plants and poultry
I'm stoked...
And polychromatic
My broken fragments, crafted roads
That pass along
Passage overshadow
Inactive seeds
New rifts...
I'm like tunesmiths
Dandling parakeets, coupe de fondre
Thunder
Choose the future
Like quantum
Antifreeze, ain't fans, of much, ain't loss
Ain't find, crossed and lost
The line, some mind, that all of time, had brought to halt
The false, inclined like Saul
My falls had turned
Around something, calling, August, I found constants
Mountains, ruckus...
Promise to always pause, causes, all for YHWH
Puzzles, with another, face on front, of unenjumbled shapes
Scraping up the placemats, shaking up, hatred, under plates
Same lax craft though, anyway, which de facto, ask though, pain's that bad?
(Jealous of me)
Growing, when, in fact, been established even
Dang, that's sad, satan hatred conflate, a small thing
Been disbanded legions, bagging leaves
BEFORE the fall
Days
Nothing unfamiliar, atweel
In different ball games, cultures full of vultures
To poke you
If good resolve raise
Hope you don't forget what

I told you...
I get my faith out, unveiling, out the way, like I'm chilling
My glistening layouts, are playgrounds, consistent
With buildings, ascended rays shroud, the the top of skyscrapers
And spots for baking, they lay out
A lot ambition
My property, digging, getting my lays out
Obsolete, improperly deem, to try to cop a scene
But not in me, they ain't, with, erased in, rip the page out
Dissing taste, it's so distasteful, probably played out
Witches in my business
Invading, tremendous, staging gimmicks
There ain't no relation but
Godly love, they mistake for plenty
If I could...
Let me rise above
To a secret place, far away from hate
The trials and stuff that's mean
That equal pain
There...
Then, I finally find the other side
Our wilderness
Where ain't nobody trying to divide us through bewilderment
Striking
I'm reminded of writing, minus the nice, what I swipe back
The kindness and love, at times, being misrepresented
Left me low, as high as it was, an unaccepted bow
I take it back, so minus the strife, that I ain't make for that
I'm always me, the Light is above, they've seen the lightning
Fall
That ain't redact, or smite what it was
So many that's the beast...
Assimilation, much grime involved, this attack on me
Call me selfish, hide me, and milk me like I'm some cattle
See...
Before it get to a poem, I keep these facts for me
And actually, what hackers absorb, and pass to crafty beings
But, from there, attacked through the thorn
Through what I had percieved
I'm innovating first but some snatch it by keeping tabs on me...
So what's a brother to do?
They say nobody cares

Then, wonder why earth does like it do...
I say, nobody's scared
Witches get my platforms stopped with lies
And don't even know me
All I speak is truth, being arrange to where I can't even show it...
And, plus, some savaged my mammon so I can't even hold it
Though I chose the straight and the narrow
But I ain't even
Sow it...
I just express for myself, at will, atweel, and the
Worldly love the devil, so what I say can't appeal to them
Jealously, it seems okay, and no big deal to imps
Focusing, below it, no way, my soul is still with Him...
It doesn't matter if deceived or not
If they believe or not
Destruction's going to come if I for any reason leave my watch
Aside from my own will, or YHWH's dream I got
The Spirit things that I know real, so, I hope still...
Prisms, mixtures
Degrees, I'm bigger than recorders
Putting too much weight on that, trying to take away from facts
I ain't new, but novice, thus, focus
And great just from the
Craft
But that, just ain't what I say, embracing my Savior
Trust the path
Never did forsake me, in the valley, what's it all about
But haters misportraying things to take the place of Ray's "estate"
To frame some hate, but ain't contained within the things
I stay embracing...
Keep trying to make it 'bout themselves
Must be guilt or something
But society knows
So embrace or are they still one hundred?
It never ends
I be using the hate to lift up from it, since it welcomes sin
Like, if right is wrong, then the wisdom's rubbish...
But, on another note
The best was when we was eloped
The truth can change the
Disposition, when consistent, it's sufficient
Stuff be like it doesn't know

Or hasn't heard, on planets, stuff emerged
I'm not forgotten
News like nukes, or jewels like loot
Or tunes that blew
Important to the pure, I get some form of difference
When one whole ordeal is being considered
These unnatural times, affliction, speech like pantomimes
My tribe, existed, handled snide, although
To sow the right
Conditions, slight provisions, trapped supplies
Enwrapped the wide perimeters, and graphed the climbs
Ain't half aligned...
But that's the lie the villain stirred, to slashed the vines
To craft declines and stuff, but I adjust, decline for what?
Some kind of dusts...
See, it ain't simple, some focus be on a broken me
Though friends don't get offended
My writtens get where it's 'sposed to reach
Poster ink, nostalgia, holy things, angels holding me
Don't want to be, a master, but only being as my hope in
Thee

Dexsta Ray

Polyphagous Amusement

On tonight
I celebrate, to finally hold the shore
Unfamiliar, meditate, doesn't kill you
'Less it's levitation
So, no, the flesh is basic, guesses
Ancient doses filling
Potions for the ocean's healings
Low acetaminophen, but close
I saw that shark
And when you're starving
Even danger ain't enough to hold you in the boat...
Sharpened targets
Polyphagous solutions
As if it bothered me at all
What's the moves?
Sharded hourglasses
Time devours grasses, turf, it's on the greener side
The lust of flesh was more attractive
Plush with death and evil signs
Unjust establishments
They treat me like I function wrong
But I just trust my passion with a dream of
Right and justice sown...
They say I'm this and that
But just because I didn't crack
Used the hate for inspiration
'He must playing
For scripting that, for living that
It's just a wack stack of papers
Written raps, this spirit crap
Getting laminated
While I
Really blast, concealing gats
A product of my
Situations, who don't praise it
Dwindling bad...'
This is sad
Especially, all the other things it's traced with
I'm not the judge, God is love

So I embrace this
Antagonizing me, igniting buzz
When I ain't say spit...
And satan wants our light because of what we could do
The greats ain't just confined to hype
It's some that's in the hoods too
The good rules
In good moods, focused on the proofs
Everything will come to light
Every praise becomes a knife
To every chain
To the point, prepared to make the sacrifice
Staying teachable and childlike
Or couldn't conquer life, other sights...
Plus I write to express my reality
They like, 'Just a lie', but never said that of casualty heightening things
I love myself, I love my depth
I ain't joking 'round
I see the gimmicks, sitting on my back
Without my consent
Tribulations used as entertainment
Even loathesome facts, like my life was picked
For experiment or something other
Coincidence, or a surrogate of something covered
I don't have no fear
I was picked to witness such corruption...
Violated human rights don't always come from powers
Sometimes
It's degraded human life from those who come around us...
And what's a life really matter to us whom lusts had grounded?
Striving for the front, moving faster, to find we're just confounded...
Everyone was raised different
Light's for everybody
May not be appealing right now
But look in every hobby
See, the spirit to the degree, where hope is manifested
Probably used to sulk, misery
And would've never
Guessed it...
But they ain't quit, persistently, seeking better methods!
Everyone they with is still a team
'Cause they ain't never flexed it!

And that unveils progression
Character, integrity
And it's a cold world, so you know most goals
Are vanity... And scandalously implemented by the devil's plots
But Jesus on the mainline! Call Him up
He'll tell him stop... In the life of a believer
Clear the mind of evil
Get until the point where the temptation
Can't define your steelo
Resist damnation...
Not designed to find the fire below
The gnashing of the teeth and screams
Can make the strongest cry in fetal
On tonight
I see the gleam, all- consuming Light
Christ the only way to heaven
And no other ruse
Is right...
For this life is like a dream
And that's been said before
And this life's exactly
What it seems, witness tests galore
It took long time for me to see it like I do
Still focused on the Most High
A gold mine of Light and Truth!
Like cassette tapes
I know that time rewinds muse
If passion is your dead weight
Then what's society
Trying to do?

Dexsta Ray

Prairies

Golden fields, and notions, emotions, tokens and broken locket
Lonely, prophets, abodes, the topics
The theme is God, and
Dreams, prairies, thought I lost it, the Cross is all for restoral though
More unfold, the spiritual, more untold, and I'm still in Christ
Jesus, in the landscape, of ethereal realms, with sacred things
Light, remain embraced, just like righteousness
From the early times, pearly vines, vibrations, high wavelengths
That feel like myrrh, and kinds of fragrances that's fine
To the Highest God, in His timeless sight, I like to write
The treasure He send me, from heaven, still obsessing
Feel the message, hills with field impressions, like some little sketchings
Till the settings, beddings of ecosystems, of little question
YHWH made the earth
I display the Word, everyday, I thirst, for righteousness, and life
Light, writing, when it's the night time, sparkles in the sky
Shine, bright, reminding Christ's sheep, His hand designed the dream
6/27/19

Dexsta Ray

Praise You!

The Lord has chosen to use me
To show His glory
And I'm with it
I just ask that He gives me strength to handle
Everything else that comes
With it...

Praise You, O, faithful and true!

Dexsta Ray

Precious Metals

Precious are the metals and the stones among us
We do market them and sell them
For our lives
In society
Spiritually, we'll settle, unaware of things that really matter
Unseen, non-manifested
Realer answers
Even all our valuables are lacking in Light
The things we make are only
Passing by
Ooo
Ooo
Ooo
But to look and focus at the sky and all of His glory
Understanding that beyond's a bright
Reality unseen
But the promises and prophecies are proof that it's true
One day, the end'll come, repented who's,
Will poof through the roofs
And yet it's soon
It's best to put the focus on the unseen
Because the rest will disappear
Leaving nothing

Dexsta Ray

Prehipoic

The young Brochiosaurus hatched
Mama is gone
The other eggs were broken
In the nests
All around
Where the rest were gone
And pow!
A heavy shadow from above
Ay, the sun obscured
Large tree falling down about to crush the newer!
Scampered up the side of the aperture of the former haunt
Barely made it
Trying to stand up this strange
Amazing
Stay and gauge it
Prey awaiting major danger
See a bunch of angry Allosaurs' in front
They maybe saw it
Young Brochiosaurus moved towards devoid of caution
Unaware of predators and stuff
Stopping at the plants
Seemed like something to eat
And it was good at that
Allosaurus caught it's scent and started stepping
Moving inward
Saw the grasses but the blades would hide his true appearance
Dinosaurs walked into and nearest
Look at the ferns!
The young Brochiosaurus hid away when that occurred
Had to be an instinct
Scurried
Hurried in abandoned log
And you crazy if you thought that Allosaurus stalled!
Chasing up behind it
Stomping
Crushing up the weakest points
Biting off the chunks of dying wood to try to see the choice
Getting a little closer
Saw a tree ahead

Approaching it
Brochiosaurus turned away
The Allosaurus jolted it
The Brochiosaurus moved as fast as could
Never thought of death
Kept moving 'til it'd trip and fall and lost it's step
Tossed into the jungle
Falling off a high cliff
And to escape a dinner plate and be too small to lie here
Although to look, and while awake, see the old of his kind
Another image of it's face
With it's nose and it's eyes
But like a million pounds in weight
Now...
A million miles away
But the pastures and this cycle
Which are still around today
Are to smile to

Dexsta Ray

Prehipoic 2

That Tyrannosaurus Rex
I think it was creepy the way the scene had reached me
Land animals don't even like the sea
But I guess it might could be
The fact that less
Alive to
Eat...
Plenty smoke around the skies and some dead the eyes can see
He just moseyed to the side
Very slowly
Like he trying to think, no time to sleep because he's hungry
In the distance was the sound of Pterodactyls
Flying low and circling a
Something
Maybe heading over there, trying to scope
Heard the growling that's familiar
Just a couple of dinosaurs
Escaping...
And then the rumbles of the earth, now the floor is shaking
Vivid and serene, 'twas at first, now the story changing!
Allosaurus coming forth!
It's looking like a gory placement!
'Cause the commotion was fallen young Triceratops
And was he closing in before the Rex
Revealed his spot
The Allosaurus went to grip his neck to kill his shot
Got him by a portion
But it still affected, and he dropped
The Allosaurus got the bounty and he scared the small ones
Tore the fallen one to shreds
Didn't spare a thing...
That is just the way the cycle goes in the fight of life
Where the weakest ones are gone
But the strong survive
All the little dinosaurs that roamed looked towards the skies
Saw the big bright star, this is something
Different...
This night's dark
Disappeared into the distance, wasn't long, a huge reverberation!

Like a million atom bombs that explode at once
From what I can see
A couple of minutes, like the earth was shaking!
You can see a huge wall of water growing up, everything was running
The largest animals was trying turn
Before the water just
Consumed
Them...
The water moved them, ain't refuse them, this confused them
What's this? The Allosaurus roaring
Getting closer
Dinosaurs turn around, misfortune! I can see distress, you see!
Looking like it's going to come and mess with me!
Everything is covered under...
From beneath the crest, and deep
Can't breathe...
Underwater, darkness, trying my best to speak
But I can't leave the water
Dinosaurs caressed to sleep

Dexsta Ray

Prehipoic 3

The question was ridiculous
The rest considered
Mission
Such a mess
But the minute's on the ticking now
So we can't forget and quit it
Now
Some mechanic noises
Twisting cords
Before we know, there's a door and vortex
Sucking us in
A team of five
Just an exhibition, going to see what we can find
And to me...
It seemed a dream
All the theories... cost a lot
Crossing other series
Science is amusing, like we buy into illusions
Conjured...
Time withdrew
A prehistoric era, breeze is sort of feral
Gathered the equipment
Sarah, Jimmy, went before commander
I hang back
Can't believe how everything is different
I mean the trees, compared to now, everything is bigger
I don't know why I consented
Eh...
Guess I'll take some pictures
Then find the others 'cause we made it while the day was ending
Heard the walkie talkie
'Ya'll should come and take a look at this.'
Bert had found a great view
The jungle, open space
Whew
But it ain't a safe move, in the distance we could hear
Such we're familiar with
Carnivorous, let's stay grouped
Because those things are blade toothed

Ha ha ha
Ain't trying to meet that
Still we roll on
Find a place we think could be camp
Ain't no bones, and no civilization, things change, in the dome
Met with this realization
Some baby dinosaurs passed by the front
Nine all together, was running by
But five stopped
To judge our presence, I just want to see, I'm shocked
Trying to take a picture, no one'd believe this
Not even me
It make you shiver, tried to feed one leaves, but it stepped back
I felt that...
Most of these type don't like plants
So we dwelled back
'Look! ' Over there, I yelled, a side of a cliff,
And you can see where Pterodactyls sailed, just shy of the rift!
I ain't familiar with a lot of these
Lizards
But I still remember letters from the hellish books we
Used to read when we were children
Found a final spot to camp, now the sun was gone, night is when the mean ones
Come to feed, so we mustn't roam
Just until we understand where we are
They spent so much on this equipment but
Ain't add in a part
For some direction? Mannn...

Dexsta Ray

Proceleusmatic

Success, that got attention, some be acting like I'm that
That's for lack of better word, I ain't acting like a thing
What I am was found in God and that poetic resolve
Which is a quilt, the truth enwrapped with, for my life
The antichrists entrap, affirming all my prior testimonies
For my talent, some contrasted, with the unrelated stuff that matter
To them, as a way to hide the Light, which ain't even fair to Weh
Then some entities trying to lie, 'cause the proof can be displayed
With the truth, larceny had been the move, marking me for death
By larger industry, was harkening to my artist life
The interests were larcenous, to some, this probably seem excessive
But, to me, reality, just normal, jealous, legions scornful
I'm suspicious for success, in spite of, smear, distortion, when it isn't
Meant to rise above, Jesus is my Shepherd still
Just like when evil witnessed
Him, through several
Separate, and conflated tactics, evil do embraced the fabric
That they tried to take your brand with, when it can't apply to you
But their life is overshadowed, need a scapegoat
Chose to plan an impact off, control and laugh at
Just to have a lot of friends
Without it, such couldn't grow a sapling...
Stuff ain't what it should've been
Or could've been
And now, some damage, trauma, it ain't muzzle my embracement
Though
Just say amen, in faith, I'm praying, in Light, ain't break my soul
Can't even lie, some demons tried
Consistently, the place ain't know, a mystery, remain unknown
But if it did, was still ignored
Ain't victimized, just share my life, venting too a common thing
It ain't my fault some devils tried to wipe me out, to gain some
Treasure, 'cause the LORD was
Seen as less for satan
Clout...
And then through misdirection, such deceive the world
Which shakes the ground
Regardless if I'm dragged or not
It ain't important

Things expounded, retrospective, when it was such
I was a project, proven fact
I overcame and got attention naturally
Jehovah reign...
Some stuff that's said
And life did not
Align, the thistle over, mane
Was more upset of what it took from them
Than just my own displaced
Addition to society
Condition, piracy, that's then diminished, violently
To pit against me, kinds of things
That's different, from the Light's trajectory
Harassed to be connect to me
In order to destroy my truth because it might've stepped on evil
Jealous legions, fail to reach the dream, so settled for me
Since I teemed, I always been the kind to fight for my desire
Being the right thing, that align, unto the Highest God
The Light presumes
The texture, lightnings, thunder
Light discovered...
Nets exhumed, false accusing just a tactic used by antichrists
To trap you, but the difference with my life
I been exposed the proof
Examples, from the past, I care and love my craft
The same as they their own...
Heaven is the resting haven, saints, and angels
Praise and grateful, seven
In the earth, the weapon's spiritual, consists of prayers
And standing firm in faith
The Scripture never fail, and souls sometimes receive what they deserve
The Spirit live within, the LORD's the lion and lamb
Through Christ, the righteous
Make it through
Restored, the fire and staff, the antichrists are steadily hounding me
And spy to pry, traps, for evil, blasphemous, in spite of seeing
The Light and Christ's hand
Thousands of times

Success that's honestly earned
Honestly deserves recognition

And success wrongfully earned
Deserve diminishment

Especially at God's expense
10/21/19

Dexsta Ray

Project C.H.A.N.G.E

It is raining, it's raining! It's raining!
But...
Flaming was of most of the ground
For as soon as it would drop
Down... rain drops burst into flames!
Dwindling out, after burning the age
And it's heavy
Now...
But there's an umbrella
Sprouting from it's successors, grow!
Watered by humanity
Planted by the oppressed and low
Hold... I could see it
Shooting star in the wind
Soul-quakes had shaped the roots
Truth's the target, defend
And wear compassion like a suit
The aim of the
Project...
Make another way to make a prospect
Make them progress
It's a lot...
I was planning and praying that things would work out
I think a bit impatient, and mainly... because
It hurts, now
First I see a means of support
Give inspiration to them
That's the base and you'll notice how it'd shape a jewel
Inspiration is exactly what it takes to fuel
Also, it's another way for us to shake from satan's pull
On the business side
Numerous visions
And a way to help the poor and put some food in their kitchens
Pouring love into the war
Trying to open up another branch
Close a door? So to open up another chance
If I don't know just help me grow until I understand
Together we are strong
So I need you at my other hand

Shoutout to those centers in the Motherland
I could never just forget about you
To make a way to sow a seed of a giant proportion
And progress through society's borders
That's a project's aim...
If money came then that would probably be cool
So you're able to provide the free food
For the kids who need it
You can promise me that ain't nobody getting greedy
With the green and let us walk in love just like in Ephesians
And I saw it being a light to a darkened eye
So you know we can't wait to get it started, right?
Kind of hard to cut a figure with a guarded knife
So if this would ever make a difference it would part in time
And it's nothing like a gimmick
But an umbrella...
And anybody walking with it makes another better

ng c

Dexsta Ray

Project C.H.A.N.G.E (Sec. Thought)

And then I saw another bubble
Invisible lines
I probably missed before
It ain't physical
It's subtle
You can feel it though
All the rain drops
That were flaming
Only there to cleanse
And it's something that could die but still will never end
Climbing higher's what we want to do
Never going erratic
If the fire don't accrue then what's the point of matches?
Everywhere we look we see the darkness
And without the Light and Word
We just strive to make it worse
Looking for the feathers of the dove to heed the barbless
It's symbolism
If it did become a business that don't mean official
Any who oppose the evil fully can be counted as
And regardless of the country, state, or county at
Man, I'm just a dreamer with a crazy view on everything
All I know
If you don't try
Then things will never change
You don't have to change the whole country
Trying to make a difference
If you could
That is good
But I think the spirit state is more important
For it basically will set the physic
Get it right or be conformed into the less than splendid
I see the project working on myself until the end
'Cause change don't really matter 'til you have it on within
To climbing
And I pray we find the point within surviving
That we see we underneath but only see it as 'we rising'

Prophecies Unfolding

Destruction
On scales...
Larger than anticipated
Construction of
Shells...
Around the hearts like fatty cattle sent to slaughter
The wars in other countries conjure
Up the prophecies
Taken to the top degree...
Ruptured olden principles forsaken for good
But it's all going the way that it
Should...
Words spoken from the Prophets in the Biblical
Ages are now of darkness
Strange, us Gentiles ain't embracing
The part of culture that's
Spiritual
For Jesus gave a statement...
And, by this, we live
Not the figurative but taken for real
Persecutions for the
Chosen
Crowns of life for the right
To survive the spirit fight in the Light
Turning truth into a
Coaster
Righteous cups runneth over
May God bless the faithful soldiers
Through the rough
And the frozen
To warm the hearts and then the minds
These the hardest of times
The voice of God is all that thunder being imparted outside
The storms
To gather our attention
But we're darkened and blind
Can't understand
In wince we
Living

Harkened, soon we'll be sitting with Him if we can stay true
See the prophecies unfolding, stay tuned
All we have to do look because the watching ain't moved

Dexsta Ray

Prophecies Unfolding 2

Evil owned itself, like returns, the Light discern the dark
Soothe and sandalwood, therapeutic, a rhythm is retreats
Pensively, I'm late though
Enmity, hammers, wood and nails, buckets
When it's urban, for hopscotch
Sketches, crosshatched, settings, talk that polished
Fresh mahogany, impressions
Standards unembraced
I probably would be hurt, if the heavens was beyond my place
It's just a fingerbreath, but withinside
Just the fond relate, the one's with Weh', that destined
To beyond the space
That won the race, the fun is places in the sun, a ton of graces
Last forever, leather brackets, snagged
In mind, but fashion signed
Ain't masterminds, but that's my size, if at my prime, for God
Light cannot expire
Jesus holds the atoms, and the fabrics of the matter
Actually badder, lanterns under bushels
Actually faster, married Light
It's after, darkness, shatter, at the sight, of Scripture
Prophecies unfolding
12/29/19

Dexsta Ray

Prophesying

I gave a prophesy... 'twas heavy on my spirit
Something's coming
Devil's hot for me, I tell the people not to be deceived
There's an evil trying to get beside us
And this not as easily perceived, disguises present
Many times I felt and it was just as it's written
The prophecies are shining well and we best not forget it
I didn't know I had the call up until a couple of years ago
Second nature, to me, something conjured up
And here it go...
A couple of minutes later, there was satan in the phone
Blasphemy and disrespect
But who they are I didn't know
That isn't told to be the theme of the message
I guess if brokenness can teach
Then, surely, we have the blessing, I've never spoken it to be
In matters showing us the future things
Even unbelief, can see it, there ain't nothing to explain...
God is Alpha and Omega and that's all it is
Talking to His vessels, and we're sane, the truth unfetters us
I witness many things the devil does
Trying to discredit, make it seem my words are just for fun
Or just to judge, it's not construction when I hear the booms
It's not a random wheeler ride when I mention 'Vrooms'
We got to get in-tune
Diversions, decoys, and something being attempted soon
Unless it's stopped in action, set for later
Since it's in this rune...
Jesus changed the world already, now we have a mission
Getting who we can out the 'world'
Into the Master's vision
To have the Spirit in them, then they can exact the image
Live repented, praise the Lord who sacrificed for that provision
Going for stacks of riches of the Spirit
Up in heaven, praying when I get there, a bunch of people, tax collectors
Theives, fornicators, even those who dance with satan
Turn away to come to Jesus
Bad forsaken for eternal life, I learned the earth's disturbed when tradition is
challenged

Just like when Jesus walked in flesh
Pharisees had brought the nets... to end it
I thirst for righteousness, and light in this, end time of sin
He said He'd build His Church on the rock
Which He rightly did
Praise the Lord for all the gifts of all His saints
Bringing Light into the world so not all will fall away
To hell

Dexsta Ray

Prophetic Stuff

Unexpected settings
Some message, or death, I said less
Depth, settings
Hell? I don't know, the man, was respected though
Message, loads of wisdom, accepted
But in the spirit realm
Unwelcomed to
At first, I detected, but can't discern beginning
Heard a difference, in-between, YHWH's voice
And a fallen star
I was on the sideline, discerning, the vision
Pausing, last time
It crossed my mind, supplicated
That I'd experience this
Something of the nature
I prayed to God
Wow
I'm in the midst, never did expect, I sensed regret
That just exuded from it
Passionate exchange of words, explained
From God unto the man
In this event, the spirit realm, it'd been revealed
What people wondered
In the living
World, about it, doubting, different utterances
Behold, chosen soul, that had fallen
Re-shown, gone
Back to God, Who crafted, the abodes
That's established
Some goals and talents, smolder
Wish somebody else
Could've saw it
One can't debate with God
Even posing notable statements, it felt
Like atmospheres
Was Hades, in the end, that was clear
Our lives on earth determine
Factors over there
This is temporary, the earth is passing

Actually don't compare

Lights

Exemplary, God is righteous, plus, I know exactly

But it's not assignment, that I give it

God is mighty

Hard to ascertain the spirit, let alone, draft a page

When in the physical, on spiritual matters

But it's no hammer, nail

Neither

Tell people, the truth, but just don't sow

To hell either

10/12/18

Dexsta Ray

Proprioception

I'm driven, Spirit driven
In Scripture, I'm with, His literature
Intrinsic
Still, embracing
'Til the end, feel engaged again
Disinterests
In the pits of sin, I hate it, ain't consistent with
The nature of the Light
God is holy, that's my meditation
In it, got to focus, end times
Prophecies
This notion, writing down my brokenness
My medication
God can hear it, holding on to what I got
Lowly so I'm trusting God
Loathesome evil, cold and lethal
Broken meters
Running hot, disclosing sequels
Clothes and beetles
On these, features, just of mine
Traumatized, I wrote my readings, dozen times
Only seeing, wholesome things, that won't give feet to
Compromise, some flutterbys
Another find...
Among some pines, ain't subsized, but was aligned
Remove my hat, use the lamp instead
The Light is graphs
For souls, enlivened by the love of God
The substance that this
Craft is on
Just half is known, the Lamb has shown
First Corinthians chapter thirteen
Nine through thirteen, shall be whole
We shall behold...
I've notice some stuff
It seems, at first, was understood
But, now, it's only enough
It's seems, that's worse, before was shattered
I was more allowed to be destroyed

But, now, that I'm in tatters, after malice broke
My dreams envoy
While leaving me, behind, to survive, it needs the Light though
Distressed, and off alignment, for long-terms
In the real world
Old curses, still, slow burning, on most surfaces
And real low, don't feel
It's confining, too disrespectful for me
Still, though, I seal no
Pride
'Cause God's a different leader, veils misunderstood
Grown up, I till, sow, for hope, the realm on the spiritual
Side
And through the Holy Ghost, regardless how it looks
Know what? I will ponder goodness...
Overcame the grain
For His glory, I raise and praise the Name!
Restoring age to forms
Of mortal pain, that's mainly thorns
And such
Formulations, being the forces facing me
Disdaining He
The sort...
Orchestrate my hardship, then condemn me for needing
With feed that's hanging on a rope that I'd be hit with for eating...
So many darts
Still...
In dark times, believe in the Most, hearts in, like ink
I ask that hand, permissions, creepy and whole
We both, but even so, mistakes, ain't made
It ain't offend, but satan hating on me, saying that I "favor" stuff
I never, better, thrice as clever, lying devils
Layouts mine, I'm laying them
Down, don't wait around, faith can keep my Light afloat
The jealous trying to make me drown
My thinking sound
Preoccupied with other embracements
Why they ain't want me living life
With all my honors?
I made it
Come from somewhere, conceal my light, I heal in writing
Hate intimidates, it ain't to me, I stay unleashing peace making

Stay succeeding, jealous lie so much
They actually underneath
Their make believe, changing me, it ain't
Angels team, being, with 'Weh at lead
And loyalty to idols ain't as strong as demons hate for me...
Because I shedded Light, for years
On all that satan wrought
Stalking for my greatness, not because assimilation
Still, awakened, to importance, liars fake, fill in pens, no haste
I'm paint, and brushes, trying to do it right
The bigger picture
Little things is nothing, time ain't too polite
Absolutely, truth, unto the fight
And I ain't ever playing, that's the jealous saying that to
Incite, retinue, against
I smile, I been through, knew, convinced too
Like colloquiums, but, unlearned
Let's pretend, proof persists, that which it does
No opiumisms
Only room to live, uncovered from untruths
And set to shine forth, die more, to self
Get unmuzzled
The climb is horrifying
I was counted out, now I'm came for
All the more, defying
Of course, the lies don't limit me, I don't quit for these sorts
Of binds
Just the faith, consistently, I'm convinced
That the Lord is God
Only loving spiritually, only trusting
The only Son and, just because I didn't seek
Other stuff, nor succumb to lusts, mean I'm something bum
Just humble, I ain't troubled, summer fun
I ponder
Beaches, cheese and nachos, drinks and hotdogs
Dreams? I got those, straight
Although, I go through things, that didn't match up with facts
I keep my faith, the hope embraced, until life catch up with that
Reality, aside from imposition, and maybe, some day
I'll be positioned to do greater for my Savior
I can't settle, period
Think of being complacent in the face of major devil

Pyramids...

Aiming at my plaques, it's something strange
If ain't unveiled, mysterious, I ain't giving that
To darkness, nothing, God's is greater still

I know where I am in the journey

10/19/18

Dexsta Ray

Proverbs Nineteen Twenty

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Please Lord let me be receptive to...
Knowledge...
There's a battle going on
It's to trample me
Probably
The opposition is a spirit trying to conquer my flesh
But You allow it so I know the ones You love
You will TEST...
I have my ear inclined to hear what You reveal to me next
It's crazy how we live the struggle yet we still can be blessed
To hear Your counsel are my RICHES
Your instruction is my VISION
There's no need for me to worry when
Your GRACE has been...
SUFFICIENT
Everyday I'll show commitment
I'm listening Lord
I know my destiny is near and You'll position me for it

Dexsta Ray

Proverbs Sixteen Three

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

I am unsuccessful
Used to wonder why my plans failed
Why it always seemed like...
I need my hand held
I was talking like the devil
Trying to speak to God...
Thinking that I always fail because He forgot
I was wrong...
And it took this bible verse to show me
I was failing all alone because He didn't know me
I was focused on the wrong things
I was entertaining all the wrong things
Focus on the Lord!
Or the situation won't change
Commit your works unto the Lord and honor Him with no shame
Then He will establish you

Dexsta Ray

Proverbs Sixteen Twenty Five

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Leaning on our own understanding
That could pose a
Problem...
Demons know the road to Abaddon
They only hope you FOLLOW
Don't expect this to be
Apparent...
They'll make it more appealing... to YOU
They will fix it up so you won't know the
Difference... true
So ambitious and 'cool' since these are
Satan's rules
Think about society's muse and view the HATRED
Who's brave enough to fight and refuse?
Forget debating...
Choose
Frankly... Revelations is TRUTH
Do not let satan fool you... use you...
Or confuse you!
His ways are vague and straight to DEATH
Listen to society and you have played
Yourself

Dexsta Ray

Proverbs Twenty One Two

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

The Lord weigh the hearts
So He can see the
Spirits...
Lord knows I fear Him and I really seek to hear Him
Now, I have a couple edges to smooth
I am hoping you forgive them
Lord...
I'm trying to find my way
I have to get myself together for these final days
I would say...
I'm mostly wrong than correct
I often sin, I then offend You, slipping don't show respect
Forgive me...
Thank You for Your mercy
Thanks for you time
Even though my efforts couldn't even make borderline
I appreciate acceptance
I stay fortified
And Your power couldn't ever be contained of defined

Praise the Lord
Father
You know

Dexsta Ray

Psalm Ninety Five Eight—nine

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Don't allow the heart to be hardened
If you started turning
Cold...
It's gone... living soul discarded
Oh departed!
Darkening views and...
Understanding
For this is just a part of it too
You could see it clearly
Damage...
With this generation... opening doors
Interloping roles and closed out
The Lord
We don't see it though
All we ever heed and quote is swearing and cussing
Everybody say they care about nothing
I believe them too
But think...
Anybody here could be a brute
Tell me who would strike the beast even though they'll be consumed?
Hardened hearts will keep the Lord from
Getting through
And we wonder why some others hear him more than we do
If a christian only witnessed in his circle or squad
There's no way that he could say that he was
Working for God
We should go to every place...
With the Word at the
Side...
But you have to be receptive... not perfect
Sublime or goody-goody

Psalm Ninety One Seven

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Fear not fear not!
Precious children of God!
His grace is...
Sufficient!
The villain is not omnipresent
The villain is destroyed!
God's protection
Gives us the strength to void
Every wile of oppression from the beast
Now...
Let us listen to the bible speak!
Even though you look around and you see a pile of grief...
You are free!
The scripture can agree with what I said
Not one of it will touch you...
Know that God is in command

Dexsta Ray

Psalm One Hundred Five Fifteen

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Dear Lord?
Come and take a walk with me
Footprints...
Like a walk on the beach
Left rubbed by the...
Tides
Got recalled to the sea
Locked up in this locker
Davey Jones
I can see the urgency
Worsening
Serpentine and burning the...
Hope
Of the true christian folk
I know...
So slow to accept things
But you really wouldn't know the joy unless you felt pain
Tell satan leave!
Or I bet my angels stop him
No weapons formed against me shall ever prosper

Dexsta Ray

Psalm One Hundred Nine

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only Son to die for our sins
Stay brave, hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

False accusers bought some ruses to my reputations
Well, it's manmade so I ain't 'posed to
Fret or say it
Feeling crazy
Trying to piece together... something's ill
Finding pieces to some puzzles that just wasn't real!
The mouth of the deceitful
Lord, the plots of the
Wicked
Fought against without a cause just to knock the position
Opened up the book of Psalms
Then I plop down to
Listen
Can not forget it, hot dissension, fill their slots with their givings!
I see a man just has to reach a certain level
In his mindset
Where he ain't even bother by the devil's
Just keep it moving
Everything is different when you full of compassion
To give establishment of love and
Have it paid back with
Bashing
I know if I was really doing what I'm accused of
I wouldn't hear your voice
Probably never would've moved up
Lord, I ask the persecutor's names to be blotted
I ask that everything they working to attain is forgotten
They have no mercy but
I ask that you display them your knowledge
To give a chance to get it right before
The day you demolish
I ask the tongues that rise against me be betrayed and be conscious

And all that false accusers change lest... they days are abolished
And even if it's not my name but just my reference and all
I ask that all them feel the pain and the oppression
They cause
In other people lives
Let the lies against me be founded
And let the liars be the victims of the things they've amounted
Let the false accusers stay in the position they are
I ain't talking ruin
Hatred and derision embarked?
Then Father send to them
They don't take you serious by exploited, Lord, your servants, Lord
But you have the wisdom of forever
So you know already
Though I'm fine now, there was times when I was broke and heavy
I always keep your statutes in my mind and it ain't no forgetting
If it's in the Bible then it's live
It ain't nothing wicked
But it'd probably take some time for some of us to get it
I ain't focused on them but they trying
To pull your servant down
See the false accusers! Using wickedly the word of mouth
It is finished
All the evil minions burning down
I'm just trying to get it
I ain't worried about the hurting sounds

They are merciless Father
But I know you are merciful
Just get them off me
Get satan's footsoldiers up off of me
It's without a cause
You already how everything really is
Praises to You Father

Help Your servants... thanks

Dexsta Ray

Psalm One Nineteen Nine

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Trangressions are the young man's lessons
Woe coalescing with the years
Unsaid questions...
My nemesis...
I used to be the cycle in a sense
Getting mixed in with the
Trifle like the bible
Didn't exist...
Hit or miss
I can say I've tried but...
That's anybody
Don't trip now because that fire's been ignited
Focused on the wrong things I would
Get excited!
Now I keep my nose in the bible and commence to fighting
Nevertheless...
I need the Lord to help me cleanse my ways
For me to be so young I've witnessed many things
Not to mention the good times
Different stages...
And God continually stood by and it's amazing

Dexsta Ray

Psalm Three Six

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only Son to die for our sins
Stay brave, hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Because of God, I know the wisest men to be empowered
In the Bible then
Now's the time
Spoken
That depletion of the sin within the life, again, or be devoured
By the scandalousness of carnal ways
I tell you...
All I see is what the Word includes
Every day and corner
It ain't changing
See the darkness, seeking, aim? Absorb you
Heed the biggest lie, absurd, satan is for you
Tsk...
You'll have better luck racking up oil!
To be a man to stand on Bible
Principles
Laughing at corruptions
But not accept them but apply the Word to bash the customs
Doing right... you bound to manage something
It's in the books
God'll walk you to stairs
Will you get or look?
Take me to the heart of it
Let me observe
How the wicked use the darkness of the weapons to earn
How the Lord use even them to test you
But they don't know
And I ain't nobody special but I bet you though...
I ain't scared of nothing
Ten thousands with guns
No, the Lord, ain't raise no sucka, too about it to run
And if it got to do with drama

That don't mean in the
Flesh
Relieve your mind of all corruption so you see through the mess
I speak the truth and Word regardless
I can sleep at my death
You cannot scare me with no weapons, satan
Jesus my vest
And ain't no little do I know
I'm aware of my test
The wicked blind to Psalm thirty five and seven
They wrecked
For I'm a Child of God and sometimes I may
Manage to slip
Though the wicked egg it on and expand it then flip
I ain't got to clutch no chrome
Just my faith and my song
I be praying that He forgives us when we don't know we gone
Satan trip and want to plan until I'm rip
Through misinformation
But I ain't ran, I'm on the field with these scriptures blazing
Jesus is my shelter
Proving what to the wicked? 'Cause it's all fun and games 'til Jesus come
They will get it, so why be bothered by the things the Father said not to stress?
Concentrate on what He gave you
Not the nets of the flesh

Oh, no weapon formed against me shall prosper
No matter how it's formed
I declare a curse on whatever try to form
And hope He have mercy

Dexsta Ray

Pseudo-Delusional

So I'd figure
IIIIIIIIII'd...
Sow the scripture
Hoping on the growth of soul transformation
See a whole delivered...
From the biblical days
What have you?
Holy pages
Captivation wrapped in traps of satan
In this spirit type of coaster
Rolling on you
So quick
I told you
Know Jehovah
Broken false religions
Won't stick
So toss the image
I subdue the thought of doubt
Let's move it out
We shouldn't coddle pleasure
Globs of treasure blocking treasure
Dropping down the Cross
The pressure taught us all the cost of alignment
Reconciliation
Things instilling patience, lifting praises
Building, gains, what really change us
And saves us
Halt assignments where the caution rise
Your adversary...
Satan stalks to find where he can cross the line
A simple revelation, I got, in all the falls combined...
Christ didn't die for those who made it
But for all who's dying
Only a delusion
For now, unmoved, but y'all decide
'Cause after death is when we face Him
See it's all designed
In spite of all the falsifying
I know the truth's

Offensive

But it'd be foolish to recluse to find a 'root' that 'fits us'

I don't even do it for me

Like you can see

Just motivated by the spirit, molding leaders who could teach

If inspiration goes with stars and lights

To be a part of sight

I think it's great if it became a sea

Not hard as ice

Regarding Christ as my Lord and Savior

Spark the biggest picture

Margins are extended larger

Anything that's in the scripture

Farthest from the tempter

Hear me then

With an old harken

Panegyrics mixed with hands of spirit

Snipping folded cards quickly

How misfitting is this?

A lot of missing pieces

Get the puzzle back

We won't get what comes of that

All the while

Trying to figure what to mention

What can grow a shard?

All existence hold significance

The globe was called

Perfect

By the Worthy One, Who molded every part of it...

I don't really care for myself

I'm looking out the window, not a scarred conscious

Prayer for my steps...

The air around us

Cooking out the civil, kitchens of society

The wars promised to us

And the course coming to us, what sobriety?

Resounding ruckus but it's meant to come to pass

Anyway...

And gunshots, satan done me bad in many ways

But I keep going for the ones who plan on being saved...

The delusion is to see the Gospel being one

The message is repent and turn away from problems

We begun
Or be reduced in this reality or in the next
But, to tell the truth, in this reality is really best
'Cause on the other side... no more battling is left
For us, we either have life, or graft to Sheol
Which is death...
I thank the Lord for always giving me a word to say
Intentions are redemption
Pluck us out so we don't burn in pain
For all eternity
I'm corny since I'm serving Weh, embracing quite a testimony
Satan's can't discern the Way... And it's unfortunate
The joy I feel I wish they felt
Heaven is forever and the portion's real as torque and steel
I slipped and fell
The devil sits and wait until you're out of faith
The Lord refills the saved
And He don't forget the
Ailing...
Sure to heal, believe and claim and speak the Name
I bet you'd get a feeling, that's the peace
That's the Lord I praise, for mercy, I implore the Name!
When I was living with a mortal brain
I couldn't form a
Thing
Borderline psychotic? Na ah, I think I'm more than great
Ignoring hate, ain't breaking me down, like I'm important, ayyy
I talk about the pure beginning first before I check the watch
Somehow, it always fit together perfect like a blessing pot
And I ain't never been worried 'bout what the wretched got
The spirit truth's are certain but curse ones cannot
Connect the dots...
So many plotting to stop me, disguising jealousy
I never would've said it if they wouldn't have tried to devil me
I see some coals in my path...
Well I got metal feet
Consider me a buster 'cause I'm busting up the devil's scheme...
Get your hands off our souls, let my people go
I know that fornication is wrong so I wouldn't even own it
To say I lie about something before I even know it
Shows that you are hiding or fronting
Just trying to keep me

Broken...

All the blessings coming to me but in different forms

I ain't stressing money

Dressing 'bummy', checks are in the Lord!

If I can help another person, I'm content with that...

And I ain't trying to threat or burden them to get it back

Miracles from heavens happen here all the time

It's just a matter of the spiritual

Discerning through the physical, undress all the eyes

Remove delusion from oppressed in mind

So people see the Truth

By the fruits

Repress decline

Dexsta Ray

Pulp Fiber

I dreamed of being good enough...
Light and shadows, notes, and photosynthesis
Chose to go consistently, broken even
No, broken even
When I focus into this, notions, oceans
Goshens, tokens, sacraments, the soul
Holy's winning it, a decision fades, pages
Unconditionally, rages, latent, the grace restores
I can't ignore, significance, ever shining
Still ever trying, writing on this intricate
Dimension, finding psalms and stuff, with brushes
Dust and qualms untouched, combusting
Love, embalming lusts, with palms that clutch
The Scripture's Light
The balm is trust, a different type
And sight...
I mean, us vessels, unmeasured
The truest treasures
Hidden
Calming, it's the weather, and whether
The physic realm'll want it, longing for substantial contrition
'Cause ain't no time to waste
Kindred spirits
Not understanding about the time in age
Fitting in, is not what's demanded so ain't supplied a thing
I'm kind of lame, romanticizing that
I like the skies
And change, vines and paint, and fibers of reality
Orange and pulp, foraging, perhaps, my lantern made it out
The forest though
The fortress smoke, the quarters of my peaceful
Occupation
Stopped before, for naught, the febrile osculations
So I'm sitting alone...
Underneath the starlight still, sparsiles, on mellow
Nights, observation, chords are caught and sorted
Different operations, hardly even knowing
About distortions
While they're oscillating, cutting dreams in half

Like I saw, in speed and moderation...
No whole obsession with one idea
What exposure is it? Growth disclosed some gimmicks, mentioned
Four hundred falls, in ditches, one humble fall, in fiction
When he'd get inflicted, with it (that's me)
Psalms chapter seven
Praying hands, cause if consistent
One's deserving of such, but God is faithful to His stable
See, discernment's a plus, that's if it isn't
Being risen from the dirt is enough (proof)
'Cause it's disturbing, let the memory of my flesh just glorify the Lord...
Some fortified the sword
For destruction, though well-aware, I'm righteous
Crafted black magic to couple me with the devil's lies, to make
It a reality
'Twas a long time ago...
Mind control to badger thee
To kind of slow the Master's goals...
Life is unpredictable
We're taught lessons sown
The reason we can't be together
Is I'm already gone... (sorry)
Just passing through
For Jesus purposes, for new believers surfacing
The hourglasses trickle down
You don't perceive these
Words I meant...
And won't believe the truth, I mean it literally
Not figuratively, 'cause physically and spiritually
It's made to seem this for you...
Because the Lord is full of love
He's supernatural
And He knows your joy, and if me in existence brought you
Happiness
He won't ignore, a soul implored before
Although it can't be forever...
I'm not referring to the future when I say wings and feathers
Don't get me wrong
It's the usual, supernatural is life
When Jesus died and resurrected
Peter's eyes had witnessed, seen the flesh again
And not some spector, ghost, or evil sign

The very presence
Light is yet consistent, just ascended did He...
Into heaven, at the end of why the Father brought
Him back
Glory to the holy God of Israel and all the land
The Cross, and Son of Man, living proof is seen
It's Truth's complete
The Scripture is the foundation
Evil can't remove
The sheep!
For the Father is the Good Shepherd
Mud or mountains
John ten twenty eight
Says no one can pluck them out Him
And John fifteen five says nothing can be done
Without Him
Everlast to everlast, His promises, His covenants

The Light is the only existence
I'm enthralled by

Dexsta Ray

Punctilio

Exterior decorating, some do, ascetically, and expert Whole home painters, cept, they'd paint your stuff the way they want Brushes hanging, smudges, on working purses The smuggest grin, overalls with everybody on it It's the same palette, volunteering to ruin, no thanks, I got a trusted Artist Name YHWH, He had it right, the first, go Ain't need a coating, that's spreaded, to fill, somebody else's pocket Orchids in my manger, forms of LightNormally more dimensions, Lord sufficient, for me My portion and torch, when darkness come, harkening to the signs In Christianity, during my lowest points, venting Is my go-to, all alone, I'm supposed to, they've broken rules On purpose, to sabotage, all my peace for years Then they sought destruction, behind the matters that they established Meant to kill my mind, then continuously, hinting meTo write, then my scription tied, unto, minions, I never did embrace Witness what I do, everyday, for years, I don't fit criterias It ain't like I'm angry, at friends, wheneverI'm picked to slash, just ain't no resistance from wicked people who envy me The only thing restrained is my talent, remotely Setting snares, secretly, before me, absorbing, my gold And saying it's theirs, then they want to close me In boxes, or circles, so they murder, just like prior seasons, the demon cults Still enthralled by me, really all can see, but I'm blessed They throw the Cross on me, I drag all my ascetics, to death, they place their dragons up Mentioned not too long ago, envy, assimilation agents Plenty times disproven, pretending, like they don't even see, sticking with the scam Paying officials, present pretenses, either, just to limit Jesus And keep that source of their mammon, lit, such just baphomet, they be lying on me So their mans can win, but I ain't have to field, all those penaltiesFor some natural skill, my priorities, ain't consistentWith what the slanderers feel, albums, deals, they feareth, preventative measures Gainst a legend, which has been allowed by the commonplace To diminish truth, despite it being self evident, jealousy, is accepted then When there's a common interests, these demons, are sent By destitute influences, that's lacking, the luster, required to be successful Stealing all their shine from another, that's really just a prop So their personality fabricated, to build a bear Different kind of brandings, ain't what I meant with my quilt and chair Still it's there, their strategies, ain't no differentMy realm a fair, they'd just overshadow authentic stuff with a catchphrase Wishing on your silence, positioning, stuff, to have praise, twisting stuff, fiction and others sludge That their path made, festering on itself, in disgusting thoughts That they have paid, promotion of, to puff up their entity, on the source of their Intimidation, cynically, that's why I'm vehementWatch and wait until the different things they sent into my life to break me Indiscreetly, seem to take a toll, then they quick to eat me Misportray the situation like they something great like Jesus, hiding all the evidenceThat prove they one of satan

demons, 7 years of hate crime Ignored so they can take my pieces, but it wasn't unpreventable, been saying these things for seasons Plus my literary skill propelled me fore their frame was teeming Global with my quotes and passions, people even made me streamers I don't know what wholly happened Couldn't have been this sham, the reason slander, was exalted, was a scheme to keep it free for them So they don't have to pay to read my classics, and my innovation Plus they complicate my life, distracting from the information, that way they can steal and thrive While patsies wield olympic torches, ain't no disrespect More evil, than the sin, they scammed, to reach, to feed off my dynamics Secretly, while fans can disagree, capitalizing on the loops And smear campaigns, to make a killing, showed the globe the whole set up They go along like I was silent, and some probably think I'm weird Because my soul ain't old and grimy, and my flow ain't just composed of those some poser hope defy me Mostly, all my focus on the Throne of God, not on the lying They don't want the Lord to win, He'll soon return with glorious light, to judge the earth The wicked burn, in place, into eternity, I smile unto my final place, militias torment me for saying the truth of What the Bible say, and for my talent, which is strange, demonic cults, witnessed YHWH's power, then they claim It's evil, blaspheming the Holy Ghost, ain't no coming back from that, for them, With structures that exploit me still, all one has to do is lie Then they get immunity, to intrude on these, crucial pieces of an authors life Before the stuff depart my sight, still it's 7 years and counting Unity to harm what's Christ, not too many times have I experienced life without the hate Burdened by my presence, 'cause the darts was fake, my talent grate it Got my scars appraised, it's never good, just if your heart Is Weh's, legions that premeditated this against a child of God, never think it'd come around again It ain't expedient, just as the Scripture say, the world just hate me 'Cause I do what's right, and they tried to paint on me, the scam just crumble, regularly Last night, they witnessed God again, to comfort me, and everything became like demons, pits of hell, against me Things the scripture tell, so it ain't no question now, I'm pretty sure, they get it well The antichrists are in denial, stead' they try to hit the vessel, hate the messenger, and kill the message With they jealous selves, but I'm cherished, in the high dimensions, where they'll never go I ain't special though, the glory's God's, when I extra low, looking for a reason to destroy me cause my precious flow Nets and traps that's spread and set a thousand times, get checked, exposed, as out the lines, they want me for my talents Been here countless times, and I have no friends, if someone rages Then I'm out the sides, I'm bullied when they feel like it, stuck, when they about to cry And endless cycle, 7 years, no certain place, but ground to die And every now and then, I get a mockery, about some times, they got to me They really hate the Lord, Him, approximately A lot of evil did, but covered up, so I'm lots of things, even to this moment, they be lying To be watching me, assure that I'm subservient, through crime, that demons plot on me I don't have no hope if I'm

unaligned, that's why God with me, such turned me into assets, like machines,
I'm a lot of sources Though I ain't consent, I don't think I did, still it's not
supported I don't really care what the nature is I can rock distortion, yay, I got a
story, the evil wish they was not absorbing Pieces of my fragments, identity, so
they got to torque it, twist it up To kill me, so no one knows, where they got
their fortune... Fabricating frames and scenarios, they hate that I'm the Lord's,
so they try distortion so I'm conformed into lines and borders Also they
manipulate, and masquerade as others too As part of this remote torment, that
start When was young, the truth, the heart of it, was vengeance on the Lord For
stuff they couldn't prove, unless they knew I was Of God, to harm Him, still, they
in this room, the last time I was alive, in earth I was really 2, and it don't take a
science to discern What they intentions, to, be honest, the influences, begun this,
so they get the fruit Which equal trees that's barren, in advance, to take
positions, fools Conditioned, but to YHWH, it's a fluke, it's like, why kill him
thrice, the over that He watched the first time Helped or welcomed me, the
glistening sky, so I believe in God, although I'm ripped and spliced, He wept,
they speared Him In His side, He lives forever now, the devil ill-inclined, don't
wont the truth to be the truth I'm healing eyes, and filling minds, with
wisdom,4/7/20

Dexsta Ray

Purple Daffodils (Snippet)

Purple Daffodils, some circles, like culdesacs
Turgents, terms and verbal, ferns
On those back porches, and patios
Mass fortresses
Trap doors, unmatched desire
Stamps and pamphlets, words in print
Curs-ed letters
That's brand with fire
Disembodied forces, a phantom-like hand
With candlelight
And seven hourglasses, that stand, which gravity ain't bothered
Magic? No
Nor systematic prose, a little dramatic note
In magesties
Some order (half fantasy)
Of Mortalfire and 35th, Xachery, and Ms. Porter
No masterpiece, take me back, to Talemphe
And Rosoline, and though it seem, the smoke and glasses rule
Classic news, that what thee ain't know
And probably had pursued, patches wounds
And apathy, grey, black, white and
Purple sky, rainy nights, sporadically
Great, at times, for turtle's kind
To surface
Say, at first, it's to cry, submerged in purple dye
Mirth unheard of...

6/9/18

Dexsta Ray

Purple Ribbons

Admiration for the
Strong...
Though my words could not explain this
So much... lo, you know what?
My undertaking shows
Such...
For the robust are good but...
Purple ribbons touch
Me...
Picture this as a vent from people with a conscience
I am not as content if I don't script the honest
Suffering has got to exist since
He fulfills His
Promise...
But, don't you wobble or quit because this is a blessing
Even when these bodies get sick we
Shouldn't see depression
Think about what God went and did for us to
Be perfected...
Bleeding sacrifice, was His Kid, now talk about affection
Man I'd like to start a convention of
Beneficence to them...
A non profiting business with plenty gifts included
Purple ribbons
Won't limit what we intended doing
Working on rebuilding and fixing up
What the 'villian' ruined
God bless the children who battle with epilepsy
Lupus and the Cystic Fibrosis
Lord...
Help them make it
Crohn's Disease, Fibromyalgia and Cancer patients
Keep the faith in the Alzheimer's unit
Let's kneel and pray for them
I believe that
Now!
Has arrived a healing day for them
If anything...
I know that my God can make a way for them

Every single step when I strive is...
One I take for them
Don't you give up... because I won't

Dexsta Ray

Quality And Poetry

I perceive the primacy of writing squeezed like a-cuteness
To stiple 'freedom' through imputed
Binding schemes
To intrude in it
Like a thief...
'Vicodin' has left
Lines to be
Free...
Are tried to bleed restrictions
To be against this vital principle we seen begin it
And if it's true, fermented juice 'rhyme' with time
Then poetry is aged and bottled too
And just like that wine
To grow and
Better...
Like the flowers and the grasses
That's been around
Although we pick and down and clash against the weather
As to criticize a bird for having feathers
And early stages...
Are the places where the verses have to first develop
Akin third degree?
T'actly did perfect mean?
Like it's bad to be alright without having a certian scheme
Though we're writing for ourselves
Just so happen a person reads
If the rime is from the heart it don't matter if termed 'supreme'
If ye strive to crush the dark then prepare when aspersion breeds
May the tiding disembark from the pamphlets to furnish ease
The breeze...
To see what started and become of this thing
Now, some are trying to take an art and make it something it ain't
Instead of loved 'for what ye (poetry) are'
It seems like vaunting is craved
Stray away from why it's done, I promise, nothing'd remains
And what's a rank?
To something that can't even be appraised
Hatereading don't define
Nor could poetry be contained

And it's made...
It ain't about the praise or the condemnation
And it ain't about a gain or another's statement
And the quality embrace the rate of consummation
And the quantity is just the pages in the
Publication
Of that one writer's life
Whoever likes to
Write...
Don't let the devil try to trip you up and smite your light
You can fly but let your morals hold you like a kite
God is like the wind...
Only with him can we glide the sky

Dexsta Ray

Quick To Scream Your Failures But They Mumble Your Success

Up front...

Don't seek to be esteemed and adored

Gold stars fall off

They can keep the awards

Detrimental...

Small talk with achievements ignored!

Simpatico was called off

No reason abhorred...

Devilish

Still trying to find a problem with me

If you're busy chasing dreams then you would probably agree

But then again they may take this as a shot to compete

Instead of giving you advice they give a lot of critique

With bad intentions...

To dirty up your name and laugh at fiction

But the victim isn't you

They are in the sad position

I could have the recognition and not take it to heart

Why do people see a dream and try to break it apart?

And...

I couldn't stop laughing

I know plenty who would...

Try to find the bad work clearly skipping the good

I am not bad person

Just misunderstood...

Making enemies with me while I'm just wishing they could

See the picture...

I couldn't let it get me enthralled

But if you really want to talk

Why not mention it all?

The evil people try to promulgate strictly your faults

And then they turn a deaf ear when you're receiving applause

That's pathetic...

And here I thought the love was copacetic

But clearly I was wrong

Looking back and no regretting

Understand this too

While they plan against you
Real people are the ones still standing with you
Insecure individuals...
Point the fingers when you fail
Bitter to you because they're angry at themselves
Rediculously rude
You'll see the truth in people's passions!
Becoming the enemy for rebuking evil actions...
I live to inspire
Now I know it's never perfect
But still if it was...
You can't impress a jealous person
So when you perceive another person finding fault
Know insecurity...
It's the cause behind it all

Dexsta Ray

Radio Time

Illegal interferences, threatened, for having talent still, fashion, skill
There's massive, and adamant, methods
In the interests, of the envy, with many testimonies, consistent stuff
I was just an artist, like plenty was, but some stealing stuff
My rhythm crushed the falsehoods, then corruption assists the liars, 'cause my
lyrics brighter
Some still conspire but I don't sweat, Jesus still my Savior
The antichrists, Babylonian, taught me what society really is, and despises YHWH
Nawl, I want to live, let me glorify and discuss my life
Persecuted, for just the righteous route, though my trauma used to
Still manipulate me, I witnessed them, instigating, all these
Major situations, addressed the framings, some years ago, such just really
demons
They anger if they could suffer from it, asteroids and meteors
Blaming and indirecting me, because they wasn't honest, no consequences
For what they conjured, if I don't befriend those responsible
Then I can't exist, in society, must be ostracized
Or silence, lots of times, I saw violence, attempted murders, countless
Everytime reported, distortion attacked my character
Ain't letting me mind mine, they been killing me the whole time, though
I'd grind the lies to dust, let me just embrace my skill
For jealousy, some let them chase, methodically, I'm dopplers
For the obloquy was clobbering good, my hands been full of orange solution
Lots of ointment for my bruises, holding on to faith
In spite of, what they formed to scorch my newbies, got the Lord
Within the garden, got the thorns removed, I grew these
Formulas with love and hope, my farm remain important to me
Not in faded old lies, might get radio time, just like the rest
But I didn't try, picked for stations, no times, just to my knowledge
But I still suspect a lot, I'm more than grieved
It's normal things, the Lord with me, the wisdom did it first, without the dirt
though
So that made me insufficient, death if I had learned though
Why I been the only kid rejected, I don't want to change my name
All my lowliness a message, I don't want the wilderness
Just 'cause of what some did cause jealous, that perpetuate the "genius
scam";
Of jokes premeditated, so I have to stop existing, so nobody
Knows the truth, so I'm not allowed to prosper, years after I showed the proof

Implying that I'm punished for the evil that opposers do
It's not my fault they broke the rules, I do what I'm supposed to do
And fight for my creations, they ain't make this
Just I wrote my jewels, this been the case, forever, play the love
So I ain't close to you, imposing evil on me should
Result in those that chose, removed, and from that same society
But it's me that was antagonized, all I did was be born
I seen more, that slanderers hide, I gleam more, a sea of innovation
That some scheme for, distribute it to others, like I'm cows
In secret, squeeze more, want to see me, grieve more, I witnessed
Why they keep going? Regardless of opinions, crime
Committed, that's esteemed more, "
3/6/20

Dexsta Ray

Rainy Walk At Night

Sitting by the starlight
Witness it rain without a cloud
An understandable
Silence
The pounding earth around us say it loud enough
If it's ephemeral even
When words nor actions are sufficient
See the atmosphere just come alive
Waltzing through alamedas, beaches, or in some modern age
Just the line-less depth, the abstraction
Can bring contentment too
Rubber coats, mahogany, ridicule, not indwelled at all
High above the judgements, nigh the Light
Where your vibes can breath
Then I'll follow you, through your tacit, when all your time is free
To that quiet place you imagine to keep your mind at ease
Plus I come with Weh' and my tablet
If that's alright, the Kingdom coming here as well
For some cultivation, then flowers sprout...
If it wasn't raining, like melancholy, that's closer to my own
Not entirely erosive, I see another picture
12/29/19

Dexsta Ray

Random Clippings (Poetry Corner)

...some try to hinge my means to live on my advancement in art, if I was wicked, be ideal, and such attached me to stars, to guard, whatever falsehood, told, these times attractions are dark, satanic cults that's on the rise, that used my candle to sparkle...

...to be honest, ain't a battle, like the very last, good and evil, that our Master wins, the litten route, had trash the connotations, vast tactics, catalyst, scuffling different, through constant rhythm, stuff for Christians, feeling extra eager, to embrace the truth...

...entire different cultures, drafted in, by notes and different posters, acquiescence, deception, and misrepresenting, that's to win, in brackets, different, still attracted to me, like a magnet, then, I'm bags of brandished goods, ascetics feasted on, my hand was eaten...

...every weekend,365, when life was, every season, lessened, like a cycle, nets repeated, so the thieving rest, while my pieces scattered and collected, in a different basket, precious minutes, passed upon and overlooked, so gold on hooks, scapegoats the crooks, twisted stuff...

...antichrists, did seeketh my silence, no basis though, taking ain't my thing, the same was blatant proven, although nonetheless, innovate, with stenos, left the chitter baked, like brittle, like it's quick to break, ain't no need for lips to say, I'm still with Weh', truth...

...I'm critters, the resilient ones, figure, O, YHWH made them too, tolerance amounted, for thicken hide, all us writers need, biases, deceived, to goad distortion, biting a mighty piece, just like a Dino teeth, the kind that like the meat, and why it's me, they sight, egregious, ...

...feeling good to write these randoms, hooded for Light, not fandoms, besides, even if it was, between this ink, the wings, and poems, good, if Light should be unfashionable, to the flesh, what I love, I ain't afraid, to hug embarrassment, for, the floor's above, the physic...

...everything, about you, I like, don't think, I told you this, I think your era endless, definitely special, heavenly, something else, don't blink, plus I'm a lover of it, with no stress, plus floral concepts, normal, though no mortal formal door, restoral though, gul slow...

...the evil stuff, I'd gain no energy from, 'cause Thee enough, centerpieces, chiaroscuro, or whatever, trees or themes, complete each, settings, synergy, some dreams adjust, the leaves, a pleasing presence, bringing different types of meaning, messages, but all for Light...

...shivers, in the valley, dimension slips, plenty, rhythms falleth, hinged adverse realities, factioned, on purpose, after being, refurbished, shattering, the deserted, 'twas lantern smote too, peradventure, per-adventure, hurting, plenty tallies, waste away, on hidden pathways...

...even still, the real reason, needing not be expressed, such things alluded too, is obviously not my character, the factors false, disproven too, my grief is stuff my muse consumed, like humans do, what drew the bruise on Christ's face, imply the blame, for some one else...

...cantaloupes, and tabula rasa, in sand, and hourglasses, handle's JOMO JOMO, through obstacles, even, praise the LORD, ...

...intentions, retroactive, like passing ages, vibes oxidized, synopsis, skies of oranges, with dried up light, next to stationwagons, patios of florences, granite prose, back at Florence's, the Lord exists, we play in sand in lots, that missing quarters in, the normal energy...

...joy within my heart, no contention, some different cards embraced, diminished, under sparks and flames, of rhythm, in regards to pain, I heart again, consistence, is a part of change, some larger thing, really, I'm preoccupied, with simply, seeing the harks engage, a symphony...

...nice guys finish last, yea, perspective is golden, I guess, some righteousness is bad to what develop the quotient, there's seven Spirits, of the Ancient of Days, a message clearer now, just phases, but the praise of He remain, until the Scriptures, consummate, some relate...

8/22/19-8/23/19

Dexsta Ray

Random Clippings (Poetry Corner)2

...it's a bias 'gainst the Lord, ain't no way I could win, unless I write bout
wielding swords, sex, and sataneous, sins, that can't exists, within the heavens,
where my station is in, the fight ain't fair, cause it's an age where the satan
befriended, whatever basically ending...

...who my buds like, YHWH is a floodlight, watched as time be given to
misrepresent my plush writes, just types of plights and confining matters, to hide
a latern, what chide ignite, it's just something sadder, to hide the truth, and
deading what's important, what I decide, like for me...

...odds remain against me, just from envy, as proven, abusing, I just been of
God, not confusing, as nuisances, drew it, my ink like music, by reducing the
glooming, I use the truth as roots, I grew, like the fruits, and the leaves and
trees, even keys, I believing in He, see...

...this just normal to me, gave the super bowls some more to groove,
emblazoned atmospheric, guess my taste in fashion, waves of madness,
everybody knew, about the evils, from those days, satanic, somehow I'm the
main attraction, just so hate can take advantage, so Weh can't...

...I used to do this all the time, but soon, delusions caught my lines, just so falls
can rise, and chalk design the Light of Christ's reign, to bridle He, so idols teem,
unrighteously, so Christ deplete, whatever happen to me, is unanimous cause
I'm of He, as time would teach...

...every lie disproved, like seasons ago, settings like canoes, meadlies, precious
fruits, abundance, like what heaven do, blessings loom regardless, due
departure, of the hue of darkness, muses, stuff construe what doesn't like what
does it, nothing, just a ruse, I love the truth...

...satan resent the wisdom, from the Scripture, so I hug the picture, just a
sticker, never had a lust for liquor, nothing sicker, but miscue, dictionary words,
now becomes an issue, timing and designing, like a diamond, crushed from
constant pressure, nothing extra, sinful...

...YHWH been my Savior, this behavior is normal, amidst the stable of my
Father's sheep, a lot of wheat, ain't with the tare, off the top I script, like I used
to in days old, who wave this on, Light convention portrayed wrong, who slaved
the flows, I'm official, these things gold...

...like I said, I'm glasses, my tab-let, divide sadness, and, I'm branches, biases, lies survived by help, from some higher entities, hiding Light, to diminish He, my writtens gleam, amethysts, I cherish, the Scripture things, heaven is, serenity, my destiny ain't unsettling...

...though I know that things were graphic, for certain, and frames to brand the surface, have the worth of righteousness, damaged, at least, in sight of men, but Light distends into the realms that's higher than, shining in, my hands collide in prayer, just like in prior wiles...

...anything that's different means it's silly and wack, and, then, perhaps, from the percentage, the position, change, if in relation, this amazes... hist.. cacography, with commodities, that's sophistry, a lots of trees, and pollen, things acknowledged, dreams ain't got to reach...

...it ain't my fault, what happened to me though, all through these years, traumatic evils, that's to chalk the rise of Jesus, all these lines proceed me, talk and grimy slander, I ain't brought, shouldn't have to matter, Erad aiming at me, since the truth is out, nobody care...

...clandestine patios, symphonies, and chrysanthemums, androgenas, on some alemedas, with the Pantokrator, was opted out a birthright, almost, I ain't fall though, called lowly, up under God still, gusts that I feel, topics trying to hide me quick, escape with my vibes, like I'm a box...

...all I know, is all my roses saw, throughout the fog, alone, from autumn prose, about the bounties called to bound the sound of praise, in Yawh's domain, ain't about a thing, that ain't abound in grace, crawling, for some help, in seasons passed, seemed a wingless task...

...what can't handle the truth, is what believed the lie, deceived, if I would try to bring some Light, in seasons, wingless, grievous doubt, previously counted out, on account of lies, dismounted, I'm subjected to some danger, just because the things of God impacted, strangest...

...what's surprising to me, is that my rhyme surprise, even during the times when I, was being burdened, Christ had rise, by, aside beside me, withinside, peace, I didn't defy, vines, things I wasn't aware of, meant to confine me, to compromise, into something smaller, get behind me...

...all I know is being in danger, 'cause some lie of the devil, but Bible open, like it

was then, writing, and noting, and I was hoping, for deliverance, from everywhichway, I knew no peace, besides the Spirit's, still it's there to this day, my faith in God, what I started on...

...and I'm normally a strong person, sometimes, I break, but Jesus story gave the whole purpose, some kind of place, in times and ages, of contentions, when there's one type of face, but many names, and countenances, but there's none like YHWH, and all the saints, can attest...

...my panegyrics lift the Father's name, I'm still on that note, just like I started on, it's not a game, whatever demon prophets framed, to blot and maim the Light of God, is over, and it's not a phase, whatever wasn't seen in Jehovah, I does not embrace, that's my display...

...I ain't done a thing but show the world who I am, aside from slanders and some other things, there never was a substance made, much was framed, still I trust the Name, didn't nothing change, Light remain my choice, and the Bible made my voice, & this crime ain't made me hoarse...

...I'm glasses, persecutors be the opp-osite, every person you contrast me, in the box you in, it used to hurt, to view some actions, like with God to sin, until I learned, just moving backwards, are you bosses then...

I'm glasses, I don't even need to floss to win, half the time, I'm with my Master, with the Cross, the end, and no pretend, I been expansive, though the fog is rigged, and if I fall, the Lord my ladder, I ain't loss to sin...

7/18/19-8/16/19

Dexsta Ray

Random Clippings (Poetry Corner)3

"My limits, pushing past, but that's normal for me, inordinately, victorious visions, and the platforms, immortalized, and important vibes, average, minions chide, for lack understanding, my hand ain't landed, whoa, who had to long for that, so wholeness can't be known, stole"

"Had the planets on my back, dragged me, patterns, on the asphalt, from the fabrics of my crafts, with my patent, tried to scratch it, scrape it up, to fashion bantam stuff, from angels, but the Savior, stay original, so minuscule, embracements, can't display the same embrace"

"If it was, that's how it'd be, for what, such downing me? To ground me in a bad positions under slander, ground for me, like pounds, my dreams, had been transcended stuff, just let the devil stash that, I could live with such, after all, my aim been YHWH's will, obviously"

"I was minding mine, and mining mines of YHWH's mine of mines, finding Light, the kind from heaven, signs and sevens, holy number, in the Scriptures lines, and sections, settings, silver, gold and message, like expression, in the scripture spoke, in the book of Proverbs"

"Got used, to being seen as inadequate, just hypotenuses, though, like doe, angles change according to how it's molded, payed attention to Weh's ascension, and exaltation, for the accurate perception, no longer, constrained to wrongs opinion, focus on the Spirit, the Scripture"

"Treated like I'm monsters, some units and stuff, that's fueled by some influences, that use them for bruising the fruit that YHWH make, produce, like it's no proof, or use, the evil broke rules, just to make the lie a truth, like a fool, and like some old news, and know too"

"I know, cruel... but still, here's, here's, what I won't do... mold the Light into a bow, and distort, conform in evil, form a weed I'm not supposed to, for wheat, the same unfitting, rather struggle with the thorn, with the LORD, remain forgiving, for my Home got roads of gold"

"Taking heed, from A to Z, through paintings, pieces of my fragments, break, evenings, neigh the watchtower, regions of the planets shake, readings, in the ninth hour, seeking Words for my afflictions, weakness is my source of strength, Jesus really my power.."

"It's the LORD's provision, I can see Nehemiah, standing firm, in the storms, conditions, thorns, and witnesses, the floors was different, Source, was with, deliverance, from any sort or form affliction, courses different, choices, for the servants in the LORD's watch, or stable"

"Moses, at the edge, I can see, him heavy arms, they helped him, welcome, to salvation, the LORD, forsaketh not, His people, water spreaded part, so their feet, ain't even getting wet, the blind could see the miracle, spiritual, YHWH only breathed, pinnacles, of ancient ages.."

"I need the LORD forever, it's far from Him to embrace the darkness, symphonies, of heartache, my longing, for YHWH,willn't cease, ardently retain, from the sparsiles, to heavens hills, His righteousness expand the margins, through meadows, His art and craftsmanship, are large"

"This just normal for me, worship the LORD, before me, glory unto YHWH, these warm expressions of such just bring me joy, formulas, and theories, that's lagging, abnormal, picturesque, the mansions, in my Father's house, massive, and can't be ravished, nor the riches, damaged"

"Demons ain't my forte, your way, please continue on, victorious, ain't like, your brain, serpents misunderstand on purpose, such could not exhort, made, canvases, from the scorn they place, coordinates in Hades, the sort exhibit, ignored, unphased, the sort originally come for"

"My faith was stronger than the devil's will, although the threat is real, I know of YHWH power, so the devil probably sour, either way it go, my death was baited so what's satan gloat, the Light, my depth, I'm not devoured, hating want the fire to die, so Weh ain't known, but.."

"I don't get the implications, but if God's enemies, I needn't speak, my weaken speech, could not compare to what He said Himself, why some won't believe the truth, some know He real, but hate rebuke, extenuate the evil did but amplify His hand away, antagonize the righteous One"

"Suicidal, but accused somebody else, avenged...upon herself, I'm patsies for some mammon scheme, excuses for some kind of step, into the lights and glamour, path, without me, couldn't have that bag, but hateth me for homage, while avenged on me the knife she grabbed, from history, was in her back, at first, somehow, reversed, and went a trillion laps, into a different bracket, with that tablet full of glistening axes, masterful expressions, such impact, the cool, to

rip the peasants, ran into the Church, with that, attitude, abused the blessings, back before that point, she passed a pack of jewels who fit that necklace, but her sight were set, on something tiny, cruel, developed, something trifle to upset whatever Light was due to shine for something right, the brightness glew, she tied the lie to that, from her bag"

"I possessed the talent, for the Light, so stuff inclined to me, because of things I can't control, I witnessed, demons pay perspectives, just to undermine, but it's too late, in Christ, was faith rejected, by society, that's trying to seem, just like it's been aligned, but killing Jesus"

"Behind the scenes, the antichrists, supply the means to kill the LORD, all of which is proven, but it's few, who actually care to fight, for Light, &stuff that's right, I been ignored, I speak from what's in sight, such committed evils, want to harm you `cause you trusted Christ"

"The LORD is far from blasphemy, all can't fit into brackets, for the prayers of wicked beings is iniquity, such deceiveth self, but let the Light rejoice, unto Zion, and all the hills, and valleys, just because the LORD is exalted above the antichrists, that plan demise, of His"

"The shallow be manipulated quickly, and the misinformed, back whatever evil, that resists whatever thing they scorn, even being the LORD, hateth God, but make it seem it's more, the source was even race, although, to me, I never seen the thorn, masked, decoying, malice..."

"To antichrists, I'm edible, inedible though, like yellow snow, my dreams were periscopes, my faith remains unshaken still, I'm secrets of a lot, I'm the thing such like to sneak and watch, and plot, and such get pleasure, from my grief and torment, schemings broad, feeding lots"

"The baphomet and antichrists, appetite, for the souls successful, scan the mine for weaknesses, craft some plights, trying to nab the fruit, slam for any weaknesses searcheth out, plus the fabricated, curses mouthed, out just to have a crown, I was writing this before that"

"Under false pretenses, the envious artists, still can target, from the stuff they frame, from the start, stuff they create, allowing time, to temporize, to allow the crime to solidify, just to steal the hard work, instigating, my dirge captured, serves, words badder"

10/24/19-10/25/19

Random Clippings (Poetry Corner)4

"Focus on the Spirit things, like it's been in seasons passed"

"I relate, like debates"

"The things of God's, despised by the devil, if main or not, it's major, 'cause the Savior, "

"The stuff some knew, I didn't know, the stuff some do, I didn't sow, and never cause contentions, some convince some something different though, that isn't whole nor accurate..."

"I write at random times, some enablers applicate, cause such can't stand the vibes, from the Savior, so that's the hate, I never planned a chide, only spake to inspire, but only righteousness, for good, not for satanic wiles, the rest just framing, just sophisticated.."

"The LORD endows discernment, one can understand, the true intent, Jesus is my Father, which He's shown the world, a thousand times, to show that Light is righteousness, and YHWH is the holiest, the Highest, worthy to be praised, and worshipped, from this world, to next "

"Painful, in my shell, I'm accustomed to misconceptions of me, paint them in abstract, damaged easels, I need the lightning near me, grateful for the LORD's presence, details, saints and souls with faith, and vessels, who, just doing them, help the ultimate plans of YHWH, "

"Platforms, not included, all the saints, just share a common purpose, worship, servants of the LORD, the curses ain't a part of that, commanded, in the Scripture, if I'm turning anyone to Light, to learn of Christ, stand firm on righteousness, then that's the sum of me..."

"Never would I rule, control a soul, I keep the Bible first, and vengeance never is my intentions, I mean, without the LORD, who knows what would've been, but He been with me, all throughout the storms, the LORD is where my vision be, and all that I desire to mirror..."

"Some used to try predicting, I'd grow into a tyrant, or some resputin, though I didn't understand, those prebuttals, until I actually grow, in God, some knew the sludge they had dumped me in, in advance, although I didn't, so they'd

build some retinue, against me, in advance.."

"I depend on YHWH for safety, without Him, don't exist, if it be His will,
plus the evil don't ever give me peace, the Bible still provisions, in melancholy, I
feel the witness, all throughout the Scripture, the gates of Hades shall not
prevail, regardless, how it look.."

10/25/19-10/26/19

Dexsta Ray

Rated Reality

Things are different
Theories, strings, wings and
Metrics
Find myself, bereaved
Deliverance
Seemed, every second, expand away
Nonetheless
I supplicate, honest
Expressions
Done in faith, life and death scenarios
Subjected
Now, platforms, weaponized
Consent without
It's absent
It's this...
That bound my writtens
Getting positioned, with intentions, to stamp
Out my ambitions
For a while, sat, and pondered
Plans to plunder
Intellectually
For, now, it be the dawn
Yea, but later
Trees'll spawn, leaves and qualms
Barren natures
Looked towards the Lord to rescue dreams
The more implored
Connects the
Scene, to sheets, and principalities
Battling
Trapped in the valleys
Sometimes
It's baffling
Gratitude, forbidden, to look back
For unfruitful
Cause
Stuff misrepresenting, no black-lists
True, no mail involved
Still, there must be something, attacks this, through

Attractions, and masking other stuff with that mal-ice
So I'm snails and all, captioned, although in the fab-rics
Not the devil's
Ball
More than some nugacity, more to come
That's immortal
Stuff
Centered in the light still
Evil's colluding as we speak
Conspiring, dismantling
Covering stuff that's actually mean
Placing others up
That would likely condone, it doesn't matter what's of God
The devil's trying to dethrone
Deleting my evidence
And copyrighted, proofs, and no one ever flinched
Soon is vulnerability
I'll probably be enveloped then
Abuse and non-conspiracies...
Real life
It seems I've failed again
Word to first Elijah 'cause it feel like this a trail too big
I been through things before
And it don't feel like I will ever live
I see some things unfolding
But nobody seemed aware of this...
I was kept from
Steps of justice by a violent means
And then some knew I'd need them
'Cause I'm suffering so they're
Bribing me...
I keep my faith, and try adjusting, many eyes can see
I'm waiting for my Savior
Not injustice planned to silence me...
I'm all original
But ain't nobody citing me, ain't tripping 'cause it's miniscule
Compared to just me trying to breathe...
Dark times
Left for dead, it ain't just hard times
Marred, died, check to check
On top of shards flying, my harp, violin
Expressed

Won't make me start crying
I'm on a different wavelength
But blessed, in faith
Large shine...
In paradise, I'll reap the best, of what I've truly earned
What can't be stolen
Schemed
Finessed, can't be withdrew or burned
I stand for Christ
I see the tests as things that's used to learn
It's just to bring the glory to Him
Lest we be a fool
Or cursed
10/6/18

Dexsta Ray

Rated Reality 2

Unacceptable, acceptable, because I suffered...
Life destroyed, opportunities loss, and plus, I got to end
Can't exist, because my torture blew, it'd make you cringe
I can't survive in writing
'Cause experiences, embracing it, shew my pain too great to script
But, not for me, those may can see it
So my right to do it is destroyed
Because stuff hatred did...
Implications, extra pressure, deeper than it ever
Wrote my heart out to protect it
But, the same result, remain, in spite of any measure
To defend my passion, just like any, but I'm still in righteousness
What did don't care, the Light still with me
Sabotaged, on purpose
Forced to perish or stop, been writing for years
Now right denied because the devils were clocked...
In spite of self-explanatory evidences of plotting
Meant to diminish YHWH's work through me to tether what's God
To other nets, a bunch of extra, even wept, which used to shun
The depth, ain't nothing can be done for Christ because miscue
Beyond the help, but strangely, such was made this way
Intentionally...
And framed this way, graft me to realities, to own me
That I ain't embrace
Through many different strategies, if spoke this, sound is aimed
This way, I broke down chronologically, exposed it
Still my lane erased...
Influential figures, lying, and given dominion
Against the artists with more talent, such decide
If they live, or whether or not, they can exists
Or should find recognition, and have no reverence for Christ
Still get violence for Scripture, uplifting things that honor God
They disguise it from envy, until my name is just some blot
Implying harm for what's been done to me, Christ is Who they hate
Or, wouldn't be normal, buffering guns for me
For humbly trusting, following God, antichrists is what it mean
And judging how today's the most recent, anyway it go
Still I plead the blood of Jesus, ain't my fault, some stuff was evil
Now, I can't survive, I find there ain't an ending

Just some sequels

Sneaky

7/25/19

Dexsta Ray

Rather See The Good Side

I know from experience... God's a loving God
But He also has another side
Never play!
Trust me... God is not mocked
No, God will get us straight
We'll be forced to live a different way
For He knows...
Everything that make a person to tick
When He punish us
It is not to hurt but to fix
And no, karma don't exist
God give exactly what we sow
But we may call it bad luck
Or something close
We never notice when the Lord is repaying
We just think it's a coincidence, man
No, they don't exist
Sometimes...
It will seem like the people who don't respect the Lord
Are the first to gain more
And yes, it's true but
Listen...
Romans chapter one and verse twenty eight
Helps us understand why things will seem that way
Satan'd give a lost soul everything they ever desired
Just as long as they're not turning to God
That stuff just come from satan
Nothing can oppose of the scripture
The message real!
Some are people to who God's said forget it
Just let them live!
In spite of everything He's tried
They won't listen and never will
So He'd chose to step aside
Now they're living
'Til death reveals what's up
But the Lord does acknowledge the righteous
And all the fun in the earth can't measure heaven's excitement
And a praying child of God is not someone you should fight with

Rather see the good side since His bad one is frightening

Dexsta Ray

Ratings

Yea, some believe I'm trying my best to stay above the water
But to me
There is no sea
Because the land is dry
Exodus
I'm free, free, free mentally
A bird, floating with my wings, wings, wings
Spiritually disturbed...
Overrated, underrated is a trick to torch
I ain't under ratings
No constraining, some just misinformed...
Give it to me
God can use the worse of situations
Ruses burst like kernels, and make the sound of some food like bacon
Drowning out the two, that I am, to smooth the hurdles
'Round the curve, and cool the furnaces
Our purpose ain't that...
I see a time when I don't have to worry
Hopeful of the heavens
Where I can grow with who I want without another messing up
The blessing, stuck
Wrecking what I conspire, with true intentions
For my livelihood is rooted on this
So moved to mention, ruse and visions, and the stuff I aspired
That didn't happen, still I'm happy
Quill combusted like fires, that's driving me to higher speeds
And I can see...
In times of grief, remember, the slightest gleam of faith
Cleans the slate, you're Christ delivered...
So cling to praise
Instead of patterns of earth, I'm sending prayers for everybody
Pleasant matters or worse
And for the Light I'm never sorry
Probably sitting in a second lobby, lifted up like Christmas trees
The Scriptures leave oppression
Sobbing
I've never place myself above a single soul like that
The purpose ain't to conquer
But the worthless pain, a constant, now I'm dirty and don't care about feelings

'Cause I defend myself
The curses
Some ain't care of my writtens til' my contrition helped, out
Living humble, forgiving
Resisting wicked routes, mistaking kindness for apprehension
So I've 'consented' now...
Ha
No dimes or no pennies, still I'm supplying in this, really unaware
How suckers'd dare, to have my style
a gimmick
Wow, like that signal from physics, to think we've found existence
Tuning out the words of little serpents
'Cause I found the big ones
My crown positioned by the Spirit who endowed the visions, and the wisdom
If we have it, up the truth and down tradition...
Down religion (Christ is not religion)
Some will cover you with proud intentions, just to seek a W that's upside down
So wiles or styles are MISSING
Grounds of flout, sometimes counts, the devil's loud and envious, as I'm about
To finish this
Stop judging me for what you see
From others
You ain't cynic with, I mean, what kind of benefit? The wicked lusts my sounds
And say repay what I ain't take
And its just like
Psalms said, 'cause that creates a way to try break my poems legs
And make the balms 'nets'
Stress might
Fold
I'll never break, like a spirit love, bending all intrinsic, but a fall of it
Is never heard
Saw of it, like the Cross and beings that welcomes birds, trimmed
Only at the source
Or called
To live forever burned, I never learn, what the caution is if well discerned
I ain't into false labels
Waiting on my L's at first, got them, and then satan know they there
Just to help me earn...

If it's hate
If it's hate
Man, it's all the same, the same

All, man, man, it's all
Man it's all the same

Too focused

Dexsta Ray

Reach Out And Grab It

A passionate companion
Disorganized and barely withstanding
Rushing bouts of apprehension
So acute and uncanny
T'was the fear of always being alone
In need of a person who you could always call your own
Loneliness is gone
Could this really be?
An amorous touch
Can you repair the shattered heart in hand that carried the trust?
The lengthy prairie was plush
Along with all it's lovely shoots
Should we cherish the moment?
I'm forever loving you
Unconditional and true
I could not have imagined
If you can see where love could grow
Please reach out and grab it
Cause' people pass it up and throw it all away
Hurt in the past
The reason why their wall's in place

Dexsta Ray

Reading And Info Lit.

And though I'd rather read the book
The film of the story unveils the understanding
I think the movies are producer's view of main ideas
But to sort of
Sort of
Spay ideals
Not game to steal
But for the time
Fortifying
Production
A tray of first approaches and accounts
Books are often deeper
And you feel
The material more than a reciever
Some are visual so they can heed it
But in the book
They could probably get inside and falter even
Ain't surprised that all the reading alters sleeping
I see the book
Became a movie and it's different in a sense
Unlike a lot, in the plot, the message stayed together
What producers took from it might've gave and made it better

Dexsta Ray

Real Woman

I'd need a real woman
No plastic
No time to play with toys, or matchsticks
Plus I'm abstinence
Established tactics to take my joy
By satan's form, gigantic, the strangest courses
I ain't a judge, but major thorns, it's drastic
Not just them, but her that'd take my life
Such hate my kind, I'm talented, handsome
That's in my Savior's eyes
So haters sly and scandalous, prying to find my fragments
Dying, such mad if I can manage
Sand from damage
In peril, exposed the framings, it don't matter
Like I'm challenged for
Passion, observe my actions, under false pretense, to ravish the Master...
In favor of some evil stuff, what doesn't gather, just scatters
The devil hate when Light is manifest, to Christ
My hands connect
Ain't writing for a cult, although some'd know, but still command
My death
I still was praying for best, stranded, Scripture said what's next
These antichrists are stalking me, to kill me, so I can't express...
The glorious Light of the Almighty
Such is ill-intended, warned that I don't have a home
That's straight 'cause I got spirit riches...
I been in search of some stability though rigged intensely
What's sophisticated, 'gainst a one, because the Scripture
Hitting...
A vast majority that want to see me ended quickly
Not because I started nothing, just because the Spirit in me...
And they be lying on God to keep some type of image pretty
I don't know that person either, I just know this wisdom written...
Harming me won't give them wings back
Harming me won't put it back up under God
Such can't see that...
And torturing me won't heal the damage that the schemes add
Mammon chosen over God
It ain't my fault, I mean that...

I'd need a real woman, not someone that keep playing
Some wondering what I'm on, I'm sober, just so they can ease past
To disinvent me, deemed last, while such just build from rip me
Funny how I just emerge from my cocoon, I'm meals specifically
Don't kill this Light, don't care I suffer, just if still can die
To fix me, so live deprived, below, what God had sealed for my
Existence, so somebody else can benefit, humility, I feel
But that is not authentic, treacherous, the Spirit heals...
Through Scripture still, I visit in the thirty first of Proverbs
Somewhere, being fulfilled...
Some things revealed, ain't no way some fruits should still be here
And threatened by what love the devil just to help the sins congeal
Actions speak, but words hold power, like in Genesis...
Some sought destruction just to hide the purpose in the midst...
Or call it worthless to exalt the filth so many's tricked
I see so many souls, I feel familiar, it's the Spirit's real...
But such knew better
Christ was what my life was built around
Don't need a special scientist to see that Light is what is it
The miracles enough, some say you're stuff, to frame, and make you hush
'Cause satan hate the Lord, it don't make sense, with all this ancient
Stuff, pages up, that's taken, if the faith can pave the way for trust
It's mainly just a window, anytime I'm great, such hate on us...
Afraid to cuss, because your pain, be used to bring a plus
To satan, plush campaigns to take and fade what grace He gave to what
Have loveth Him, some want security, to do what's wrong
And know it, if you're loved, satan furiously, pursue your soul
To hold, just to mold, and absorb, even if you didn't know
Such don't care about your age
Just the good that He
Behold, even using that for mammon, when it should be used
For more
Until it's rightful place abandoned, for some good to be untold
Misportray the pain as manic so the good can be controlled
Wasn't even close to finish, but I would if things had shown
I'm not fearing any evil like I'm hood but Jesus owns me
Plus some patterns so consistent, ain't new, but even so
I grew, but just through YHWH's power, ain't cheating, what copy sour
Hours, seasons, freezing, scorch even
Persecution, had more meaning, that's more reason...
My Lord speaking
Need somebody to ward with me

No score keeping
Just more reading Scripture, ain't trying to force deepness
Nor schemings, the Lord is my Light, still, like before legions
Formed, and dreams abhorred, it seem I snore
But just was overpowered, YHWH is my Helper
Is my treasure
And my faith remain, plus need a real woman
Not someone that can't relate
I'm not within assimilations, made to frame, so satan gains...
I'm still faithful though
I been through many ages slain
When no face would grace
My soul
It'd take it's toll but Weh' is great!
Some looked for reasons way before to later to stage my pain
Misrepresent the present time to override the things that
Aged
And I ain't talking recent, years and years, such things remained
Racism had been a factor even when I ain't embrace...
This ain't attached to that, illegal since some traps that's past
Respect for what is of the Lord
And not for what had blasphemed Him, the Spirit
Some connections show a takedown, but don't know the why
My testimonies just as good, don't get why some just want me dying
Because of Christ, the only proven thing, that's not some loathesome lie
That some influences create to kill what envy roam their minds...
And that's one reason why my life is getting roast alive
Just guilty of being talented
They lie with things that don't comprise of what my character consist
What's did to me is thrown on Christ
And this has been one long timeline
Not broke a part like
Jokes, when I, behold the Scripture, show the Scripture

But on another note
Evidence is being overridden to carry out antichrist and racists agendas
Against a known follower of Christ and saint
And some who doing these evils
Against me, almost daily, pretend to not know

Wake up believers, the time is upon us
6/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Real Woman 2

Annoying evil, trying to drive me off, but Lord, we equal
Demons been incarnated, found a way, to attack my life
Even when my heartbreak, and darkness, take aim without a cause
Afraid of my impact for the Father, don't want me in the lands
Spiritual, implants, or technologies
Times when facts don't
Matter
And the way it is, how they meant it to be since
17'...
Witnessed plans, campaigns, and thinking, no one really can see?
The ripping off of something former, tsk, all that money you owe
The honey you stole, and it ain't normal, so much happening
In the globe, so cold, that God is losing patience...
I can't count the hopeless times, I felt, by myself
Thinking it's misfortune, but it turn out I was lied on
And persecuted, such don't want another rise
I wish I would've taketh flight, the hatred would've claimed my
Life, some more, I stayed with Light, abomination
Crimes, they made against humanity, they never answer for
But hideth this, disguising this, defining it with other factors
I ain't safe, 'cause I was different, but it wasn't in a grimy way
But still misrepresented...
Real women is a rarity, that's why I say my heart is still in it
'Til the finish, I can care, in peace...
Declaring these other factors, being the stuff that badger
Sabotage my life, towards my future, so my love can shatter
I'm double lanterned, in the mire, with some other standards
God is still a fire, pillars, clouds, the measure, the commandments...
Hearing savagery, encamped, to end my family tree
In some time to come, but that'd which make the anarchy
Don't claim it, misportraying plans or schemes
That lead to wayment, pansophy, using other hands and reigns
To conquer God so that's a thing...
I'm of value to the Light so demons had to reach
Legions led by malice, to implant some means to can the passion
Talk about the devil, evil brands unleash, and felt offended
What that really tell you
I embrace the Word, not sell to critics, such destroy my options
So I'd have no choice but settle in it...

That's a failure's mission
Meant to keep my treasure hidden, so that those I gave some hope
Be miserable, and hell's ascended...
Forever finished, like when cures for strongholds
Help with sickness
Hellions nit-pick all my words, in false pretense, so devils
Limit, wellness, winning, wishing, Light was held in the valley
So can't nobody see the truth
Until the depth, with some tallies, of deaths, some alky in it
Too, plus battalions sent to misconstrue
For reasons to destroy me for my talent so the wicked ruled...
'Twas unfair, all this pressure, because I'm Christian too
Organizing debts to beset me so I can't feel exhumed...
Or ever see how it feel
To not be sabotaged, life I never knew, nor experienced
In this reality, dimensions, but my angels, ain't abandoned me
Saying I'll see in heaven, finding solace in that fact, despising life
In the physical, to have it in the land of peace, the straight and narrow
Worth it, that's in spite of, satan arrows, curses, even all that happened
Can't compare, to satan lair, where hatred dwell, forever in
A place of snares, infringed upon my substance
False accused to be able...
But if it's for the Lord, it's fine, but some would use me for satan
Yea, I'm the head and not the tail, Deuteronomy the twenty eighth
From back in my beginnings, until present times, I'm still of Scripture
Never was a reason to discriminate, from then to hither
Either way, I been a victim, did no wrong, but still was sent through
It was known, a little potential, skill within my realm of vision
Which was why my fields were stricken when the time to till was nearing
Hills were ripe and meal was plenty, righteousness
To heal some illness, being deception, mixed with envy
Never sought to be destroyed, wear the Cross, the King, the Lord
Bear my cross, for Christ, I still was smite, they hide the slyest
I rejoice, in YHWH's work, Whose I am property first, of
I learn, Thee first come to serve, the righteous follow
That, Proverbs on my mind, and Corinthians, O, the mirth
What is of the Throne, forever I exalt, for Christ, I'm persecuted
Plus such know beyond the doubt, but real women
Not of satan, if it fine for such to lie on me, no problem when I'm
Stating facts, just satan mad, it made me take my hat off
And made me fan
I'm the only victim, all that's terrorism, satan planned

So it doesn't count, but satan coming like these things ain't spread
Extra cunning, secret how it been, while I embrace the hand of cards
That place upon me, and success, from my tarrying
That came exactly as it should've, up to God, I would reach
The devil want to turn the good into some lots of deceit
But I'm encouraged by the real women, God know your grief
He got His eyes on His sheep, and plus, my crying don't deplete
Some hearts be still open, regardless, of the strife that they meet
But on the other hand, some evil want that kind of esteem
Without the discipline, to build on it, libelous and mean
But I'm inclined to wholeness, hi, it make excitement
Shine a light on peace, annoyance fade away
And goodness overshadow
Evil's voice, the Lord will save the day, and I believe it
Although demons scorn, the Lord can heal whatever
Still the better

7/27/19

Dexsta Ray

Real Woman 3

One be there for her guy
Not trying to make him lose
The real women, 'cause the simple things, make major difference...
Beauty is substantial, but with substance, it's better
The helpers tethered to the man
By God, for struggles
Forever, with just exceptions, just deception
Lest a coat obscure the
Broken soul, and Light, to pleasure in
For better, then, for worse
The settled in
Puzzles, stuff that differ, but fit, like stuff that mirror
Rich, in spirit, if not treasure, hit with
Circumstances
Learn to merge the planets
With the first commandments, getting immersed in passion
Birthing fabrics, that would make a quilt, with different brackets
Mint, established, visioning backwards, midst that words impacted
Myths, it's not as much, but been discerned, and then it's cactus
Hurt, and prick, the mirth
Prevented, by the serpent, envy
Serving plenty
While the worse persist to curse the gifts and burn the feelings
Heard the wintry breezes, frigidly
Converse with plants
And dwindling roots, of the deciduous, and evergreens
Forever me...
But never sleaze, wherever Jesus present, where His message be
And never leave the sheep
Forsaken
Never please the devils needs, and measures be
Beheld the graces, letters, ink, some special fragrance
Necklace, wings, and special bracelets, there to read
Whenever patience, left, the statements, extra lax
There ain't too much to settle that
I drag my quilt up under trees, and wrote my heart
Expressing that, with pomegranates, and skinned kiwis
Sombreros too, and leaves that's floating, notes and ampersands
That rise, when love is not as tangible but still is hope that span the skies

Which can survive, what ain't to weather, planting vibes
That ain't conjecture, plans comprised of YHWH's hand
Designed, the helpers, from the side of man
For Light and righteous kinds
Of paths
8/25/19

Dexsta Ray

Realization

I remember life before I understood who God was on a person level
Things were different
It ain't even a matter of being better than the next
It's a matter of learning and understanding yourself and your personal purpose
You can see society and it's downward spiral
If you look
But satan will attempt to cloak these things under the lie
Of 'superiority' or the like and try to speak that against you
Stand regardless...
Our beef with society was never a result of fleshly actions
For it was kindled the moment the serpent tempted Eve
Ever since...
Satan, the serpent, has been on a mission to disguise his folly and
Antagonise God and His word
Through society
His tool...
The bigger picture shall prove
Or course, you know about the two worlds
Even at this very time
It's impossible to see the spiritual without God allowing us to
All we see is our
Realities
All we speak about is our realities
If Jesus tell society that it's ways are bad (John 7: 7)
By it being of satanic influence
There's rebellion
There's nothing I can or have said to this society (satan)
Worse than what it's said and done to us
For it's directly proportional to the amount of the activity on the spiritual side
And by the day being as evil and blind as it is (2 Cor.4: 4)
It's all getting worse as a whole
We can see it obviously
Radical is effective
To speak directly to the culprit (satan) who's blinded some
And that's what it is
In his attempts to orchestrate confusion
He leave a web of unconnected logic and foolish paradoxes behind
But with God is clarity
Hence, some folk consistently undermine Christians

Or any soul
Growing...
They can't see the bigger picture
Come to the realization that satan's fate has already been sealed
Then I realized that not all want to receive the kingdom but some still do
I pray that those find it quickly

What God want us to do will likely be
The opposite of what we want

And not everything always apply to everybody
Not everything would be for all

Dexsta Ray

Reciting Poems

Reciting poems seem a little like rap
If you're a rhyming poet
But no distinction in the eyes of the critics
No depletions in the minds of the
Scripters
Who can see a difference, in modern times
It's a crime to be different
For if thy recite a poem, the heightened noise
It's a beauty spoken
Words opened
Then enclosed right after vocal slurs
Some unravel hope to burn
For growth and positive alignment
While some souls'll drop consignment
Of an inner nature
Trust to such degree
It takes a lot to bust your dreams
And give them to a cold world
But there's some who love the things!
So forever...
If reciting poems then quote for better
But if we just stick to writing
Then we hold the notes for measure
Pleasure
Different reasons

Dexsta Ray

Rediculous Concoction Of Conjunctions And Truth

Just wanting the jealous
People to see
I'm still writing
Hahaha
Be careful...
They justifying hating with 'karma'
These days

Made it from the underground
Where satan'd run me down
A major vision
Paid attention
Made to listen
Sole conceptual
A maze at
First
The serpent hate the purpose
And aim to hurt me
But I prayed to stay committed
Taking bibles everywhere that I went
No brazen idols
Present
Or praising titles
Never cared
I'm writing
On the light, the hype was never there
I'm made to fight you
An unbridled
Weapon...
The unsightly
Who conspire, group of trifling beings
The mind is too a key
Locked but loaded
A noticed
Closed eye
But if it's open, it can grow, and focus,
No lie
Soul ties, broken, like bones dried for a long time
Both kinds of forces

Smoke, locust, stone thrown
Metamorphic
Like primal
Corpses
Its gone, just lines absorbing it's home
Abandoned tracks and paths compact
Like metamorphosing stone
They played a soldier for the glory route
Supposed to be afraid
Turned around
Defeat the snake, got my story out!
The seed of passion
I can laugh where I'm standing in
I thrashed and beat a tactic
Now I'm happy and I'm adamant...
Is that a sin?
Do we have to be a slag to win?
You can act for friends but I'm avid from the path within!
I like to see the rain fall while the Sun is out
Blessings all around
Hate calls
But I'm shunning doubt
Faith is in the message
Shake that satanic
Stuff
To take my weapons
Demons made scandalous up
Especially with the
Crowd
I'm focused on some cultivation
Folks don't know my soul
Concentration
Cults can get the boot
Kicked for kicking on the pricks
So that's how I broke my
Shoe
And I'm gone before the boldest of the muse
Even know or knew
The rich existed
Only spirit business
Strong souls on the timid's hitlists
And this image twisted

Came to me
I could vision vivid
Picking out the sick, ridiculous
So I'm sitting with the shifty sense of this originally
What it's meant to be
The demon kingdoms hate the Light so there's enmity
I'll be thanking God all night 'cause He delivered me
And I don't care if it's 'cool'
Because it is to me
First Corinthians two fourteen tell how the wicked be
Yea, crony, this a new age
Get aligned
Anytime you want to read a true page
Get to mine
A different side
Plenty other ways to get inspired
Molded with the fire
In my mind
Is mirrors
Ill-positioned, since I switched desires
I ain't sweating this
I been respired
Demons always trying to find a net to set to keep me wired
Jealous
Hating
Never break me
Only zealous greatness
Kudos to the true though
With this savage
Shouldn't have kept you waiting...
I pray the Lord rise up and send those snails to satan
They already dead
And won't repent
So they don't want a Savior
Evil know what it was doing when it first did
Jump into some acid
Let me ask you
Why you hurt then
My style is different from the servants
Say you don't respect
I represent a totally different circle
So I'm gone expect that

But I'll never let that
Wreck this
Just the serpent
Have a problem with the true words he brought upon himself
But then he act a victim, a tragic villain
Those distractions only crafted smarts
Jesus passed a spark and grabbed my heart
Now I'm born again
Picking up my bible, spirit battle, with my sword again
I ain't scared of nothing
Silly prattle
Underneath the floor
I ain't tripping on it
Typical, I get a lot of hate before you get to know me
Last week, I saw a page about a kid that's gone
See, bullies were the cause
Now that hate I had for them is growing...
Bitter, insecure, minion, scripting this, get letter to you
Why pick on little, innocent, children, victims, and whoever do you
There's so much violence in the world
And you'll only add to that equation
It's a joke
Until those tables turn and have you thinking
Contemplating death
You don't even want to leave the house
You know they'll judge you bad unless you go the evil route
But then you learn the truth about the spirit
What those wings about
How this is just temporary
But the foes who speaking down...
Going to hell
They'll be screaming just to be around!
Mad because I tell them
Hating Jesus but they'd need Him now!
But they won't get it 'til they see some things that freak them out
On the other side
In the spirit realm
They'll be devout
To Jesus
But it'd be too late
Just let them keep it up
And you can count on me to heed the scene

And speak It up
For I don't care about the extra
I don't take it serious
Laughing at the troublemakers
Thinking they are better
Furious
If you hate and I ignore you
That don't make you
Peerless
That just mean you wasn't as important as you think
To winners
Jezebel and all the witches
Take your tales to hell
I am negative
But you are wicked with the tales you tell
You know I'm Christian
So there's limits
But you never fail to stretch the full extent
And try to tempt us through the disrespect
This time is different
I will show you why I'm still a vet
You get the funky rhythm
Up you with some
Holy venom

Dexsta Ray

Regardless

But no matter what
I rather trust in YHWH's holy Light
The righteous, sow the truth, the spite, rebut, but knows He right...
I find myself in different criticism
Crying about it, that's required, fan the fire in me
Toss aside the false doctrine, cults, assignments
Never measure to satan
That's why, sometimes, the road is slighted 'cause the devil is basic
And surprised, be my reaction, things I never conceived, I rarely panic 'bout a
fault, just the devil is grieved
'Cause now so much is obvious
So He's better believed, I had no knowledge of before
Of what the devil would knead
And, now, it's like I'm not supposed write about it, 'sposed to fight about it
Hoping something happens to me
While trying to climb the mountains...
It took a while
But I found some mounds, with deadly teeth
And claws, bounty frowned upon, I think
It's like, why mess with me at all?
Methods, things begun
I'd never think to do to others
This ain't really relevant
This settle in, like other things, perversity is burdening
The Father, worsening, the product, of perverted words and thoughts
All I want, is peace, my rights enforced, ain't want but need, they all are trash
Their contributions
Lack
But, I have choose forsaking of sin
Shouldn't have to live in danger
Plus, wouldn't have to fake or pretend
I did invest, a lot into myself, stalkers in misunderstanding, said I wasn't that
But I ain't mean the way some stuff is talked about
And mentioned, sudden, vulnerability like something's different
And watching close, just to see if I drink unforgiveness
To anticipate my actions
Though my sight on spirit things, I'm not concern with
Bitter waves, of malice, though I still embrace
But not within the details

I see hell, it's misportrayed, a million times worse
Heaven is to sevens, ain't a twisted spin
Some vessels set you up and live in fear that you may get revenge...
So are forced to violating even more than that, and putting in risk alot of stuff
For someone that ain't forming crap...
Before the fact, it's all good, until the torch is snatched, and smited by the minor
type of privacy
Entitled to you, everything electric, mind your business, still some kind pursue
you
Really, these days, I don't try to write
I like to rhyme, to fly, or chiding just what ain't right, aligning to the Bible
Demons die when Light finds the fight
To strike, a nerve, I never do, possessions, anger, curses form against
Regardless of the platform
Man, that warning's for the sick, that wish that I was this
I don't do the things that's expected
I never choose destruction just because, the dust
Is nothing, what's above?

Dexsta Ray

Regardless 2

I might've been a hero, to some, but I don't
Feel that way, really, fame changes everything that's around you
Solidifying all impressions, impositions, all the questions
This presented, like if wicked forces dimmed your light
Some quick decisions over futures, and directions, fixed through
Fixing settings, different, than what is without intentional
Intrinsic methods, missions in advance, because you're malleable
Before you're rigid, stuff was witnessed, back then
Miracles, godly, some was thinking, that kid, this spiritual
If it's holy, miserable, for what behold, while crumbling roses
Even if the Spirit come
Decisions made, to kill the dwindle
Since before the path
Begin, when troubles framed, they factored in
A couple of things that'd
Graft the kid, it's just clichés, if ever mentioned
Strung this way, to limit, under stuff that ain't sufficient
For the stuff that Weh intended, the provision, wasn't vile
And awful, YHWH loved the vision, knew what'd come against it
Still it's good, the world, He ministered, unto in Scripture
'Fore the season came
Seething pain, to keep it plain, the LORD was hurt
Seeing things arranged
But still it didn't surprise Him
For centuries
Repeat the same
Mysteriously, acknowledgement, my lyrically, brought hither
Evil, women that materialized, but really schemed for hindering
Jesus, for initiations, into satan, meant to take the nations
The sophistication, tied unto that early
Still, and drafted stuff
The perfect shield, that hurt for real, a hit for that which envied
Cracking lightning echo through
The skies, disturb the hills, discernment
YHWH was rejected
But it was connected, to before
Different, used to like to build makeshift tents
With fitted sheets, as that kid
And stuff like that despicable, to

High up realms, ain't open-minded period
Seeking bias complimenting
Violent endings, just because the Lord's light was witness
When He smiled, and proud
Of who His children was, some structure saw, influence, build a buzz
If this had happened in the future
Might destroy tradition, uh
Frightening to a child, imagine as they're blameless
Now, the same, allow what hateth, to invade my space to take it
If I disagree, with that, some lie and claim
I'm hateful, angry
Just to justify confining all my actions to their basis
And to overlook the fact that I
Had just defied their
Baiting, then the envy of another turned my life into their painting
If you're different, you must die
But if you ain't, you in their playlists
This began before my time
And chased me down until this date
There was no action of my life
That made somebody want my happiness
All my pain, I put on canvases
My plateaus, candlesticks
God is greater than the demons, and the pits they dig
For saints, that's been engraved
For seasons, in the temporal, for weakness
Such a life was taken
Sheep are pure, I'll say it every-time, they showed me what's acceptable
Express just what they did, since it was straight
To most, the scripture, out the way
To most, demonic leaders, seek compounded pain
The most to give you, crime that's
Overlooked, but any consolation
Only miscue, basically, society had told the Lord
"Forget you", and solidified the
Notion, with the murder of His kids too
11/29/19

11/29/19

Relays

What I meant
In the beginning of No Ghosts
Different
Strongholds, with co-hosts, unsolicited
So cold
While the globe
Spirals...
CO, carbon
Cars conveniently placed
Direct proportion to campaigners
And the evil they'd say
Directed poison, ventilation, "Go to sleep" they'd exclaim
When vehicles were weaponized the most mischievous ways
I'm EMPs, not the I
Dotted lines to see him beat
I don't know 'bout giving up
That's probably why I need to leave
God defines what's ossified
To me
To ends that's expected
Qualified from quantum times unto the realms that connect it
Antiphons are not sufficient
Shame, defeat, that satan dream, but 'Weh unfrocked
The weapon, prosper not, in faith, I stay believing
On Him, keep the hope alive, probability
Positivity
Enoch had summed it up, trying to say the same thing
In God, trust, is aligned, I must
Live inclined to spirit vibes, the purest kind
To really rise, in the Light
Eternalized, in life, the Word advise the upright
Discern, the wise, will adhere to such
I figured much
It's fine
Then, adjusted, then I, would witness stuff
Flee relays in progress
Acknowledged, abolishment of things like this
Seem Godsent, but far off, warnings with dark cloth
Hardball, the devil play, hard losses the devil take

The clever way, envelop pain
With large Cross and metal chain
Unfair? Aware? Okay
Call for angels, sorry, very berry
And stuff deaf, must be, and I just wept
'Cause what's peace?
Aside from there, with Yeshua, constant prayers
What's unnecessary
Why can these cults just terrorize me when somebody send hate?
Thy lightning bolts caress the fire when the opposite's embraced
Don't want that kind, nor that time
No borderline
If not support or fan, officially unofficial
But that's fine
I ain't forced a hand
Gentle to the love I'm shown
I'm not hard or soft
Just something different, all that time
The evil been sparking off
The ones against it, probably was the sum was kicking
While I suffer, senseless, trickery to society
To any but the one who been it, hid it, with a smile still
Just like some accomplished women
Strengthened in the minefields
Consistent with Who sunt the Scripture
Unforgiveness
Keeps the mind dim, that's it's consequences
We don't have a lot of time here so can't be one with sinning
What is winning less' the Lord approve the competition?
Toughest on myself 'cause only I'll attend my Judgement with me
Dimension slips, my kitchens heal
Not bread alone, He said
But wisdom, even if you poor, you still could know how riches feel
The Spirit hills of treasure, it's a war in flesh
But different realm
The armor set in righteousness
The heart affect how men shall live
So guarding that is paramount
Or start collapse in spirit death
It's clear as heck
11/24/18

Reserved

Strive on glisten
A product of all that we deserve
Certainly something good
Unconvention, can get me, caught in all
Granite, falling off, understanding, then, I could handle it
Circumspect the formula, little by little
Newer realms
Thus, familiar with, I'm a builder, if I ain't true as them
Visualize the doves, time, it was, designed to never hurt
Unrelated
Hardships, un-debated, in conservation
Upping placement, things of conditioning, only rush it
Nature, calming me, in trust, crumpled papers
Of stuff not meant to say...
Word problems
And break my heart if not did this way
'Cause when the water boil
And it's down to it, amoebae, on the point
Toil unfoil, scratches, crowns, about the grounds
And stuff, one soul that's divided, be whole in only half
Instead, I close my tablet, throw the notebooks
Try controlling pens...
Lest' I'm solely on it, stone of molten lava, alienated
But, it really ain't...
Hope is Goshens, so know, I ain't complaining
Strive on glisten though, 'til forever
Do what you must, never taken hellishly
For the devil rue just too much, but no, I don't
Redirection, and tethers, feathers that left the heavens
Seven, and projections, what's pleasant
At certain times, weaponed, pressure for the particles, settings
Clandestine articles, and destined, a perception, with zero affect on being
My hero, scenes in chiaroscuro...
But never regret...
I'm seeking... churros now, and to this mile in the Light
Just trying to say I love you
God is sitting high and He watches, and never does forsake
His people
Since the times of forgotten ages, and Bible pages, mazes

So much better reserved...

Dexsta Ray

Reverse Bullying

A tribute to one young lady
Suicide by bullying

Never be forgotten...

I heard a sermon, captivating, me in
A turn
Accomplishing the traps of satan, burning
Begin, the amputation of the curses
Then I heard of bullying
Then pens reverse it
Pulling into sin, the kids, made to fully miss the purpose
'Tis a person...
Swindled into an end...
My countenance has
Fallen...
From the local homes to all the continents revolving
A string of mobile phones
Persisted lows
Though know it's wrong
The strongest are consistent but the hopes for kids that's holding on...
Consider me totally a joke
'Cause I can't make them quit
Unanswered ask abouts
And hidden answers
Take a pick...
Another family in shambles
Now, this girl is gone
From hate disguising as some candor meant to hurt a soul...
I guess some people dress in evil after waking up
The children be the leaders for the future
What we raising up?
Bullies have another problem
Something deep within...
The insecurities and sorrows fake a need to 'win'
Facing it with hate is not acknowledged
To perpetuate it
But aggression for this pot of rottens sure suppress the anger
What are we supposed to do?

All the leaders brazen
Thinking of themselves
They don't care about what people saying
As for me? Think about the ones that need a hand
Bare each other's burdens like the type of stuff that Jesus said
All the evil ones are hellbound
They're dead and finished
But ones like Dej
Front of page
A constant pain
Robbed of any day repentance
One slave
Of conscious snakes
I add the pain to comprehension
One faith, sufficient Sunday
All I do is smile
'Cause your face, I'll witness some day
Friends and family probably sad
But they shouldn't be
God accepted you as His lamb
And so you're good with me!
Your beauty was the envy of many
They used their words to
Break you
As I envision, standing back, all the curses they do
It became too much!
And those serpents just replayed the hate
Never would they hush
And you ain't know how to explain the angle...
You decided but God is not an evil God
Taken you upon His wing
In heaven with the peaceful squad...
So you made it...
Baby girl, just enjoy yourself
Never be forgotten
I ain't know you
But the Lord is there...

Dexsta Ray

Revoked

I reserve the E, but keep the girl, for some influences
Which ain't worthy, just extorting me, so Revelations...
Antichrist system, antichrist artists, mixed, kills me for expressing that
Like I was lying, while I was dying, no pine of mine
For I was under watch
Evil tries to hide it, Christ is Who my origins are
Revoke the trust I had in that, today, was extra blatant
Games or not, to blaspheme Spirit, over, even if I say it not
They ain't of God, enabled...
Self-deception, after knowing, that Weh' is where I came from
That which hate me 'cause they wrong, make it seem my psalms are gone
The whole revoked, assigned to my survival, fail when holes are poked
Into defense they made for me, their only job, I don't control
I hold the note, and edit that, replace what's useless and possessed
By satan, I can be destroyed alone, no need to glue to nets
That tangle, me for who I am, a chosen prophet
Like with holy stuff
Everyone involved know but still come for my soul and stuff
Some wonder what this means for life, the Bible shall unfold some more
It seem like won't nobody fight for me until I'm gone
And dusts...
That's the way it's all rigged because the Lord ain't in it
And it's self-deception in society, with libeling, conspiring against the Lord,
allowed
Like people blind to things
Recent as today, they want my death because of Christ in me
Regardless what's promoted, this is happening
It slides, repeat, it slides, repeat, stuff slide, repeat
Infinitely

And some influences never consented to association with
They just been cunningly attacking the Light in me none stop
The most recent today

Don't deserve the responsibility
God will come and save me soon
6/15/19

Roadwork

I dream, my team don't play like we're benched
The angel armies (invisible)
With me, leading, is the Lord, is the King
No changing stories
Twisting
Sunny, like the glory, on High
The mighty sky
To clouds, the darkness underneath Him
The Cherubim
Sounds of wind and waters
Many, in abundance
My wants...
Is strictly, the salvation, of a whole society
Most, I know reality, a road of battle scenes
In sobriety, souls and casualties (spiritual)
Unspoken answers
Be
O, defiance
But ain't no violence chosen
Hoping...
With the little I got
I might can sow a seed, encroachment cease
That's wholesome, the Throne can read and just sprinkle
Light
Chariots of fire, with coastmen, for those that twinkle bright
Needed reinforcement
Ain't say
I ain't desire growth, that satan try to rope
With the evil
But I ain't lying though
Standing for the Lord
There ain't nothing else for me to impress
It told me, "stay true";
&"Keep it real";
That I can't do it unless it's speaking ill of me
Paradoxes
A cold society...
Love is what's my fuel though
Godly kind

Not the not aligned
I saw some lane expansion, to draft me
So I ain't widen mine...
But ain't exacting
I'm well-aware of those dotted lines
Cross my t's at top
Plus assimilated, though, probably died...
But, what'd it mean
To had really made it?
I feel elated
Mainly from the grace of my living Savior
That integrated
Words...
Passion, action, and clashes, ashes
Clandestine
Ruins
Grasses, in the paths, passing cabins
And plants attract me
To it
Man subtract me too, it's exactly what stands when
Facts are proven
But the stands are vacant and absent
A way to sand me
Smoother...
Started in the valley
Ain't acting like I was never there
Started in the valley
I'm happy
'Cause, now, I'm everywhere
The Light impacted stuff
Just like Chicxulub, darkening any tallies
YHWH is the source
And His glory, established, just the air
My settings, on the outside
Of things
In higher concepts, function, stuff can't be replaced
In my heart, of cards, and other substance
Thistles in my way, thorns, bordering
So my run's obstructed
Ornaments on random, distorted, if close when stomping coming
I'm mumbling...
Silent prayers, because this wasn't promised

What, another day, glory shone on us
God's the One
That done it
Construction work
Constants constructed, constants dirt
Constantly, I'm watching
For signs
His Covenants confirmed
Persecution, the times, and consequential curse
Ousted from the lots of the righteous
Like contrivance is myrrh
The devil's looking to meddle
It's like a roaring lion
Seeking to devour, the people that's of the Lord
Trying...
More lying, til' it can't be ignored, spying
But my team is YHWH
Omnipotent
Hear the poor and crying
It won't be long
Before arriving, at the door, He's shining
Knocking, who shall open it?
He's drawn the souls imploring His writings...
Roadwork, see, He took the scorn, made it more exciting
Charges, nothing extra, the regular, like He's forming
Lightning...
Story winding, unfinished, until the storms subsided
Doing normal stuff, see I'm living, and ain't conformed to
Sighing
There's so much hate in existence
Degrading and contentions
Only peace to find is in YHWH
And in my Savior's Spirit...
No other option
I'm persecuted, but staying in Scripture
Tired of being attacked
But I learn to use it to bring deliverance
By directing, that which
Receptive
To the Light of Christ

Roar Before

I made it far...
Vain remarks are insufficient
Remotely...
Taking part, wane my spark
Getting defenses
For me (against me)
Though I'm sold...
Knowing I'm souled to the Light
And strong in Christ
Lots
Truly, praises, open to truth
Plus, I like not doing what they want me to do
Plus, I'm busy, light
Ruling my vices, it's thy's self, to conquer
Lightning
Might help to wonder
Findings, I accept, I write in depth
Chimes, bells and thunder
I'd fail the puzzle
Adjust my sails, I'm under
God defies hell
The winter season
Different
Reasons
Hither, screeches, I held, some different meanings
My foundation is the same
Quite, salvation
Binding up and loosing, liven up, rebuking
In the Name
Venom seeping, different legions
God can speak
And I adhere, God I fear, I listen if He told me to do
They're not too clear
Still imposing things, has not been sincere
I have no interests in what thrown to me
Catch dropped in
The beer
I hit the plot with a shear, then, in the pot
It appear

I get it hot, then it's clear
Demonic watch
Interfere...
But I ain't focused on it
Vultures on it, satanic tactics, that godly poachers roaded
Watching roasters noting
Years and years
Of persecuting me, then it's clear
Assilimation
Sneers
Curses, shooting me, to steal my tier
A trick of satan
Ear to ear, pursuing me, but still I'm here
The situation strengthens
It ain't ruin me...
For the indwelling of the Spirit
No dishonest gain
I ain't think of that since I saw, through God
How some were made
I rather place my faith in Him and see if something change
In patience, even if it don't, I wait, and still, I trust the Name
So much stuff was happening, already was explained
So much stuff I battle with, we never was the same
Not too many souls could handle this
From the smoke
I praise!
Damages, happiness, tragedies
O...
I made it far
No way I'd abandon His
Goal...
It claim my heart
So satanic tactics ex-posed
Evil plans to dish more
Even challenge His Throne...
A major part

10/6/18

Dexsta Ray

Rolie Polies On Me

Capitalizing on
That "Turn the other cheek" synopsis
Mercy me
Learned His covenant
Then I worship
In divergence, curse defeating, the same
Light, since in early season
But for my assignments
I'm dying to keep you all preserved...
In my lowly cubbies, like caves covered in foliage
Painted in the mountains, hanging down from a different scape
Ancient fence around it, neighboring, pages in the rain
Faith and mists
The weight of nature's kiss, in this age
I marvel...
Not creation, but the Thing that did
Spirit place or carnal...
I paint a picture satan's vision ain't seek
Which just existed in a figment angst or riches
May breach
A range of 'fiction, maybe, age of major ends
In faith, to stay consistent...
I pray a different change consistent with Thee
My life and longing for some type of find to mold me
Hoped it might control me
Concepts of seredipity, hoped it might console me
Never knowing, the death, photos of broken
Grace, if it be a factor, in matters, chosen to tote away
I guess, that's why the Master designed it
Defined defying like in ions, eyes to Zion
If crying, then I'm defiant too...
Taking nothing from it but I like to find the truth
Time and loops that's tiny grew a mighty theme
Like tying a shoe...
Theatre masks, some complications, the consummation
Confrontation, then confirmation, or condemnation
Something chases
Utter pain that becomes some nation
'Cause it's waiting

Not on me, but a space to field some relation...
I don't get it, some limit extended, on a mission, no convention
Sown, so the motive, intrinsic, no conviction
Some smoldering tension, and frozen pensions
And folded gimmicks, building on unknowns
So you know the image ain't woke to vengeance
Codes, dimensions, and globes in business
Clothes and dishes, groven into gold
But with loathesome intent below the surface...
My focus perfect on El-shaddai, in demonic times
Forced illumination, when satan extorts
These honest lines, I raise my Sword of the Spirit
There ain't a compromise, when the bias ordinance
Trick me, and shouldn't nothing try it...
But nonetheless
The prophecies, have come, to usher depth
The scripture in the tablet of the heart
And wisdom of the neck...
Ephesians six, ten through eighteen
Spirit cake, cream, anything of Light with the notion
For good, the same thing, many things disguise
At the height, but potent, that may lead a soul
Into destruction, ain't wanting that for no
Soul, in fact...
A bowl of beets, but the rhythm can't be controlled
By that
I'm coasting on the wind, though the vegetables
Keep my soul intact...
And no pretend, only weakness, I'd need Jehovah bad
And at times, I've felt, like the devil was having festivals
On me
In a vestibule, between, success and failure
Just a normal part of life, but I can testify
He'll never leave you...
I feel like batteries and mattresses
I like to love the simple things in life
Not seem like evil catalysts
I don't appropriate, no one can manufacture this
The fabrics in the Master's will are larger than this
Aspect is...
Rolie polies in a glass tank with lots of food
So I can study my attractions then

And just because...

It take my mind off the evil things that enwrapped my stuff

6/10/18

Dexsta Ray

Rolodex

Precious river streams that glisten
Shining down, extending out into the open ocean
Vivid, underneath the moon...

Before the golden sky imposed it's source...
Noted, precious, forms of rolodexes
Only for benevolence, togetherness, and ever since
The Lord exposed His essence
And developed mortals, order never left, or slept
His presence held together life...
Restoral of the temporal realm
I'd like to marvel at it...
Through the bustle of the other stuff that's in the front
To sit at once
Reminiscing what the Spirit done
The largest to the smallest, marking all this
Love is manifested
From the art to stuff at heart
The ardent horizons
The garden darts from shards of sin
It's just a part of alignment
Larks, contrive, in singing...
The harps inside, the pleasing harkening
The carpet, rug, or towel, kind of charred
Then, again, this crisp's a win
Chicken, biscuits, fritters, lifted, hid
Sitting on the backs of ants' rigid exoskeletons
He he, let them relish then, they're welcomed friends
Each of YHWH's creatures
See, He feeds the creeping things
He keeps the elephants
Elohim is worthy to be praised and worshipped
Ways are perfect...
And all I really care about is serving God forever
Certainly not the devil urging me to glorify the Lord
And spot the watches, plotting, I could never...
Locking eyes on God, options
Borderlined by YHWH
Measures, pleasures, treasures, Sword of Spirit, which is Scripture

Rising better, trying forever, finding failure
Climbing over off the side of that, diamond backs, broken, binding frozen
Hardened carbon, cracked, collapsed
Enrobed in shock, implosions, jokes disclose the artisan, with larger plans and no throne
And hold on
When motion is a stronghold...
And so long if it's thrown wrong
But it's a tricky, different, fit contingencies
Miss the whole road
I don't know
If, but then, I give it to the Most
As He's ministering
Through angels and, His Holy Ghost
Faithful, chemistry, truth's stranger, anger kneels to me
Through the Savior though
Hues faded
Many changes, Oh!
I ain't been a relationship for plenty years
Skipping fear and miscellaneous strains of hate and evil
Rather stay with Jesus, trashing fornication, period, never live a lie, or slave to sinning
Spirit keep me focused on the Light
At all times
The devil coming at me, but, I sow what's right and grow in Christ and Life
And my decisions shouldn't restrict me like some kind of strike
I'm the type of guy to light some fire and write on Friday nights
Or climb into my bible, studying... checking my faults too
Evil's threatened to smite my Light
I'm dressed
In a heck of a lawsuit, three-pieces, see, I'm reading Ephesians, and not kneading schemings
So I do not know why I am even deemed a fiend or demon?
And I ain't feeding into things that seem to seek me grieving
Need me 'needing', need to see me pleading, while the legions feasting...
I be in dreams, Jesus lead, I don't bother any
But I'm rude, for upping truth, by others who, forgot they killed me
A lot of healing, but, with God, I'm a lot fulfilling
Plus, He never left me, on the spot, but He watched me, tilling...
He got me up, when I fell, from the plots that tripped me, fixed
Ascot adjusted, lifted from hell, then, His plots'd rebuild me...
I see this rolodex of love

Ethereal reminder, to extend this through the shell
Of flesh
Knowing the Blessed above, condone the message
Such revival, spiritually, the synergy, connect, to other presences
In spiritual dimensions, love me
Praise the Highest, thank His angels

Precious river streams that glisten
Shining down, extending out into the open ocean
Vivid, underneath the moon...

Dexsta Ray

Roses With Feathers

Entrepreneurship, Deuteronomy, chapter eight
And verse eighteen
Equipped the power, fields of flowers
Building up to that point
With feathers disembodied, ever was a figment
This it, a minute from the edge
Understanding listings, not public
In trust, is confidence, love is confidential
It's judgment, what's a little correction?
Real affection, heal connections, still contestant, feel obsessed
This friendship ain't romantic
I brand it though
Sands of time, in some contraption, I'm peace, the lands undying
Phantom eyed, but, still, this challenge I see
Is more or less, more than less
Moral checked, mortal in a form of death
Thorns of debt is deadly, where your hand embraced the living blooms
It'd end in doom for it, but when it was each other, no affect
'Cause it was mutual, the death extend to both, 'twas in the soul
Don't get it wrong, the rules are free expression
Seas of precious stones with sleep to leave in question
Anytime to go, witness, plenty time to eye
Which is plenty time to sow, 'Weh distended time awoke
Singing flowers, so melodious, expose an extra realm
Shedding off of feathers, the better
Enthusiasts can find, pleading, crushed regret for him
Dreams adjust, the dust can settle, really, beauty is the mind
I'm amused at how it's spoken, how a beauty is defined
Eggshells, and nets, nails and coals
That ain't what feathers for...

Dexsta Ray

Ruin

Even though forgiving, in faith, don't think I should be goaded
Into yokes and binds, over time, emotions, and encroachments
Learned, from broken lies, frozen vibes, that poked the sides of loves
Deflating truer meaning, deceit, that hope my time become
Some grief, what don't change everlasting, if something free
Must it be, covering, up other stuff, that puzzle me
I lacked the understanding of such entrapments
That some would knead, humbled me, unlike what was imagined
To buffet me, nonetheless, I face the same thing
Evil embrace engraved pain, ain't even made some moves
That legions would wait, so things change, so "ain't saved"
And no more excuses just to replace blame, invalidating proofs
Overlooking it like it ain't main...
But, simultaneously, nuses, ruses, inveiglement, for muses
Brutes that do intrude for amusement, to later, brew confusion
High societies...
Mammon, influence, and fame, with things not wanted
But imposed if you was doing your thing...
Just like the fact that you can't know the truth and who it contain
And some influences that want you just to ruin your reign...
But I don't want them back
Told them that
But foolishness came, from what's above me in some social class
To ruin my praise, ain't nothing wrong with me, it's just the facts
Some truth in the page, I got attention in my happiness
Withdrew in my pain...
Misrepresenting, I ain't after this, I'm shattered
I ain't baphomets, thriving and surviving, equals dying
Since my Master wins...
Even though the villain trying so my path can end
My work reflect my character, discernment, who I am within...
Ain't the same as persecutors
Out of context
Searching for a way to use me, I ain't done yet...
I ain't talking about who knew me
Stuff is unchecked
Even when my time come, the Father knows, so what's next
Backtracking unnegotiable...
So when it come to that brand attacks, ignored

So it's unopenable...
And if you don't want one it'd still a open a door
Conflict of interests build, for your talent, some controlling you
For
My revenge is righteousness....
The devil try to ruin my entire life and twist it like my mind is sick
It's the other way around
It's the slyest, slick
Even if I'm tired of it, disguises rise, to hide it then...
So I'm still looking crazy, while my life decline...
While demon legions try to frame me while I wipe my eyes
It's not a fairytale, these things are just why Christ had died
Because He still forgive the ones that kill Him and despise His
Sign

Still prayerful, even though ruined
5/8/19

Dexsta Ray

Rustic Liveliness

Fluttering dust
Trails, of mud and clay, roads
Dirt, neigh the banks
Croaks, tablets
Plants and cabin standing
Sadness, wondering what
I imagine, that absence, in the rains
The maze of magics of damage exacting atmospheres
Like that, what's near, the clear
Glam, and cabbage patches with carrots, rabbits
Hanging on the anticipation of YHWH's sacred Throne
I can take it home
Gravel, sand and some pads at bays
Grasping, lands that passed away
My eye is a camera, trying
I confideth in the trees
With the Light behind it
Shining like it's lightning, bright, and striking
Finest in degrees, time is on that walk
Rising costs, just like in industries
Except it's like a fault, blinding all
Minor falls, and something...
Finding moss, the rustic, function plus the slightest fog
Behind me, always miss the sight
If wasn't of the right resolve
Rugged, mighty crosses, hung above it
Find the life of Paul
A gentle scent of muffins in the ovens
When the bride has call
When the night has fall, the solar comes to catch it
Polar, summer, stuff just fabrics
And someone designed it all...
Flared up, stairs stuck, like an air duct
Some'd probably say I'm losing my mindddd...
Conversing with the nature
And I ain't saying that they're wrongggg
Some birds are really angels
Listening to my runes all the time
Encouraged, staying strong

Deep inside, peace is mine
While I'm telling witches
Even if you killed all my love
They still will never get this
Ice cream, like me, I see the devil's missions
Though it might seem like sleaze
I leave the devil's business, pray we never sin
Triple strings together twisted
When it leaves, attention instantly
I express myself...
By my lonesome, Thine is closer, finding clovers, just for kicks
On a bike, riding over trenches, climbing over glitches
loving mist, eye the dream again, to see the wind, then reach within
For visions, that we wish to see, depleting sin and evil
Rustic liveliness, ancient vibes, and timely trips, into this major painting
Grained
Perennials and drying fields, types of gifts, the fading leaves
Hate for pollen, but exciting still!
Strike some pictures of another time, quite a living concubine...
No competitions, comparisons, anywhere, in this, disparaging
The wheat and tare, consent to let it grow together
No condition, no collisions, on contingencies
Folks can know the hope but it depends how close we get to Thee
Pretty rivers, like Goshens, with lilies, rolling hillies', hope for healings
Quoted in prophecies from the holy scriptings...
It's just this rustic liveliness
Undefined, design

Dexsta Ray

Rusty Pericope

I thought of "In My Castle", decided to keep procrastinating, that
But the fact is, my cabin matchless, my Epic and gigantic, brands of artistry
Captured in my dynamics, clocked the plan to keep me writing
They slander to keep it free for them...
Nonetheless, meandering, through the meadow, in black and white, thinking
'bout the sacraments
Praising Yawh, just because He worthy, nature sounds...
Brought, Abel, my Liger, along this paper route, visiting my characters
Brace them, for all of satan flout, but really, vague about my ascetics
My shield on ancient ground, still, like I'm painting
My castle'd contain a lot of stories, satan got my fortune, erasing me so he got
my portion
Raising these tomatoes, here, take them, in case I try performing, satan not
absorbing my graciousness
'Cause my God enormous, God supported, lies no hath no power
That's what my lantern for, Light is still substantial, the Bible is still the proof of
that
I just like to write, stuff from heaven, I'm really ageless
Just the souls that's really babies can enter the Kingdom anyway
Painted with a coat of deception, I ain't internalize, scripture pages, fill up my
disposition
Like chicken places, in this day and age, place my faith in Weh, I still pray the
same
Give myself a challenge, accepted, my cabin stand regardless
In the fragments, ferns, Easter lilies, my ax embedded in the applewood
Just under the patterned awning, with missing shingles, closer to that antique
chassis, decaying, but it's mine
I ain't run it down though, just this painting, my soul content
Anything that ain't what somebody label
They misportray, I ain't in the framing, it's facists, my focus different, on the
Spirit
In my place, in my bracket, just like back in the day
I don't have to reverence it, only in, my sandpit to play, and Weh is my defense
'Cause it's wrong, and grown ups can see it plain
3/620

Dexsta Ray

Rutilant

I used to plant in field days
Fans fics
Hills, the real pain
Sands went, the lower half of hour glasses
Sower parables, lands spill, and fill the countenance
Meal and grain, tilled, with weighty hardware
The advantage, art, tare and wheat
Embarking, with the measures extracted
Until forever, simply never, seals on letters
The drastic, it's
Strictly vivify, if God is giving Light, despised like grinchies
Smite, it's misaligned, decisions, ill-advised...
To take away from Light, ain't a stable fight
Others see what they want
Plus bilking thieves say some don't care because the legions
Encroached, that ain't my tribe, I'm polite
Though I ain't pleased with the
Jokes
Besides, they know I stood with God, I'm fake 'cause things I
Ain't sow, designed, of complication
Wiser, that's the reason I'm hated, despise a liar
Wanted me onto that wavelength
Can't be, ain't no reloads, ain't see, why I had to change me
From righteousness, to incorporate, some evil snakes dream
Someone envy, I'm afraid cause, all that space when they reach
Yokes I never own, I ain't just wish to embrace
For being committed to the Lord
The powers rigged, for hours, different lists
Been in this race
Not plenty years, but rhythm here
Discover faith, my range, and bracket
Bigger than
Their comprehension, none of that is real to me
None of that I feel, the disrespect, is like a little thing
I wasn't that appeal, no conjunctions, though I'm picking up
From where my indirects, would scratch my shield
In bunches, constants, what's obsessed
With seeing another harm
And if, there was another part, it's only done to sweat...

No substance, depth, and that's for real
The Lord will judge
The rest
That's normalizing my torment
The false accusing justify extortion spying on my coordinates
It doesn't matter what I do, everyone benefited
In different ways, consent or not, which was the endgame
Specifics, everyday, in urban terrorism, it stays consistent
A collusion, cults and governments, against the Son of God
Through this, it's evidence, Babylon the great
Will God come help, defend, while the devil tricks exploited
Torture, 'cause God let me see it...
What's the point I wonder, I observed through the years
With justice thrown outside my reach
Now I discern, who can hear
The crimes are done, it could've stopped
I was ignored through
The fear
And all conform into accepting all the more ruse appear
I haven't finished, quests for justice
Can't restore, losing clear
And yet it never was enough
The evil make more, to take more
I guess 'cause I ain't want it
All the leaders let it bake more, He train my hand to make war
The same thorn, since I rather not, until the world end
I ain't yours, I ain't scores, coercion by the powers
Made it into this...
Railroaded me, to brackets I ain't even choose or pick
And that don't mean that I'm afraid but I'm just not cool with it
The evil ones that orchestrated act like they confused a bit
Convinced a person's life don't matter when they have the Truth within...
I don't want your loyalty, and money can't buy mine
Waste thy time, threaten me, for saying I'm fine
That ain't my kind...
From beginning, stuff was violence, trying to change my mind
They had the time, neglected me, just to antagonize
Now, my damage deep, from the craft to seeds
Evil trash and sleaze
12/17/18

Sardonyx And Bug Off

I recall what's mellow

My yellow, plastic car, bikes, and ball games

Life in it's basics, time is changes

Smiles and maybe

Getting popped on the arm, for smarting off

Ha, the type of things that we used to stress

And all I knew, dragonflies, peppermint, distant past

With

Crosses too, all I'd do is captured imaginations

In all I drew, like the one the mindless write up

Violence, inciting and inticing, spiteful, trying dye stuff

Childish, ain't the mildest

It's foul, so I file this, in tiles, and piles

It's carpentry

In the wiles, been a while

Regarding me, for harm, like swarms of larva

Swarming me

Like locusts, like the Revelations, mixed with earthquakes

To earn faith, learn and discern, this is the birth pains

First thing, stuff ain't seeing it, don't want to

Souls knew, foes who enroped, ruse to gloat in old news
Keeping check on that, that don't mean I'm set on that
For some takings, domination, I ain't even bet on that
Concentrating, sublimation, metal hat, understatement
Just a craft, through Ephesians, just advance
Some conflation
Never had, cruel achievements, wasn't hatred
Devil axed, precious fruit, to deplete it
To delete, so he never lose
It seem it, reasons, scarce as hen's teeth
To declare that sin me
Through extra moves, then see, I never did dream
What the devil choose
Letters cool, still, though ain't second who kill
The schools built, the youth, I suggest the Truth live
To support and back the scripture, to restore and have rekindled
The Light, a few ignored, evil tools wield...
Swords and new drills
For who heals
Used still...
In the twinkling night, loop this however long

The true scripts are never gone, delusions are never poems

Fools mis-develop songs, then reproving me

I ain't accepted cruel misc

Shelling me, for doing me, better than they do them...

Besides, I only shine for God, I ain't just some new trend

So if what's evil like or not, the main objective, choose Him!

Of course, some things I prove is special

I ain't ever glued in

Experimental in the Light like I'm subjective music...

And Christ had given me a talent for the stress

That I was meant to see

Although I didn't know until the dragon implemented

These...

Now the jealous keep establishing evil wicked schemes

Developing in slanders, lacking matter, somehow

Still it tarry, deemed a bunch of false and have it proven as lies

And whoever seen it saw it's just a nuse masking crime

And still it's interests, couples all that used to track me to find

The fabrications, never done, but still attacked me with

Violence...

I said a hundred times, critics ain't my audience

But stalking still, and I ain't done a thing to bring this kind of notoriety
Clean as whistles, massive frames, made to bridle me
So I can't survive, dream in truth, be who I strive to be
Which is Christ, the King, shining bright, my idol He
The wicked mad I don't embrace what's less than par
My time ain't free
That can't rival me, it look like it's what trifle means
I won some battles and some wars
My place is where such strive to reach
It don't apply to me
Aligning means to honor God
I'm fine if I don't have it all, as long as I can manage
Straight, as long as I can damage hate and malice
In the Master's way, I'm strong as I can salvage faith
Forget the dragon's reigns, the Light is my reality
When I don't even have a thing
Or even when I prospered, I acknowledge God
And act the same...
Though this had been plain, I knew that evil'd mash up things
And death is not a factor, I addressed how God shall have His way
Really, that remains, in Christ, I'm blessed

I can't complain

The Lord is subtle in His actions like the dragon and his games

But I'm worried not, I've been cursed and hurt a lot

This rash attention I'd receive is just a purse of serpent watch

Just for serving God, and speaking truth when words were plots

It's not my fault somebody lied

I be the proof

It's burning hot...

Weaponizing platforms, placing cults in front

Whatever, I don't care, I have warned, God is powerful

The hate devour stuff with mass thorns

I ain't sour, just this whole persecution

Abnormal

And the Light can see...

But I'm not bitter, what I figure, is that Christ has me

And satan just attack whoever faithful with these types of things

And even now, it shouldn't be, but evil's spying on me

Fabricating stuff to keep an eye on me, to climb on me...

From my tablets, to harassment, sent from liars' cities

Just to pull me in destruction 'cause my faith defy the envy...

Even violence simply 'cause I cling to Light and winning

Even when I tried to unify, some stuff combined against me
Trying to find me empty, full of the GHOST
Stuff lie on me, stamp me out, and kill me
Pull a new host
But not for this... inciting drama, since the wool's been exposed
So I won't fill the bubble in on all the spools and the holes...
Illuminating, to inform, not express to compete
Designed against me, not a fair fight, success for the weak
But these abnormal impositions seem to wrest with the peace
Of all society, some earthquakes, take, here, just for some sleep...
Reverberations, every side, every kind
Treasure mines are Light
Plus evil had conflated so I fail, the devil's time is tight!
Wherever I arrived, acoustics, it's some kind of tribe
Not helping God if harming me, anointed, though it's snide and slight...
But the sources, funding torment, God will find and fight
It may survive the fright, we reap and sow
So it can't hide for life
But, in spite of this, I'm hopeful
Sonic weapons fail
Some jealous 'cause I'm closer

I'm supposed to be what's destined

Watch the names and not

The faces, overthrowing things, that's precious

Peaceful presences, subjected to what 'sposed to be

For recreants, but accepted, even welcomed

While Jehovah's people lessened, evil reckless

Like a thing that's to be reckoned with

Expecting it...

My God is far more powerful, the reverance, no question

His is worthy to be praised, He's the same as in the testaments

Sardonyx

12/22/18

Dexsta Ray

Sardonyx And Bug Off 2

Taking time, admire flowers, then it's back to work
Fading lines, major hatred, demon placement
Binds, designs, an evil matrix, still incasing my freedoms
I can't survive, I may surmise, the legions
Bring indignation
From withinside, different kinds of slander
To limit grinds
Still inclined, I don't fear it, it's against the Spirit
Interwined
Intentionally diminish, if I call, then they send it
But otherwise, ain't get involve, but it's resolved when I
Script it
'Cause what is witnessed is specific hits on God
While the cities with it, though His messenger, and vessel, well, wide known
As time's shown
Stuff trying to sabotage, except I'm gone
Ain't hypocritic, like the devils
Chide
He wants my soul, I fight on, or else, I'll never rise
I post my poems
The Light glow, and like those buried mines
Schemes ghost my road, positioning traps within the valley
No regards for what's right, I heed the notes of wholesome
Wisdom
From the Scripture, His prophets, His Spirit
I'm opposed to plenty, loads of envy, and it's so persistent
I don't know the gimmick, nor the niche of why this chose to pick me
But I know Corinthians, opens books, that's my origin there
Eventually, it'd get to unholy points, when no mortal cares
My hope's the Lord, originally, broken chords
More replenishing, and if I'd know before, won't ignore
Though excommunicated, depth, miscues awaited
Far as lenses can see
Unspoken evil, loathsome sequels, they pretended was me
Although I neither, longed, nor seeketh woes
And that's how I was needed so
'Cause none of it was beneficial, unrepentance
Still an issue, just 'cause sin I split, the darkness hate
The temperament, to say, "it's straight but we don't want it";

Like I really script for it, said, it's for Him
Evil's ready, digging pits, that's meant for skill
I drag my brokenness to God
To get the riches, spirit realm, 'cause it is infinite...
I just stand for truth
Gold and silver may rust, it ain't much to the wicked
To solicit Weh's trust
When righteousness is thought illicit
Times contrition can't
Budge
Misrepresenting lifted up, designed to try to change us
I aim to keep the sin out, in my life, like in pounds
Bowling only to my heavenly Father, and then, wow
Get loud, many presences follow, to end YHWH
And illumination's truth, stay pursuing the thin route
Extra dirty, how it handles, collectively
Just to hurt me
Just determined to come out on the other side
Where I'm sposed to be
God had shown my purpose a bunch of times and there's no defeat
Until He chose to teem in a different way
Still my soul believes...
Never would I write all His fields ablaze
Not a little thing
Even if the fly-traps, nippeth me, I don't bite back
I'm like that
I climb past centuries, on the light path
In my hat, which I add ribbons
See, breezes, rhythmically, like white tales
This really be though
Not a need for, deciet so, not needing ego
Keeping me low
Ain't got a cheat code, I read hope
In Scripture, still
Key notes, things had switched for real
A bigger deal
Persecutors are intentionally trying to kill my will
And dim my flashlight, so I can't see in this dark
And when I need to "act right", that mean that Jesus is smart
Although I even had died, won't stop the evil from the bad wine
It sneakily trash vibes, trying to leave me in a past time...
I ain't win until restored, all I am is fragments

Shattered pieces, from the thorns, the inklets band my absence
Still I'm dreaming through the torch of Kingdom plan advancement
It's the Light I see, the fight I see
Which is right for me...
It's unbelievable, how much been done to silence me
Extraordinary lengths
Still, inspite of knowing, that Christ is peace
The wicked joined together like that verse I like to read
It wouldn't be a problem
But was done to stop the Light of Thine...
Violence, lies, to hide my cries
Bad enough to shake the earth
Foes that infiltrate your worth so you don't embrace it first
Trying to sicken me, no mercy, curse I can't have earned
How was I supposed to know some inner stuff I can't have learned?
So many things I heard, may disturb
But wait my turn
Praying for the mountaintop
When all along, it ain't on earth
So many memories
Surrounding God, was proud and watched
My ups and downs and never left
From Christmas time, to summer days
I just remain, in constant
Praise, and things to humiliate me, but doesn't nothing pay
Such decay
12/24/18

Dexsta Ray

Satan Had The Ball Court Confused With The Bench

You are involved in a 'game'. You see people on the 'court'. After some time on the 'bench', now you are in the 'game'. Some folks in the 'crowd' beg to differ though. They are saying that you are NOT on the 'court'. Now, we know that the 'bench' doesn't receive as much attention as the 'court' does. So if said individual was not actually in the 'game', wouldn't that already be obvious? If said individual was on the 'bench', would the 'crowd' actually be paying that much attention to them? Would they continuously try so hard to state the obvious? So, either the 'crowd' can't see or they can't tell the difference between the 'game' and the 'bench'. God doesn't author confusion. This is an example of a lie of the devil. Society is full of them.

Dexsta Ray

Satan Is A Hater

Propped up...
Fishing for garbage
Digging...
So to get into position to start schtick
But there is no business with this...
Gimmick
Just darkness
Satan's never quitting so just get it regardless
Smile...
My perspective on the issue is radical
Today, if satan's minions bid against you
It's palpable
Mark Thirteen Thirteen is official
Now, grab the
Proof...
The world will show no mercy on a christian
The acrid truth
For Lucifer had passed his views down to society
Attacking anybody who's enshrouded in piety
You don't have to wrong him
Or fool 'round his...
Dynasty
But the fact that you oppose him brings true animosity
Listen...
Satan's a hater but he is not a man
He's the kind to throw a stone and try to hide his hand
Unaware... but some of us are his livest fans
It ain't even fair
He is everything I try withstanding
He is not a concept or indefinite
Energy...
He is just one with some malevolent synergy
He'd tell his demons run! To wherever the
Sinners be
And kill up everyone! Even come where the fearless sleep!
When I say 'kill'... he is killing us spiritually
Live now or on the other side?
This is temporary but the spiritual survives
Winning in the flesh but yet spiritually

Deprived...
Going to hell is next
To expect
When this flesh here
Dies
Everybody had to make their own decisions
Either you reject or respect and reflect his
Lies
Everybody had to take their own position
So there's no defending
Man...
All I want to do is get right and situated with God
That's first on the plate
If I make it or
Not...
On earth... it's a waste castigating the scoffs
Only those intimidated are those taking
The shots, let's stay alert!

Dexsta Ray

Satanic Cults

They're breaking in my house and stealing out my wallet
While I sleep
Around close, with demonic symbols
And no police...
Though they know I'm under such attack
It went from just a couple to a whole place
A constant mad
It's something
Doesn't make any sense
I lose my faith in justice
Satanic cults are operating in this state of ruckus
All I have is me and my staff
A branch of tree adopted
With my bible, it's my idol, this survival
Topped the wisdom of the liar
Watching each and every action made
Have to make my passage change
But it's still a fire
Ain't no works of that in July
But only tries to kill us
Hope to see some flies conceal us
But I look to God to heal us
Guide and fill us with the Light and power
To survive the showers
Crush satanic cults
In Jesus Name, I take the sticks and break them
I ain't even worried
Envy's sturdy but the Lord is stronger
Shredding through the demon schemes
I'm faithful since the Lord uphold us
Vandalism, eggs and pistols
Stuff of deaden spirit
Nets around my old boots
No use
Bless the scripture
I don't fear the devil's cults
They have a strong delusion
Sent to them by God
Thinking they will overthrow the true ones

Young soldier, hate sleep until your soul is moving
Resist, the devil flees, and never freeze unless the Lord
Commands it...
Swords are branded with the scripture while the source is planning
Thinking like, 'One day I'll be delivered'
Well, of course... God said it
And I wonder why they still try to kill me
The poison didn't work
No compassion but I still breathed
And that glory goes to God
Praise I shun not
Desire worship, thanks, for not letting victory run out
And what fire works? All I hear is gunshots
The devil stuck on what was past but not what we've
Become now

Dexsta Ray

Satanic Cults And Yokes And Binds

Slanderers, the clamorous, badgerers

Using heavy labels...

I'm protective too, of such, but they'd shun because of talent

Not because of what they represent, and such the antichrists...

Hidden implications more consistent with them

I shone bright for the Lord

And they conventions was ripped, so they position some filth

To diminish any kind of talent, threatened by, in blessings

I ain't fit into that kind of slander

Sickened, how their mind been, envy, because I'd shine still

Lifting, different types of conniving plights just to hide Him...

I don't fear no evil though, killed me, such can't kill Jesus though

In fact, the time is coming, when all the villain will see is smoke (the revelations)

Keeping hope, unbothered, Ephesians open, and demons know

Such the ones like that, but accuse another, to keep it low...

But I know the Lord, quotes are swords, the Scripture is the Light

With the proof, some witches sow some thorns

In hidden fruit, that's still in view, to whoever can discern..

And just because life changes doesn't mean pain the same...

Shouldn't have to silence what I feel, just 'cause it's being staged in frames...

I have the faith if I'm not having nothing else

In peace when nothing care

The judging scare, see Light, they drop a bludgeon there

This wasn't fair...

And then one day it made sense...

The Scripture really clear

And I'll retire when He say and not when envy near

And it's suspicious if they prey on me for lifting Him

And hate on me, misplace my grief, it's satan team

I'm still with Him...

And fear no evil, in this age, we see

I trust the Lord

The hatred be arranging these the-atre schemes

To threaten, and it's still from higher levels, not what they would deem

Accepted

When there's cash in the equation, evil things can be suppresseth

Witnessed some demonic cults portraying make believe as rectitude

It's methods used, to dead the truth, which set the tune

For extra ruse, God's never fooled, I wouldn't have to speak
If it was never proof...
Some wish to take away my right 'cause I express the truth
Of terrorism, on my life that such ain't have a net to do...
In favor of some haters, proven lies, they'd spread, and through
But, somehow, I'm distasteful, when they lie and still was praised
As fools...
'Cause satan rules the age, no margins, just some accuse the faith
Wrongly, thinking negative, perverse, when I ain't even thinking
So sleaze, misportraying all my art to be like what they told people
Really, such just mad, that, with talent, I exposed evil...
Such don't even know me, know my soul neither...
All I ever did was shine for Christ, I ain't control people
But evil roast sequels, mainly 'cause I know Jesus
Coercion doesn't count, especially, if you woke, scheming...
I have reason to believe, I was persecuted for another
Paralegal paths, I take my hat off at, and to, add salute
The planet feuds, yes I needed help, but not the way that many saying it do
I stand with truth, get attacked, so expanded clues
So the patterns shew
Never did consent to stalking, but in spite of that
It grew, and coalesced, I don't digress, I have my focus set
On the Light though, which is my goal, in spite of all the strife though
I'm right though, this ain't all I write though, as time shows
A tight hold on hope, I bite strongholds, I wrote
The plights owe, my odes straight, and necessary
My trajectory, just like old days, and message tarried, just the prairies
Smite my own range, not somebody else's, and I'm positive, they got
Somebody else's, since I'm not nefarious...
That's a freaking cult...
I seen a bunch of evil dealt and just to keep me broke...
And since I followed Light, they persecuting Jesus whole...
And know, but still in spite of, still conspiring stuff, and even more...
But, then again, it could be over, hard to even know...
But still I'm pressing on in faith, in spite of, I got Jesus though...

That's fine

4/8/19

Dexsta Ray

Satanically Obsessed

I ain't want that
Lowly, I wrote, my soul's thoughts
Heavily persecuted
They punish me for another's sins
It comes again
Wickedness, witches, that they have stuck me with
To set me up for later
Or strangers, I never thought about
I wonder, what's your
Motive?
I don't, in secret, the loathsome see me
But I keep composure
And try to manage through faith
Getting worse
It don't matter what happens to me
And acquiesce stupid
Every time I rise, they send certain women
To scam or fool me, trash my opportunities
I'm forced to react, and my defenses
Can be used to bring some
Forks in my paths
No, I don't know her, I don't want to meet up
Nor get attacked
I been explained the different things that evil formed in the past
It's still attacking anyway
I'm getting threatened
And terrorized
Expose the wicked things, that's been a method
Declaring lies
Even still I'm stuck in the labryinth
It infiltrates my dreams
In spite of wide exposure, illumination
Pursues to break me
Still I find Jehovah, in brokenness, ain't attuned to hatred
Who can save me? Got people thinking
That it's some cool embracement
While I'm persecuted the same manner my truth explained then...
I wish and dreaming of visions of living with no snare
Evil wanting me in positions that I can't get nowhere

If went between and dismiss it, then I can't get no air
I narrow down the demons, against this, I'm living with no hair...
The evil crowding me senseless
Intentionally inflicting
But I know the real so I'm targeted which is seen scripture
I'd rather do almost anything than proceeding with them
I don't trust the sort, from experience, pain, and the mean
Retinue...
Lied on me, but the wicked praise, all the demons piddle
I ain't ask for nothing, said leave me 'lone
But the evil still do...
As it turns out, lies were forged, and my name was blacked
Only time could prove it, so I was forced to just wait in fact
They stay with that, although, later the truth was plain as glass
Just to break the craft, I ain't aiming for that
I never did, cults of places, that I've never been in
Still sending stuff to kill my faith
So I could never contend
It all stemmed from some envious
And no matter what
Some figured, heck, we can use this as nets
And when the rich saw my potential
They considered me a threat, so they'd distort my image with them
Even death
But Christ had conquered that
In danger 'cause I'm great
Not because of what some other said...
If I don't want it
I can't fake, and I wasn't scared
Aware of my identity
They saw the Light among the rest
I'm man enough to say I'm wrong
I ain't some hopeless
Deal
Ain't standing up to take it on although it was an overkill...
But realized at a little later
I'm supposed to
Build
The devil sent so many weapons for me
I don't know it still...
But Jehovah here, and that be where my focus live
No matter what they say or do

They can't take my soul from Him...
And if they sent me up
Then I was just supposed to give
Out but never up
Because I fight for what the Throne reveals
Which is bigger than the flesh, spirit spans myself
The wicked kill for hate of God but still be praised cause lands
Are death...
My great mistake, embracing things, that just ain't take the same
And I was dead wrong, I stand grown now
And take the stage
Plus I'm from the upper yonder where the angels praise
Be sure you know you're loved by stuff before you say you love
The same...
Unrelated to relationships, that was explained
I ain't either or, just my faith remain, I trust the Name...
I don't care if I'm against a million just for saying
I can take a joke, if it was for kicks, and just was playing
When something happens for a reason
I can handle that
But I don't want no channels back
Have no desiring after that
And I ain't laughing, 'cause what's serious
Just can cancel that
I don't need an answer back
I'll just ignore if badgered at...
It's like I'm forced to be involved
Though I ain't interested
I couldn't make it clearer, I accept my lows
And then I split
But why they always keep attaching souls I didn't pick
I'd rather be alone
Than conformed into contentions sent...
Demonically obsessed
My faults are small compared to this
I never dished the same to any
Lost it all for parrying sin...
Some got enablers, just waiting, just prepared to diss
Stalking one's behavior, just to frame a loss
And where you slip
While trying your best to climb the mountain
Still it's lies surrounding, like some lava and a castle

That haters already down in
What's the point of help when you know how it amounted
Wouldn't make a difference to
Unless what made it switches too
The wicked ruled

But I'm a kind person
12/1/18

Dexsta Ray

Satanically Rigged

Sad and tragic
I embrace
Snatched that hand
I'm happy
Adamant, in faith
Plights satanically rigged...
And Light could be a jug of cinnamon
Bland and it's straight
Like brands of hate
Beneath the cover of some benefits
The venom sits with this though
So, unlike the Lord
In which sense, no, a six-pence'd show
Entire worths
If it gets broke...
On Light's accord, un-slide the Sword
Checks for distances
For more expect diminishes
To finish this
It's just beginning...
Unlike the visions of dominion
Where the devil sits
Jezebel's malicious, vicious
Pins to pits or nails in it
Will never end
So dwell in sin for what?
When I witness to
I've written truth and too, they see
Discrimination, getting new
Through wicked
Clues, double standards, with a bunch of lanterns
Spirit living, pass the pew, the strength accrue
And dozens shatter, bludgeoned matters, dungeons filled with the fake
I gravitate towards the Lord
Monsters still with the hate
So I'm rebuilding
The stake
And pray, the Lord release His double sword
And heal every snake, so more can see that He's the love

Restore, I feel every weight, on every day
Distorting every face, enchained behind the satan's blinding light
Trying to smite my writes...
With lies, is it a frame if they know?
It's quite defined that I ain't trying to get a place I can't go
So why are chiders
Chiding?
Sentimental emotions to those that like me shining...
Been a long fight on this road
And they been right behind me
We send some light to your soul...
You trying ride, then roll, I'm gliding on the side
Of the knowns, with no confining flow...
It seems we're limited from being who we truly are
I was born with passion
Hope and pens and a beauty mark
But then I learned the growth within
Can turn the newbie sharp
I don't talk about my curse with sin
For you to regard...
Just confusion, stars, hearts, just alluding to
The truth that I can't make it if the Lord wasn't there...
The unconventional described it all
'Cause while I witness minor falls
'Twas just the grounds of business
It's the victory of climbing walls...
I'm the type to grind but witness butterflies and... pause
'Tis the Lord's creation!
Ha, more elation, coordinating... It's sort of basic
How we flutter by, ignoring greatness
Or be trying to change it, end up fortifying
And poisoned nature...
No borderline, immortal kind
Ask the Lord, I'm trying
But I can't incline
Because He warned me of self preservation...
So I turned a new leaf
Let the last fall
Turning up the furnace
Purer heat than it was last fall
Brushed my clothes off
Focused... That's my

Last fall
And the cure's completion only hopeless
When the last, fall...
Bad call, hidden traps for a youngster...
My clapbacks'll drag a trashbag to the dumpster
So now, the evil's seeking to kill me
All of this for striving
Wanting something better than the mind
When I was still a teen
Ain't no library massacres from the wicked
Trying
It seems it has to master you for even having
Little peace...
That's society, satanically rigged
You can't give what you don't got
But scrapped if you did...
And some may think we even own spots and places
Like position, rank, status, but that's not the goal
To challenge is to watch, complacent...
And acquisitions might could grow
Don't define a soul
Though it's kind of cold, in this globe
There's a fire blazing... In the mind awakened
Christ had made a sacrifice
He's more than just the pictures and the movies on the televisions
But He is a Spirit, all will see the truth
Whenever lifted, thirsting for the righteousness
And not the fruit forever physic...
For there's a Kingdom free of griminess
The last is first
The one who stayed obedient to pass the earth
Has massive treasures...
That last forever
Even mansions, family, absent fetters
People do unite to have fun, even laugh together
And the Lord light's the whole place with peace
And love
No darkness nor night, it's sustained just by He above...
But the carnal world is
Rigged
Here, the devil's loose
And when it makes no sense

Then it's clear, it's the
Devil's move...
So you don't have to shed a tear
Because we never lose
The whole thing is rigged against the
Ones in Light that tell the truth
Gone

Dexsta Ray

Satyagraha

Nooks, books, and history, hooked like cooks
And groups of grouper, who, I cue a bully or two
What anti-intellect
Rules abused, to pull me, to use
Suggest I disrespect
Since I didn't mess with the wickedness
But could still affect
Spirit led, scripturally, mention Light
Then get hints of death
Which aligns to prophecy, it's inclined to the sin
Supplying plentiful alternatives
Copiously, like some kinds of friends
Wishing dealt
But oppositely...
See, YHWH's love forever
Mammon be some root things
Fruit cake, shrooms
Whatever fractions, never captioned
Sound barrier broken
If ever spoken, never holding
Weather landing
On treasure chests, with some metal brackets
Match plated mashups
Hacking me, to develop status...
What's harassing me
Reasons, that's unsubstantiated
Satyagraha
Meanings, and leadings...
For even seasons, legions freezing on their insides
Deeming me, types of things, like demons
I ain't heathens
I keep the Father in mind
I'm chasing wisdom
And retain the knowledge inside
The saints can judge correctly
Righteously
Society ain't, like I was stone statues
On a railroading, no passion
Just so there's no advancing...

Which shows no reverence for God
I'm focus
Who are they to say how hard I'm trying?
It ain't their place
Ain't even know the slander
Wrote the answers down, unrelated
Just want a way to hold my greatness back
Control, because of satan
Want to own...
Some stuff ain't naught without me
But I ain't know
Ain't expect, what satan'd think of next
So I ain't progress...
Flea relays, witches that dream my faith regressed
I don't think this way on the regular
I'm in major tests...
With hate erasing Light until I never made the steps
I speak the truth, and stay aligned
And even made a way to check...
I'd be lying if I said that what they said is right
I don't know
I guess it's fine if it was said polite
But if positions ever changed
Then I was dead that night
Babylon the great, I followed God, so I was dead to rights...
There's no room for the Lord
I ain't regret the plights
Dreaming of the mountaintops, sound or not
The crown is God's...
No rebelling, 'cause I'm just supposed to bow and watch
The ground that YHWH founded me on
In terms endowed
If it's prophetic, laying of hands by the elders
In righteousness, assignments, all my time spent
Want no kinds of sin being internalized
Even I've missed YHWH's glory
So I ain't worth His time...
But try this...
John chapter three and verse sixteen
Anyone who did believe the Gospel truth is clean
And that was meant to save and never to condemn one see
But any who ain't lift the Name

It states in eighteen
Simply...
'Cause it's a free gift, the afterlife is worth thinking of
Repentance is a must
Any born of woman that ain't the Son...
Evil thistles, and thorns and scornings
Ain't change the love
Warning, I'm a child of the King
But I ain't Pharaoh's blood
Painting ancient pictures
Some seen, but just ain't saying much...
Allegiance to the One up above
I ain't conveying lusts...
Add a mellow vibe to my dreams
And let my hands run
Out into a wild like I'm free
But just my stanzas was...
And this specific to me
Ain't always just because, the extra and contention we see
That some connect to budge...
I just respond to wretched nets that was set upon my essence
When it's pleasant to God
I ain't some hectic recreant...
Some tried to lessen my shine
And then I'm threatened with death
If God didn't accept what's inclined
To violence against Himself...
Such tried to bind this, erase, so I don't get any help
When it's dealt, through falsehoods and malice
It costed good probably
I ain't know, but forgave it, so I'm in good conscious
I ain't left alone 'cause it's satan that think I'm good sobbing...
I scan the hills with my eyes
Look for Who could solve this
With a steady ear for my tribe like I was hood mobbing
Not definitely clear on the spine of just why I should stop it
I been just sincere, in my pillar, now, that's a good column
Such just obscure all the pictures
And take my faces off
Replace my name and all, it's the strangest
When ain't a thing to cause it...
I'm persecuted and hated but I remain with Crosses

I don't hate a soul, I don't care, I just embrace my losses...
Behaving cautious, wisdom, faith, holy things that taught this
Focused on the Light
In spite of strongholds, with Weh' I'm walking
So I ain't bothered
See, the prophecies here
And soon enough
It'd be more obvious, they're not to be feared
'Cause doom and stuff, is in the world
But God will move for us
If it's His will
They constantly terrorize my life
But I see the truth revealed
Though it was proven, saw the rich allowed
To use me still
Babylon and satan do collude to bruise the Light of God...
For mammon
12/1/18

Dexsta Ray

Scratched Up Rusty Steel Art

See, I write so I can read in times of need
Psyching demons
Fighting legions...
With faith
And disarray
Eye my weakness, on a dinner plate
The secrets of love...
I'm lost
So I'm tossed into the Cross
To reciprocate
The midst of hate, a bitter taste left in the richest plains
Many flowers
Giving praise to the Christian's Savior
All animated, like the man of satan handing greatness
Stolen souls
Take it...
Thinking, fall for brazen lies
Looking at an image
How the wicked wish to build against us
Since the world think it's cool to be filled with tensions
'Hey, look! ' A perfect opportunity to get attention
With a pearl or a jewel
Leave the world
Fooled
Infatuated with the outer temperament
And how it seems, can either cheat and teach
Or grieve and bring the firmament to us
In the wildest dreams
The demons underground to me
Somehow, the false values
Jumped up
But the smile on freeze, the wiles released
In faith...
Lord, help me, make it through the day
I ain't afraid to pray and say the name Jesus Christ
But much more than that
We got to aim to
Seek the Light and to imitate the life
Of the Holy One

The only Son, the wicked stick a knife in my light
But it's soothe as heck
Extra peace
Standing, wondering, just what nuse is next?
With the muse outstretched
I see the view of many differences
Blue carrots, orange apples
Planted at the doors
Damaged floors, you can plan to band my sources
But that won't change the Truth
That's just the path of bad character
Home made for you
You broken...
So enrobed in proving ghosts against the Truer soldier
You controlled by ruses thrown by who you know refuse Jehovah
But you're too enclosed
Up
I ain't the judge
Unless the evil trying to own us 'cause I ain't the one
You hear my
Message?
Time of time again, the fire ain't fun
I pass the torch to who won't die again
Aspired and won
And asking for it, masks of morphing spectors
In the flesh, a normal lesson
Blame coincidence 'cause I ain't even know that phrase was said
Now I coin 'fake wins'
Wholly
'Cause they ain't shake me yet!
I can do whatever He told me and not afraid of nets!

Dexsta Ray

Screenwriting

I like the screenwriting
I like to see brightened...
Ideas...
These minds can make a silent seem like it was shrill
Being quiet... just observing
I admire your
Craft...
So ambitious and determined it inspires your staff
I can see how hard you're working
Send the studio the...
Spec scripts
Everybody hoping that they wrote the next film
If they did... that commission won't reject them
Probably'd bring them in so the world
Could see the best flicks
Stressed...
It's the other thing to settle me down
But I made it when I claimed the faith could never be found
All I talk about is changes but I...
Mean in myself...
Because I know I'm not the greatest so I'm
Reaching for help
From Jesus... and these screenwriting
Teachers since it's new to ME
I don't think that we should place a limit on
Our view of things

Dexsta Ray

Second Corinthians Two Eleven

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Satan is a savage
Hoping we don't know about his tactics
If a soul is unaware...
Then he has the whole advantage
Cold and scandalous
One...
He plotted on us from the jump
Scheming and sneaking
It's time to focus...
Here he come...
Let's brace ourselves with knowledge
So we can circumnavigate and
Obviate his blockages
Why be unaware? When it's clear that he ain't stopping
This is battle in the
Spirit...
No escapement in this odyssey
Children of God...
We already have the win
He knows that his time is short before the Lord descends
He knows it's too late for him
So he's trying to lure us
In...
The eternal lake with him
Where the burning never ends
Just stay far away from him
For the day is coming
Soon...
And those who wasn't moved will have treasure
Promised to them

Sensitization

From behind the curtain
Blindly trying to slide it over
Some designs
From the pride of satan
One who dies
See, I'm one who dyes, tying colors, transparent
Eyes cluttered, ostracized the minds crumbled
By the plans carried, out
The perried routes
Like righteousness smited psychologically
So life's divided
Was done by some who have shun the One
To rule in darkness
Laying, cruel and heartless, lies
I had it coming
Since I crafted substance from the ruckus
And I'd grasp success
The tactic rests after added stress
To deteriorate
First, it start, in parts, in positions
Lacking witnesses, a smart derision
Since you have yourself, the wicked sends for this
To end, especially, if you have the depth
Rarely if you have some help
If I had a car, I'd flint from it
Matter of time, they say, before the darkness benefits
Sensitization, ignition switches and some engine lifts
Conditioning still, if it's fake, the fiction real
The Spirit heals though...
Seals broke, the still woke, relate
How to build growth, I'm still on, like the older days
With a tilled soul...
All this meal sown, over hills and fields
My will strong, the Scripture shields
The wicked longs to keep me on uneven keels...
To even kill, I'm reading still
And plead and kneel, to the Most High
Rhythm is the Lord's, Spirit sword, mixed with those vibes
No lies, or twisted sick distortion, I'm a doub-le you

The monsters who would cover truth with other views
Then, rendezvous
Thunder booms...
The promised doesn't lose
See, I'm happy at it
We ain't short on facts, advancing, more
Granite at the core
I don't rap but half my craft's recorded (I just like to rhyme words)
And my camp's immortal...
Sensitize attempts, sensitized, my mind is still...
Filled with peace that has transcend understanding
The will of Jesus, can't appeal to demons
Screaming in despair
And reached for air, and I ain't even there...
Haven't done no damage
Enemies, until it's fixed and mint
That once was ravished, or my stuff enwraps this so, marvelously
And 'cause of God, I have actually departed some things
Trash and bags to be discarded
Things that sharded, or was never granite...
Fetters branded, foils so hard to move
And I'm loyal but I'm just not wanting no parts of you...
Fails tarry
Exercised a hail mary while I stood alone
But I would've rolled, all you had to do was tell Dex
Not rain, I take a hail check, to unveil nets
Spreaded at the feet for snagging me before I spell next
I can challenge evil
Slashing me won't make a hero
For my fear's on righteousness of God
Griminess I'm not...
And chiaroscuro art embracement from the start
From the heart, I'm
Stating...
Opinions left, a million deaths, to the darts of satan
Scars for ages, darkness' draining
Marked in mazes, but the Light of God, breaks apart the hatred...
Rather, any like or not, I'm aligning dots, in the shining spots, in the sky, like
those flying blots
I ain't acting innocent but I ain't wicked bent
The living in the Scripture's skin is benefit
Enough...

Many try to make a scene to see I ain't believed
Lame is living unrepent with some sin in satan's reign...
Let me get the blessings
Lord, fill my storeroom
For I adore You, it's more true
When I'm winning lessons
I implore too when I'm dealing with a net, and next to poor
Bless me, Lord, according to Your portion offered
No distortion, altered, I can speak for me, myself
Lord, resolve it, I retort, you're awesome!
I perceive Your depth...
And when I'm crying, I can spy, divine, the intervention
Toughest times, just come and fly, I'm energized
I'm healed and
Tearless
Flutter bys, plenty kinds, survived, see, it's the clearest
All the sensitizing only synchronized me with the Spirit!
Don't look at me the same, no
I'm clearly different
And the image bigger, still up under YHWH's
Scripture though...
Loud amps and gun sounds to get me feeling low
But I'm feeling whole, still enrobed, in the Spirit, so...

Dexsta Ray

Seperate Issues

I see another stronghold, wicked ruse, that which the wicked use
And this includes...
Mixing or twisting different issues to fit into another
Talking 'bout spirit riches
But they switch it up, then it's getting butter
Far far
Splitting blind cards, shifted, for incriminating statements like some lying bars
Just like when the envy isn't stagnant
Hist, this manipulation
Not about that, but they give misrepresentation
None of my actions can be traced to haters doing just what they do
But they want to make it that
Out of place
A custom move, not!
Falsely charged like the Truth watching prophets from the day
Even though it seem convenient and so many rush to claim
That my reason being is strictly something that the others say
When my mind ain't even on them
I'm just running in my race of faith...
Separate issues
A product of some hating snakes
Don't you think if I was trying, I would've been arranged the stake?
So flames had ate?
Honestly, that didn't change a thing
How can I respond when I don't even know which way it came?
I been focused
And not on demons, satan's plays
Though I still expose em' for the souls that's coming next in place
Separate issues...
They'll blend them and reject the aim!
Trying to become relevant to someone they ain't met and hate
So if I die
Folks'll know it was some jealous snake
Up against this zealous great, trying to end the devil's reign...
I don't need apologies
God said forgive

Dexsta Ray

Shadowy Game

It's to the point I feel the Spirit churn whenever lost
It still occurs
We better toss the mirrors...
Commandeer the heart from temp-tat-ions
On our marks
And still waiting
Sin is such a shame
Chasing folded cards
I don't know
Impart
The frame is still shaky
Real hazy
Still, maybe, if I hold the shard up
I will safely make the number
Carnal concentration conquered larger
Pondered farther
Just the method set in vanity with latent correlations
In the rumble
And disparaging
Hatred is despair within
It never prospers
Try but you could never stop us...
Ah...
The blindside of times like these
Where failure profits
Even my kind
The fight might free
Behind the maze
I wonder if the youngster's guide blind things
Like right became the strife
And wrong
Embrace the findings
Strange consignment
Way to listen to the gone
I mean, the odes
Rigid spirit warfare
To witness this
Since we are cold
In the skin

By the nature of our bones
Yet we strove to repent
Dismissing flesh
Trying to stay hot and grow
But find the lukewarm
Hot and cold mixed together
Living in our true form
Want to bring the truth harm
Through forbidden views
Breaking out the image drew
Something not to get into
What I never went into
Lasting wisdom on the alter
Lambs on the pedestals
I store with the sheep
The storms morphed into the human beings
Shady theoreticals
Placing to subdue the weak
Snaking
Putting roots on each
Hate to see the youth proceed
Who do we copy?
To follow naught but cue the move of Eve
Trooping on the tracks of pleasure
Enmity collapse the era
Keep on the mask
And be in secret
Leave the trash forever
I ain't even at your fetters
Jesus cracked mine
The last signs
Perhaps lying is the ruse to keep the passions settled
So I'm lacking comfort...
See us always messing up and getting mad for constants
Dashing pass distractions
No confusion
Like some champions
The path is actually nice
Though illusions
Bash the truth in this world full of droopiness
Alcohol and proving misc.
I ain't true to this stuff...

Diss temptations
Down them all
And to resist all the grips of damnations
O, how I hate it all
And it'd probably make me fall
'Cept the new year
Faith, I see the view clear
Knocking down the stagnant walls
And that's what we do here...
Like the silhouette
Scripting it to kill affect
In this shadow game
Battle chains
Feel the healing next (from Jesus)
Excercise the strength
And keep the villian checked
Shining all the holy light
So to pray it fill the head
And not to glide too prideful
Just they recognize that we don't fear a thing
I can't let a precious second fly
Forget the shadowy games
He brought a blessing by
Never shall the prattle sustain...
I got the Spirit with me

Tsk...

We often misrepresent the meaning of Christianity
All have different
Pictures
To place in the collage of God's plan...
God bless

Dexsta Ray

She

Lackaday, in fact, the rose shall pass away, it happens
After late... and fast awake, and low, alack, an absence
Masquerades abaft and slain, a soul, of valid standing
Sodalitious? Not, behold, a sparsile
Shining on the
Heart...
Solipsistic, as the brand, the hope, the cadency within you
Adnascent, but as a friend, to grow, an advehent ingenue
Accidentally grasped the sands, that flow, a lack can be retinue
Stamp ammophilous as spoken parts
Residing in the
Garth...
Welcome, ay, Romanticism but I'd rather have the spirit
We eternitarians live but absent from exact appearance
Out the door, and pass the world, at the stars, the map is different...
But the ink, within your bidings, plant the trestle, at the spirit
So tonight I write you something I'll pretend I never scripted
My eternal Valentine, my love, my flame forever hidden

Dexsta Ray

She Is Luminous

I like her sense of humor

No...

I love it

Blitzing life just like collisions

Sending it, get up in

Stupors

Mighty, striking lightening wings

Helped the blind

And I was

That, to slyer binds and puzzles that I

Didn't even

See...

Your eye had shined on me before

I tried to think

And almost overtaken

By some evil forces, covered up

While I'm hiding sleep...

In, this spirit journey, tricked

When discernment wanes

These romantic

Kisses stick, like memories that's burned in brains...

More important than some dinner

What the Lord's delivered

Though I have nowhere to rest

The scripture ties

Absorbing

Spirit, forms of winter, every thing has changed

No conforming hither, praying for me

Up, although it's late

Plus you have your own portions

To worry 'bout, I appreciate the fact

And never treated me as crap

The hope according

To the holy passages, I know we'll last in this

Is of the

Lord

You know, when you're anointed

You just go through some stuff

Dexsta Ray

Shining Through The Dust

Ephesians chapter three and verse
Eleven on through thirteen
Who's exempt from this?
And perfect
After being birth, I'm certain I was then cursed
But erred by the Message
Reflect the needing of a Savior but the worse won't confess it
The storm is raging
And no form can sort or cage it
I don't want to change it
No prophet's welcome
Not accepted
In the fort created
And if excuses come to cover that up
Well, then, I solemnly refuse it 'cause it doesn't add up
My course is not to be disputed...
Everybody's living wickedly
Disguised abhorring
'Cause they probably sinning differently
But to the Lord
All the sin is fit equivalently
Nothing's more important
People pick because they envy me...
The holy scripture
Noted
Filling my life
Preoccupied with stopping lies
Odes of healing, like mine
I write a poem because I have to...
I hear the prophet's cries
From in the wilderness
A filter is a folly sign...
When it comes to scripture
All the rest can crumble
Feel me
Shaking off the dust beneath my feet
For a honest feeling...
Jesus never made a mission of resenting places
When the penetrating questions came

Jesus didn't strain it
For the world is temporary
Thinking 'bout the New one
Everything He made
He'll repair or fix or change
'Til exemplary
Making out acumen...
What's important to me
And it wouldn't be the people trying to force illusions
Evil in attendance
Some'll talk like they met me
When the inner motive is just a call to beset me
I see the picture, broken
Fixed
It don't matter if it's sent hold, oppress me
If it did commence this life
Then I will thrive the next one, own the best one
Spirit is right
See, God designed it special...
By making room for men to choose
He will not oppress them...
Spirit things will always have a way for 'time to wreck them'
But the Truth remains, and like the Light, I'm on a higher level...
I don't live to be a burden on a single soul
Believe me, if I'm worthless, lowly, I ain't trying to be imposed...
For I'm merging with the Light
Befriending saints
And angels...
Wanting nothing but delight, to learn, and save a stranger
Although we're in the devil's sights...
Inact my loyalty
Living for the souls that'd never bite or trash, that's royalty
The evil kicking and it's fixed on trying to toy with me
Don't matter how I look to you
What God sees will
Flourish me...
If you're mad then I'm glad that you're supporting
I ain't scare of nothing, cause I'm right and Jesus orders me

Satan go to hell

Dexsta Ray

Shining Through The Jealous

I push eternal Light
I put my right on the Bible
Grinding
Time occur rewinded in this life of a writer
Only ink...
I trade the quill feather in
No time to hate a person, focusing
On steel fetters split to rise
Embracing worship!
I'm like a giant rolling boulder
In compliance with
The Christ
The spirit mind, of holy soldiers
In the wilderness...
The devil's itching on the prowl for still another day
Hating then switching it around like it's the other way
Jesus told me what the motive is...
It long to kill me
Steal then destroy, or either try to fold
My temperament...
Ain't trying stay on the same road where sinners went
Jesus saved souls
Changed lives
Where the Spirit live?
The main Vine, Lord, it seems like I am all alone
Trying to be aligned more...
If it be because I'm wrong
Instantly
The Lord reformed it, 'It's because you're strong'
I don't need the glory
Just a portion from the loving Throne...
The devil's at me
Still harassing me with several tactics
But I'm never backing
I relax and there the trouble goes...
But I love the lows
But not when it happens
Misrepresented
All the time

With stuff not in my bracket
I have the wicked all in mine
No attention to another man
The envy cause the rise in the villian trying to up a plan
I don't know how many times I will have to say it
Eternity is all that's on my mind in these troubled lands
I don't listen to no music
I'm a scripture freak
Unless the Lord insisted that I use it for His ministry
Demons say I'm playing dumb but I don't really know
Why they trying to frame me when I don't even feel they soul?
I would never want to be a part of what they got
I made it through the dark with my own heart
I busted out!
With my kingdom withinside me
Always at my prayer
So when I'm grieving, it supplies me so I stand prepared
And even what you know about me doesn't qualify
A lot of it's a lie but I ain't 'bout to try to coddle minds
Demons framed and set me up
At least my Yahweh know
I would apologize for standing up but I ain't sorry though
Demons be intimidated
So they coming at me
I ain't even of the bracket but they
Want to stomp and drag me
So you can't tell me the prophecies are fake
Infatuated with the Psalms
The Proverbs tell me properly...
The evil hate when you succeed without no help or nothing
Don't accept me nor believe but I will never crumble

Haha
Mad? I'm happy
Got something to be thankful for
A testimony

Dexsta Ray

Shoot Those Arrows

Never been a hater...
Fetters sent and pit around my neck
I get a pick and down them
Off
The villains say I'm hating
When the villain is the one who first assaileth
Verse of stripes
Earned right
On the street life...
Even though I don't embrace it
Let those arrows
Goooo
No way I'd live like a coward
Crazy, powered type
Gold sight
Because, not a soul can devour Christ
Don't worry where I am
I'm not expecting any visitors
They missed a lot of times
Only 'cause I'm covered underneath the blood of He
That Christians fall and humbled
And understand it's all
Constant...
Even if the arrows crush me
Least the whole world'll know
That a jealous hearted hating soul had, holdddd the bow
And who it's from...
Satan ordered the mission
Attacking all of God's servants, any forms of the Christians
But still we're standing
Firm...
Was bulletproof, guarded by light, on numerous
Occasions, I ain't playing
I fought the ruses with the mark of angels
Hide the evidence but the facts still
Remain...
Darkness, never ever, settles in, apart from the chains
And that's a truth, fabrics tacked
To the walls

Ya'll want to say I'm lying because you know my story great
I ain't nothing like a feather
I don't go wherever
Taken...
Have the bows lined up with the arrows aiming!
I depend on God, he'll protect me from the snares of satan
If it be His will
A hustler, building, tactics set to fall and pull me down
But I still forgive you and that's just because of who I am

Dexsta Ray

Should Hope So

Superfluous wordings

And threatening from overarching demons

Well, that's all only natural, I said I'd rather lose, but not the spirit battles

I'm staples, o, that's so terrifying, I guess, as several times, and examples

That gave the evil a perspective that's inaccurate

Backwards, like I'm the devil kind, actually, still en-wrapped in the

Scripture, like all the times before

Anti-christ, behind me, only YHWH I serve

From in the shadows, of some ordinance, the obloquy yearns

To topple things that's of the Lord

I have the opposite

Word, the devil worried, now those hidden things

Are probably discerned, well, let me help it...

Jesus Christ, the special

Tell this, evil high, withheld it, victory to kill, or endings extra

I can't even lie, diminished seldom, certain of what is the devil

Wanting Christian vessels, kids that never know, expect the measure

But the Lord is greater...

Principalities, consent is absent, hidden matters gleam

That's the hammer and the hatchet that the masqueraded get

When things that's of the Light esteemed appropriately

And openly, Babylon despise the Lord, see it in the lowest key, fear I don't possess

These antichrists be still encroaching me but everything is obvious

And liars been exposed and beat, the fire, that's below, The Kingdom's higher

Where the Throne, with He, His sheep, shall dwell forever with Him

I don't get how clever, trivial, demon schemes that failed

Against Him, still embraced, by several witnessed to have witnessed

Every minute, devil in it, I seen from experience

Grief forever with me, if it wasn't for the angels presence

I would seldom script it, which is how I know the heavens like it

Plus Weh tells consistently

Why continue uttering lies disbanded with the trail presented?

Bread led, and sand bred, not the wheat alone, but each beholding

Of the Holy, open face, the Ghost composed the quoted hope of God

Being the Most, the soul has been opined, and even from the Psalms

The Bible, showed the Highest's, abode, He of a different vibe...

The wicked look for things that ain't because their soul is mis-aligned...

And I'll-advised, they loathe what's wholesome 'cause they

Build with lies

And even if you're broken, they don't sympathize, just improvise...

9/26/19

Dexsta Ray

Show Me Off Then

With an ugly soul, the makeup don't matter
The making up don't matter
Slander, ain't a factor, of greater stuff, patterns
Hateful junk, confabbed, to waste my time for the Lord
Plus, if I made a path in spite of
Like it's shiny stuff, some smile at, trying to tie me up
To swipe it, like the cunning, lying
To take a grab, at vibes, and stuff that should make such embarrassed
But the lands condone it...
Temporized for temporaries, the exemplary
Fit to hide, in spite of being the
Light, the people let them ravish, scavenging and bashing
Thousand times, slander been disbanded
But the truth ignored to allow the demons that advantage
'Til the damage to a point where
Nothing could manage, I try to salvage what I could
From my fragments, they don't want God to prosper
Lots of sight ahead, and foreknowledge, they know but crop the drama
Spot the problems, flop, sign it backwards, for plights
The antics, Light they use, for cash advancement
Then drag it, until it's bite and chewed, like slimy food, that's spat out
Right by some shoes, at some banquet maybe
Treated like a villain in spite of proof that some haters frame me
Envy ain't my fault, evil predisposed, like it may replace me
Ain't relate to such, things of satan
But I'm of YHWH though
V is for the vision, ain't nullified, by the obloquy thrown
I is for invention, I'm other kinds, I ain't copying those
C is for contrition, because of God, I would stop the globe
T is for transcending
I love a lot
That ain't knock me though
O is for omissions
My dreams were snotted to what's not awoke
R is for rendition
What's just is hot, I was YHWH's own
I is for intention
'Cause even now, I could
Trodden yokes

O is for obstetrics, of Jesus House, ain't forgot His souls
U is for unending, if demon plots count, I'm not controlled
S is for stupendous
King Jesus crowned, and it's not for show
God condones reality
Evil wishes, but God is strong, help was manifested
For countless seasons
What's YHWH's seen it, but sophisticated confabulations
Puts down the pieces
Even indiscreetly, while thieving dreams, trying to ground the wing-ed
Beasts that's in the scripture existing now
Trying to hound the Kingdom
And depreciating the value, on top of countless schemings
Glad it ain't on earth, see, in heaven, there ain't no demons
Mansions, substance that's alive, ain't no secrets
And ain't no evil grinds
Treasure, that ain't stolen, nor rusting, not even sleep or dying
Weeping, crying, no grieving
Believe me...
The saints can even fly, if wingless, YHWH greater than anything
That can be explained, show me off, I'll show off the Lord
And show out doing so
11/22/19

Dexsta Ray

Shrill Silence

Fighting evil, ah, disturbing things
Disturbing things
I finally saw the blindness, I was fighting
In disturbing dreams
I saw a mirror
Looking at me, as I recognized
Silence can't imagine
How it's heightening the damage
That was me
O, strange reflection, I see you
And satan get behind me!
I praise the Lord, leave me be, satan sits beside me
That reflection didn't match my essence
Doing it's own thing
Terrifying
But I knew about this cold game, cast him down
Forever, no fetters, I'm leaving no chains
Life altering, tonight, I have no malt or nothing
Drugs I didn't take
This spirit war is more than fairy tales
Wishing that it wasn't though
Wish the lands were
Color coded
Then, the dreams would be some more defined
Than airy veils, satan said, 'I'll leave you alone'
Ha! I'm barely there! Declaring well, I kept praising God
And Jesus
Name
Then he'd shake his head, in disappointment
Like I need his grace (what?) 'twas off beat and strange
Reflections, so it ain't of God
But I wasn't really worried, saw it as a test and lesson
Soon the devil left and my reflection went to moving
Normal, destined to rejoice now, God is willing to restore you
Guess I had some old stuff I had to junk
Had some soul stuff I had to dump, now it's clear
And my passion upped! I have enough within the spirit
And I awoke, a time untold, the peace that transcends understanding
Has my mind enrobed!

I'm free

I have to tell someone about this...

Hey God

Do you have a minute?

Dexsta Ray

Sick Agenda

Like a dreamcatcher, the devil, surround the plans of God
Lose not your faith, let it waver not, Light is preservation
Different tribes of Israel, generalized, into types of color
Which deemphasizes, the main objective, that's loving God...
Babylon said, "Try us"
My gain was better for reaping coals
Weapon innuendos, positioned for me, 'cause Jesus rose
Second, Corinthians, chapter ten, verses three and four
Antichrists reality, claim His name, while
It eat His goals
Even so, YHWH can anger, and it's been seen before
Pestilence, some plagues, and some famines, disasters, pacts exposed
Never practiced, matters, and methods, that evil patent though
Racking up what's did unto Baptists, in grief, and rancid smoke
In the afterlife, screams and gnashing of teeth
That never end, mutilations waiting, can't die no more
Hell is packed with sin
Arrowheads, and bows, at the kingdom of darkness
From the Lord, flaming from the root, same hatred
But W's with YHWH
Atoms that He does control still
Threatened by supremacy, probably because I know Him
Regardless of the obloquy, right and wrong, with their own pens
Sealed the notions in, why unhinge it, because my soul's His?
Hunted still, genetics, influences, negligence, remain
Racial motives, present, I'm threatened, to let it kill my praise
Forced to forfeit rights 'cause my talent revealed the smear was fake
But the same evilness prey on me Til' they kill my name
But I ain't ever entered
Such stain your image with things they frame
It don't really count as a victory
If a stage arranged
One can even go back in history to the ancient pages
Scripture, didn't piece stuff together, but just embraced the truth
Some hateth you for Christ sake, admitting it though
They can't do, like some pecking order, premeditated, ain't setteth normal
Standing formal even, and just to scorn who profess the Lord
Things are organized for defiling, the soul, even if they never
Went a mile on that road, the envy draft you in to score

Some form of victories, portals, that ain't capatible, coupled with enormous misfortunes

Facilitating tactics, `cause, stories, origins, whatever

Distort the fabrics of reality, and sort of fragmented, like how I'm

Damaged, eek, brackets, stuff that's impractical

Was sent to brandish me, subtracting key additions of YHWH purpose

I had in me, distracting things, to snatch it from fashioning up

Some scamming scheme, or attack the witnesses

Even still, they know that He's King, of kings, and Lords of lords

The Crafter of all that's good in earth, no matter what can happen

The Scripture remain the same forever

12/29/19

Dexsta Ray

Signs And Signs

Purple skies, fibrous lightning, earthquakes, and perfect times
Shining of the sun, sightings, double take it, you wasn't crazy
Something ancient, only the LORD, and see a full moon
Remain, in spite of phases, for multiple
Days, with holy birds
It shows the work of YHWH, soaking music vibes
Prophetic origins, worship, praise, certainly
For these things are from heaven's coordinates, the angels clearer
Couldn't be more grateful, others seeing
The Light, only thing I want, torches, for the, sordid realities
Fornication urns, cordial but morphing perspectives
Get poured igniters on
Malice, any fortune with anarchy
Was established wrong
Cycles, of dismantling, striving, to smite, the handle gone
The candle blown
The slander broke, consistently, my hope is strong
Visualize the right things
Spiritually, though my goals, got some bows, and arrows aimed
To disintegrate them
Though God is seen, the oddest pieces
Owned by this information
Though misinforming happened, disaccord
Some hidden practice
Meant to craft some scaffolding
To reach for me and
Face to face, like panicking, some acts of desperation
From the slandering
When they learned how YHWH actually made it
Ain't a factor in, but want to seem protagonists in stuff such wasn't fashioned in
The path transcend the pattern though
Of the earth
The damage hid, the passion, still, impactful
Though I'd have to end
Irrationally, 'cause evil picked my blossoms, just to spoil
My contentment, hit my lantern, with some stones, give me thorns for
Answers
Keep what's YHWH stored within the soul, the wisdom, gold
The scripture zone, remember cold, I rather be in the assembly

Of the righteous talk, the stuff that Light exalted
In assembly, in the Master's presence, oily crosses
Brand every entrance
With stuff that Christ had taught
Some just want me wanting
What they desire, I'm focused though, hate conspire ways to
Abate the fire, that's Weh', it's higher
Miscommunication
Improvising on it, to dim my light, and I'm headphones
With some heavy weight
I exist in concept, and I'm choir mice
Liars chide, replying
Through my success, if ignored or not, rise, demon swords was out
And jingling, I just had the LORD and GOD
My strength eternity
Regardless, what occur to me
The serpent, ain't some
Leaders, ain't some sequel, like when curses break
Some seasons, devils buried me
And needless, never heard a thing, never served a thing
Serve the hate with scripture verse from Weh'
Though attacks allowed to happened
Learned the how and
Why it is, my life horrific, like a film, because of how some benefit
At my expense, while I'm concealed
Some confess to cry for me...
Because of this distortion, as if the recompense for such
From God, ain't ever coming, forced into relationships
And cults are used to help who done it, once reality set in
They plan I perish, kept from justice
Held up in their wrong
Are the wicked, God ain't special to them, fair to ruin like anyone
But YHWH's glory never ruined
The devil want to shut me up because they see my treasure
Ruined, while I manufacture more, while the presence, of the devil
Gravitate to me, annually, but we, just overlook it
All I do is vent, if justice do exists, God approves of it
Evil joining forces, after recognize, the LORD immortal
God was watching too, a lot to view, who kill me got the brew
But I don't want the same for anyone who scheme and plot
To feud, earth is not the home of
Saints, the truth is what I want embraced, aligning to the Gospel

Though
In ages that are antichrists, with systems that allow the evil
'Cause the same are antichrists
There's signs within my
Persecution, knowledge that ain't handled right
Not bitter from the hate received
Just not with any pain
Tonight, but rather, still the Scripture seam and pleat my quilt
That faith opined, and nothing that the evil seek
The Spirit real, what's fake is lies
Jesus still my Shepherd, the mistake some made
Mislabeling Light
And only after damage come, some save the day
But waste my life, and seeing what they want to see
Ignore what's real to save their mind
Cosmological, I praise the LORD, my faith in God still
Even though, some humiliate a baby, piece a show around it
Pleasure from the torture
Seems amazing, some can't go without it
But they witnessed signs
On a wide scale, as grounds quaked, moments to exalt the
LORD
Feareth not, 'cause Yawh great
11/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Silent Priorities

Priorities! Priorities! Silent
But a factor
On accord
A key
Restoring leads to order
Silent and the unannounced
Souls bordered with establishment
Preoccupied with other
Things
Different from the chattered in
Or matters mentioned
In the back of mind, an act of trying
Every track aligned
On the earth
Where man survives
Through the hand of God
Silent priorities
For any plan can thrive
Let the humans
Grow
Where truth suffice subordinately

Dexsta Ray

Silhouette

Our time is limited...
I'm not that kind of person
Blindly, I'm inhibited, light persists in His stripes
Sliced, other points, are driven, I mention specifics...
Backsliding'd gives me back dying
And that's some sickening business
Cringy shivers
From risky sin and unkempt repentance
Dwindling wishes and visions picked
Send a kiss to healings
Quick ascensions, intended, to end the digging
Shift the tilling in the fields
From this pendent to lifted spirit fruit
Appearing, too, as rigid, consistent...
There ain't another route
Conditioned silhouettes, smooth
Simply, still on 'Yes', cool, with a little less, moves, for the rules used
It's abused you
But God is true with fixing mess
I got a clue, hypotenuse, in a different test
Feeling energized without the brew
Stuff that Yawh can do...
I found the source of all my problems
And it's pretty simple
I'm really nimble for the Lord
And I listen for, the Spirit, when it come to forms of physical
I will ignore, and interest's are conflicted with the wicked ones who wield the sword...
I live to warn
For the pit grows below
And will absorb any will abhorred by Him on the Throne
I'd rather not make it if I'd have to spot satan
But I turn away to God
And watch the devil drop weights in hate...
I got to say, my feelings cling like that
A lot can play, and say, 'I love you', but don't mean like that... (oh oh)
Already hopeless as romantic
That's a clean nice hat (light me back)
I hug the silhouette she makes, unveil affection for the grace of her

You see my match, and crossed hatched, in a way, it hurt
I claim the mirth
Shy of sin, I commence, align, like then...
Bites and strikes, no time to fight
Binds of strife and hype, but finding Light...
In the appropriate, hoping in, goals Jehovah sends
Open this
Ghost, with holiness, I'm 'sposed to win
No tokens of embarrassment
Wouldn't have stole my patterns then
And so I don't forget, I won't give in
Ditching violence in the Lord's will, implored still...
Ordeals, sitting in the wicked rush
More real than mortal shields feel
In wisdom, we'll adjust...
Sin is sickening, and making that decision
Not embracing that consent and really run the pace
The honest race, of faith, doesn't mean you're timid
This just means you're in another place
Where love's embrace, instead of enmity and tricks to just sustain...
Unafraid (oh)
'Cause YHWH's benefit is fixed
In addition to the wish of getting spirit rich, the Spirit heals and lives within
So we can feel again
It's difficult appealing when the pinnacle of trivials is pivoted by spirit beings
It's invisible...
But when it comes to rigid love...
Fornication ain't my form of saving us, thorns enchaining trust, or satan's touch
Still in it like a bill pending...
Ever since I met you, every difference, heavy wind, and chill is special
To me, il(l) y weather or not...
Heal together
Ditch the hills for checkers, feeling pleasure, been instilled forever...
Rosy fields and silhouettes, in the real respect...
My enemies would claim I'm playing
But my hand don't incorporate them, I just formulate to praise the Most High...
Hydrochloric agents, Lord, replace the globes cries, with no lies
And hope, so, growth enrobes minds...
But away from all of that, faith and crosses pact, falling back, in meditation
Marveling at the boss in black
Awesome stance
Some dogs and cats, two crossing paths...

You all of that, glory to the Most Highest
For, only He is more

Ah, ah, ah, I like the silhouette

Dexsta Ray

Simple Sighted Writing

So... Feel Good For Me! I'm redeemed, for Jesus made it so
Today I'm humble
Strictly basics
Like my name is Joe
Average before
The whole arrangement leaped upon and caught me
Unaware of all the grace, that I was done
Resolving
Mellow and pure
At least an option for this time around
To keep the prophecies
To see the obsolete
Possibly
The products breed the rocks for me to drop the seeds on ground
Which are not to be the dreams, O! confounded
Drowned in the physical appearance
Of life, a slice, without a knife
Only minors that
Write
We might... try to bind the timeless to the idle when it's very boring
Well, me, nothing special, to declare important
Sitting on the brink of the letters
Just to stare at order
Simplest
To me
Probably average yet is far from normal
Not a heart of formal
Not the dark
Immoral
Feel Good For Me! Because I'm blessed to be a part of soil
So look down on me!
Only we exalting
God
Letting go of everything carnal bind so the lifting happens
Eating some ink... eat some words... hear the ripping pamphlets

Dexsta Ray

Sin Is What Sin Ain'T Within The World

The country's turned away from God in every sense
Abominations
Of the worldly
Odd
And scary since the snare of sin's a novelty
Fair, cursed, a commodity
Flipped back to that of Israel
Spared... turned into
Poverty
A common benefaction
As ruse
Accrue
Fact induced
Flashy travesties
A truth
In that
Reduced to fables
Wicked times of endings
'Tis gay marriage enabled
Only seen as an opinion
But actually
Enacting all the madness
That is trash
Satan added in a staple
To the kindled Judgment
The venom
Speak the truth... you judgmental
God said it, so who rebuts Him? Don't we observe what's taking place?
This about to crush in on...
The villiaaannnn
Prophets hearing clearly
Mocking ain't an option
God shall drop in plots and stop the rocks that's near and block it
The Father's watching
And we... and we thank Him for souls
Then turn around and start the pop about the way we kill folks
But He ain't listeningggg
'Cause we ain't listening
The scription of repent is trying not to live in sin again

Spirit graduation
Place you in a state of 'give' within
Maybe think we safe but satan hates and prey to tempt the kids
That's why we have to
Pray
For them... and to supplicate for others
Too much love to give, don't concentrate on drama
To contemplate some trouble
For the ones who praying double
Keeps the evil on our
Homes
Means our young one who will come up
But I promise it won't touch us
Because God cannot lie
Within the ruckus
Even
Jesus saved a soul and thrown out like a bunch of demons
I be writing from the heart to speak when such is needed
Plus I see the focus of the dark and must expose it's region
'Cause any smoke in the cards
It's a part of each
And we broke Jehovah's heart when we departed peace
We know the ocean and the stars but still it's hard to see
The evil that enclosed within our hearts
Until the martyr bleeds
Bigger image...
Like ten years to a mili minute
Sin lamented.. like Tears fill when it's getting witnessed
It's presented like 'years real' when it's wicked living
Guess how Jesus plans to resolve?
We wouldn't witness
Christians
Often misconstrued are my motive to script the truth
It resides within the Spirit
It, only, was meant to do!
Only what is going to hell are rebutting the things of God
I tell you...
It ain't no joke
Turn away is what He trying to tell you!
Satan ain't got nothing but a bunch of lies to sell you
See with faith because I promise that your
Eyes'll fail you

This a spirit war, it ain't about what person's time excel you
It's about developing
Not a competition
Well, I can't say that, 'cause this spirit battle unremitting
But it was stated that the physical for just a minute
We don't war according to the flesh but we ain't condescending
And if you love, let it be the type that's unconditioned
That's consistent with the Kingdom of Heaven
And got to make it in regardless
We don't need no regression
And won't you learn to take your scars and only see those as blessings
Towards perfection...
The country's burning down but it ain't only that
The whole world will hear the sounds of all the trumpets next
And then you'll see Him with His Crown and all to come collect
Everyone who listened to His call and aced the troubled test
Sin is what sin ain't within the crazy world
Sin's hate and fornication
It's portrayed as pearls
Then satan bends thinking to degrade the truth
Like it's wrong, then taken, O, I'm bout to hurl!
Ughhhh

It ain't no surprise... the things we're seeing
Everything from the turn away from God on a large scale
Accepting these false beliefs
To the wicked persecuting the prophets
Speaking what's right
This wickedness
Is seated in the high places of the spiritual realm
Only a collective prayer movement can
Uproot these things like gay marriages and
Abominations and mockery of God

He is protecting His saints... but, anything not within Him

Is doomed

Repent and turn away

Ain't no fear here

Single And Celibate

I'm married to the bible and the poetry
A couple of years now
For a couple of years now
No, I'm not a whoremonger 'cause I love and fear Yahweh
To abstain from sex, and immorality
Hackers take my conversations out of context
That's just what happens when the stuff of satan badgers unchecked
I look ahead and see a bunch of nets arranging
Wonder if I'm chosen
Slipping roses to my Angels
Such a blessed acquaintance
Thinking of the love word
The Cross represents
At times, I feel like I'm alone but that's false in a sense
Although I'm out here on my own
In the darkness
Trying to stick to Light
Ain't nobody perfect
But regardless, we must get it right...
The slander makes me seem so heartless
Bigger storms are forming
But you never know, it all could change
And stray in course and coordinates
I be single
I be celibate
The world is too picky, and shifty
Tricky as it's ever been
This pearly doohicky, is strictly for the chord aligned
I know the Lord'll fortify
I'm not even in the culture
For the globe is sort of dying
Not borderline
Wholeheartedly committed to Truth
But I can't do it by myself
So Lord, I give it to you

Dexsta Ray

Sit And Deal With It

There ain't nothing left to do but sit and deal with it
One can't always get even
And plus the Cross is called such for a reason
Lost months
No appeasing
Still...
Meant to stick to spirit principles...
At the pinnacle...
It seems
Like a combination
Lightening and dark
Though on the
Pallet
This is grey
But in life it's a heart
Stuck in the battles, in the frays
Time exacted on the idle mind
What matters often fades
I'd be stupid to pursue revenge
Drew the holy numerals
Recluse...
Lord, I'm moved again
It's better if I choose the route of praise
So that You shall gain
I knew the Name in brutal chains and shame
And when life was good
Third phase
I counted, but it seems like five
Displace this octave
Without it
I could see light dying
Just to discern mazes
Perfect
Sit and deal with
I heard that Christ's line of work is straight
And not filled with a burden
Which is true
I cue for certain
I can do what I can do

I can grind the lies with truths
I confide in only angels
I can die a lowly stranger
I could sow and I can reap
I could find some kind of tool
That's aligning with the bible
What I knew is really least
Sit and deal with the will of the Higher
'Cause my wings be fading
But replete
Anytime the One is pleased
Not to grieve what's done to me by the things of the current age
Wasn't certain death
Rushed upon me
Heavy claws of evil lunge
Teaching, see, I'd rather heed the preaching so
But needing both
I leave the flow after seeing the meaning
Of these creepy numbers
Dreams and stuff
That keep me wondering
I don't even know
I'm terrified by God
And for a reason
Not involving demons
To the point I need to go and then consult
With Him before I act
Implore the speaking
For the scheme is like a joint walk into design
And I'm talking to myself
And enthralled into the lives of spirit
No, I didn't sock you in the mouth or tried to scheme to beat you
But what I got within my route is Light for me to see through
Preaching from the pulpit is a gem
But some need a
Scene too...
The culprit is the same, revoke the name
Ropes are blazed
On a cover-up, 'It wasn't much.' Claim the souls that's
Maimed
Never ask and don't explain, I shall hold the lessons in
Reckoned I deserve it for chasing goals and getting wins

But I know this much, you will never stop me from lifting pens
I do this for myself
I don't care demons stopped being my friends!
Say, I got to watch my back
As if that wasn't enough, I'm pretty sure that 'what I did'
Had been covered by such, but still they on me 'cause I'm kin
To the codes
Of being a real human, open to the end but I'm closing to the
Sin
I'd be lying if I said I ain't angry because I'm innocent
But I ain't trying for revenge, I ain't in the mix
The best thing that you can do sometimes is ride and deal with it
Ending all conditions
With the ties, sometimes, is benefit enough

Yea, you won't break me
These prophecies don't surprise me
Well, it shouldn't have surprised me...
Notheless...
The flesh ain't perfect
If anything, I owe you all a thank you
Taught me exactly what type
Of human not to
Be...
And what type of human not to be around

Thanks

I figure God can do more with you than me
I can deal with it

Dexsta Ray

Sitting In The Dark

Sitting in the dark, different thoughts, just what I witness daily, been consistent
In the darkest times
This society
Where no law exists, spiritually elate though
Scripturally, my faith strong
From Weh's Throne, I feel the peace
Though the age cold, dimensions, my rhythm
Continue in the Light
The wicked still around, and accepted
That they ain't under God
Welcome...
Militants, that envelop, the righteous, for the mindless
Witches engineering, the devils practices, as rewards, to sell them
In return for the covering up of YHWH power
So the witches flourish
At my expense, held within the dark...
While free
Times like these, what are friends?
Ain't trying to find the meaning
Solo while I'm grieving, and antichrists legions eating me
In secret, what is freedom? Or liberty, 'cause it ain't with them
Still I hold my cross though
Unrelated, to lands
Like this, undebated, racists use witches to rig my stuff to break it
Though I certainly shew my disinterests
That's just my murderer
Trying to find beliefs that would justify trying to swipe my things
Or knife my dreams for envy
Extortion, can't no one
Fight for me, in spite of being a sacrifice
Appetites of the racists thefts
And entities that's sold out, so really
Do not be trying to help
Christians, don't believe any image that don't align to where
We got our Gospel from
Being the scripture, I'm being sent into exile
For my faith in the Lord
In something under
God...

With wide knowledge of the highers for a long time
Denying all my rights, I've no evil, they've the whole nine
God don't stop His servants from
Succeeding
That's His Own kind, nationalistic legions, that's mixed with
Thieves, that have stole mine
The country saying just leave, and don't speak about it
And go die
Or they'll piece a scheme to complete the evils
They know now, and delete the reasons I keep repeating
This whole wile, antichrists forever
Don't pray for blaspheming the Holy Ghost, and I express myself
The masses powerless on purpose
But that probably fool the world
But, with YHWH, flukes are worthless, truths are perfect
He see through, I was marked for death
Fore my adolescence
But I just ain't know, or had a say, some questionables were stalking
Even in my privacy, when I was young, I never thought it
Strange, what can I do? The same remain
Ignored on purpose early
Til some had their change right, been out of cultures
To myself, liars be imposing things that ain't true
To act upon it, such deranged too, but the main reason is a race
And the taste, and talent, such that matter up high
If it's not publicized it still exists
My candle up high, I pick my lantern up, and dagger up
My pamphlet on fire
I leave the candle on the table
Please stop wearing
Those vibes, my folders crying, my stolen mines of gold
Need better, like to see me desperate, don't you?
But the things in hell are extra
But won't ever cease, but I won't ever see
That's only for who dead to
Jesus
Jealous witches, definitely sepals, never in their friendlists
Will you ever see me
I don't fear the nets from demons, warlocks I ain't ever speaking with
The failed systems let them eat me
'Cause they hate the Lord
Too, yea, right now, it's laughs and giggles

Doing what satan's hoard do
Just to torture YHWH's servants, but the Revelations
Have a purpose, I'm like a just child, all this heavy stuff
They draft me burden, actually serpents
If you seen their true appearance
If you could, you'd see what true dimension is
Such have no depth, and soon
The Lord shall come, and set it straight, baphomet pretend to
Have my interests, just to flex my make, i models what the Savior
Was, the wicked twist my brand like snakes, to measure my expansion
Fake, my treasures in a land of hate
That laugh at YHWH's standards
And to stab at YHWH's
Vessel's pain, endlessly, the demons test me
Senselessly, to catch some shame
They seen the Lord a thousand times
Rejecting, every chance
Displayed, or overlooking all the truth, to stamp some kind of scammed
Mistake
They seek a fault so bad for God that demons even have some say...
I just be sitting in the dark, amidst the traps arranged
Consistently, from year to year, from week to month
The math the same...
But they just let some time past
When distractions
Made, I don't do a thing for them, I write from where they stab the blade...
It's the Lord I stand with, they hated Him first
Told me so from in the Scripture
Show me so from this
Affliction
11/26/19

Dexsta Ray

Sitting In The Lobby

Siphoning silence...
Stifling a silence
At the cup-shaped flaring mouth's chiming
O! God conceals the...
Glockenspiel...
Just a hair of arriving
Diving
Into the further carnage down... and declining
Timeless
For the tintinnabulum tolled today
Say awaited fate would aim to take the striving
Condition thee...
See, I then, a hall with a door at the end
Cracked open at the wall near the door
In within... blared a light
See a place where all the chairs are bright
There's excitement
Cares are dying
Hate's dissolved... nowhere to find it
After week...
It's to a point where I don't have to speak
So I'm chilling out with Nelson watching Malcolm on the screen
And there's Lisa on the left of us
Langston on the scene
See dreams... but I had to leave shortly after that
You know, formality, now it's time to count my acts
From there...
But it's still quite a line so I'll chill
Here's a seat, now I'm praying that I'll meet eternity
And free... there's a lot of people over the gate
Also in the hole in the same
That I'm not involved
Shall I tell another tryer how I'd gotten lost?
Sitting in the lobby next to Maya reading Robert Frost
Nobody told us just how hard it could be
Know to take another road would place a
Target on he...
Oh well!
No accepted evil thing was accepted

Though it's gone, it may never be the same as we left it
But this is now so... it's now

Dexsta Ray

Slave Of Roses

Her: 'This MAN has a car, a house, money... tell me
What do you have? '

Her: 'I'm sorry, but I'm happy and I don't love you anymore...
You'll find somebody else.'

Her"Bye.. Ye.. Ye'

I: 'Alright'

Monetary time, spent, like reflection
I know...
The right complexion, chai
Monastery, mind
Flow
Trekking
Up the rise, slow
Struggles of human essence
I'm slain back
About to see the pain, that pressure
On the brain
Crumbled
Say
A maze for suckers, no problem
Restrained the golem
Dropped a couple bible verses, slight change
But something deeper though... converted to the Light
More wholly
So to console me, strike matches
Smite magic, the havoc
Smoking the old
Me...
So you show me how to fold me
Cold and noting
Lonely, wanting that
Walk into the forest, all distorted
With the potent
Laughs...
Broken man, stoned to death by the truth

A lot of words long within
Molded shells by
The you
Enrobed in hell, told that heartstrings break
I was close to death
Never loved so
Hard
Shards, the breaking, in the soul, the self
Covered, dark, bugging
Several stages
Never state them all, but greatly was the stall, from that wall
Thought the loyalty, would sought the
Joy for she
But after all, it was a boring thing, too
Uncoordin-ing for you
Accrued in
Time...
But I could've sworn you had the same view as mine
But what somebody else had was
More appealing to the
Eyes...
It was then, I fixed within the bin of being friends
Tossing in a lot
But unlidded, since it can span
Or fill, to drop so, being the end of locked down,
Moved on, well, I tried
But it killed, you
Not 'round...
But I had to, I used to love it when the Spirit grabbed you
Now I think a truth discovered's better
Than just half soothe...
Without the lights, cars, money, just a nice heart
Coming up, with nothing
Was a nice start... it might part
Abruptly, if I fight
Smart
I'll touch the spirit riches though, and see the angels
Light arch, Jesus love the whole world
Though sight's dark
Promises, unbroken, 'less it's broken by
The eyeing heart

Slave of roses

Dexsta Ray

Sleep Talking

I probably talk in my sleep, but that's just common knowledge...
It would be strange to have some way to catch me doing that
I'm only talking to Jesus, 'cause I'm not trusting much of else, all it took was for
distortion
Formed to make me gun myself, but I believe in the Lord
The carnal cares don't take me, knowing that God is watching, ain't a need to ask
Him
'Are you there? ', for I can just as easily mention, the wickedness experienced
Wonder why, what reason's been given, for me, to still, derision, bound style of
living
I ain't sow nothing for
So what I reap should be against it, with the Throne of the Lord
I've noticed how the natural spirit pattern is
How the matters get, the path is fine when busy
But'll shatter if it's idle, rival of survival, trying to just exists without that love of
God
Flattery is bad, 'cause it's done for something other than
My trust in Him is bigger than my fear of the world
It takes a conscious effort to search out my work which hasn't been specific
That don't mean I'm crazy, I can write about the
Sin persisting, if it's in my life, I didn't want it, then, the mission's clear...
See, nothing's a coincidence, I get the defamation, using that to limit me
Positioning the plans of satan...
Seen erratic behavior, ain't usually that embracing...
Seemed as if rehearsed conversation like actors playing on stages...
All I'll say is, exposure, if it go that direction
Don't know what it is, but demons bother me, no matter, destined, glad that I
exposed
What it was a long time ago, though I ain't have the whole of it like I do
I ain't know, but, that don't mean, that I'll be similar too, I'm Christ's own
I let that go, and just continue to shine, and let this flow, plus I know some
mostly envy my rhyme
That eggs me on, kept me strong, what they sowed in my mind
Everything surprising
But, if some know my situation, why I'm being ignited
And they'd help me if they could, but when they can't, my team just chide it... (I
see you)
Even science hold to truth
I see the lions, lichen, flying pigeons, guided, supplied, that neither work or labor

Light upholds them too
Nothing evil, ain't 'posed to hurt your neighbor
Wisdom, precious metals, below, I mean, hello
Later, with this information just floating 'round, tension broken down, my broken
fan rotating
I'm listening, now that's
The only sound...
Satan probably itch, it'd be difficult, to control me now
Growing mountains, lift to a pinnacle, I ain't even choose, I dreamed of viewing
clouds through a window
Of hope, then, squeezing through...
Gleaming orbs, spoke in sleep, and told them 'Jesus Lord! ', basking in His
mercy, give me loves
Let evil eat the sword, I ain't keeping scores, I'm a vessel, and, trust, I see the
Lord
In everything on earth, secret treasures, see, dreams are special
Speak, speak bad on me, I'm eager, I need to bless them, seek the pleasure of
the Most
High
Sorted, in equal measures, I don't mean to give a wrongful perception, 'cause
depth is what I need
But, at a later time, if He want it to be the case, I don't live for me no more
Those components, deceased, it's waste, and, then, my coordinates, even say,
no I didn't
My peace in space
If I'm doxed, I keep the face of what said it
Should bring their fate, 'cause demons wait, and watch, some schemes are
abetted
Creating shame, and spots, that blot the whole of things, I don't care
My goal and aim was never with the low campaign, wasn't where, Jehovah
reigned
For me, and plain to see, but, I don't go into that dark, regardless, designed to
scar this
Sharpening, smart
Knowing pain, embark although, in parts, so, the jargon won't remain, at heart,
it start to change
When darts depart the same marks and limits, darkened flames, and shards, a
part business
But, the wind, and things, are His domain
Distended when He's willing, from the simple rains, to frigid flakes, but still, I'm
in the
Vision

If the shillings'd crack, my riches, spirit made, spirit change...
I'm in a different page, of pictures framed, dimensions, He vindicates, and I
listen
Spirit, indicate what's right and wrong, so I'm aligning with you...
Applying Scripture, evil wish to place on nine stickers
Doubt, anger, hate, and despair, ungratefulness, unfaithfulness, unstableness,
and the fear
Of being mistaken
It is lint, and lies, in satan, and this willn't mix, sacrifice my glory for God's, and
never ask
A question...
God promotes, not the souls that rather have you lessened
Photos, I can have black and white, aromatherapy, chamomile
Some know what it's like... you got to fight to live...
Sleep talking, focused, some say I'm blinded still
Living in the dreams, minus lows and stuff
Lonely time to kill

Dexsta Ray

Sleeping Words

I don't care about the snares
Never did invite you so you shouldn't be around
I don't care about the trifle
Smite the adulteress
Whoring isn't justified
Satan's kids are just some lies
Hating is to trust the devil
Being enrobed with lust
And owning smut, rose up out of that, crush it when it's frozen up
I wonder how it's going from
Oppressed by a few
With no true substance
To all of a sudden
All want to crush me
And against just Dexsta, I don't roll like that
Want to hold me back
Can't take any credit for my grind
And scratch scratch social media
I'm back
Only forming lines to free myself
They constantly just looking for ways to try degrading me
I don't want to hear
Done it all
Golden spirit, done with ya'll
Let the Spirit shine!
Ain't a way to prove it's not peerless
I don't live according to the wicked or the poison they can spit
Where I'm at
They will never get
So they plot to bring me down and I see it
And I laugh
Because they making all these, to frame a true, but they never win
Miserable within because they lack passion
And that's madness
So I really can't blame them, a tad sad
In the single arrangements
Some are angry since I won't allow the evil, from satan, to overtake me
So I'm lame and all these things, well, we know the truth
My priorities are straight

Just my support
Askew
So I have to form another way just to restore my root
Deep down in dungeons, maze
Like some corn
Accrued
Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on, a patsy
'Cause soon as you get me, you just broke your family
Don't hurt for this one right here
I am so uncanny
Actually, the worst is in the clear, satan's souls are branded
No matter what you do, you cannot
See this...
Physic body, make threats, and you be quick
And I notice that you come
Pass, the dumb
But see it's... nothing to me, I ain't scared, of your extra
I'm prepared for the lesser
Why the devil always bother me? I don't really care, bring the Word to satan's
lair
Break a pair of peace signs, what you thinking?
Clearly hating
But they still aren't deprived, of some labels
They orchestrate to see me fall, far behind the curtain, all the things that be
involved
Just think if they would spent this time on working
'Stead of being a burden
It ain't working
If you read or not, I ain't going to stop now, I'm a king, I deemed my spot
And even though it may be different, can't deplete my lot
The envious are nothing
In disguises wanting me to drop, but it'll never happen
This is fate, wasn't my plan
But thank the Lord for using my hand
Designed lands
So I take it and ain't nobody stopping, beat me up, shoot me down
But there's no way you'll top me, without consent

What to prove?
Ohhhh....
SO you just want me to go to jail or die before you satisfied, huh
And um... what did I do to you again?

Uh Uh

Well, I'm staying out here, you know, on what I been own

No man, with evil intentions, I am focused on

I still do my own thing

You made a mistake...

Dexsta Ray

Smile And Live

It's funny how life change, ain't it?
Because you never
Know...
Often times, we're the ones to try prepare our souls
Only God can do that though
As we will soon find
Without Him, we can't travel in a smooth line
Constantly...
We lose time
Blessings all around us still
Everything is really
Great...
You should smile and live, happily, and not burn brackets
But try to build them up
In the right way, waiting on the right day
Will hinder
Just ride faith and try to think as winners, of ourselves

Dexsta Ray

Smile More Than You Do

Through every trial and struggle...
We encounter
God is always present
Even when you...
Slip up
God doesn't get angry with you
Let's think about Luke 15 11-32 in the bible
God will not leave us
Smile more...
Everything you are experiencing is a test
None of us are perfect so
Don't stress that but
We have to repent of transgressions
And actively try to live right
Smile more...
Aren't we still living and here?
That's something to be...
Happy about
Whatever you are facing can't last forever
Allow your pain to change you
For the better...
I pray that God heals you and
Your family and any pain
You are facing...
I pray He gives us all the strength we
Need to progress...
Please stay encouraged through
Everything you face
Smile more..

Dexsta Ray

Smoking Euthanasia

Smoking euthanasia, oh.. how fine, a puff of ecstasy could be
Oh.. there's no, denying, go into ecstasy with me
Satan's speaking... but nawl
Go tell the kids the
Rest...
Tell them how all this smoking will get them in a mess
Chest congestions...? Yes
Plus the flesh connects with death
Oh...
Stressed to catch a breath, no?
It's not cool
Know the youth are not fooled
We continue selling tobacco although we've got proof
That it's killing us...
All...
And you don't have to smoke
Asked the homie why he thought he had to have them though
Said it's crazy now, he's cut it down to half a 'Port
And he's trying to space it but he probably
Shouldn't have grabbed the
Rope...
He ain't lying cause that nicotine will have you low
All it is... is just a trap to stamp and have us broke
And I don't care about the numbers that the
Graphs will show...
Because it's all of that and more than just a crappy habit
Lo...
Euthanasia... that's at it's bad
At it's best, it's a trap to have us right where we at
If you want control of people give them just what they ask
Through implanted thoughts of evil with the strike of a match
Or lighter...
I'm opposed to sitting back and relaxing... fighters
For the right thing
Though we're prepositioned under the powers
Who been up for years but we've just begun in the hour
And the devil is a joke, not a don but a coward
And our future isn't run by anyone since it's ours
And the scars on the lungs wouldn't

Change...

Taking in the poisons... look at what we became

Cigarettes work on the structures

In the brain...

To a literal rewiring of functions and ingrained

Mental illnesses could sprout too

Deeply...

Nothing good could come from this

Seven thousand chemicals... before you pull another hit

Tobacco smoke is cancerous

And we should want to quit

Since the powers don't really care of risks

At least they won't admit

Some see a whole lot of bad habits

I see a whole lot of...

Euthanasia

I see a means of social constriction

Revolutionary spirit stunted

Dexsta Ray

Smoldering

I matched my mattress
Stabbed the empty box spring so it catches
To the fabrics
I'm attracted to light...
Completely worth, obscene, simply, clock clean
Smoldering
Opting for a spot I could jot
And keep my focus in
No distractions
Channeling my sands at night...
The thought of legacy
I saw
Affecting each, in a buzzard's eye, why another try?
Finding something to supply the ruckus
Time's disgusted
Tucking in the links, rusty, beat, constants, tugging on an old chain
That broke
'YAHWEH staged growth
Nothing to reclaim a hoax
But I think though, smoldering, the boulders rolling closer
'YAHWEH saved souls
The praise flows...
Latent memories, electrical beds
Inadequacy, chasing symmetry, with bets on the head
And flabbergasting
Glamour halves of fasting
Heaven has a masterful selection of the mansions
Lacking matter, atoms, all the stuff that passes as the matchless
In this physical realm
Equally distributed power, hours, spiritual's real
Travelling from a ripping mind
Took some years to get clear
The ladder's up against the
Time
Standing up within the lines, making everything about me
Because the wicked tried
Climbing up the rungs, success comes...
Later than sooner
Life's a mess, but I guess love's greater than humor

I had a vision of the writer's life
With position pushed upon me, I can't be nobody else
But can commence in what's accomplished
And I would laugh
But nothing's funny, joking on the holy manifested
Is a hole the boldest plummet in
Gone, to never come again, 'less the Covenant has gained significance
Within their life, but that'd be something then...
I'm misportrayed by dimming lights, in mimic sights
Offended right until I think about the things they did to Christ...
Within this life
You have to put the Lord before the strife
Even those abhorring, saying deport me, pray they get it right
And 'YAHWEH extra extra patient
I'm appreciating every affirmation that He gave me
'Til the end suffice
Haters talk, I've demonstrated, how to win at life
The devil comes, I'm energized, ready to contend and fight
If it is in Light
Bigger, not concealed with pride
Smoldering within
Let the smoldering extend
Far beyond the point of notice, the exploding who I is
If you listen to the lowest
You'll be focused into lens, satan molded, so we don't conform
Unpopular opinions
Staying light, unconventional, not to be conditioned
'Twas a lot to be predicted
Everything came to pass, and, if not from me, the scripture
Can explain everything
Your faith is made strong, in winter, from the Bible, not the minor stuff
The idle stuff, let it rain, the blessings weigh
Tons

Dexsta Ray

Snip The Scriptings' Misbecoming

In betwixt intrinsic visions dripped it's script wist it's swink
evol ruoy naht tniap retaerg gnimarf fo kniht ot egnarts s'ti , yas I
Sift this swith end stiffened fission script within scriven ink
tsurt ruoy gnivalsne sniahc eht yawa kaerb ot mia ylniam I

Refuctioned somethings uttered bluntly from the crumbly in soul
stsised tsepmet siht nehwyllaer, sussim, netsil uoy hsiw I
May the weight of faithful praying change the state from abuzz
esnes siht ni ttmoc neht noisiv ruoy htiw ni tsih xim uoY

Trying to climb despising violence timing silence just right
edisni pu dloh dna nwo uoy luos eht wonk ot epoh yln oS

Dexsta Ray

So I Thought I'D Come And See

Your art and your passion was more than entertaining
Double boiler up to four
Vivid...
Scintillating
Plus, it wasn't such as before
You put some time into it
From a watered down concoction to a diamond fluid
Mixing in a couple of solvents to refine
Renewing?
I don't know a lot and just from watching
I would probably ruin it
This is crazy
May we sit and absorb it
Just a single vintage fragrance in the midst of disorder
And I was hooked into the pages
Trying to understand in
Something else...
But the aromatic sources shifted in importance
Stuck to some degree
Uncovered but subtly
Something...
Crushing up some leaves and dump them for potpourri
I'm just chilling...
But you could make a million with your precious thoughts
Go and make believe
Came to see
And with, a message, walked

Dexsta Ray

So To Differentiate (False Humility)

And he told him, 'Be strong in the grace'
'That is in Christ Jesus'
And 'Be strong in the grace'
'That is in Christ Jesus'

To mold... 'Don't neglect the gift'
Old, Paul...
Had said to Tim-othy
And even felt the need to repeat the teaching again
A moment's spirit long exhorted
The prophecy wrote the second letter
Floating
Mentioned, framed in the first?
Lo
God deserved the praise
Nothing else could take what's been entrusted
Such a weighty
Thing
So to suffer something if unearthed
Snake abhorning
Conversations in the spirit of 'ought to be's' and 'to bring him backs' that clearly
manifest and
Like autumn be
See if falling leaves him
Focus on the latent in broken 'says'
To replace the olden days
Ah ha!
I want to sing
La la!
I won't complain
Na uh!
Sayyy, noted both extremes?
First to be pursuit of power rather than of character
Then the fact of false humility is how he captures ya'
Easy to confuse
But... reprove? Not as much
Son
What's one...
What's one really got to lose?

Just the undone
Cunning as the belly of the bottom dwelling serpent
And resilient as a stain that can't be cleaned out with detergent
On the soul...
And everyone of us
And children's burned and froze 'cause ain't nobody here to trust
And as we look...
There's a line between the keeping...
And the making
For the peace... is imitated
If attained aside from fighting for the Lord
Although it seem appealing
The 'peacekeepers' mean to really be afraid to venture out into the gifting for
their lives that God has made
And look at that
Page
Eugav tub yna saw enine esrev dna evif retpahc wehttaM
Blessed shall be the 'peacemakers'
They'll be called Sons of God
And rather run to meet danger, for His cross, than to not
The ways of satan bring anger to those all on His side
The bigger problem ain't the lost of morals and our integrity
Those are just results before us due to fog in our clarity
That was sprayed by lack of faith
Now we're free to act astray
It's costing...
But okay, satan hates the peacemakers!
So to understand it's not about the 'self'
Instead, are motivated by the love for our Help
And all the truth
Exercising 'peacekeeping' means we all are doomed
False humility is
'Pois(on/ing) ' like dissolving rules
And not to talk reprove of standing up
Resent our own?
How can we stand for right if we're saying, 'Sit for wrong'?
Move about the mission in a zone
We need a change
Doesn't matter if the method is a little different...
Don't forget the scripture
Matthew chapter five and verse eleven
Oh, the treasure perched in heaven!

Ha...

It never quits

Matthew chapter five verse seventeen through twenty-six

And then down a couple scriptures

To the thirty ninth

Keep on going

Forty-three, forty-four and five

And verse nine of chapter six

Until forever more

And see...

Nothing's really came from false humility

But a sense of preservation that don't really even be

The truth ain't never to hurt

Only to heal

But it's strictly spiritual

So to the

Flesh

It won't appeal

Stay grateful... for God is with you

Dexsta Ray

Soaked Leaves

I made the gamepoint, to waste coins
Is pointless now
Wishing wells and wishing wells...
Unimportant, how to counterfeit a love that is true?
I haven't clues
I'd rather glue myself to archetypes
And imagine the hue, and it's magnificent
If I can't for real...
The wicked pick at this
And might've liked me from anticipation
Known now, 'cause the long route had been chosen
And meant to slow down
If it's ridiculous
What's disclosed could shake the whole ground
If significant, revisited...
I find the time to write consignment which align to Light to find my mind...
It's for sheer adoration
No hope of getting
This is only for the fear that's forsaken
Procure your passing safely
With hands to palliate, and sally hate
And pain too, placed me in a bubble in another but
I came through
You can't move a vain truth
Some committed to it
Just because it fitted and positions one above
I wasn't scum, but it's presented like that
And shunning love, that muddy stuff the wicked speak
Doesn't nudge, inhibit me, if the devil sit with me
I slide back, to fight in that with truth
And really just a budge
Crush it, so that I can have a crush
It grabs for us
Disaster, trust, the devil always want to sexualize, misrepresent...
Demon tactics can't see facts with reading glasses on
Maliciousness and violence, but established peace
If at my soul, to ravish dreams...
I'm unassociated, only focus, pay it, owned, on, sown wrong
Jive supplied, I resign

With Light, getting it back aside of there
I'm shining fair, some trying to tear
The wheat, and spare the tare, too blair to care
Despair and seats, aware...
The fare is cheap, forget it, letters, ink, and fetters greased with carnal pleasure
Scar tomorrow's measures
Giving heart to bullies
Lame is what a maimed soul is
In a vain joke...
And my profession ain't a lash to what attacks me
Reacting to my passion and the testimony, tracks and
Damage...
Dying to just dethrone Thee, wreck to show me
I'm a king without a queen and so is she without a me
But that is only of the
Most High
A close Guide... and I ain't conjured out of anywhere for trouble
Focused on mine, triggered feelings, in the realm of thunder
With a closed mind, slow drying, for both times, simple, scripting no rhymes
Living whole lives, such responsibilities
I won't claim, 'cause I have not even been responsible for low hate, revoked
shame
Hope strained, I don't change, 'til the Throne reign
Ain't contribute to the malice some would use to sow pain
With misrepresented talents, like some retribution
Evil singled me out because the truths, befall the roots, of falsehoods
Set without a reason, that this one rebukes
I guess I'm not supposed to be a leader but my functions grew...
And if loving you is wrong then it's something cruel, lusting for destruction of us
Jealous 'cause we wasn't fooled...
It's the devil at us all, never laying in falls
Better than the sands we loss
Forever like some cannonballs
I digress against the plans that's made for stopping praise to God
And the hate of watching something great coming from the muds
Lie awake to find a way, what I'm trying to say is...
Life is short, designed to fade, and what we find today is...
The final course, the Bible states, and what survives the age is what confides in
and aligns to Weh'
Being confined to faith, in this winding race...
Ah, yes, about the hour...
Bulbz and boltz, this writing gives me peace

When I can't find nothing else
Another jolt, of light and energy I send, ignite the synergy, disgusting to what
crush
And buffets me, but God's my centerpiece!
Shiny rocks for fishtanks, bidings misplaced, can finally stop
When the Light is dropped into the big lake
Fish plates and, grits made, in His Name
Matthew twenty five and verse forty, decisions being gauged
Worldwide, the world cries, and the world hides
Lacking worries, pearls shine, and the girl's mine
And the wisdom's my sister, as I express myself
But I don't interact, and center back
A lot is trying to hurt me...
For loving God, discovered plots
With no time to play
For now is serious matters, furious slanders, that appear as banter...
Evil saying I have to 'change' while God is pleased with me
I ain't did a thing for any hatreds that have clinged to me
Embrace my fans, for inspiration, not unleashing grief, it seems a scheme to me
Misinformation that is being received...
I can talk about my life at anytime I want
And, yet, I'm lessen for disbanding the slander, and all the aspects of organized
harassment
I'm trapped in...
Even when I ain't discussing it
I'm buffeted
And for a long long time, I don't know why
In this tournament like broken Christmas ornaments...
The type of bulbs with the fine glass that hide scabs...
I'll be all the love you need
It's inordinate
Spirit sword in it, recording hidden forms, absorbing it, I'm like a water rift...
Exhorting ships, the Lord enforce in wisdom
I ain't sleep, my faith complete, in spirit born retinue, praising Jesus more, I'm
simple
If He tells me not to do it, then I drop it
When He says to stop is ruin, to not pursue it ain't
An object
Rainfalls with sunshining, we're opt texts...
And power to the prophets and projects
God acknowledge

Socially Awkward (Infp)

I ain't trying to act funny when I'm chilling, quiet
In the corners of the busiest
Places
I don't feel like I'm above any during the times I'm feeling silence
Need restoring from the living
We facing
I mean, this is who I am
This ain't the person standing next to me
I can't speak for any other person's
Destiny
All I know is that I live within the outer regions
Of society where God can get around and reach you
Maybe it's a flaw
Grew up thinking it's wrong
Idiosyncrasies, accepted as behavior that's low
But you really can't help it
Then I learned
I didn't have
To
The soul control the way it's born? I will clap to
Because it ain't an illness
We ain't got to help
Me
Good intentions glimpsed as different, I'm just INFP
I'm weird and awkward but I wouldn't want
To be any other
I'd rather live a life that's ethereal than be in the clutter

No one understands...
Me
But now, I'm comfortable with that
So call me what you want
But you can't define me
God define me

Been like that all my life

Dexsta Ray

Societanic

Learning ain't the problem
Unlearning is...
Amends
To realize you judged early, un-tilled eyes
Returning back
To the early paths, tracked into the water
Collapsing in on itself
Tsk...
Too bad for order
Grasping normal, tagged association
Recombining things
Right or wrong
In the soul, folds the mind to change, cash equal motive
Some expense, for the time of pain
Seeming unremitting
Unconditioned
With declining shame, and if it didn't
What's the reason?
Paramilitary hit men, on a mission for a legion
Told about religion...
Even though the Most High broke it down and split
Smokescreens prosper
In the highlands
Hope and doubt's division...
Eating lobster on an island
Tell the children... BE
For what it is and what it was went in different schemes
When the vision shrinks is when the end
Begins to breathe
Within the sea, physic beast, get in sync with Scripture reads
It's coming...
But the drama, lusts, rebuttals, in this day
No covered up, slick, conditions, see, no brothers in the way
Because of disgruntled pansophy
To struggle with the answer sheet, man, I'm beat
Even canopy, ain't singing, beaming
Right...
But sitting back, with insanity, just reading, speaking Life
Even family, pit against me, while I'm thinking

We was tight
Ain't no rattling, in my spirit, and no hissing within Christ
Or in sight, to stay conditioned
By His stripes
Does the healing come, I know the difference, peacemakers
Peacekeepers ain't the type that die and
We'll see later...
Not expected to survive
Ostracized and left
I don't want your friendship or the mindless steps
Workers of iniquity... the mark of the wicked
And I ain't perfect but I certainly don't give heart to the sinning
Noted me, I speak the truth, I depart what I mention
So not a hypocrite, a human, ill-apart of the
System
That got smart, in the spirit, now regard as a Christian
Sanballat ain't stopping nothing
I'm discarding the
Rivets, that I ain't have to use, it's lasting, smoothly, elevated
In the sky, keeping out the darts, to Nehemiah
And sent to I
Wicked people stick together, whether right or wrong
Forget appealing to them
Christ is trying to Light their souls, not to go to hell
They eye it wrong... if that eye is
Dark
Being the window of the soul, how define that heart?
Stepping out of line into other people's place, trying to dwindle out the shine
With a bunch of evil things
I could justify a lot if I bumped by means of praise
But I worship Father God so it's...
What's for me to say? Satan wants for me to break, got to wonder why
They swinging hard... throwing everywhere
Knuckles bleeding from the wings of God, I refuse to
Take an evil road
My faith is solid, ain't no revenge, just some praise, to the Holy Spirit
Any circumstance, I err the trance
Of the broken villain
They said I wouldn't make it, sat, and saw my goals fulfilling
Better is expected, poets don't write and be
Renowned
In life, it's the fight, victory don't come around 'til flight, in a certain sense

Because the word can twist and merge a tense
It occurs as this...
We're worth it since Jesus turned to us, it's sin, and died to rise
So we can't stay down if Christ survives
Brighter times...
Many in denial, really, this commending trifle, anyone will make unshaken effort
If they really like you, and if it ain't the case
Then lady
You're straight, I still believe you ain't the same, but yet...
Today ain't the age
I ain't...
I made a difference, every move portrayed as feelings, I ain't in it
Same collisions, faithful visions get the most flak
I can see the flash bang
So I'll throw back, dross, is my nick name, something out of known scraps
You don't ever lose nothing that you want back
No slack, blending in with Jesus
Get the soul facts
Everything is so perverted, and I don't rap, plus it takes the willing to discern it
Ditching old traps
....I hear about I have a change
I don't know about it...
But if I have then the blaming placed the mold, endowed it
This is much more than a poem
We're controlling
Mountains
Trying to keep the pace, of the storms, through the cold surroundings
Societanic be a phrase, been enclosed, up out the planet
This ejectamenta, stole, never sold
Though...
Darkness can't fight the Light, only low bows, that should tell us
Where we need to lie, it ain't the gold rows
For we don't prepare to die
We prepare to live... in eternity, praying I have some spare to give...
Societanic, I don't look for anywhere to live We are from eternity
It's everywhere... it's never sealed, and we can't shut paper down
I would never want to
Let that ink speak to me, let the tapered undo
All the things we seem to keep
That's deceiving us
Let the glory of the Lord be enabled, all in one move

Dexsta Ray

Some Are Still Searching

Some are staring out of the dark
Staring at the cold world to find themselves
Searching through the pieces that they find
And try to conjure something better
Feeling dark...
So oh
Not too sure of how to change it
That void, that hunger for an item unperceived
Distorted and formed into another type of suffering
Called... fun... fun...
Something
Help
Is what the coelom calling
Every falling tear that fell upon a warm cheek
'Do not be troubled at all'
'You can make it'
We can tell them that
But then the darkness wedges inbetween
God can save you
Some are staring at the cold world through a baby's eyes
Water guns, someone having daughters, sons
And as they look into their children's eyes
Just to quickly find
That it's only really they
Inside...
Now they traded spots
Wanting something different
Something better for the kid
But only to what's
Perceived
Thus, developed after this
For
Mainly the major richest and the diamonds and the power
Degraded and occupied the children minds within the hour
Now that young boy has now become an older
Trying to find acceptance
You can see him
Through dissension and encroachment
And he found it now he really has to

Hold it
Probably got some homies and the world is saying, 'Be this or be phony'
Unaware that, now, society controlling
A paradox
Do we have the strength to turn?
Do a parrot mock?
First we have to turn away and break the devil's jewelry box
Which is full of false jewelry and alluring rocks
Some were searching for themselves
Within
Aside the crooked bubble
But they ran into the Lord
And their cries were
Muffled
And He took them all into His wings and sympathized their struggles
Freed them from the search of all the things that emphasized their troubles
Meseems
They've found the searched for

Prayerfully

Dexsta Ray

Some Reality

I guess the harshness
I can use
I subdue a margin
Harkening the heart, I'm a man though
Sharpening discernment
Hardly looking off
Where my plans go, darkness, evanescence
Gleam, and made me see, and clean impressions of I
The point of torsion of this normalizing, sight
Poison mind and Light
Rising like I'm 'sposed to do, I told the truth
Joking you is only woke on loathing
I'm blowing through, joining time alike
Observe the Apparition that coined Truth
More than kind, polite, this kind of night
So strange that it wasn't, a super sized pendulum
Strike, and hear it sounding for miles away
'fore I find the Light
Resisted loyalty that's committed
Consistent times of fright
The flight response just kind of inhibits
But in a minute, points given for the wrong stuff
Known, plus it's an old truss
Bridges built on malice, established for those that grow from us
Many killed by prattle, and deal of spiritual wagers placed
I put it on my homies, the pinnacle of this age is faith...
Made a way, take haste to patience
I need a hand to put the Bible in
No play day for satan
Still, in my hay day
I noticed what to fear and what's scary
There's nothing here on earth but souls
YHWH wants as His Own, no taking double sides
I can sense your greatness, be strong
I ain't in shape to change, waning days
It won't be too long, I lift and praise the Name, of Jesus
Still, 'cause even alone and filled with brokenness
The Savior ain't forsake me, and O!
The Throne'll keep it real

Some say I changed to make me a woe
I mean, when war was burning, satan started forming the dirt
And had to cheapen shots
Unfair, to get me onto a shirt, I wasn't even out
Fielding things that'd equal that curse
But now, the worse is over...
But not the battle, just the hardest is the first for soldiers
But anyway, I ain't smartest but I'm certainly stronger
Even plots to rattle me can't buffet nor disturb Jehovah...
And it's reality, the cards that made imperfect closure
R, it's claimed, disasters being of flesh, with discerning spirits
YHWH is my drink, I feel refreshed
Hills and masterpieces, even wordless, hear it, healings, building
Then unravelled me, bilking ain't a thing
Stuff look so different...
What it actually be, and lanterns

Dexsta Ray

Some Stand Corrected

Wave two, I can't move like the devil
I stay glued to Light, gloom and spite, true, but of satan
The weather, helps me, kept me
Dwelling for a while now, smiles found, and lost, endowed
Patterns keep me grounded, answers, seeming actually strange, standards,
crowds can read about it
I ain't saying ain't nothing else at stake
Remember all the laterns though
The after glow that shatters, only matters
Broken hammers, nails, depend on what perspective, many creeping things...
In the darkness, that God reveals to His
Heartless, from the time it withdrew, so right, rewinding soon, the signs are true
Annoying and solid, but that's the way it been
Adorable in all honestly
Doesn't need any extra extra, setting on the pedestal
Restoration, to rest, or ancient nuisance, to degrees, ah, the foolishness
Roots and things, to think a mockery of God, seat as foliage, Light consuming it
Forgiveness is a constant, such as love, to spit on me, redundant, using which for
stillness
Is for tilling
Spilling quite the contrary, fitting visions for Jesus, I'm meaning, go Jesus, g-g-
go, Jesus, and so...
I bow the way I rightfully should
The Light is in a building
Christ, is over life and death, can strike the soul
With eyes or health, His righteousness, is really healing, binding, not dividing,
lots consigning
If you cast them, stacks, of different sized attractions, with specific endings...
Sin consists of what's unsightly, truth is really glistening, beauty is the love
within alignment
Sin is simply sticky, substance, something toxic to the spirit life, I clear the
mirror
Wiping off the wording
I would see the earth in different lights
Like dexmedetomidine, in deep, He works, and heals
The blind
I just let it soak on in
The soapy lens, you grow, repentance, no religions, yokes of sickness
Gone, the limits, broke, transcending knowns,

Some Stuff I Don't Know

In a way, it's like a game
Predictability
And straight forward always
This spirit life importance
Since the point in
Time
The coordinates, distorted mine
Disfiguring, the coming after
Bordering
Disordering...
Everybody attacking because I check the devil
And restoring lives
Enforcing
Trying to flourish minds...
A lot of stuff I don't know
The guns and punches
Constants
All along the rush I don't sow
Some disrespecting God
See, I wouldn't jump on that road
That leads to soul destruction
Gather wisdom, then you'll know what I know
Too many young ones, victims, death, it's odd...
It's still affecting, and that's why if satan builds a weapon
I am still oppressteth
Not...
I have intentions to ponder routes
Ripping covers down, and from another route
I've blended places, I ain't consent
Infiltration, different contingencies
Really stemmed from me
Which is not a problem til' the borrowers diminished peace
And feel the heat
Well, I'm sorry if my vision gleamed
Linens clean, and polished understandings
What's withstanding?
Conscious...
False labels and tossed papers
I caught calls, all fall, maybe if satan's staples

Replace the taped up, cause, the changed stuff
Taking off all the makeup
Fallen angels, small containers
Of cases of dross remaining
'Cause I think I function better with rubble
Ain't really got a choice
Some stuff I don't know
While other things are not absorbed
I puzzle fame, because it's vain
A loss of gain and aim, with nothing that's fulfilled
Through it
Love attained, I struggle in
And covered with, enough is strange
And something different
Which is why I cry inside, and fly
Abiding by the scripture...
Rising waves I ain't float on
Knowns I ain't find
And sights I don't gauge, loathsome
Potent grapevines
Broken, so it's take away and separated ever, fully,
Pulling, deviled treasures, waste
Clevers frame as precious rubies
But the fail remains
Metal platings over rotten wood
And silicone, the rest is foolish
Still beyond, and trips begun
Farther, somewhere out there...
And knowledge comes from God
See, the evil feeble is desperate
I point my light at him
Some lie about them being a liar just to try to silence them
Who do accuse because they're hired
Squires, fire bound, we stand on higher ground
Which is why I'm blind to mindless fields
And buildings, I unveiled the concealments
The real, it's meals, I feel the healing is the seal
Of fulfillment in spirit living
Never asking twice, when facts suffice
And fantasizing fiction, of this diminished
But righteousness is everlasting though
Bringing out the worse of who

For curses flew, the surface cool as fire
Cruel conspiring, and I ain't surly
Time defying worldly values
Love rectangles, tesseract, and a pearl of
Standards
Bashing impositions from wickedness trying to get in it...
If in, this return, were divergence, or certainly err from normal
Worth from her restoral
Discerning, returning curtains, blinds
Lifted up, so, if we can see
A silly piece depleted
Need to be deleted, but legions are all embracing this
The satan's kin
Fake gods, seeming to be a major shift
I'd seem like atheists, not believing
The hot is freezing, rotten meanings
Not the season, for prospering what's in satan's midst, watch
But not to get me wrong
I drop distractions
The forgotten similarities
Locking the anarchy below
Producing lanterns
Gleaming, out reaching, devout demons, pout
Envy tapped from afar, and spying to find my thinking
I didn't ask for this
Lasting opportunities
Scraps and shards
Stashing unity in the fluent ruin
Fluidly, subduing peace...
So I fell and changed my direction
And just my preference, in reverence
I reference trues to God, and He blesses then
And lest' I spend my spirit riches on a trip to hell
He restricts my visions, and my listening
'Til it's best unveiled
Worthless words and various contentions
Imposed upon my life
I feel the stuff that tells me 'We ain't too different'
And still enough, build until it comes
'Cause words are full of power
The same places, things change us
Great, the age ain't break us

Only pulled from where the wool's chucked
But phrases hateful shake the tables
Something like a sewer pump
May it stay in place
We don't need the waste, or the fragrance embraced
I see, some people feed on evil on the upright
For no reason
Brave but just because who they know
Though it's the same for me...
El-Shaddai
Kept me from falling, but I don't cause the issues
Taking heed, I stepped to resolve the cautions revolving 'round
The devil means to eat us
I saw the solvents that ain't endowed
Ways to break us down
I engaged, don't want no one in hell...
Dominoe effects, unchecked
The hectic ripples kindled
Trickling down the pyramids
Which is rarely saw coming
If this the least that I can do
Then I'm barely off of it
We live in grace, His will embraced
Reveals the shape and state of all the souls
Individually, all exposed, to all He knows
The closer that we're growing spiritually
Because we don't know
Religious thinking is a little thing
But God is infinite
That's why His children's spirits live
After long gone
Proverbs twenty eight, verse four
I can see in action
Because I don't know about what I ain't even latched with
I be relaxing
Reminiscing the peaceful practice
Then I leak of damage
From evil stencils that keep re-pacting
Lead me back in
Like leashes that Jesus keep collapsing
I don't even know until smoke enrobes
Holy heaps of ashes...

From my peaceful bracket
Then I ink to reestablish
Evil sees, and sneakily, repeat the means
Of weakening balance
I let a lot get away...
Towards the bigger picture
Spirit Sword, I knocks it to Weh'
To watch and pray, maneuver
Misc. ignored
I'm sitting in the ordinances
Board offenses up
Inside specific doors, on this accord
Abhorring live in...
So all the stuff I don't know
Ain't change the Lord's position
Some is just a fork in the road
Don't make the poor decisions...

Dexsta Ray

Some Technology And Stuff

Looking at the Bible, read about specifics, telling us that knowledge shall expand
Expand... within the final days

Internet

Creating ways for ministries to flourish

Prospering, to promote the proper and...

It's important

To receive

The limpid signs of all the times of coming judgment

Technology is only one look

Believe the writings

In the Word

Because it's obvious, from horses to the flying as the birds

Everything was noted

Before it happened, now it's here, running out, behold it! Enforced Abaddon

In these days

Though technology, be used in some ways, that's probably not

The best acknowledging but truth is sustained

Lukewarm within it's nature

A problem unscathed

But at the same time a useful prospect raising more faith!

Dexsta Ray

Some Think I'm Insane

You may think I'm insane...
But the truth is you don't know what I see
I'm fighting battles
Supernaturally imposed on my dreams
I'm told from history
No longer mystery, on the colder scene
Was societal and spiritually
See, I talk to God
Consult with Him before I make an action
Or embrace my passion
It ain't the same
Got to watch 'cause my fame has grafted
I ain't looking at it in a bad sort of way
I'm grateful...
But when the Lord says an action is okay
I'm able!
Witnessed other Christians going through the same type of battle
I felt alone, but this proof I ain't some crazy rambler
Same things you mention
I'm facing
Like ain't no other channel
I never saw a thing like it
How I'm done and scandaled
Such manipulation
Like webs thrown, in the soul, by the wicked out to get you
You speak... O! Then you're wrong
Thoughts of hell and dwelling heaven
The Spirit answers my questions
And some things I'm still blind to
But i felt the oppression
How can I explain the feeling?
Watched, and almost maimed
Concealment...
Nobody understand but the Lord and maimed civilians
Hate is little
I don't feel it long
Just the aftershock
Adjusting to the warfare until the day the battle stops
No I ain't insane

I'm just trying my best to grab the Rock
From poetry to praying
The devil's trying to steal my craft and rob!
That's an understatement
You'd 'complain' if it was you
You can't hear nobody saying not to let it get to you
How can you?
I have faith in God and I get the rules
But some servants have a mission and defending is included in it
Not attacking everything but just the ruses ripping
Everything you stand for
Compliance means that you are finished!
When they're saying, 'Sit down' but God approves your vision!
Telling you to fight! But in the Light!
Don't be moved, you'll win it!
I'm sure you know what I don't know
But the Father warns me
Never, is a time that I shall go without the Father's army
Twist my words
Anything to try to blot my story
No, this is not normal
But my faith in God is rock and blazing
Jesus tell me not to do it, surely, I will not embrace it
They trying to steal what's mine
Just tear it out my pages
I don't even care
God is with me, so I'm not gone take it!
I'm not insane for that
Ain't got to change for that
I'm fighting battles Jesus may not have conveyed you yet
I am in Light
When I slip I always pay the debt
But don't be deceived
All this extra came from satan's hand
People I ain't never got to meet claim I played them bad
Attaching all this foolishness to me until the day I pass
It's not to justify a thing or appear a victim
Just saying it's weak to judge without the clearer picture
Don't fret the storm if the Master's standing near you in it
Out

Some Type Of Block

I see a writer's block hanging from a tree house
In a deeper jungle
Regions covered, by the thick brush
Monkeys and some bunnies
Pigeons and the peacocks, Asian colored Ibis
Like a meeting here
The light shines
But just until the night time
And swinging at the writer's block, a piñata
O, the missing
Trying to eye the dropping thoughts
If to hit it
Other time is in position
Wonder guides everything, pass the fiction
Grab sufficiency
Have the ending's lasting wisdom, many grace
Like the pens and cracking pencils
Stencils
Tracks unto this place, to subdue the stage, which
Is of the earth, true, the world view dormant
Though, in the tree house, is
Up and out of reach, a recluse subordinate, this
A door mat to the moose, all the extras
Right, wrong stepping stones, but a blessings, as
It let a strike, by holding height

Dexsta Ray

Somebody's Tried To Kill Me

Gas lighting, bad lying, that's sad
Branded by the flashbacks
Trashed, bagged up and tied for later
Slashed to find the madness inside
Of adamant design
Tactics packed in baskets
That's masking
I haven't, that's a shame
Black and white pictures...
My appetite's bigger
For the Master's Light and I'm fighting temptation
After asking Christ for strength...
Things established against one
The wicked scanning faults
While I'm really praying for all
A wrecking ball
The stat essentials...
Chances shriveled up like a plant who's atoms, the Master, scattered
Withered, dissembled forever
Exactly as He meant...
I have my headphones in so I don't hear the garbage
Even if my bread gone
Still I'm seeking checks, O
Regarding spirit riches, the clearest
And it's the nearest
Aggravated and, regardless, of Light
The hate is activated, I ain't activate it, alright
The instruments I'm hearing
Is deliverance from the villain
With bitter ends fulfilling
The bigger image is this infamy that kills the children
In this degree
Wicked teachers digging
sinfully
Resenting me because it's meant to be
The world, it's own
Tell the world it's wrong, and you're history
Positioning...
I know somebody's trying to kill me

I can still speak the Light
And if they killed me tonight
I know Christ'll feel me...
Spiteful dealings
Idle stillness, kind of smites the healings
Frantically aligned 'cause it's satanically inclined
I'm subjected to this terrorism
See, they don't want me happy
Only if I'm rolling backwards
Broken demons so estactic
My foes defeated, no, ain't feed into that low reaction
Keep the soul and flow in passion
Even though the frozen crack
From seeing those that's whole
But the ropes they throw only smoldering flax
As my soul adapts
And I hope they know I ain't slowing crap
While they're throwing trash as their goldens
And trying to hold me back
I'm floating over traps that they molded
And all their goals collapsed
And plus I know those pattens are stolen
But mine ain't on the map
Keep satanic binds from up on me
I bless Your Throne at max, Lord...
And you have my back, sword of Spirit at my front
Tactics to exhaust protection
So they catch me, blasting guns...
But my Master won! Satan stay beneath my boots
The things that evil do, seeming cool, really trap the ones
That see them through, patience
Wait for YHWH, He'll come
I used to be a nothing, now my craft is outtie'
And I nab the bounty (spirit riches)
Without a doubtie', tracks and paths and routies'
The Master crowned me, relaxed, amounting, in and out of storms
Mountains mourn, doubters scorn
Hounding, but I found accordance, from valleys to down in your alleys (love)
More resounding, in spite of your finest efforts
Smiting, reverant, igniting, better spirits in the wisest men
No disguising, hiding or declining this
I'm knifing sins

Inquiring which shining eye that I can find a diamond in...
All my kindness is flipped
Despite how kind it is, later, it's just used as tomatos
To do some kind of pitch...
Now I'm a this and I'm that
But still I have favor
Of some kings and queens that relate to me
And seen the fake I see in things that hating me to make me satan, see...
But that ain't the case
I'll maybe stay a waste, for praising Weh', but I'm straight
Because there's some things they can't take from me...
They misrepresent my grind like it's a game or something
Doesn't matter but if I don't say, they misportray the substance
I ain't cussing 'cause my anger isn't satan's function
Have to pray for others who know not what they do
I'm giving glory to Lord in every utterance, the faith's unshaken
I ain't claiming I'm above another since
It's common sense, the love and humbleness, is what had crumbled sin
He hung and did...
Pray, aspire, and defeat snotty tactics
I promise you, the hate inspires me to keep dropping classics
And Weh's a fire...
I only mention this 'cause satan try diminishing
The vision sent through killing ruse
But still survived the temperament
The Spirit lives... but satan and his followers will feel the rifts
Of fire, in the lake, their desire to escape
Will be higher than the breaking point
But lighter than the pain
You can write on me and you can lie on me
For satan's forces
But higher, I'll remain, above the libel and the idle things
Hate that I sustained through the maze that evil placed for me
And I might've changed...
I don't need a wife, I'm okay
The Light is great enough
And right now, the timing ain't
I'd hate to bring some strife to her
To Light, my life adjusts
Some ain't involved
But if they aim to take a place to shun
Then, stuff ain't of God...

I'm not responsible for what you done behind my back
My life does not align to that
My Light is not confined to that
I live the Truth...
Many been deluded, with this false perspective
But I make it all connect
And brought it back to God
Make it all effective
Cross the devil...
And somebody's trying to kill me but I'm called to bless them (pause a second)
Let them see the real peace in Jesus
'Cause He still leads
And it's a cost if you succeed because of healed dreams
Still believe in God because I saw Him enter real things...
I'm appointed to the Spirit riches
In the Lord, Spirit fruits and Spirit business
Clear intentions, full of joy

Tsk
YHWH's got my back
Stop playing and I'll stop slaying

Dexsta Ray

Something I Know

The end times
Troubling, dishonesty, miscue
And it seems for each success
An economy issue...
Thin lines, in mines
Plenty rhymes, to send my depression
Quickly up the road
Like to meditate, don't send that no more
I celebrate, reject what the devil
May care, to separate, this escalates
Intrinsic, what's untold?
Lest' in harm's way, one ain't good enough
Except unknown
Hidden scars, pain, a dark game
Never conforming to villainizing though
Synchronizing
Special importance, identifying foes, signifying codes
Constant biases, lying, and trying to clone
Recede, I said, believe
I don't seek, it lessens peace, in the valley
Thought abominable
Subterfuges, the tallies, brought this
Often is, as kept, saw a way
To halt the shame, by slandering, so they'd fault and blame
The scapegoat, for what they all established
Pause the madness
I pay attention, but ain't enthralled
Enraptured
That is violating, by nature, I ain't involved with that
Uncultured, when it comes to what vultures
Embracing my impact, I advance, my Savior upholds me
But satan's liars plan, little constitution
I lived it, so really, I can say it, waiting on the Lord to avenge me
While busy trying to stand

I like the sandlewood

12/26/18

Something To See

Strands of death, inclusive, embrace escape, some consumed
Through murder, claim they run, as passes, to do it, just labeled that
To pact, and plan, the cat and pawing, at classics and stuff
That scream success, ignoring rationality, I was stupid as youths
I guess, was actually sacrifices to satan, for tacit higher
But the problem was I'm YHWH's, and never was like their hobby was
I don't stunt at all, not a copy
The hate like polly does, some acknowledge
What's from a prophet
Embrace the opposite stuff
Just the real reasons, autonomously, just the real demons
Sent me to the spiritual realm
And try to still see me, witnessed Light and miracles build
And try to kill Jesus
Probably at my pinnacle still
I got the real secrets...
Reach my vulnerability, feeding, my faith, my shield with me
Slanted battlefields, so my shanty
Is easier to break, creepier, relate to horrific stuff
That can't be explained
Seasons few were rooting, from planet earth
'Til they seen my pain...
Youth is fruit, some loomed on my youth
So later, things arranged
Fate then, from satanists, placing kids, in some frames they hid
For seeing YHWH's power and glory, not for a thing they did
Greater than a number
The Savior, the Same that spit the thunder
Smitten me with promo
Pronto, my writings photos, yea
Photons, the Light show
Opinions, designed to hide the glow, in interest of the pride
Of familiarity, intertwined with comfort, for what hateth change
Being selective, can't take that I'm a constant, vibe adjustments
Variable, parables, been my kind of function
Knowledge given freely
Like carousels, Light inclined
To trust it...
Judge it, and discern, what the Spirit be like the Bible's utterance...

These are what my hands create
Speeches too, I'd expand
Away
Evil knew, but stayed with the malice staged just to palliate
Calculating ways to defame my name so ain't laminate
Fought for what I loved
Though my body broke and my fragments hang
We don't need a face, where I'm from, hear, speak and see the same...
Passion same, the will of the Father, then, no one has to change
And heaven extra vast
Not a problem, the trees and grasses sang...
Living in abundance
Some robbed me, but Jesus has the saints
And YHWH still victorious
No matter if satan's tactics reign
Dead since I was young
And honestly, I ain't have a say, they make it seem you wrong
satan's wasn't supposed to slander Weh'
Such hate to see what's holiness
Make it aside from traps they made, to take away from Light
Ain't no separating me from Christ
Don't matter what His color was, He saved the world
And Jesus right
The devil want to see you backslide
When it ain't even wise
The truth will make whatever drag mad but that's a sad factor
In the race of faith, what's antichrists, just want the path wrapped up
Lamp cracked, so can't no light shine, where it's needed at
It's demon traps, ignoring stuff that doesn't feed the slander
Seeking confirmation, to disproven
Things, before my time
Even unrelated, checker moves made, to get me constant hatred
Out of context, make no sense, but all together
Just amazing, I was magnified, by those diamond glasses
As a project, for experiments, like secret beakers, like in sequels
Patterns, manners, being observe, after catalysts were implemented
Pit against this, natural, but the stuff against me modified
Altered, dotted lines, exalted, through genetics, legacies
I bring into my lab, reachings ossified, to stop the time
Saw it, not aligned, got my visor, for the ostrich lies
Wield the lock designed, a lot that's grounded underneath
The boxes with the clocks inside, undermining everything I got

It's just the honest kind, the Light adjust my lines, evil lusts the rhyme
The luster blinds, some are probably everything I'm not
But I'm just as fine, trust the signs, not what's defined by stuff
Confined to just this side, enough disguised
To devise, the plights against
The stuff divine, all these impositions, and entities
Such embody envy, but I been here, been clear, I been near
Plus coincidences happen
But dominion stuff
Is sincere...
Plus I'm still some glasses, here's pictures and stuff, I'm scripting
Up, some lie on my ascetics, who simple and stuff, from different
Brackets, fabricating covers
To infiltrate in one's realm
To trash it, envy is for real, just to snatch it, and build from
Stealing fabrics, then to flip the script, so the innocent think the victim
Bragging
Here is stuff to see, even using for Weh', some wicked tactics
11/8/19

Dexsta Ray

Sometimes

The ocean and it's beauty
The sky of brilliant form
The forest...
Through which newly pressed paths and the older tracks stand
In waiting... sometimes, the rain replaces
That grass
Ah
The larks pass through unaffected though
The greens part now for the soul who's next to go
Sometimes...
I wonder if the other forest was just as thick
If i went... like I do sometimes
Let me go to the average
Broken roots unwind
As I find it more of a drastic type of pointless hope
On those days... to this too, I say
Shall pass and fade into the same
Ill-fated woes... it's cold
Sometimes

Dexsta Ray

Sometimes Similar (Art May)

Dipping, your quill, into the ink, I see
Leaving things
From in deep
On the sheet of paper
All the thoughts
Sifting through
Bleeding oil and symbols
More than simple
Coordinating what to keep
Scribble lines fill the little lines
It's almost like a
Puzzle
Jig-sawing off the extra
All to smite the clutter
To grow the other
Whether free of it's linked
I mean, the passion is discovered with a scheme or no leash
To keep it strung together
Done a pleasure
But an airy thought is common
Innovation wasn't all that it should've been
I ain't know the nature of the area
Out in nature
And before you know
I was in the measure that was major
Even though I thought the idea up
It was taken
I ain't know
Never checked to see
Now I have to change it
For it seems to be a thing that it wasn't
Wrong interpretations
To myself
Messed up, now I learn the basics

Dexsta Ray

Soon, Dew'D No Longer Be

Morning dew upon the trees
Marvelous profession
For a level so advanced, the Artist lives in heaven
Building heaven
Undefined by material
I pray to see the
New earth
Without the oceans and the sin in place
Tundra and the cold of snow
The summer and
Heat
Everything is out of focus that was troubling thee
The autumn rains weigh down down
Cover the trees
Forget the pollen for eternity
But perfect is the restitution... anything... no matter what be
On this new
Globe
Made the blue rose and violets that's red
Strung together all the stars
And decided to bless
Each inheritance of ours... be the Gentiles and Jews
Who could go away tomorrow but
With His Child
Removed
The condemnation for the true
For that, we are grateful
Thee is worthy to be
Praised
The morning dew upon the trees, normal, new is on the brink
Counted worthy to be saved
For that, we are stable

God's the Master Artist

Dexsta Ray

Souls In Waves

I'm livened by the Light
Surviving in the fight
So mindless, undermining all the bindings and the plights
A sight of demons
So jealous and zealous
To smite the Kingdom
But we're running miles around them
Colliding, Goliath's sleeping
On the curb
By Chrysanthemums
Timed capital
Drying roots, even hiding clues
Of the laughable
Faking paper work
The masters are confused
Establishments that abuse
Scorched up
But yet resume
His majesty doesn't move
Like the news, see, entire situations from objective areas
No demilitarized zones
So ain't a test
To spare, and mainly, in the heart of the visions
Convey the same emissions
Peace, love, understanding, and a string of killing
Off the carnal badges for minutes
To live a damaged
Essence
Or just leave it all to hell but never damn the lessons
Guess I'm like a magnet or something
I hear it's after me
Searching through the tapestry
I don't have to see
Fabrics unaligned, the pages of dictionaries, scare me
I plead the knowledge but demolition
Declaring, caring
Stopped, and don't give props to nix, it's robber spit
Or copper, tin, my God can see society
To strive to be the opposite

But lines'll never
Clobber this, watching, the occupation is, seeing be a fight
And not locking the occupation in
I'm flying if I'm spying
Seeking affect, and leaking respect, ain't talk about consignment
To keep in a wreck, with ink in the breast
Even to check
The blessings, like we see when they fall
But preservation ain't progression like a seed in a wall
That's trapped in concrete
Won't let the sun
Reach
Seem to wither out, but stationed in the route, many placements
Ever how? In a place where labels do define
Neglecting times
How they want to label me as burden
Sought misinterpretations, just to degrade a seed as vermin
Take my words and claim them from somebody
Else
Knowing this is bleeding!
Society just give me reasons, then it hate to see it
Turn away and look, tolerate me like you may the
Cretin
I'm product of your ways so you can't delete me, or just deplete me
Won't you keep and breathe the Lightened route
Instead of speaking trifle legions
To inspire doubt
Souls in waves, we can make it if we hide the count
Forget procrastination
There's a battle and the time is now

Dexsta Ray

Sound Doctrine

Sound doctrine...

Toxic topics enshroud profits

Ground knowledge

Options and objects, notches

Compound projects

Bound to something other than what's uncovered

I muzzle mine, a bunch of times

In silence, I stumble

And find another puzzle, humble

Puddles come from an eye

Double, the sky and jungle, I, I, I believe

Christ has overcometh and Light contrived the Being

Withinside, fine designs inciting alignment, widely

Seeing different lives, but the kind and type of Light I've embraced

Like a fountain, the grounds of life

Abound, surround the mound

Christ erased the chain of the sin and evil

So His are clean

Mysteries unfolding, I'm sitting with Jesus out by the lake

Idle time in faith can profit anyone who might believe it...

Spirit forms of warfare...

Usually intense...

Consistent, different waves and scorched air

Plus more care

I sort snares, exhort chairs and figure, I could do it with this

It wasn't like I had a choice, I had a voice

I didn't know it though

The Holy Ghost had taught me, I'm amused with this pen

Then use again, the Light is good to me

Right and wrong, my eyes behold, the Scripture, that, my mind is on

If I control the input, then, out is sound

Spirit fills my disposition, script, and liq don't side around, no wile to count

A mocker, living, not ascend above the measure, given in Corinthians, limits

In Yahweh's love forever, endings and beginnings

No hindrance of me embracing Light, or made to sigh, in lightning

God is faithful, praise, I raise it to Him...

Pages, muses, truth

Everything I do for You, every day I see Your greatness

Every snake and ruse subdued...

A fool reproves
The righteousness as if it were bad
But when I mention
Fools combine to send things in my path
And when I witness
Fools are lying, rigged my faith in advance
The hatred did this...
Blame me senseless, ain't conditioned, things that sicken
No...
Dosing, in consistence, antagonized when they get "awoke";
Melatonin, in them, expressions, behold, a victim
Blessing
When I'm driven low
Then I'm only some loathing villian, so...
I'm still composed, if loaves or not, if no or lots
This doe I got, is sure a hot batch of Mana
In that, my hope is God, holding out is common
Those spirit riches, I'm told, are broad, focus all an instinct, this means
Sacrificing self...
Attacking me is old news, magnifying death, of spirit 'cause the Light is of life
And that's aligned to health
Pacifying steps, trying to find, perhaps
Some undying depth...
Frying shelves on fire 'cause lighter answers abideth
That ignited, melting, dripping of self-destructive
Driven by the devil's substance, of special bludgeons, with clever function
Love is what upholds the growth, from the Throne
In heaven, to lower settings, roses on your message, clothed in kisses
No suspicion though
I figure, if it's stolen, then it's soul can show to wince it's gone...
Not to get imposed like violence on mine
As a way to lift a bushel so my fire won't shine!
That motivation hits me double though
It's nothing new, uncovered gold, was under loads
Of satan's tactics, laying them back like dominoes
Because the Throne established what I am and am not
I'm just like one of those arachnids
Some would have or have not...
But, still, what love of it would catch it
Out the spout, before it drown or something
Trust in God is paramount, no doubt
He found and crowned His loved ones

Now, just repentance is sufficient enough...
Livestock can keep their lives
His wrath was quenched with His Son's
And there's no greater love than this, to me
A sacrifice so His are clean of sin and evil in the earth
Reconciled and been redeemed...
And I don't live for me, so underrated, under-staging, but I am not under ratings
Stuff defaced some cover pages...
And other basics, so complexities skew, to tell the truth
If nothing changed, I'm probably wrestling with clues
And visualize another age where Yahweh left me
With you
There ain't drama
Just a wave that satan felt he could do...
Eternal victory like undefeated fighters in retirement
Too busy trying to please the Lord to even think of trying to win
But David did unsheath the Sword when evil tried to rise again
The One Who sent the servant can replace him
Not some minds in sin, deciding ends to God's domain...
I'm well in my limits
But satan tries de-emphasizing things unsettling the Spirit
his will designs the hateful snares that tarry
Wearing who mentions, and then, to flip it
Twisting careless dares like bidings due, tricky, I represent the best of this
I'm never tied to clever lies and such
At times, romanticizing love, but looking for it...
Not as much...
My book ignored because I took the Lord
As Savior to me
Good no matter what, narcissistic, 'cause I ain't intruding...
I bake delusions
Jealous satan wants but ain't consume me, even through the darkness
Devils trace and imitate to rule me...
If I got angry at God
There'd be no use to live
Truly, if I'm angry or
Not...
I have to do His will...
Until He take me up top with Him
And His truth's fulfilled
Love's the only thing in my heart
And that which I choose

To build...

What good is a victory that only leads you to eternal
Fire and torment later

Dexsta Ray

Space

Space...

The curtain that continues to hide the light of heaven

Beautiful and pleasant

But is not place

Various colors and the galaxies

Far above our mountains

And expanding

All the stars

We can't even count them

This is something done and by the Alpha and Omega

This vacuum far above the clouds

Peaks our interests too

But we have the

Earth

Such important stuff left here to do

In a multi-world where the

Physical is second to

The spiritual

Plane

Space...

A page we out of place

Dark matter ain't a mystery

Just far beyond our brains

Dexsta Ray

Speak To Me, Do, Lord

Speak now, speak, speak to me, Lord
Don't toss me away
For I'm calling on you
The reason for it
Is that we can be restored, as a people
Snatching evil from the tracks to be abhorred
The way it should
The natural sway of earth, establish good
The restless
A chance to pray again, at the door
We should neglect this
Path and course
Abaddon forces out confusing people
Clarity and understanding
Sent for souls confusing either
You can lead us
See us all the way through
A stumbling block is nothing to God
He'll keep us all the day
True...
And when it seems the wind and breeze
Is extra deadly
Bending trees, just hug the Rock
Or trust in God
He never left you, bending knees
Will help you
Father speak to me, I'll tell You just how much you're welcomed
Thanking You for everything
When I felt my sail was failing...
I wish to meditate on all the things concerning You
Forgive me if I'm letting change or wretched chains
Disturb the view, the graciousness, for your mercy lasts forever
Had to hurt me so the curses broke and hope
Could graft together
Subtle interactions... Up for debate
But I can tell it's You
And give me strength, to stump the vain
So I can tell the Truth
I'm happy 'cause I trust Your Name

So I up the praise
Gave me pails of proof
I had to write a letter...
Eyed Your glory from the dragonflies to metals
Thanks for what You taught me
Thus exalting
Your purposes for earth, this is of mirth
You're moving, and it's worded in Your verse
Exhuming...
Speak to me
Because I know I'm just a dirty human
But You still believed in me
When I was just too burnt to do it
Lord, I wish to live according to Your statutes
That I cherish like some jewels
That I value with substantial things
Speak to me, Lord, I'm grateful just to have Your grace
Have You saying anything, I'm thankful
Just to have a taste of the Living Water
Thirst quenching Spirit
In a realm immortal, time is non-existent
Give our faith the time to please You
Pray, I won't be moved
Thanks for all the spirit signs, given to the world
Without my knowledge, proves, I'm in Your eyes
The persecutions show you that the Lord has been your guide
Never let it go
Live the Words we speak, transcend the scribes

Be not silent, Lord

Dexsta Ray

Spherical Swords

Grabbed a black stamp
Branded some past scraps
Passing the Mount of Olives
Re'establish my glass
Lamp
A candle is now abolished
Flip to Matthew
It's a battle map
College couldn't hand to us the knowledge of the Spirit
Rocks appearing like a box full of gold
A lot invested in me
I cannot see
Yet, a dream is what it cannot be
Far from evil...
Parched are the seed
'Depart from me! '
Beneath the canopy, is darkness
In the hearts of every land I think
Imagine being the Lord
From up above
Everyone is sinners
Because of love
He doesn't come so everyone will enter
But the pleasure center's running deep in the flesh
The mess, are nets to keep us fettered in forever
So one never trusts
For better, both, prepare, adjust
No measure to truth
And Lord, I'm barren but I'll only trust those treasures In You...
He payed the price for what we represent
A Light of plush development
The devil sent a knife to try to slice the promise yet again...
Not to say we never sin
But do less of it
Delusions in the earth have settled in until the death of it
The biggest curse that we could let within
Is a basic fact
The principles of spiritual existence
Being portrayed as flak...

It's truth to grow
Opinions having no dominion near
But usuals
Accepted as reality is in the clear
For many, which is really fear of being
Viewed as being uncool
Plenty in the ear
Producing casualties
From being consumed
Microchips
Subduing like the mark of the beast
Ain't pointing fingers at nobody
Where art thou?
What can see?
Wickedly inclined to sticky binds
Maliciously aligned
Divine
Specifically disguising enmity with sympathy
The mission be division, see, of Christians...
Free a nature up
Plus a ministering bee come to nudge me when My Savior prompts (literally)
How can I be worried any? Satan's been defeated
Stepping on those values with my shoes and they have been
Beneath them...
And in this battle, what's the use of trying to hit with people?
Which would bear no fruit if we should stoop down to
Sit with evil
And never answer to a fool according to his rules
The Lord enforce the Truth without the sword or moving brutish to them
Ain't acting foolish near the Lord because I'm filled with joy
Hate is fake like spherical swords because I could not get the point...
I flashback
To black stamps and gas lamps with oil
Past scraps of paper waste, baskets, wax from candles, soiled...
Finding peace within the spirit
Disregard opinions
Writing out the hard times
Until the Light would start appearing

Dexsta Ray

Spiral Open, Catch, Hoping, Release

The cave above the mountains
I was sleeping in it
Shiny rocks and pebbles told me how the stars were dancing
Time is lots of treasure
Pressure such
For time is sneaky, isn't it?
But nigh the moon
Reminded me, at night, my room
The projects
Soon to be a light
I see the light, it's shining through my window
As I'm watching
While it's bleeding through the curtain
Orangish yellow
That was peace, but I was just too young to comprehend it
Every now and then
The 'now' will end, I come to live it
Promises of febrile pauses
Constants
Unforgiveness, done a healing, set to be resolved
Let me praise a sec
I see the Cross
The chains are stressed, there is singing
It looks like roses too
But they are different, if it's singing, then the rose the truth!
The Kingdom's so appealing
I love it
So I uphold the views
Though on the globe, I am buffeted
Light opposed the rules
What light's supposed to do
Is inviting
A soul to lose all grief, to fall deep
Into Light and the Throne's
Commune
There ain't a human I am striving with
I know, it's from my Master's mouth
Getting right within
Understanding what the plan's about

Satan multiplies his numbers then he comes against us
Striving doesn't coincide with nothing
That I try to live
Until the soul is blind to nothing
Got my focus chaired
So my soul's prepared, for all that's coming
Many prophecies that plenty got to see
From the Scripture to the modern age
In the nook, I study hard
I hope I ain't forgot a page, I got my space isolated
That's my way of life
So no one should be watching me or worry 'bout the way I write
No hate is nice
I don't hold inside no angst or spite
If you're wronged
Just mosey on, have faith that everything alright
And focus on the heaven's thing, I'm full of joy and strength
Overlook the lesser things, and focus on the joy He gives
You never did consent to living like society
Today, the earth is laced with hurt
The aim is pray
Supply the needs, of all the mirth that lay in dirt
To raise and see the crying ease
Worldwide
There has never been a time as these!
Behind the scenes is satan
Get your bible
Keep your station, shouldn't be as persecuted if there's
Evil speaking hatred
But we're love, like the Lord, we're just here clear the dust
Every soldier in the Light, fight
The spirit war is plush

How great is God!
O, Zion

Let us turn away from Sheol
And embrace the wonderful
Free gift of God

Nooks are wonderful
Meditation time, may we learn to meditate

In movement as well

Nooks may be destroyed

Dexsta Ray

Spirit Calisthenics (Praise Elohim!)

(A notable pastor of God begins)

Good evening everyone!

Today, the Lord has given a word

It comes from the book of Romans

The first chapter, the...

(Fades into the background)

(Angels shouting)

PRAISE ELOHIM! PRAISE ELOHIM! PRAISE ELOHIM!

(Overlaps with next line)

(Sinner saved by grace)

Not everybody's your friend

Not all are happy for you, it's sad, but see...

A peaceful brother

Seeing demons cover up all the love

Another false cause

A fall, lost the ball, people fumble with

The coming punishment

Thinking, 'Nawl', all involved

Thinking weak accomplishments are puffing sin

Above the Highest God...

There is no death for a believer

Only steps with health

I mostly check myself

The depths of hell is where the dying reside

Timeless, quite describes heaven perfectly

Lying, smite the lightening

Cursed, the serpent's side has opined

And trying to bite

My whitened teeth that Christ reserves for the binds...

And wiles, that hurt my people

I'm in no disguise, though divergent

O! Perfect! Mold my mind!

There's nothing more implored than the Lord

To fortify and arm the wise, exhort the kind

In these abhorrent times

The Lord's design...

Haste, take it from me, a trace
I learned the worth of wisdom
Turned and flipped the
Wake up, make up, unstable
Foundations, stay embracing fake stuff
Patience, the faith is now waiting
Aim for salvation, though vacant souls, would prefer damnation
The path taken...
With adaptation to complacent ends, and hate within
Making sin...
Safe to say we've strayed from our roots
With faith in paper, ruses taken like a plate of bacon, knowing it ain't greatest
choice
Before you even say I hate, apportion is a major force, I proclaim divorce
To contortion of the motivations...
From the holds of satan, lotion on the flows, crusty garbage from the
Whole arrangement, hocus pocus modes of
Dangers...
Don't claim my focus though
No stranger to the
Holy Ghost
A woman's like an angel if she stays although she know he's broke...
Cause they can only grow, just like the uncorrected thoughts
Etched into the mental state of any marks
Of wretched causes...
Reflection broadens, if it's heart
Let me know
A piece of heaven's in the stars
But set the cards with the coals...
The Throne of God is fighting strong on the behalf
Of His lowly lambs, who He's known and drafted
Since before His precious globe was mapped...
Volitile situations but I'm with the placements
Let those arrows go...
I don't fear that, God's in this equation
Not some distant stagnant being
God's with infiltration, all up in the wicked's thinking
Cautioning, His kids that's blameless...
I say, my faith remains in Him, in Layman's
It's unshaken
Happiness, and crappiness, the difference is
If men awakened... I keep the nitpicking

Shaking... Against the integration
Everything I been through, had been cued
In Scripture pages...
I know some people who deserve to find their mirth and shine
Deserted not, and treat me cool
With hurt inside that's worst than mine!
I keep it true... as the word defines
The perfect Guide, and maybe we can be the truth
That turn the minds from worthless binds!
Which may not seem a doozy, still...
It doesn't hurt to try
Light might seem elusive just until you smite that serpent's
Eye
Resist temptation, strike illusions, watch the serpent die
The Hearsts resign, spiritual, a miracle of Christ
Generation seeks a sign with no periscopes in sight
Just a mirror though, fearing all the change
Wishing all remain, if it make a difference
Tell the children there to call it lame
Itching for derision
Make your engines rev 'til caught in flames...
But I still live all the things that I started on
God will block it all, and the wicked will depart
His Throne...
With missing hearts and bones
Timid, then, 'cause partners gone
Missing physically, in hell, sitting in the dark alone...
But just until the minions get in...
And it's real and vivid, feeling every minute
Of whatever you'd impart to souls...
While you we're living, times infinite
I speak the truth
Hoping that nobody, even enemies
Would be consumed...
But you can't teach the News
To any who percieve it's loon
And many swoop with speed
To doom
Resenting proof, believing fools...
Don't let demons choose your destiny
You take control
The Scripture, you already have the recipe

You bring it on! 'Cause there's a battle
And it's definitely to take your soul!
But Jesus holds the Master key
Oppression, can't degrade the hope!
Even if you shattered me
I still would be
Happy...

(Back into the physical world, the awareness of the sermon continues)

(The last word of this poem was the exact current word
the preacher used at the same time the poem is finished
but the sermon continues on)

Dexsta Ray

Spirit Riches

Thy life, thy life, thy life
Spirit riches
Longing
Mirror image
The Christ
Is in the vision
Getting listed in the Book of the Life
That's in the scripture
For these riches really come with a price
Impossible to buy
Open up the door to the heavens
Important lessons
Many obstacles to fight
For treasures...
Through the fruit of Spirit!
Kindness... longsuffering, included in it
Peace, love, joy, goodness,
That is truly winning
Gentleness, forbearance and self-control
Don't let truth diminish
Greatly is the glory of the Throne
That is up above us
We'll be there soon, hopefully with one another
Why shall each prepare a bunch of measures of the golden essence?
But to hoard a bunch of things and be broke in heaven?
Why, I'd rather live the lowest rank within the temporal
I don't need embellishment
Just the simple stuff
The least amount of all is still enough
The spirit riches
In the poverty of that lies a clearer distance
Everybody poor within the spirit here earth
Store the riches up in heaven where the least of them are first

Dexsta Ray

Spiritual Warfare Video Game

Visions being sufficient
In plenty, figments, extending, wishing
Switched into some tangible stuff
Observed, the wage of others
So, I won't dismiss, in this spiritual
Goal and sense
If controversial at face
Since, in physical, many different categories
On the fence, don't go for this
I hope to lift Your Name
Compliments in progress
With more scope of growth than this explains...
Holy Ghost, lead and guide me
Behold, the simple things
With graphics on my mind, being designs
In sin's decline, and then alignment
Nothing wrong, scripture pages, consists of science
But I'm focused on the wholeness of Zion
That shining Lion, star, bright, of the Highest in heaven
My heart's Christ, a different sight and finding
Starting with seven, possessing lessons too
Prophetic cues, the mark is unsettling
Lest' the message skew
And, still, I'm quite a child, no grow up
My life is Yahweh's
Skies and cloudies', kites and mounties'
Light, I'm thinking about
So I think it's right, exciting, lives that's taking His route
And praising Yahw
Coined a while ago, embracing it now
In faith, I crown a point into existence
His grace it's about

With smiles

Dexsta Ray

Squeak

I'm a mouse
Trying to find my way
Out the shoe
Alternate realities, found some straw
Near it
With some berries, staring at an open field
I can't digest the surroundings
It's scary
Swear there be a cat by the ranch owner's door
I also seen a couple of traps
I get too close, and it'll snap me up
I seen it in the past
Another mouse, the cheese, and bags andstuff
I seen enough
I'm harmless, the farm is, different, if small as me
I use the stones to climb with
That's all
A place across the wheat, ain't thinking on too much
But survival, I know the Cross of Jesus
Staying out the cold
Go inside, or when the warmth's egregious
Seasons come forever
By instinct, I adjust, I need to feed
Through any weather
My instinct guide my trust
Squeaky squeak
I'm a mouse, in this dream, like a pup
With wings
Just ridiculous
It seems, time, conditioning
12/1/18

Dexsta Ray

Staples

My poetry, I never had mammon from
Hadn't ever sought it
Brought the steamroller to a vast expansion
And an empty space in time
Made a bracket, and the hourglasses
Tests of mine, these moments
Is my tests designed, integrity, or character
The likes of which I know and been familiar with
Before, the matters change
Or switch, whichever, fit, this measure
Stitched with letters
In my quilt, with the fabrics being the Scripture's words
I mean, my craft, I shatter though, in fragments as dramatic
As my drastic desperation, patent, planted like the ferns
In lamentations, paths, my lantern
Shaky, from the pain
In this archaic time, fields, made with pines placed around the edges
Of the lands, I might break this time
For real, it's surreal, and incorporeal, horologiums at night
Like fire pillars, Christ and Israelites, I feel, the faith, in ancient times
I lift the Name of Weh', forever
Praise the Savior
Evermore, I etch in stone tablets, chisels, on the stone table
Got my own factors
Copacetic, feeling so pathetic, soulful, broken, heavy
Longing, mourning, morbid strongholds, or it wasn't
Just depend on how perspective is, weapons end the physical
For naught, to hurt who
Next to see it, death was did and hid by jealousy
To devil the successful me
She said I paid for something with it, got this pain for something
But the fact had still remain
That I ain't gain, from any love I showed, but hey, since they got paid
It ain't for me, and that's okay, but thee admitted to some
Heavy stuff, they took that from her page, the same, but only she was
Paid for what she claimed had been
Which got mine slain
So I ain't coming back into the physic realm in flesh
The same embrace the mountaintop

But I don't covet it, they covered this...
And wait for me to say it so I'm labels by some governments
As consequence, for something that she did, that I ain't stumble in
But strangely, seen as equal
But my rhyme is more
Infective, my ascetics spreaded wide, but I got violence for gratuity...
I love you ma, forever, in eternal, saints thrive
The heavens magnify the Lord
Always, my purple stay flying, my ribbons on my cap
They said it's consequences
Yet they'd know my path, so obviously, was did on purpose
Early on, to own my half...
Losses unforgiven, but it's twisted like I'm on the tab
Friendships nonexistent
Since I'm vulnerable, we close as crap, they told to everybody else
As a way to mold a trap and yoke my craft without me knowing about it
Almost broke my lamp, but took the life already of the closest thing
To me, so in secret, such could gloat and laugh
I seen it every year, it hurt, I guess that's what they want to hear
And see, the sheep, of Jesus, fallen
Inside conversations
Now, but meaningful to me, the press ain't taunting like it used to do
Hard to not know we were Christians
Hearts forgot though, art did not though, see my skill
And large as my zone, marked the why
Potential threatened everything
Their hearts defined the margins by, a lot of hands was in it
Different darkness thrive
Now, I'm left, abandoned, with my angels, in the darkest time
'Cause even if I could elope
It's strange, 'cause would you hang out with the demons why your daughters die?
(for example)
Or anyone the Lord supplied you, for the time
It's paradoxes, Lord decide, I sort of died, a hoard of times
But I don't want the same for that which organized it...
Reaping coals the Bible said, the staples came before my zits
The later things, was made that way, premeditated, stranger things
The Lord don't have His blind to nothing
I know 'bout what satan framed to hide this stuff disguised
It's crummy, Rest In Peace, it's not replies to nothing
That's been said to me...
The deed already finished, but was covered up

Weh' next to me, but the evil can't see...
Praise the Lord
Breaking me, it didn't, just the way it seem
I love you, to the spirit realm
They kill the people near and dear on purpose and on top
Of everything else, the pain there

All for following the Lord in this society
11/27/19

Dexsta Ray

Starchild

And to write my whole biography would be a challenge
Rather all the consummation be the consummation
For consolation even
'Cause the haters ain't receding
One would need to be in all the places made where grace can reach in
It ain't for me, it's Jesus
Witnessed many angles in this
Stages, constants, even seen some trusses and destruction of them
Some adjustments
But without the Lord, I'd be amongst it
Could've been destroyed or been in chains, and restraints
Or bondage
YHWH lifted me, delivered me (many times)
I've seen the good parts and bad parts
And both combined's inhibiting
Mentally, but really free, living spiritually
Hopeful for tomorrow, in these borrowed times of misery...
A lot of trials they didn't see
Which conditioned me, not limiting to enmity
But God has always been with me...
During rejoicing and the mourning
And this contribution equalizes every shortcoming
That I ever had
Now the prophecies materialize
And for the longest, that's if anymore can notice, on the spirit side
Ain't my fault and wasn't focused on
See, originally, but then, some went for me
And set in motion, ripples, bringing bigotry, then flip the script on peace
Evil's struck on something serious
Vigilant and sensitive, I scrub the picture
Clearing dust, I hear I make you proud
From the here to dusk, tears and rust
Outdated grounds, and faded crowns
Tuning in the God's whispers
Listened to, and what He say, I'm fixed to do
No matter who disdain and who estranged
Truth conveyed, don't use the muse for hues of fame
I'll be stupid for my lack, but what you have
Makes you the same!

Disillusioned in the brain, some can't accept
But if they do or don't, never moves my soul
The muse is gold, the fruit is different and invisible
The devil loathing me like I'm a criminal
I just went a different road than sin and thrones, the wicked froze
I ain't being subliminal
The pinnacle of persecution, perfect union
Turning human
Scripting what I like, innocent, ain't much I fight...
Stalking through electronic things
Still oppressed by hatred from the minute that a blessing came
Fated to correct my name, unpleasant chains, I ain't deserve
Demonic figures trying to waste my flame, it ain't the same
You heard? My aim, diffuse the curses, in my bloodline, for generations
I ain't fail, but the jealous aim to make it hell...
Evil's still the same thing in anyway you spell
Folding up the holding ups, trying to slow and throw
I'm closer to the Holy Ghost and never indicated different...
And just the hellbound hate to listen
And ain't conditioned in the heart right
To start dying to self and glisten...
Hate to see one strive for better and defy the measures
I speak the straight truth, and so it's sounding stupid to you
Don't degrade who have slaved to get to where they are
That's a way to try to take that, I break that, in the worse way
Then, love you as the payback
And above is where my faith at...
It's difficult to see the whole through a little bit that be exposed
Seeing wrong, and speaking things that
Equal no's, leading on, even poems couldn't change man...
Corn casserole with cream cheese is satisfaction, like with these dreams,
schematics, that I need to manage
Keeping passion, which is why I proceed, attaching, this life of ink and tablets
With Light and Jesus, acid to the lies that be established
Smiting peace...
Nitpicking my pickwickians, against the wind...
Like it's pretend, but I'm asexual, I like the sky, to fly in, like to glide the breeze
In Light, as if I'm doing it for real
The starchild, just a lonely starchild...
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely
But I love love love You, and it's agape
The monsters want to see me tumble

I go under covers, now, I look the darkness in the eye, and wonder if we'll
rumble

Humble is the heart that ain't surprised

Evil times exposed

Hateful stalkers want to find me in some kind of lows

But mind's inclined to growth

Right, aligned to Most

Focused on His precepts, so when I die, I rise

To Home...

What we need are faithful servants

And more thinkers, not more psalmists, not more poets, not more rappers, not
more haters...

Not more actors, not more blasters, but more lanterns and more greatness

Tell your hater friends to hush before you come at me degrading

I will fade it...

But, for now, I'll revert to default

And waiting til' I'm singled out again to burn up the stalks, and churn the chalk

I was crowned to win

Sin and evil bows to Him

I ain't scared at all

Threats continue as the cloud commence

Mountains lift, see, it ain't the leaning tree that always fall

I don't hate on anyone

Some envy tries to kill me, without a cause, substantial

Covert, slithery

Paying for situations framed and staged

But I'm still at peace

Fulfilling things in scripture reads

No tricky speech or picky themes

Just an average star child, part smile, shards, wild hearts

My work that seems to blatantly allude

To events in the world

Were either written before it happened

Or was staged by spies to unjustly organize a form of

Persecution against me while attempting to dictate my

Experiences in life in order to take undeserved credit for

The goodness of my testimonies and further persecute me

Dexsta Ray

Stars, Hearts, And Rose...

Stars, hearts, and rose, larks! Sparks far thrown
Dark, mostly driven...
I do...
So...
Impart the kiss of ode
Simply blown
The venn-art
Is so, within the flow, and ardent, river
Low and wind arcs
Lift a soul and conceal it home
Amidst the clothes of stitched parts
The sewn
Enrobed and fit together
Don't be mixed in dis-knowns
It's been switched and been knit forever
Though the risk is disclosed
Spirit war
But I quick, adore, the vision of the soul
It's allure...
Owning gold and pure, litten aura
Lavish, in pieces that can't be managed
I'm believing...
If that dreaming ain't to vanish
Won't you snatch my sleeping
Only she can see it
Or be it
Of not a means of flesh, just breathe a chance
And you'll keep it
As a promise to us
Leaving ain't a constant, no receding, only ink and that
Stars, hearts, and rose, one, of queen
To dust the shards away
So can you need? I'm a part of what's too far to play
And deem the stars as ours
No relieving
But discard decay...
And your heart would say...?

Statues And Swords

Laughing at Abaddon
Tragic tactics
Catching absent threats
I get a rise in the binds
And then after that
I'm clapping at the passage of Matthews
As I grasp Truth
Facts you abhor
That I never would react to
Statues and swords
Why envy? And snitch unsettling to the Help
Cinderella's shoe, jealous dudes are telling on themselves
You ain't welcome in the dwelling of the Most High
Octane verses, in the hell, for hearing no guide
All are failing if they're both blind
I ain't even in your measure
You should stress about your own kind
Ignoring all the wrong signs
See, I praise 'Weh
Slaving through the favoritism
Why they hate when Ray says, anything
But praise the wicked... for raising guns
Even still I ain't afraid to script it
I praise the Son
The race of faith is won, and been ever since
The Christian Savior hung
All the evil are the prophecy and satan's spawns
The Jezebel spirit ain't ready
It's instigating trouble, and witchcraft
People go to hell and get grabbed
The wicked want to pick on the ones who didn't dismount
If I'm delusional, it's just those who in enroute
To the house of Lucifer...
Where nobody gets out...
Two Corinthians chapter four and verse three
I admit, I hurts me
Who disputes this is delusional
But satan has them blinded so they curse me
Hating 'cause I'm great

So they want to try to work me
But as long as earth breathes, I won't wor-ry
God can take the life of anyone that try to hurt me
And He did it all before, that's what irks me
But if you lack the Spirit, you can't even see the first thing
Under watch, though I know
I continue on
Have to keep going until the notion of the vision flows
At resturants, feeling hopeful 'cause my signal strong
And don't ask forgiveness 'cause I'm broken if I did you wrong
So I'm open to forgiveness
Hear the testimonies
All of which are dead, I'm no longer letting mess control me
They're at my head, but I'll never be the rest opposing
God develops leaders
Not the creatures of the nets that's on me
Wanting to oppress the lowly
'Cause they're feeling threatened
Anything I do, what's of 'world'
Certainly will reject me
They won't let me be a great one
So I'll never ask permission
I'll just shine
Like the Sun, rise to feed the nations
I lack perdition, 'cause I won unlike the seeds of satan
Battle been begun, when I speak, I just release the basis
And deplete the mazes
Just until the next waves
So many have some hate towards me
I ain't even made, mane
To Jesus Christ, they did the same thing
I ain't tripping 'cause it's life, just a product of the straight way
So I'll never change lanes
I don't play games
The wicked come with sticks and stones
But I just come in Weh's Name
When I call Him, soon to witness strange things
It ain't no coincidence, the book of Psalms has state plain!
Chapter one oh five and verse number fifteen
I ain't ignorant of all the times He saved me
So I can't be a vain king
Trying to please pleasure, in the last day

All my homeboys will bring measure
Mixed in Revelation
Prophecies are coming true, Jesus came to save the ailing
Not for me to thump with you
And run into and I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll declare the Lord
King over all the earth, and that's some pressure for you
Letting mess absorb you
Love of money is the root to evil
I don't run from nothing
Dressed according to the True believer
You see, my vision does surpass the shaky connotations
Heaven is forever but the earth will soon be done away with
Give to Caesar what is Caesar's
Like my Savior said
I don't have to hate the police to make a change again
The greater man, make a plan, and aim to take a stand
I am just a poet, embrace nature and my Savior's hand
And not apart of all this culture that they claim I'm in
Framing me like vultures
Waiting 'til I'm down, to take 'revenge'
Against offense that I ain't do
These are satan's kids
Looking for religions that will save them from just facing sin
There's only one path of light
I ain't here to judge
But I'm not afraid to have to fight for what is pure and just
They must devalue what I do
I'm about the truth
The wicked love the twisted life
That's why they have it out for you
The devil's fed up with me?
No
It's the other way
Anybody fight against the Lord, they are going to pay
Persistently
Protect the posts and arm the watch towers
Power come from living holy
Christian folks are not cowards
Soon and very soon
The Lord will come and bury rules
Promoted by society that lies and seek to tear the proof

And daring you to live wickedly
I noticed with the Christian theme
Everyone God uses has to go through what His Only Son
Had to witness
Though it's not to His degree
It's still a constant
That's my Homeboy, Jesus never let the villain crush me
Though I'm buffeted
I'm confident in that, cities, places, even nations
Want to end me bad
Claim it'd solve the world's problems
Everything I did was bad
Speaking of these lamentations
Not in grief but feeling glad
'Cause I'm a piece of the Highest King
Jesus, keeps His eye on me
He knows some won't believe until they finally just die and see
But He's giving time to be, in aligning peace
Everything that happens was recorded in the bible reads!
Demons want to fight with me because I write the clean
Life is such a privilege, kingdom! Jesus doesn't hide the keys!
We just must believe, and it's yours to take
Pray for understanding
So you see and so that you're awake
I'm so focused on the grind
I can't afford to hate
Plotting on a way of altruism
Not the course of fake
Poetry is just as relevant as any art
Just deemphasized when focus leaves and gets with envy hearts...
And I'm supposed to be upset with a lot
But I can't find the care
Supposed to vex someone's spot
But I can't find a chair
Because I'm like a trillion miles away from hate
With God, up there
I send fire, brimstone, to binds and snares
That likes despair...
Statues and
Swords...
Pillars crumbling
Walking through the valley

Unaware of what I've stumbled in
It's not a punishment
But something that the humble live
Struggles that are honorable
Giving love for trouble sent
The crowd divided...
Some with love and some against
But nothing can deny this
What the love of Christ had hung and did
Because it's priceless
Tell the demons they can't come and get
We're fighting a defeated foe just like this battle crushing sin
Strike and rattle me, then I'll just adjust again
The evil cannot handle me because I trust the One within...
So put your hand on me
God will put His hand on peace
In the devil's whole arrangement
Never to withstand a thing
So I'm on the road to saving
Getting visions from Him
Some would wonder how we know the things that evil didn't cover
Well, evil is a rudder
Inching on a sinking boat
Statues and swords, weighs a lot, now it's deep and under...
Leave me trouble, shrinking hopes for all the winking others
Linked to blunders, drink the wine of violence
Mindless times, and I don't know what's the trick
The Spirit got me like I'm on tour, celestial beings present
Certainly aware of this truth, that I ain't nix without my homeboy

Statues and swords

Dexsta Ray

Stay Climbing

Don't Stop!
Don't Stop!
Don'tStopDon'tStopDon'tStop
Don't Stop!
Stay committed, stay climbing
Placing time into making time...
Be spiritually
Conscious... promised judgments
Struggles come, it's just
A little breathing
Room
So heed the fumes, and in conjunction
Faith aligned
So don't change the grind for NOTHING
Soon enough, the mood adjust, I can't decide
If Truth's the subject,
You can hush
I think of freedom, meaning peace and demon leashes
Set...
Out in the dungeons
Things repeat to keep the dreamers
Wrecked
I said, I'm stuck
In this society, by rising seas
Exit crooked
Bubbles
Put my nooks into the Light, I do it right
With human might, there is rubbish
Message taken
Trying to
X
Bind with nets, but I express with less than goodness
Climbing high, I was climbing
In the presence of
The enemy
God supplied a diner in the desert as a gift to me...
I got a field of beef, glory is a grass plain
Stories unfulfilled, complete, more that I don't want to hear
Or see

To grind, the coast is clear, demons hate the real and reach
Never in the
Fast lane, still the legions deal deceit...
I need the Lord
To be the source of all my dreams and more
The evilness devalue things that neither feed or keep
It's course...
And having deep revenge completed by the Highest
When it happens, sin is brandished, by the wicked
I can see the day I got my life back
The quondam'd like that
Airy, frigid
Cracked pints, and sliced facts, finally
Don't Stop...
I marvel
Travel farther, caverns near my heart
'Hear me.' 'Here me.'s
Captures me
Regardless if it's not as large a picture To the clamouring
Tried but they ain't
Leave me
Dead
The devil want to fight now, battles are forever present
It's alignment right now, I strive to write the grind down
Facing evil, with it's green eyes, I said I'd write with
Old schemes
But rather try my own thing
Dreams alive
I see the next dimensions, plus I'm resting in them
So I couldn't be in people's way because our settings different
Stay climbing
Even though you probably change the method
Shifted, to the Light
Or be lifted
Shoo the night, we're warriors, using Life
As a weapon for the higher vision, torment
Ain't suffice, I'm beat and seeming poor with vain devices
Which is partially the case but there is more that satan hiding
Straight disguises, I dissociate from constant hate
They shun and wait, ashamed to face reality
So hiding with a bunch of claims to crush the great
They want to

See

The fire, err, in casualties, the latter things

Will thus remain

And won't nobody touch me if they love their life

It's just that plain, I'm stumbling over nothing, right

Focused even more

Until those locusts fly, why it's pride if I ain't bowing

Down?

To demonic enterprises, different timing

Seething promises, I hear about some threats vaguely

Through I will progress safely

Climbing is a never

Ending

Mission, be the best, mainly, less is what pursues the

Truth

With evil, using people too, psychologically

Manipulating, something evil do, and people see it too

I cease commune with any evils

Trying to single out

No plan in dream, no friend in me

Was killed when legions

Drink of flout

I think about the upper room, the message

Where the blessings build, something new

I bring it out

Unless the deal is best concealed

I hear of competitions

I'm in doubt, ain't feeling that, but as it is

We have to live with that, while still on track

The honest... Lying constants

Stealing what does not belong

And what difference would degrading make?

Even satan got a home, or got a road

See nothing here is rational

The job

It's gone... I'm cringy, see I'm stingy with my envy

Love and hate myself

Paying no attention to the snake stand

And fake friends, can't get my reputations back now

So why behave, and, death to death

I hate the hate

The struggle been the game plan

Praise the Lord
With raised
Hands, my name abhorred but ain't saying
But Ray's staying, jealous ones, just form a sword
To hate, and they think I think that I can keep
That I can eat
But I know, my eyes are closed, that don't mean that I am sleep
To grind and
See
They scheme and say you lying to try to dry your stream
There's a plot to cross me over
Will judicial eyes
Percieve? But I recieve the Spirit, there's a whole lot
Of questions
If a whole place abhors you, and the biases aggressive
I see evil instigating hatred on my life
The little imps, is the very reason
Why some things
Sufficed
I climb higher in the face of hate and flagrant lies
Jesus elevated me
Demons never raise to me, a candle
Which could be a title
Speaking truth the way I want, I don't have team
Or rival (carnally)
I'd be lying, 'gainst some fronting, since it's coming
For the truth
The Lord's on you,
I'm just a little piece of this elaborate puzzle
Glad to ponder what the Lord gone do
If you just stay climbing...

Dexsta Ray

Staying Woke

I was always excited, and hyping from afar
Stylish, from your rhyme, to the shining, I'd never fight
With you, because, like me, you're timeless
You're rising, so much you fighting through
And made it to that point, and I believe that you was destined
To, it's just a few, like that, the best, the truth
How you do like that?
Every piece of art, complete and smart
All my dreams and harps
Ain't smooth like
That...
Don't let me even start, remove my hat, this ink is like Pitayas
Finding nada, skewed or wack
You speak, and you impact
It's new, and different, tunes advance
You're like piñatas
You can craft ideas that move and craft and model
Lives, and do surpass tomorrows eyes, see, you can lasts...
With power, wise, this hour five
And still no sour lies
I notice as a fan though, I'd vote you 'til the sands gone
'Cause, woman, you're a banjo, don't want to have my hands on
But golden, sorry, platinum, you're a master in your path, O
And I had to let you know, just as a fan though
I like it when a woman balance life and still expand, strong...
Dripping, character, a fighter, you ain't scared though
I can feel your craft, I feel the fire, had me staying woke...
I'd like to speak but if there never was a chance, O
I feel like you're a queen, you're a treasure to the lands
Know...
It's quod erat demonstrandum
See, you advanced souls, not a witch, not a switch
12/22/18

Dexsta Ray

Still Caught Me

I hug a wall in the darkest alley way
I'm scared like hell
I couldn't tell which way to face
I looked to my left
I heard it coming from the right
I ran so fast and turned a corner sorta tight
And one bright light came up behind
I caught a glimpse
It had two wings
A bow and arrow made of steel
This wasn't my plan
I guess we fear things we don't understand
But still I just can't let it catch me
I'd be less of a man
And while I'm running there's an unexpected stress on my leg
And while I'm trying to see what's wrong
Something flew by my head
I looked for arrows but this thing was shooting plungers
It had to be Cupid
I should be careful where I wander
He must be p*ss*d
I turned a corner and he shot but he missed
I thought he did but my leg had gotten hit
I didn't get away
Evading plungers all day
I don't know what to say
Now I'm stuck and got to pay

Dexsta Ray

Stolen Notes

'Let me see your notes' is what they say
After molding plots
And stolen them away
Now my blessings hindered...
I witness trial and trial
Testing after testing
But I cannot ask my Master why
Quite a trifle question...
I write for essence
Life'll bite you Being nice
High oppression
Try to dress it like I thrive on being right
Hypocritic for real...
Envisioned seals being broken loose
Flipping up the scripture
They reveal it like a quote to you
I witness massive upheaval now
A hate against 'oppression'
Coincidence? Or a way to hinder this progression
Why respect is tied to a fall?
'Cause who I'm running to?
I'm not the streets so I reckon that's their rendezvous
Evil says its done with you because you love the truth
And wasn't moved
Pull a gun on you for nothing too
It's something cruel...
I ain't asked to be harassed
So let me write about it
Scheme me up for what?
I love the Lord
They want to fight about it
I guess my talent bring a lot of attack
Forget the racial separation
I'm with God
It's a trap
They make it seem like I'm the first to make a scene
About the right stuff
People creeping 'round my house
Scheming in the night tough

Out of sight plus baffled by the Light
Thus counting on a downfall
I believe in Christ, trust...
Whoever stole the notes
Lettered by the Holy Ghost
Hell is not as far away as skeptics and the frozen show
This is my writing, my style, my enlightened
Trying to set me up to fail
But you'll see the Light's surprises
I ain't afraid to fight or die for everything I love
The very thing attacked
Bible verses 'til the final buzz
You can't defeat God's giving
Though you may try to bug
Focused still
You'll see God's prison
For He's the righteous Judge
They taunt and say I'm lacking evidence
Just trying to hurt me
Tactics in the devil, evil genuises, it's pass the reel
I call it dropping lids
False accusers say you're false
And that's the deal
Ahead of time, confess you lying, just to make you fall
I don't fear the devil, bring my notes to me
And leave me be, but If you don't, I'll be okay
But you will see some creepy demons screaming
Where you'll be after leaving the globe
One day

Hm...

We all have to go... One day

Truly...

Dexsta Ray

Straight Appreciation

I feel your mix of blended instruments
And get conditioned
Then I disappear in it... ain't mention
I'm sending straight appreciation
Kiss the rhythms, stay dizzy like it's a cocktail
Living for this pretty frigid mixture kindling spirit fire
The temperate is sick, not well
The hottest tunes
Mops and brooms
You've got the muse all tipsy
It's slick, I slid down
But never just forgotten the Truths
The Spirit sticks 'round
Look at all the spots it include!
And sayyy
Hope is real
I'm flowing through Oldsmobiles
Rolling pass a show of smoke
Blowing knows into the air
Floating at Jehovah's Throne
Where I calm it down
Appreciation, from the underground
I could hug a sound
I'm just really glad you hung around
And blunt like the Truth was a spliff
It sort of come and go
But the love is like a stone at the bottom of the ocean
I can see, I repeat, I decree
The precious jewels
Mix those instruments 'til it hurt
'Cause, then, it'd work...
I profit from, but not of funds
Like money, but it's something else
Constant inspiration, to me, in something
Plus, we ain't just old school, but the whole school
Made as kings and queens
Distance never phase the gold rules
In both shoes

Wow...
Instrumentals
They just take me
Away

Dexsta Ray

Stranded

There's a certain heaviness on my chest
Followed by stress
They haven't seen the beacon yet
But what should I expect?
Soothing melodies can settle the soul
An isolated stroll
Sunrise
Radiant glow
An omnipresent woe
Take away the tears
A boat floated by
I wasn't standing near the piers
I've been standing here for years
Search and rescue failed to notice me twice
I blazed a fire in the night
But they can't see the light
I just might try to swim across the ocean
I've been up and down the coast
And still I don't see any motion
But I'm still steady hoping
Cause I mustn't lose the faith
And as long as I pray
Someone will come and save the day
I just know it

Dexsta Ray

Strangely Familiar

You saw it first
I saw it second
Such I saw was destined
Calling on two kissing
Souls
In different bones and flesh
I saw it first
You saw it next
Falling close
And lost in present times...
All collected
Peace, the pain
Plus, we have the same secrets
Think it's plain, at least
I thought that it was obvious
Arranged at plotted
Points
But this is old, still a figment of the ode
Singing of the soul
Melancholy
Wavelengths, telling sorry, welcomed sobbing
Wellness, probably something, free can't teach
Peaceful scenes of paradisiacal escapes no dream has seen
I'm watching through your eyes, girl
Your mind swirls, your rime whirl
Define 'world'...
You think of me these days?
Not to compromise it
Don't we count us loneliness
Hoping in, and grown in this
Notices
With no no's, don't config. with the globe
We in, the atmosphere, your atlas near
Contrition in robes
Weekends, of reverant supplications
Confirmations, I'm a grown soul
By my lone, lonesome
Til' I saw that spark, in shards
Conjoining with your heart, imparted

I wrote a love poem
But only archetypes and notions
Roping in the holiness, along this journey
Firmly, stirdy, love is more than burdens
Certainly, when it's early, see the dew and hue
Of water droplets, floating in a prism
Nature's pity, formulating prospects

Dexsta Ray

Strong And Deluded

People say what they say
But I don't sweat the talk...
And even claim that I'm fake
But I don't let it bother...
Yet, I get a sorrow inside
Influenced by the mercy
For some antagonize me because their lives are hurting
But they'd never ever admit it
I'm what defines their 'perfect'
Raised up out of the trenches
Embracing higher learnings
And lighter burdens...
As a product of the heavy weight
Determined, long time, now I'm watching
For a better way...
To measure change
'Cause a lot is now different
But, still, the spirit treasures staying in the spots that I've written
Like just before the fetters came
Some were feeling like abandoned flowers
Sitting kites, still are kites, even in uncanny showers
But the rain would help sustain the plants
And raise the leaves, the hate would do the same for me
What God allowed had made them think...
But the flesh is still inclined towards destructive nature
Polar Bears can see one down
That crony there becomes a stranger...
And grub... it's danger in the world without God
And politics can't get no crazier
And pearls are now odd...
It's just dividing the remainders
That are us, but cannot be against it
Though it ain't so easy to adjust
Changes move too much, making truth to musk
I guess my pace ain't accepted
The 'We's' and 'Our's', kindred spirits, not just places I've dwelled in
In the ages unsettling...
To witness wicked interferences
Jealous of the truth I speak and since the real are hearing this...

You want a chance to mirror this
But your clear is ick, big and tricky sayings
Are insufficient when your picture ripped...
And there's no ending, if the wisdom's sent for dissing them
Who's only goal's ascending and convincing souls, the wicked road
Is fit to go, outlandish! With specific blows
Consistent flows, but shameful 'cause it's talent that was given for a different
code...
But see, their vision's closed
Wicked never ends my soul, ever
Though I witness bold devils with the Jezebel spirit
Intelligent, try appeal to hell's hearers
And attack but fail dearly, I'll collapse you're pale wilderness, in fact, I'll appear
in back
Kicking all the props down, and sneering
I ain't fearing jack, demons crowd to smear me
Run prattle, boats with one paddle
Oar, going in circles, crashing soon before the hurdles
See your mind is on the turtle's speeds
I'm trying to know what urgency
I'm grinding for, it's not important
'Cause the Verses speak your curse to reach
The wicked are irrational
Like birds and beast, Proverbs seventeen thirteen is why they've cursed
Their seed...
And they don't have a reason
Like who is this man? Or woman urging
That they want to try to smite my work of hand...
See, we can battle for eternity
Desert your lands
I take the perfect stand against the demonic bullies
And I still think it's worth some grands
How I keep on it fully, some really trying to burn
Their fans
With these ebonic pullys, that's leading legions straight to hell
Now, I'm hating, oh, I claim it well
A victim in my own right, to take my soul
They changed my sail...
But Weh' withheld the wind until the faith
Was yelled within, I'm never stepping back
I just ain't know the evil nailed my den...
I see the veil commence

The good and evil, perfect battle
When I get this tether fixed
I never miss
The earthly, stood on steeples, covered by the Lord
When the devils rise
I'm coming for them, until the junk destroyed
Of the Sword of the spirit nature
I don't peer the haters, wicked things
And princes feed on sheep, but I ain't here to
Frame them, satan aim against my space
Father, spirit stake him, let me clear the stable
Full of power, it's a battle on

He jealous, that's an automatic loss
Now this is the aware me

Dexsta Ray

Stronger Than Bleach

The devil always watching
Cost of having something visioned
Plots for me to fall
Unaware that I've become a spirit
Constants never change
All day...
Eruptions of the righteousness to cover dark
Pompeii
And from the start
The rush of dust just crush the truss of false establishment
Bridges to fall, the scandalous
Extra deadly like a substance, embalmed
Calamitous, twisted figures
In the spirit
In the shadows, trying to hide, behind the challenges
Each and every one being lapped
Satan cock his hand back
I snatch the stone before it lapsed
Killing off the fiction, and living
Got me acting up
Spitting out some scriptures to get them
Under true attack
Sitting back just waiting for me to collapse
But they can't see I moved the map
True to do the math
Using spray bleach, cleaning off the graphs
Dirty, full of hate and stained peace
So I get a straight sleep
I'm the main leech, draining all the latent out
Trying to shape into a gained
Dream
Breaking, but it ain't me, I'm greatly rooted in
Why to fight against the Lord when ain't a way that you could win?
So society has try to turn a blind eye to things
Ignorance is quite a glitch
Final ditch
Lethal something else, attack the finance and personals
Just to earn a blow, don't fret
Don't sweat

Only learning growth, merging slow traffic with the surly
No magic, solely God's power in the midst of this
So famished, for the riches
Of the spirit
Ditching sin, picking slims, endings
With the menace
Ay, 'that crazy telling truth', burning darts and flaming arrows
Coming close, but the Lord nearest
So I take my sword of
Spirit
Father, let me clear this... but give me strength
Because I'm battling forces
Eternitarians probably see, but, to mavericks, it's normal
A good disguise, and a scheme, try distractions
Never envious
Look what Jesus did for us
From a kid to such
So much writing from the depths of the hearts
And even if it's not accepted
Never severed apart
They want to see me out of order like a porta's
Brother hoisted down, Psalms
What a story
Trust the glory of the Lord endowed
I'm stronger than the agent in the beam and taking color out
Never bow to satan, enemies, on the crumble routes
I can't fumble now
I've worked and too hard
To watch a stranger come in and try to pull down
The underground, or muzzle house
Full crown
Up there waiting for us, all we have to do is stay faithful and a saint 'til glory
Here's a race before us, and it's been completed
Passed baton to the soldiers 'til the day that we see Jesus
In the this evening
Strong as the One that we believe it
You ain't breaking me at all
I'll just rest when it's the season
Been defeated
No one is playing a game but the devil's kingdom
We're dead serious in the Light
Like celebs competing

If they're for me, I'm at side, 'til the breaths are ceasing
Meaning no degrading from the kind
That's the welcomed region
To hell with legions
Father, please correct us when we're wrong
To not neglect us when we're souls
But dwell with peace in

Dexsta Ray

Stronger Than That

I hear so much, and it ain't schizophrenic
Light is clear
No dust...
No touch of evil in it, YHWH's stronger than that
I earned the hard way
Darkness try to scar, I embarked upon the litten path
Plus the Light is large, twice the spark, Christ regardeth such
As I write my heart, still, finding parts of shards, and I tie them
With ink
'Cause from the start, this is why I guard what's righteousness
Means
Lightning striking, and dreams, still I'm fighting the beasts
I'm not confiding in things that need my shining to cease...
And replying, ain't a bad thing, plus I never had game
When I get the chance to speak (patience is important)
I promise, it's a glad, lasting peace, that branded
Actually me, instead of what's reactionary, I keep it
No apathy
Just attacks can damage, happen to me, the passion tarried though
I have a soul, speaking on these testimonies, seem I ain't
Established, those yokes, for sure, can crumble
Had my destiny captured, but, with love, I made some cover
From the rest of these factors
Steady, humble, 'cause my heavenly Master, let me struggle
So I learned about reality
I'd definitely, hamper
A lon- lon- lonely path, at times, it'd seem hopeless
On top of everything else, I mean, I need focus
I don't feed hocus pocus, locusts sent, to grow on that
If anything, or dreams broken, hopefully, then, the holy grasped
Wholly, like to think, I'm wiser than that, but ain't the wisest though
What they wouldn't do, I'm mindful of that...
Pulling my chin hairs...
Thinking, some could rival the facts, by cheating, privileges
That's higher than hats, or fire for my tablets, indiscreetly...
And it's crazy, I was censor worthy, ending schemings
And some stuff was did to hurt me, even though I didn't feed it...
YHWH's stronger than that, some witches sent to grieve me
By some other sources, to trash, all that I dreamed

For Jesus...

Things repeated, showed the evil, now these things are needless

Slap the hand for acting up

Conceptually

I freed a season, from the devil teeth, within my craft

Sinking in to drink me, then deplete, then delete me

Take my stand, I don't care, I been in peace, I know what's right

I been deceived before, I don't desire what is not attracted

Focus, things restored, for YHWH

Satan mad because I'm great, for Light, that's all it is

Eternal, Light is life, don't need death because it isn't circuit

Plus I be competing with myself, some haters diss to merge us...

Which is worthless, through assimilation, steal my wordings

But not to tribute me, but accompanied it with steel and curses...

Fields of purpose, turned to coal, then was flipped to burn it

So misrepresented, on the low, I was shields and burdens...

In spite of truth being widely known

I write and lived my verses, and in spite of what opinions rose

I could find contentment, I'm convince, it's more to life than words

The evil bind to limit, 'cause afraid of change, in spite of proof

Some have their minds conditioned...

When it comes to art, and truth, I never strive to finish

But it's who I am, not what I do, and still through Christ

I glisten

God is stronger

5/13/19

Dexsta Ray

Stuck

Right to say we stuck
Say we stuck
In-between two worlds
God wanting us with Him
It does
Because the thing about a difference in the making
Call us all to repentance
And that we turn away from all of the sinning
Not to fall from grace
But the world
Is blinded
It don't understand righteousness
It don't understand the Light and getting right within
But it cannot see
The urgency...
The darkness belittles
Unaware that all it's actions is a part of the riddle
And, for some, then the artistry's kindled
But remaining
Stuck
In-between the lines and trying but still can't adjust
Although the aim is on the Lord entirely
Remains in muck
I guess the waves and tides are too consistent
You can miss it, feel you ain't enough
But I can tell you this
In the end, it don't matter who withheld a fist
These the last days
The most important thing is finding purpose
'Cause when you know it
All the folly you can eye is worthless
Then the wicked want to try
Turn it
But never should you switch it, God's developing your mission, if you working
Anytime you on the edge and feeling.... Stuck
Remain strong
You can make it if you chose to make your faith known
Don't become a latent branch but.... Speak
I heard while back if you don't ask then you don't.... Eat

It's easy to receive the wisdom
That you desire
If you supplicate while humbled it expand through the fire
So when you... stuck
Look away from things on the earth
For your eyes can't see the heaven if remain on the dirt

Yea, sometimes it's seem like a trap
You in-between two worlds
Compared to who I was, I'm a totally different person now
With a totally different heart
The world don't want to see you for who you are
It want to see you stay hell bound like it is
You must see pass that
Handle your business
Forget what satan got to say
Transcend

Dexsta Ray

Styrofoam

I'm understanding why they make it
All the Styrofoam create a safe
Excursion
Still
Earnestly, I couldn't shake it
The sight, feel, sound to touch it is so aggravating
Take it out
Trash can full
On the floor
It lay about
Trying to find another way
To get it
And amazing how
It really try to break in smaller pieces
Complicating things
'It's a phobia', they say, and I know it ain't
Even Styrofoam is probably brilliant
To another person
But to me
I just really wish it wasn't furbished

Perhaps something else could
Be used

Dexsta Ray

Subzero

Sand, bolders, moment that you get your hands on them
Friends, motifs, I close, to under go, other modes
I'm construction, there's roses, and there's a constant
Covered though, so, three letters, some culprits
That plundered gold, my substance, under loads of malice
Ain't lost hope, colder battles, officially
I'm farther up
Like those strongholds that grabbed us, was meant to see
Some darker stuff, assimilated me, after
What's happening now ain't charred the trunks
Of the trees that seed answers
The temperature is fluctuating, stuff I'm thinking
When the dawn emerge, I'm immature, like greatness
Consummation, is the Cross discerned, stuff can come for me
Fear no evil, it ain't the first, been resolved
It ain't the curse
Either sequel, arrange in dirt, embracing hurt
I brush the mud off, evil, defaced my work, to take my worth
But it was fitted by God, not satan's shirts
Paper, words, faith and ink
Heard my legacy's challenged...
This ain't disturbed, the hate just means
That my legacy matters...
Taking turns, just wait for me, like I'm ready for battle
Make it work, like raising steed, binds consecutively shatter
Light, I definitely channel, time prophetically answers
Hi...
I'm writing by the lightning strike, accepting the patterns...
Cornucopia, I'm fighting right, that stuff ain't my fault
Plus I illuminated, struggling my cross, so many stumblings I saw
Though evil lusting my falls, I keep it grumbling
My focus above
And I don't know what it was
But it seem like things
Were confidential...
Ain't become an issue, if I trade the love for tissue
Mourning what I lose, instead, embracing what ain't the retinue
Stuff just waiting, aim, to prey on my light
And it's satanically obsessed

Because I hang on like Christ
Code whatever
Danger, danger, there's emergency now
Some days, I supernaturally made it
They ain't turning things down
God is chided and degraded, subzero, non-hero wavelengths
Some churros, tasteful dishes, and some chiaroscuros paintings
Grateful for the doorways, fateful, I dream of more thanks
To give, rather than receive, feel restored
If it was a score thing
Told again, I'm targets, my reply is I'm God's
I fear no evil, light a harness, light's defied many odds
But when the time came, sense it, like when wine made
Finished, there ain't nothing wrong with love
Unless the vibes ain't getting it, or some mind games in it
But my union is whole, though evil times stay wicked
I'm attuned to the soul
And, in my mind, I can see, how life would be
If that had never happened
Just the air...
Forget it, let's see if I can wield and craft it...
I like to dream, but even more, I like to spell advancement
Cyclones, and hurricanes, different fronts
Warm and cold
I know, absorbed, into the current age, storms and motifs
Ain't normal though, my story goes, or stories
2/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Such Awareness

Oddly, I don't feel suicidal
The way that it was meant...
And I don't think I should change a thing from the frames arranged...
Though I'd probably be threatened, I guess, the Lord's a liability
When evil is a norm, and Light, is ill-esteemed
The Scripture speaks, my choice unimportant, just like my course, unless
expanded
From the Lord, other sources, just ain't appeal to me
Just Spirit, when I embrace it, seem some jet engine
But without a trace, sounds, mysteries, Yahw my centerpiece
Consistently, don't know what's the average, 'cause now a different
Thing
Christ had been esteemed, to this degree, and I ain't safe for that...
Stating facts, I'd be a liar, if I take it back, don't fret about the present
'Til you understand the things that's past
I can coin ideas without
The stuff that exists, while persecutors only twist
So envied, what I could mix
So really, such desire dusts and fires, brush upon my just empires
Witches still conditioned others, just because I'm done with liars
Envy paid campaigners, aimed the sound sonic weapons...
While in my solitude and personal, was found no matter what
Was up
Though I worked no evil, YHWH's will, but crowds with guns would come
Not loud, disturbing nothing, with no history, still my stuff was bug
Enough was done to change the way that I interact...
Outside my windows, hearing satan say, stuff I didn't drag
And then, when later came, I'm crazy mane, 'cause Christ'd still
Withstand
The guilty parties claimed it's lies because they tried wicked plans
Against the righteous, well aware, but by His stripes
Healed again
Such didn't like that Light was right, and fight to hide this with that
Thine still impacted though, the Father's Light, aligned many paths
Though I felt hopeless, in the darker times, focused on the larger signs
Noted, life apart of dying, quoted, in these shards of mine...
Ain't knowing, just how hard I tried...
For God, still was targets, why...
Until I read the Scripture, in it's context, truth ain't hard to time

Now, some wish some bad
That wish to harm me somehow
On top of countless tricks and plans that mixed the scorn with some flout
Or clout, everything together, anymore wun' announced
I used the pain for inspiration
God's restoring somehow...
And doesn't matter how it look, faith I keep, I've seen what God can do
In spite of what I hear, I know the Lord is just
And God approved
And watched it too
4/26/19

Dexsta Ray

Sui Generis (Pantoum)

I did respect her passion for the arts
Neigh that riverbed reflecting soothing
Light that called her eyes another measure
With her scarf arresting minds constantly

Neigh that riverbed reflecting soothing
Vibes of something deeper than the skies up
Her painting trumps the ink within the time
I heard the colors answer back to

Vibes of something deeper than the skies up
And higher than the sea above it's floor
Where the vines brushed to symbolize the dove
As descriptive as it was flying

Higher than the sea above it's floor as
It was shining even though the purples
Met the oranges and it blended well
The brush of hope of faith. Adjusting more

Where the vines brushed to symbolize the dove
And olive branches showed the proof of hope
A magnet or a nail into attraction
Leaving lines crushed from all the abstract stuff

That was shining even though the purples
Blended with the brighter area's shaping's
Neigh that riverbed imagined from the shards
I did respect her passion for the arts

Dexsta Ray

Suited Up

This would be the fourth year, of course

Fear...

And for, my livelihood, it seems as though I've spoke

For naught

But, not to judge it too soon though, the truth, I saw it all

The sources, call to flourish, witnessed, being consistent, falling at the hand

Of more than my physical image will support

Financially, the tactics, to damage me, individually, and add a bunch of filler

To hinder, and malice did for sport

Losing out on stuff without cause, enough, where crawling in the norm

I can't say how it happens, but, they communicate, and aim to break my bridge
before

I cross

And through misinformation, bribery, and whatnot, ain't no limits for satan

The eyes on me, wonder what I think of next, and if I might expose

Or whether I possess the wisdom, knowledge needed, watches, seasons

Wondering if I'm forebode, foretold, foreknown, and pondering

Another way to cover it, and crumble me...

Intimidation to control, many different pages, even in my means to live

There's twisted schemes to flip my cry, so it could seem

This is isn't real, eventually, I'll live deprived

A wicked string, I never would embrace, the face of Jezebel, so what I do
embrace

Isn't her...

I don't waste my time, plus, this other stuff

That been ocured, is no game of mine

I magnify the magnifying, if I redacted, my, presence, evil sprouts would come

Impersonating like before, to smite some more, the kindness used to climb with

By vicious wolves, full of falsity in thinking

That's it's good to wipe me out

Aforementioned times

When advised, no difference was expounded, weakness

Not a strength, you've been exposed, as something, with the growth

To back it up, why continue this retinue, acting up, with malice, stuff
illuminated

Almost everywhere, gaslights are broken

Clinging to illusions, checked, aware, and that's why I'm focused...

Chronological order, I picked that lint off me

Was stuck a couple of years, but diminished

And now, it's history
A bunch of bruises and scrapes maybe
But, victory, can't let the devil take what the Great
Gave me, got the jump, ahead, and in advance, and not to fraud
Or use ulterior motives
Thousands went against me, fonder by what evil could support it
Mountains shifting swiftly, when aligned to Light
The strength's enormous, kicked towards positions sent
In wickedness, some did abhor me...
Things that's unaccounted for, but strangers saying, it's just subordinate...
That's distortion, my work's unrated, to God, my art cannot be rivalled
But, it's, first, for Him, anyway, in my heart, the Bible, harkening to His Word
Whilst becoming aware of unawareness...
What's discerned, disturbing, worth, and merging
Hurrying, if it would, behind the scenes
I see, besides the screen, these pixel inks, I weep, I speak, the power, physically
unseen
For prophets aren't for carnal battles
All I want to be is ready when the Light is manifested
And this side of living blends with that one, physically spiritual, no difference
Or a rubic matching
I mean, schematics falter, rather, if I didn't see fruition
Of it, I wonder who... taketh up my cross, and keep at it, because the tactics
cease
It's me, I hear the Spirit, I listen, the rhytm be, uncanny, dreams and vision
Things in the Scripture, consistently, exactly, shaping, now, trapped, in a maze
It seems
When that thing resounded, said some ears went dead, and me knowing
What's really going on, really sticks with me, couldn't help them, while demons
Going strong, I'm knowing foes continue, in absence, persistent
I ain't like it, but I went, 'cause nothing would change
But Lord have mercy, Father...
Sensitized and hypersensitive to stimuli
Particular, the strategy, and done when young, to kill the mind, and end the
rhymes
In savagery, campaigning, see, forever wrong, the telephone playing demons,
after me
Matters be, making matters that they're not
So the latern be a shattered glass
No scam or masks, the unconnected wish, for second waves to misportray
Plus kindness, even if it was romantic, Jezebel's possessive of what she don't
have

Evil spirits, see, I been plugged in, observing, since the rise of some sprouts
I feel a rhythm in me
But I can't receive it, was in heaven, somehow, still commencing
And, I see a weapon, being unfrocked, just to build intensely...
For what was set in, now was clocked, somehow, to hop, attention, brought
towards the bone of that
So gone, ahead to have advantage...
Disappear before that time I said, so plans can grab me, standing on
communique', to do away
Some chance that facts bring

Dexsta Ray

Sundialing My Purpose

I ain't rich, but I'm elite
I'm a breeze, Light and Spirit, the Highest near
Incline my ear to spirit riches
Peerless
My time is here, in this dimension, still in stillness, wishing fiction
But the Light is sure and pure, forever, always, wickedness, has pick
The trick to dictate my listening, coincidences, still it sticks, embedded in like
Wall frames, gnaw games, and jokes like bowls of candy canes, Ray of Light,
breaks the cold
Permeable, see through, growing hope, can't explain, sowing
The faith to make, creating, opportunities, that's God, so He can shows Himself
Though satan, stupidly, mash the odds against me, smear or distortion
Both unethical, but trust, I etch a truth, different ordinance, and been restoring
since I realized
I was missing, tricked, and misinformed...
But, nonetheless, God reknitted the endings
Sense extended, witnesses of faith, in the midst of other things, I wasn't taken
by this
Seeing dryness, and wild grasses, tall, and piecing up a landscape
With sun and bunches of dandelions, and, we lying dead in the center
I heard those birds before, discerned those words before, so familiar
And question, who I is...
I move like this, no shadows, rattles, lizards, reptiles, less' textiles
Established, the prints, two paths exist, a truth
A blessed crowd, which grew that repent
Don't care if you had a kid, 'cause after quickening
He x'd out, stress, doubt, they made it to a happy, temperament, as God
facilitated them
To the promise, though it ain't me, still I'm feeling gracious, truth is a constant
Still in my own range of focus, still attuned to the Gospel, and I ain't splitting
hairs
Distant chairs...
Usual substance, I ponder what's in dark matter
Hearts gathered, marks slather essence
If I ain't after blessings, methods, seconds, set in front
It doesn't mean a thing, other than, I'm vessels of the Son, I'm extra, nothing
much
But, a piece of the King, Who turn the mess into a plus
Don't even seem like I'm me, stuff I rejected, upped to crush, and thrust desires

From another world, upon the pearl, I added, snatching, tactful, something of the
World

Beyond, unfurling magics, burning matchsticks, set the box ablaze

A lot of waves, but stopped, before the hotness got from out the maze...

I guess it's safe to play with me when I seem isolated...

I test the depth creatively since Light defines my basis

Let it go...

Stuff forgot to remember

And it's okay when you're provoked 'cause it's a plot to condemn you...

Which goes away, changes form, and then returns

Twisting words to continue

Still I have to watch my thoughts

'Cause demons steady work

Retinue...

The Scripture talked about this stuff

Still, I'm happy

Dexsta Ray

Sunfall Settings

Open minds, ropes untied
The only soul design
The hope that most can know to embrace
The roses, broken wholeness
Tokens, longings mostly the case
To focus straight is so corrosive to the motives in place
When in the holds of grace...
My life is not a part of evil
I'm a target
Sequels of the larger evils trying to get me into bad positions
Using foolishness that has nothing to do with this
Trying to see me in a cistern
Where they claim that I'll
Die...
Even claim I'll be in poverty my whole life
A bold type, surely, something ain't right
'Cause while I'm barely even making it
And struggling to fight, the evils bury me
In hatred, rages, things the bible prophesied...
The Jezebel has an evil fixation
For indignation, in the same way
It's conceptual...
I don't fear no evil, or no traps that they lay
With malice easily perceived
It's a slap in the face
Why people clinging it to me?
Why my path get erased?
Though I ain't even in streets
Evil draft me to pay...
Demonic legions is the reason so
Of course, 'they don't care'
Exposed distortion I ain't ask for
And swords at my hair
The evil bully me and tell me not to bully
What? Um, who is thee?
It's all without a cause, I ain't never in
The devil's tricks...
Before the weapons even formed
I was pretty sure of where it was I've headed

Yahweh's Words in my heart...
Now, I'm supposed to be okay with being arranged for things
Unnecessary
Jesus unto death, beat the tests
And never let it scare me, if it be His will
I'll be physically poor
But looking up towards the hills
Riches, spiritually more, implored...
I stay accustomed to the Region above
And contemplate the ways amongst us
Faith exceeding's a must
Meditation, medication, constants
Humbling manifestations but
Some hate me even more
Because I treat them with love...
Still, buzz kill, I am that, lust snipped
With my napsack, and if I'm done deals
I'll trust God until I'm zapped back...
I could tap dance, and clap hands!
Over other's peace, and other's Salvation, for nothing's free
He conquered damnation, for the souls repentant
Hope extended to the souls of sinners
It's like some try to disprove me of what I'm not...
When I already know myself and own reality
And then I'm playing games
'Cause my soul rejects
Most apathy
I plan to do a lot of things already
That evokes the Spirit...
Life is growths forgetting
O, I know I'm on a mission
Closed into concession
But to know it's wrong just open ends it...
I'm a sole contentent
Know the Most controls experience
Focus on the whole after overthrowing my own conditions...
I try not to complain about things because
I'm grateful, even still, without a plateful
I'm straight, I have my Bible...
And with no discrimination against the
Things I kick, for inspirational situation
And not embraced to trick

A lot of false information is pass around
For truth...
Psalms one nineteen and verse sixty-nine it's amounted to
And sixty one, seventy-eight, some things are bound
To move
Eighty-five, six, eighty-seven, but ground in fifty-two...
Relate to MEM and NUN, for real
I'm exceeding happy
Plus humility is still cool, Jesus still rules
Selective sight, little ripples in a still pool
Glory be established for the Lord
I'm over persecutions
Deaf to all the burnt illusions
Even certain nuisance
Behind the scenes, binds and schemes
Word traps and such
Placed in front of me, to cut the quality of life
Off...
Hurts, lanterns smudged but I'm guessing
Only hours
Tell, what facing of the sky it is
Devouring til' no power's left...

I be a prophet
Not a thug

Dexsta Ray

Sunflower

I wonder how you do it?
You saw the lightening strikes in the valley
A couple of fires burned bright
And blazing near you
Standing firm
Shrugging off the stings
Ain't a picture painted clearer
And it's even for a man to learn
And this man observed
Kindness, strength, and hustle was your product like some sunflower seeds
Ain't nobody coming if you following
And thus I will lead
Sun shining...
And your light reflects the Son's
Quite blinding
And all the glory goes to Him
And through you eyes find it
Say, how you did it?
Hurting, but you still resent desistance
I'm forever in your debt
I'm inspired by this image

Sunflower

Dexsta Ray

Super Duper Zealous

Success is not a mark you can reach
But what happens on the journey when you start chasing dreams
And really, often times...
We only look at what we have to do
We forget about the limits that we've snapped in two
We don't ever get to think because we have to move
And we downplay our own strength
And... really, that is rude
It's a lie for me to say I ain't made it
What I mean is I can finally see a way through the tainted
And dedicated...
I know I wasn't perfect
Believe me
But I tried to live and learn to be a servant of Jesus
And I'd hate to spend a lifetime working for people
Fervid
Oh
A vehement spirit within
Burning glow...
Intensely hot
Clear in a sense
Oh I'm zealous!
Man, success can happen more than one time
It's not limit to the point where you
Immortally shine
I've succeeded lots of times
Overcoming small adversities
Could be something next to going to universities
Or trying to get a message in but out of service reach
Anything can happen if you try
It occurs to me...
So a couple of our dreams are among us
But there's plenty more we probably have to reach and accomplish
Let's be thankful for the moment
And no one is the same
Especially, if we are flying different planes
Of course we ain't the same
Zealousness for God and some for your dreams
How I pray He comes and calm your angry seas

Dexsta Ray

Superimposed

She know, I see though
My point, like fine coins, she gold
Brightest eyes and teeth, that shine
We broke the binds, I find some kind of peace
It kind of seems we've met here before (earth)
Saying, 'Come reside with me'
Her mind could be some blinding conundrum
She like designing things with depth
Ain't crept, except to restore
At times, and fly with ink, she wines and dines with dreams
She's more
She's like a brighter side of me...
No need of forcing or keeping score
She like to fight with concepts
Strikes, and time align to fund depth
Spiked, and I'm excited to eye it
How smite the priceless findings
TalemnpheW's With Rosaline
Precieuse, beloved
Don't have to prove it openly unless we hadn't trust
A tactic mad, adjust...
Passions superimposed
Illuminating from the balcony into the windows
The truth, her crazy is what captured me, I'm stupid, if so
I move to safety, as that muse engage me...
Hoping you obtain me, include, exonerate me, spiritual
'Cause love is painting stuff in front of mirrors though
I tear on, I'll wait
See, I'm in 'hear only' shape...
Things appear in bold
Not here up on me, it'd take a miracle
Warnings for identity, important, Light absorbing every form of more that gets to
me
With thorns that stick to me
Of course, this ain't a mystery
Or for, specifically, a torch that sort of wander shores unfit to be
But who loves the Lord, has suffer for it
But His mercy and His grace, burn the chains, until on one accord...
I'm Elijah, but my faith can still lift up some more, the double Sword

Has raise us, and it conquers forces
Tilling stuff for sin, it's like a constant fortress...
I'm stuck in allegories half abhorring glamour stories
Flashing back to paths and tracks I'm happy at...
Abandoning facts, relax, ignoring, sad reality, until He hands me that
Redacted interest, like when paying tax
Expanding pass retinue, glassy venues, paths of glistening gold, to walk across
on
Let's talk, my damage all gone, man is all wrong, planted falls, disbanded walls
I'm all home
They got me ready now to risk it allllllll
Trying to take my craft and joy, satan playing, but have better grab a toy
I'm at the point, tapered, flowing, and mastered, the pointings shatter
After mines, like we didn't have the same choices, changed courses
Maybe thinking tough, but the Lord is my Master
And there's some tough stuff in hell awaiting enemies...
They didn't dream...
This isn't mean, or hypocritic, but this is a need
Even if the things that I envision, if I didn't get it, still I feel at peace, deep within
Because I beat the
Limits...
Anything you do for God's will by means of Scripture, still will be official, even if
you don't see it...
Until the week He comes to get you
You won't need to want then
I'm seeing hope, and kindled energy, and spirit cleanliness for all He called
Mixed with love and substance
I depend on God to fight all my battles
Still the wicked feel His strength is not despite all His actions
And straight stupid, and the stealing, hacking too, trying to maime muses
When it's evil, superimposed

A couple of styles of mine

Dexsta Ray

Superstar Legacy

I used to get, beat up, by bullies, and I could not adjust
But, with God, I have faith, slapped, but craft major, running to my mama
Crying, although I could fight, new situations by surprise
Won some but still I lost some too...
God is falter proof, I owe my walking all to You
Some know they have compassion in them
But ain't know the Cross was cool...
YHWH cautions too, there's still outlines of chalk that's drew
For me, because I recognize the picture of my falling, through
The grief, always calling You, Lord, You always talk to me
Trying to make it back to that port, up in the sky, safely, the Word
Your ordinances live, they make me, faith, increase, and it's more than
Supplied...
Through all the pain I've suffer...
I'm a child, thinking that everything is straight
About life, and what it curtailed
But I ain't know the half, holy path, of preferences
Crafts, graphs, and whatever else, to glorify the Most High
Difficult to control myself, when it comes to praising
The Word of God still my go-to help, the suffering ain't forever
I focus on what is good, in this legacy of mine, so, it's hopefully
Understood, no more precious thing than time
I could never, be righteous by myself, the Bible say, in faith, we can
And I believe, His grace withstand
5/9/19

Dexsta Ray

Sure As A Tulip

I'm sure we'll find a cure
Or search and search until the earth
Reverses, the worth of healing is, by far, the priceless
Nice, discern the curses...
Epilepsy, cancers, Chrono's diseases
The sturdy burdens, stripes when in the Light
The pure, obscured, that's the hardest plights
Scarring fights, allurements, strange attractions
The shards and cries, separated families
Sedated callused discarded times...
To reach a stage of pre-severance
For the heart and mind, marking lines in canvasses,
Leaving change of
The largest
Kind...
I mean, if it is what we pray for
Not being beasts, that feast upon the fields
That's not to sweep, lest it be the vacant...
Test tubes and glass bottles
The last borrowed
Do propel us forward, no cracks either, in glass beakers
Self control's a must...
Solutions measured, disputing, rebuking, and losing feathers
Intelligence is a crutch... Pardon my refute of euphemisms
Devil tricks and settlements of such elusive
Venoms
Brood or rattling... Oohh, it's addling
It's sad what's going on
Ruses are blocked a lot and it's God that's
Going strong...
Watch and assess the knowledge
And the hope that your being fed
Coped and liked to choked on the jokes
Satan imps said
I strike the ropes, pegged the difference
Kegs of spirit, like the goal, and smite the
Sold, no, growth, when mind is gone
Just don't leave me alone
'Cause they know

That I condone, Light, and shone
And a demon be wrong, life minus souls...
Seeing frustrated haters just fading...
Some facing real life
Ranging out the distance for picking
What hating feel like... Deal right
Frozen rigid values, dry, it's still ice
Wasted revenue, to tell the truth, grounds of
Wild dominion, bounty twisted too, in this business
Resent dissension
Like a mountain fell on you
Spirit living, as always, all the shaking
Done by Yahweh's will, all the day
Befall the spans of evil, in the faulty lands
The lost will band together, branded devils
Bet it help us, just an appetizer
Talking hands, but be the Master's...
Higher fighter above
So hate can't bridle the love
A legion scattered
All I'm saying...
With no false spitting fans, but fault
Forgiven, and there's some, that wasn't what the
Wicked
Claim, it's did in vain, while I'm living in some different
Plains
Haters, maybe steal some lilies
But forget the fields are very large
Evil's playing every card to get some shine
Off me
Ascension ain't my motive, not embracing
Invitations to the mazes, winding
Up to climb off me, and decline my reach...
But I'm in deep, and mindless feats, are nothing either
See me improvise the hypnotized's science, time to preach
Light's defeat is underneath us
I don't do it for myself, but the coming Kingdom...
Lust and febrile attitudes ain't a part of that
I prove it for your depth, that's entombed below
The pride of life, ego, binds of height
Opposite of Where we know
Logic is a prophet's kiss

The object is to not exist, like cheat codes...
My heart is like some amber
Hard to pick it
But what's pardoned in it, whatever
What's better? Hark! What's never?
Sparked! In the image of living within the margins lettered
Targets measured, simply, what's in it,
Is where the heart has settled...
Amber colored, conditions of different parts and
Treasures
Moods equipped with colors in poems
And other art forms
Given out my concepts, unwillingly
Many one steps, twenty done reps
My energy, 'til it's none left
Synergy
The clumped conspiracies, with their fun selves
Now I'm looking unkempt...
But only for the
Physical...
I got something coming, yea, many blessings and
Some miracles, what time don't accomplish
I'll leave to heaven and the spiritual...
I'm sure professing shows a soul the way out
Or in, depending on investments, and specific predicaments
The pure connect to Weh' and grow til' loathing
Fades down, the same route, already told them
Showed, the mission is infinite
Insignificant belligerence, a joke
The vain 'round
I ain't found a trinklet, that hold a soul's forgiveness in...
I'm owing no
But sowing
Mo', 'cause I'm really seeing loads of spirit riches
Stored up, above, where the Living-est sit...
Conditionless love within and I can't get rid of it...
The crushed considered me the dust
But I ascended and lifted up, feeling stumped

Praise God

Surprise Me Later

Victories, overrated, beheld, I'd rather lose
Depending what all the substance is
That's in YHWH's sight, because, again, those appointed to joy
With noise within, solace, in humility
Feel way better, I'd rather lose, at least, just scripturally...
Plenty implications, may overtake me, to spare perspectives
But I wear the message, that of Jesus, though the era heavy
Sought the Light so all the prayers affective
All the extra presence, every precious second
Several lessons, 'til it's hard to write, the target's Christ
His martyrs'd never question what the gardens like
A part of paradise, within the heavens, where no darkness rise
Scars, implemented to distress you, so the heart inclined
To measures of the flesh, like spark tobacco leaves
To warp the lines, from start, designed, and part defined
To bring a sure result to consummation, unrelated to abuse
Any trauma here resulted from the stuff explained, the truth
I love the Name, the same, the proof, abundant
Nothing fade, it grew, while such remained, society watched
As stuff arranged, to sacrifice me, and distort my words
To what they frame, and time is used as weapons in it too
Until the conscious ain't as shocking to them
Either way, survival for me had
Been sabotaged, cults forever shadow me, until I'm like a pantomime
The hand of God seemed not to be as revered
As it should've been
Literally high societies, mirroring me, but, I scream, I'm crazy...
Weirder than a fiction, it hinges, and tethers, some can't tell it
But the codes of silence, was issues, because I never welcomed
Trying to get around the fact stuff antichrists, with every bleep...
Covert torture tactics, invasive, set up to rest in peace
I'm not upset though, been overwhelmed, but it's for just that
Reason
What I've learned from life, every season, ain't happening now
Will later, expiration dates on domestic terrorism don't exist
And absence of the proof ain't indicative of the absence being
Especially, such destroyed
Shift significantly, legions let this happen
Knowing I been of Christ

Such removing YHWH from every fabric, ain't no way around it
It was proven legions railroad me, because somebody else's past
And still, somehow, the devil teem, develop me into the man I am today
My help is Jesus, evil try to use me, I decline, but still it never leave me
I don't fear the devil scheming, Jesus won, it never beat me
That's why this harassment on my life, the envy pays the power
So the truth is hidden and, in secret, satan may devour
I don't fear the future still
God is there, and Weh' my Tower, bleep me 'til the truth concealed
With sonar waves for satan's hours
Which ain't nothing new to me, three years in a row
But still I guess for all the truth I speak
Such need Dexsta hopeless, I'm lowly in the Lord still
Like people knew every opening
With seldom changes in reality which proved every spoken
Word, so absurd, like some glue, the evil fused every note
As way to sabotage one's life and schemes to do that before it
But, backtracking un-negotiable, one tool that's important
It ain't my fault what evil tried
But just I proved that inordinately, then the guilty wish my bad
Until my muse just subordinate
All the pain I ever had just get refute as just stories then
And my testimonies drags in spite of proof that's supporting it...
Not surprised, the Scripture told me 'bout the times
Besides, I witnessed much of such, and all I have, they want to take the
Healthiest away, so those who got affected by the crime they did
The heaviest way, no longer have alternative, just what could kill
Or set the stage, I bet they did themselves whoever died, just like in prior
Days

The antichrists age is upon us
9/11/19

Dexsta Ray

Suspenders

And I'd rather keep my pants up with some suspenders
I'd rather keep my shirts tucked, just my predilection
I'd rather see beyond luck, that's the worst of curses
Plus Light sets direction, first, the sun come, then earth
Continues
If I ever did have a blunder, sin was trampled under, snatch asunder, trashed, in
the sea
And God remembers
Nothing
Everything was crafted through He, and that's my peace, I feed it Reading
through the pamphlets
Unique, wording, to bring determined souls towards the Most High
Discern, it's like a road sign, but not all the pamphlets, just if Jehovah's shown in
those lines
Watt, voltz and practice
No faults established, all what's managed
Call the damage like it is, all the action, ain't quite the same, I can say
It's Light, a pawprint, I caught it, I talk of smaller things, imagined, nawl, I ain't
Demon malice, and having stuff to do with, months of shooting at me, in secret
Accused of matters, false
I have to fall, through mobbing, attacking finances of me
Funny, even though non-violence, stuff tried me, I draw for inspiration, ain't no
double standards
I'm talking, I said that Jesus made me, staged me for progression, exalting,
though satan
Wants to shatter
Something gathered up inside me, grabbed the love and applied ink, the whites
sheets
Turned purple
The Light gleam, constant, light speed
I'm running in this race of faith, what's above, where my mind be, like steam, I
rise
What my eyes see, is the right thing, I write peace, alright, bridle sleep, which
almost got me
Gone
I watch these poems, suspended, in atmospheres, which had got me on
Content no matter what, fading cigarette scent, that candles touch
No sublimation for me, no judgement though, just expose the road I've taken
Rolling up tobacco's forsaken, I have the Lord, my crutch, and dumb, I look,

suspenders

And some rusty thoughts, God, I trust the Cross
God, i shun the false

Dexsta Ray

Sweet Green Music

Allay...

Allay...

Allay...

Elro, ye know it's time we be closing now, ya hear?

Elro!

Hist! Can ye hear it... Can ye hear it...

Everybody gone, hear what?

Allay...

The beauty

Beauty...

To see the love-ly blooms

The pigeons are

Shining

Look amidst the skiess

People talking and smiling

All the fishes swimm

It's a beautiful

Place

What have we really heard?

O, the beauty

At hand

To grab and wet the streets

Umbrellaaa expanded

People cover

Others

Going across the street

O, perfection that lies within a quirk!

It's a beautiful

Place

What have we really heard?

The beauty

Beauty...
Repayment ain't a must
People giving out
Of kindness
God is looking on
Eyes are
Seeing
Frigid winter, oven summer, pleasing spring and fall
Elegance in
All!
Painted green upon a soul
It's a beautiful
Place
What have we really heard?

Allay...
Allay...

Elro, give the real world a try sometimes...

Dexsta Ray

Swimming For Banana Peels

Jazz and melodies
Mountainous backgrounds
Pass down the valley
To the traffic
That's the chatter, lights, horns
Battles
Catch me in the crowds of this last isle
Getting in on the rhythm train
A clown, chilling
Standing out
The fiction
When I think about if this was like a normal class
It switches like the form of water
Swimming, and competing
Find the three banana peels
That's hid submerged
And you have it
Too enraptured in this mix of senses
Ethereal, embrace, 'cause that is real
Math is filled with conversation
Pieces
Wishes grab lounges, hidden
This, I had now, but different
Unfamiliar, needless
Steam, a string of geysers, heated
Melting earth, and mini rocks, what are you letting
Down?
If perpetuation'd leave you sleeping...
Then, it's not, expected, heeded
Reasons got rejected, freezing watches, netting time
If my dreams had got ejected
God will still direct my
Mind
Not stressing, I'mmm, just trying to survive
Outside of secularism, message
We're replying through our lives...
That's not the only way unless it is
Decline, but still supplied with fetters, webs and nets
Thorns and thistles, with no more dismissal

Still there's blows to test...
And I don't have to benefit from helping those
With less
The open hearts just rarely see positions
That the greedy sit in
To be a Christian
Doesn't necessarily mean I'm tripping
When I speak or mention
Persecutions
Perfect humans, fiction...
Like burnt illusions
Turning Truth into some gloomy critic
God gave me some shocking news aside from
Knowledge, notched before
I watched some
More...
But can't believe my eyes, then I got ignored
If Light can be defined, it's aligned to all who
Got the Lord, and got, of course
A course of building steps on God's accord
I only recently, grasped a chance to understand
So, in decency, I'm sorting and distorting
Satan's dreaded plan, a morphing wonderland
Of different outcomes, and sources formed...
About to quit, I almost kicked the nicotine
I hit and then it made me sick
Away with this, I'm tossing it
Adjourned...
At least, the way we're 'sposed to think
You can get it to me, visions
Any movement
I'm suspicious, only when it's proven...
Dreamed of golden fields, and visiting
This predicament, where devils sought to burn up
My happiness, this... I'm picturing
Before I get the words off my tablets
Legions inching in and pitching in
But just what wasn't needed, more dissension
'Til I'm shattered, matter being rearranged
Can we explain, seeking shame and pain
For gain
I wonder what's of the world...

I've heightened up a great wall
From the behind the eightball
Where it's cold
It's cold
It's coldddd at
Kindred spirits will knowwww that
Avoid prescriptions
Prozac
No more for getting the old back
I'm on a mission, so rad, that carnal tension
Hold no mass...
I'm focused on the Gospel, promoting that
Fact, that God is Christ, it's possible
For knows illogical to be the only chance...
God is Light, and I'm watching for His holy hand
Wanting spirit riches
Boast in Christ because I know He can...
Organized, ordered crime
Against a lamb
Or sheep, like sport is how the wicked
Handle sin, like the Proverbs said
But when their powers
Dead...
Attempts and jokes on ruining lives
Returns for those deposits, debts, lacking time, an hour stands...
Graphic futures, grueling eyes, where all hurts condoned
Hacks to thigh muscles, and ligaments
Gnashing, burning souls, and bones
Graphic, too, for my temperament, such disturbing songs
God won't compromise what His scripture lists
Sent His Kid to fix, and mend the humans back to
Himself...
So He forgives... repent...
And then resist, resist the temptation
Don't let those sin persists! Resent the wicked patterns or be condemned
In the pit beneath us...
With many greivous things
Some don't believe, to me
It's strange!
Fear is not to paralyze in terms faith
It turns away... Until we see the King
This is what I yearn to say, and learned the way

It was supposed to be from when the earth was made...
And I don't curse
The hate
It lets me know my work is straight
I'll make it out the dungeons to the heavens
And desert this clay
So not dismay, but mirth, I bow to Weh'
He made it worth! Living for the Spirit
Seeming loon to those who can't discern
But I know what He done for me
Letting others see
The things I used to worry 'bout
Now, don't even trouble me, or puzzle me
There's no way that evil doubles me
Or muzzle Truth, and Jesus love inside
Is a W....
And being judged is cruel
But if it's being done by fools
It doesn't really matter
Like possessions to someone renewed...
My profession is to shed the Light
And make it shine
Some never see the truth because they glance at it
With satan's mind...
Then say you're lying, just to hide
The stuff they can't disguise
And still
And by tomorrow
They'll be binding up with satan's lies...
I'm not afraid, it came for me, instead of hateful
Hearts
Full of discontent, but never face the fact
It made me start...
A lot of missing, fragments, unconditioned
Stories
For the carnal clout, praise, sin and the physic glory
I'm on God, not the devil's seeds
Cause His restored me
Witches still commence in shtick
But never ever steal my joy
As with the other evils
Dispatched by evil, but God is God

I'm all that God called me to be

Dexsta Ray

Switching Eyes

Just an observation...

Some say that you get mad when they do you how
You did them, but the problem is...
You don't know them well enough to have done anything
That's just satanic persecutions
Classic trap of script flipping to justify envy and hatefulness
Me? I'm at great peace with no hate in my heart
But I hate evil and every false way
I mean, the Bible says not to do people how they do you anyway
Don't have to worry about that from me though
I stay away from people like that

Dexsta Ray

Tabula Rasa

Serenity, in forms, I guess'll fit such descriptions
As if before
The thorns of life shall scorged perspectives
That ain't really
Useful...
Tabula rasa
What visuals of Home
Although, before the eyes, unfamiliar
As it would be to grief
Yonder, in the sky, hope, thunder
Within my Bib-les, the sidenote, I wonder
If depth is really a finite thing
Never would I
Snide O
Slideshows, abstract, timeless trees
Inclining me to righteousness
My Home, Lord, please, sign and keep
Behind Your Wings
Forever
Spirit riches in heaven, that lie in wait for my arrival
It's sufficient, the sevens, the kind and make
Of the essence, living waters, the Spirit, again
It's normal, in this place, my mortal mind
Wouldn't guess it
And it's restoral, in a way, it's horrifying
If you're stressing
But more defined, I rather sort my time to that
Instead of persecution
Visualize one's self before awareness of the hurts and truly
Verses, new sheets, churches, musings
Amazing grace
Mistakes and embracements, mirths
2/21/19

Dexsta Ray

Talemnphew's With Rosaline

Setting: In The town of Camlet

Chemhimlek:

Dearest, after nine! For Rosaline is scheduled for Camlet, from Hamlet... Keep a set of open eyes, Have at this pamphlet, send the flag-bearer's reign to the yard, tell the messenger the set up so they'd see where we are, precieuse...that is Rosaline, my beloved niece, bring her to the higher land far above the streets, reinforce the carriage van with a bunch of seats, so to the keep a stable safeguard for her mother's peace... and Dianna... go and set out the candles, and tell the guards to make a table up with viands and cantaloups, now...

Setting: Heavy rain has fallen earlier too
Sun's down, heavy rain is in no hurry to move

Rosaline:

What is love? That 'maybe' at the height of dissension? For the crazy type? Right, the demented, mother said it... then I see the rain and cherry blossoms fall to the ground, this reminds me of a love in the... town, that is Talemnphew, lo... bitter destiny has called on me quick, for, with mother, is no rationalize, what it do is done, woe to me... the treachery's true, in my moving out the way, thus abandoning you, but I see her point, and someone... grease the joint on that squeaky wheel! Go and feed the horse and bring it water, 'fore we reach the hill!

In the meantime: In the town of Hamlet

Sarah:

Well, Rosaline is nice, I never heard a negative word, from she... herbal tea? (no thanks) but her uncle is a burden, he accumulates his wealth for no particular reason, disturbing... all he think about is self, bitter as wormwood, and he'd never take a step in the slums, anyone without his same amount of wealth is a bum, he feels... nephew, learn to let something go, even though you know the hope, that rope is not your own, to hold, you're wrong, and besides, Chehimlek is the evil, and the way he gained his wealth is deceitful, just a bunch of oillionares, like they tell you, but what do people know? You'll never see his niece if you're broke, they'll have you hung and choked...

Setting: There is Talemnphew on the porch, about to go to work, setting off, getting on the horse

TalemnpheW:

The exasperation! I saw a beige horse carriage last night, creeping by the house,
yea, I can see you, and believe I'm ready! But they've no idea, like I like it, let
them be surprised, O, I say the war isn't over, I don't sleep in mind, two door...
come and do more, so I can stop it down, anywho... a marvelous day, but yet it's
life is gone and it's just like... fire and bone, and Rosaline in Camlet! By the lipid
moonlight faith came and collapsed on two, I galloped after you, in the shrewed
night, but I'd capture nix, who could laugh at this? Tis accrued time, what'd you
have to do? Flood the avenue with bewilderment! Rose, can leave me cold, with
just a bantum rose to go on...

Dexsta Ray

Taped Up Sagas

Class changes, college, I'm out, and down the hall, in 'bout a minute
Found a vending machine, then, found a bench
I'm chilling...
I remember all this plant life, 'twas something pretty, like it's yesterday
I glanced right, and I saw the sun...
These are moments I appreciate, and can't forget, before the days of tribulation
came
And I ain't think I'd see it, this is nice though, but soon, it's a cycle
I'd finally get my books, hoped some nights
It was a light load, and I got my bible close, no time to drift...
Though something's interesting on
television...
No time for this
I heard the sound of crickets chirping
Trying to type, my eyelids getting heavy
I ain't saying it's boring, trying to fight sleep
I've scripted seven questions, save the rest 'til in the morningggg, up trying to
text
I guess the present blessings are enormous
Judging by the pressure...

'Twas a hot afternoon, the parking lot was packed, plastic cups and snacks
For the guests, and the lads that'd come with dad
Another hand for mothers, concessions, I volunteered, to that
A gathering, constructive, I'm with it, though not exactly in my comfort zone
Nothing wrong in it though, expressing stuff in poems, then, later came, my first
time
Reciting, before a crowd, was kind of nice, but that was college, acknowledged
But, I don't like attention
Rather be in silence, unbothered, so I can find the Spirit
Trying to picture, saw, like a model, she seemed, completed me
And I would be with you all the time
To, maybe, hold your hand, and only think in truth, call you mine, but things
don't go as planned
You motioning, but taken, had to go the other way
It's cool

I'm sitting at registration, meditating, the semester started
If I knew what lies ahead

Not an estimation, God is just contagious
I'm seeing more at that point, went outside the door, the pavement, was hot,
that you could bake with it
Went in another building, forgot, to get my paper, then I had to turn around, but
I ended up back in there
What I remember is the energy
The literacy, I love the mood, ain't the first or last
And the Spirit breathe in different things
But this was during a time
When I was trying to find some sense of meaning
I realized that writing was aligned inside the Spirit's teaching
And whatever God commends, I like and love, the Light is duct tape, but it heals,
what's concealed
And steady making better, taped together
Messages, limits end, to what faith can weather, take forever, maybe, but
journey
Not destination, dwell upon, and I'm glistening still

In Jesus Name

Very very old accounts of life

Dexsta Ray

Tardigrade

A sound so smooth that I fell down with it
Roche limit, now in it, foul venom on the antipode
Hail, snow or molten mail
Soulful
Um...
Cactus, roses, broken sails, I'm slow as snails
Sometimes, I know, but Yawh different...
Ouch
Without, a sense of grounding for me
Goats enrope, I float in space, and so awake
My soul escapes it's home, and gone
Jehovah reigns...
Persecution, longer days, stronger faith and hope, to make it
Even though it's satan
Raising stakes and hating YHWH's passion
I don't fear it, I sear it with Scripture, clear the picture, soon as I'm perceived
There, I noticed, the Jezebel entrap
Since I just unveil, had me living rough
With tests to fail
It's flailing and more personal
My talent and potential have the wicked coming
Many ways, that's getting paid at my expense
They then arrange a bigger thing to get away
With lies and sin...
Won't help to cry within, cause I know I'm right
For many years, the evil persecuted, I know I'm Christ's, ain't trying to win
Time to die again, for righteousness, Light, plights in the fights
Strikes of plasma
Blind
The sky in the night, it doesn't matter...
What's because of lanterns?
The ones who love the Master?
Hate the messenger
And love the hate of what's begun to shatter
Evil falling down...
I could feel it, like in the testaments
But I profess the will of the Father
Though jealous demons activate the masquerades
Hack my craft to snatch my page, that enrages, as it's blatant

I'm in danger for my righteous
Anger
In earth, I'm like a stranger
Shadows creeping closer, wings like an angel
But ain't the sort...
Plus I wasn't taken by hatred
Ain't rise to raise the sword, aside from scripture, given, spirit warfare
weapons...
It's not a fray between some idol
With my faith, I read the Bible, see the rivals
Side with satan, hating God and all His attributes
I ain't in the bracket, roots exacted, ruses magics too
The worse that you could think of can't compare to what the Baphomet'd do...
It's probably branded cool, how get to this point?
I'm adamant eternally, 'cause thieves ain't have a hand in this success
But ravished it
Somehow, collapses I predicted, for the fact
Of my intention, is for good, but evil planned to sin
It's known...
Timing, all I mention, saw in Scripture 'fore it ever happen, now that it is visible
Ignoring is a better tactic, or destroying
The messenger or anyone that ever grasp it
But the Light's invincible
Spiritually, souls outside my dwellings
Threatening me with violence everywhere that I went, especially, when
expressing
Silently, I'm saying, 'cause it's a testimony
All of what's imposed on me, I ain't invite, it's setteth on me, less condoning my
lamentations
I place my eyes on God
He ain't far away, it's getting harder just to publish poems... (Why now?)
Seeing the hearts today
Need revivals, to keep the dark at bay
Harps and strings, I'm grateful, if I can just supplicate to
God...
They don't see what I see, I'm leading for He, and not me, perfect, I cannot be
But learning, like everybody, living...
I got no choice in the matter, for I'm an artist too
But under extra scrutiny, I can't say if it's good or bad
What the devil do to me, that's why, clever, shooting me
Miscue, a muse subduing me, to rule and just be
Through with me...

When there ain't been a reason for that
Misplacing witch-hunts, 'cause this, one, ain't that, just the Spirit, has fuel my
whole desire
With, constant facts, evil tarries, see it's, coming back
I live honest, malice abideth, accompanying the wicked...
Still I know the fire, He taketh us through the tempest
God refines the ones He loves, and the evil
Gnashes teeth at the righteous...
I recall my younger days
Only fond thoughts, Psalms 119 back to 35
And what dawned y'all, may seems there's other ways, to the Light
But just a flame awaits, I know the love of Weh' shall suffice, and I embarrass
nothing...
I don't owe, or know or wrong the evil that obsess with me
I didn't know some features until recently
Unpleasantries, no flexing, praising God, peaceful dwelling, evil messes with me
Still...
Death, it use as power, God devoured, with the Cross, His specialty is healing
Building, stillness, watch and pray...
A lot has changed, some prophecy fulfillment, was a lot to say
The Holy Word is paramount
Heard gunshots just for not embracing
What is only meant for harm, in time, it's a path
When grime (green)is worked, and certain cliques are
Formed to hide it with that...
So much that's unaccounted for
So much elaborately seeked
From mounds of old, to grounds of gold
But not what happened to me...
It's not a lie I speak the truth
If I'm a maverick
It's He
Of course, you know, that soon or later, evil'd backtrack to me, to mask that
Proof of God exists
Attach that to grief...
And make it seem like I'm some problem when
The bad lashed at me, though I'm a sheep
He keep the stable
In contentment, so I'm hopeful still...
Eternity is home
It's not my fault the villian chose to steal (not right)
Or kill, and couldn't nobody help

I spoke on what I noticed in the spirit realm
You know, it's real, and felt all by myself
Ups and downs, the soul shall bear alone...
Never am I worried, for the Throne is whole-er than the globe
It ain't always easy
Then you learn to smolder in the cold...
Stronger, just a little bit, a foot of space, I multiply
For darkness, most the time, ain't on the mind
Diplomacy is heartless
Farthest from the
Light, no shallow battles, only guards and knights
The Lord exalted those who served Him largely like a part of life...
Visioned, landscapes of mountain ranges, and flower mazes
Tower paintings, lighthouses, fountains
And boundless crowds of ravens...
Ain't to the point of retirement or there's no attacks
Forms of persecution normalized, shouldn't be normal though
Shouldn't be used to it, but some has changed
As the story goes
My preoccupation is the same, in faith, the Lord of hosts...
On the high road, light grows, minus bygone
Searching for the Lord with all of my heart
Just want to serve you, Father
Please preserve the saints and every fervent worshipper
In faith
And the other stuff, ain't concerned about, not my field of vision
Plus I'm drugless and I'm elated, and that's my disposition
Ripping down the falsehoods that's tossed on me
Trying to end the vision, but it's insufficient
I'm armed up, like Ephesians mentioned, if I'm all alone, still my Sword up
And I mean the Scripture...
Represent for the Light, and what demeans me, guilty
Even in the storms, it's alright, I know my Jesus with me...
Clearing up the obscurity, I don't get the source
All I ever looked for was purity, I don't get discourse...
Love, forgiveness, no heresy, nor a kneel to me
I work for my Creator, He's able, when I can't yield
A speech, or action, when I'm trapped on all sides
From advancing for Him
Then I think of Romans eight twenty eight
My Crafter's loyal, patience is must, if it's in this life or not, a sure reward
For doing right, ain't playing with strife, I'm tired of saying this, like it's sin

satan sits trying to spot, the slightest crevice for distortion
Normal methods of torsion, ain't out the question
That for years, also bedding misfortune
For me, stories, according to contorted views
That's to stage, so many eyes, but no cheribim
They do that to maim, a point of origin, for points restored
Again
Yokes, what care of him? Hopes, despair unveiled
Healing truth that remained, to gain oblivion
Who seek it, demon schemes being repeated
And organizing situations so they'd see me defeated
And fortifying, like some form of grimy market for
My hurt and sorrow
That I been rejected, only suffering
If it serves the Father...
I'm not blind, I can see, the seeing, hear the hearing, feel the feelings
If I'm aware
Of my unknowns, untold, behold, unfolding realms
Atmospheres, and spirit codes and notions...
When in older times
Bolder lines, and boundaries
Delicacies to the point
The soul of mine couldn't channel peace...
Or handle, ain't deserve, ain't discern, I made it work, later on, it'd take it's toll
An angel came to break the curse...
And then, the wicked wanted more to do
I sort of grew, I use that very rubric to enforce that kind before it drew...
But this line's a different type, only did in Light
According to the lands and the hands that did the
Scripture's writes...
Since it wasn't none of that (though)
So it's none of that
Equal measure evens out unless deciding to plunder
Facts...
Despise the honest path
My love's unrelated
And that explains like half the flak that comes
Because I'm behaving
I often think about the hanging out
In peacefulness
The strangest word
And evil slays your eagerness unless it may embrace them first...

And plus, you have to watch deceitfulness
'Cause satan lurks, but faith is firm
Just cling unto the Lord's Words and seek the Kingdom
Then, the rest is added to you when He's pleased
Or sees a season where you need it
And sometimes, He'll do it just to please- -
He's worthy! Praises
Tardigrade, see, learning basics ain't just for early phases
Tuning out the devil, no worries, I can discern my Savior's
Voice
Organisms... But nothing He ain't create, of course
Suited up eternally, ready, letsatan hate some more
Double standards, coupled with heavy distortion
Major torments, memories, forgiven, the testimonies I place in portraits...
While I try to survive in this time of waxing worse
The Kingdom is at hand
And this ending is in the Scripture too

Dexsta Ray

Tehe, You Alright With Me

Garden Keeper and The Other Way associate T.R. in observation....

And behold a taking morning!
Flash! Scratch that glass bashed at the curb
Up the steps...
Past the sun-burnt grass
Here's on the corner!
Aves soaring!
Mourning Dove turned
Dashed
Elapsed the burgular bars
Mask it! Mask it's beauty! Just mask it!
Na, that's a Sacrament of classic
And it's actually a—
Anyways
The distractions, lo, looking at that window
Catching supersegmentals
'Auntie really cared for my average but you pretend though.'
'You're acting extra lax with that flask playing that Nintendo. '
'And you're always passing out on your back... until I get home.'
'Wait, tick hold! '...'You ain't this bold! '
'Remember who's house this is busta'
'Talking 'bout dreams... it's all in your genes! '
'You ain't amounting to nothing! '
'So someone told you something different so you're holding a commitment, huh?
,
'Better spirit could be found in a dumpster.'
So on to storming out
He slams the door... without a mumble
'Cause that quarrel like we had before us
Downright normal
Clashing...
Passing malice back and forward
Folks don't peep the conflict
Everyone would 'never leave' but no one keeps the promise
It ain't like you chose the demons and the streets to one with
Ain't nobody home to show a teen just what he needs becoming
Yo, I see you
Ain't the judge of your character

And plus I've had some blunders that are rough in comparison
If shunning equals nothing then to love is imperative
Just trust The Other Way to cover what's in thus narrative!
You see another place
In a dream
As crazy as it seemed
Maybe an escape from upheave
Until you get away
But you have to learn a couple of lessons so I'm chilling out
But you have the right to heed
I believe you're high esteemed
Though they look at the outer and just assume they know you
Write you off as a rouser but really you're a soldier
And the future's unclouded and only you control it
Hold the focus
Tehe...
Because you alright with me

Remember that

Community and youth activist and The Other Way associate C.W. in
observation...

What a lovely afternoon!
Oh... sun pulse glows on roasting troposphere
Molten here
Stone froze cold though
So's material vibes
Nearing overballasting motive
Grab a blanc to hold it...
Even still...
Lo, even still...
But that's the way it goes
Few had came and showed but you're willing
And as a trait that's... worth a million
So to stop hating wrong to drop the hatred on the villian
Though it just ain't appealing
'Say, did you fill the ice? '
A hustle more constructive... a youngster who wants to build a life
Alright...
But just something was bugging
An atmospheric pinching

Then a twisting—
Plus a tugging from within the spirit
The birth of cursed insurgence target you strictly
Since you started going to church and being a part of soup kitchen
I feel you...
I don't always know the right thing to say
But I can promise, with some faith, that something'd change when you pray
And even though you can't explain
It ain't as strange as you think
It's building...
But you're trying to figure out why that is
Flaming darts casing sparks aiming down at your wins
Facts and fiction's getting twisted up
Satan hates to see you living right and getting love
Anything to try to dim your light and keep your mind
Pouring brine...
Slim pickings'd like to see you shine
And living in the front
But you have to think aside from all that
'Cause you can probably thrive and rise if you can minus all crap
Until you finally see another day
I mean The Other Way
In the dream
By the place where all the young ones play
Without the evil shade and hatred from the upper reign
Where they want to see you great instead of trying to mud your name
You can make it...
But understand you have to take it
Mustn't lose the faith
Even if you have some family snaking
Integrity and ambition
Quite a priceless team
I believe your piety incites the highest dreams
The libel means you've finally derived your highest wings
Fly... young dove
Just try
Because you alright with me

Remember that

Small Business Owner and Publisher and The Other Way associate S.S. in
observation..

That's a fascinating night!
Click! Mixed old maze
Flipping, skipping, scripting, visions live within
O—kay...
Yo, you were dying to out them
But they didn't fit those days
Still the moon is constant
Limpid
Bright vivid light
Due to shine within the gloom
The dungeons...
Since before last week
Engravings sprawled across the ceiling shaping morgues
Passed ink...
For brash could be a color
Hoping on the soul to own a hope like those of Emily Dickenson
Note with growth subliminally mentioned in
Focused on what's biblically eminent
Satan's lying...
Just like folk with Jiminy Cricket when
He first arrived
Don't listen to the venom he's mixing in
You were made for greatness
Ain't no space for complacent
Or taking aim away from making change to place on some hatred
I say, your paintings...
As they can name and show the unspoken
As a betoken of the same thing that sewed up the broken
Amazing shapings... I know your points
But you can't let it knock you
Satan trying but don't ever ever let it stop you
'But I'm wholly getting blamed for things that I did not do.'
Soldier, don't explain it, just be patient, stay and wait 'til God move
Stop blotting out yourself for another
To rob the world of your addition shows no care for the others
Even if it's not accepted
Well, if it's not accepted
Ask yourself how you were born and who you'll lot your death with?
With every single thing the Father came the Father left with
Which was nothing since he changed from physical to final dwelling
Tehe...

You had a dream
Exactly as it seemed
Malice had been ravaged and the fragments had been cleaned
There was peace
You're free... The Other Way is letting go
Now you need to breath
And brush derangement from your soul
Finally?
But it's obvious you're probably doing the best you can
In this mixed up
And twisted business we call a land
So... tehe, you alright with me

Remember that

Dreamer and The Other Way associate O.C. in observation...

Dreaming as perspectives enact a spectacle seen today
After other conversations...
What's for me to say?
Speaking down on other people is the least in frame
In a losing world... I want to finally see some people gain

Climbing higher spiritually
Ideas...
Ideas are permanent
This life is but for the moment though
It's already here...

Project C.H.A.N.G.E. (The Other Way)

Dexsta Ray

Tell Them What You Mean

Go and etch a tittle...
Hist...
Pro-collectivism?
Grip it by the neck and bestow it's flesh... a venom
For...
Now-a-days have outed acumen
Ghost towns full of young guns
Doubters and truers
Light lessons learned largely living life looking later
Slight stress submerged...
Started switching sly snooks to savory
Mine message
Merged...
Martyrs mixing minds...
Mull... meagering
Bright blessings burn... bardy business blind
Book belaboring
Pray...
Stay away from mine
I'm verbally abusive
Na, I ain't shooting, mental juice produce the executions
Watch the composition crumble like compressing rubies
Letting loose the verbal...
Hitting something like a Tec or Uzi
Uncut...
From the cut... I'm straight up
I could reach from the underground
Basement, up
Tell me what you mean?
'Cause I've seen a whole lot of things
That I'm using as the slugs when I...
Write...
So to go from Dexsta Ray to Oluwasgun Chidike
It's vital... idle self expression
Sniping on sight
The arrival of an ordinary guy with a bible
Tell them what you mean

Also... shoutout to Valdosta, Ga

I love ya'll

Dexsta Ray

Template

Obvious discrepancies, Psalms one hundred, nineteen, my cabin, on the sixty
ninth verse
Branding, like oats and allergies, floats and channels, limited entertainment
Like shows, and rather, go to YHWH's dwelling, or meditate on the Most from
there
I've known humiliation, I celebrate, still my mind on art
Confirmation biases, escalate, some can profit from my hard work
Just YHWH my Father, don't have to ever say it, strangely though, the slander,
incessant
So they could have my garden, tell me not to speak up, in self defense, while the
matter darkens
Plus my range is farther, than what they saying, and my lantern larger, got a
villion lumens
They try to hide it, ignore my truth, but why disguise it, bowling and soda
Roller coasting, broken, old, in portraits, of landscape art, alternate dimensions
Keepers of the evil hearts, insecure, with their own resolve
Willn't let me be, since I just was three, still I talk about it, really, just a peace
Evil places, that mess with me, because I shone through everything
The slander framed, scam arranged, and fallen, masquerading, falsies
Collective efforts, that's in their family, if that mammon move, if that scandal
used as a leverage point
Hadn't been successful, their attitude wouldn't be less, of course
Places, that premeditate, graces, from structures, just to do it, antichrist militias
Implantations, that help to do it, same influence lying on me, knew the truth
Fore I started writing, stepping on my anthills, ain't have to do it
A part of demons, many things pathetic, got sensitized, to some terms on
purpose
Theft, to flip the script, always wait too late, so they get the steal
I can't relate, but this is real, cruelty, knowing Jesus though, which keep me
strong
Such hate the Lord, that's why they treat me wrong, best believe
The Lord reject, the same accord, His servants are, the weirdest thing is that the
slanderers
Actually did the accusations, to my stuff, ahead of time, to show that love
Can't mask their hatred,14',15',16', overshadowed me, to kill me, so their malice
gleam
They handle things of God, just as simply, if I'm eaten by the devil's servants
Then the scripture clarify it, just affirm it, but not to my detriment, the earth,
shall pass

Double teamed, I never did, my focus other things, but some wanted honor,
underserved, the bolder stuff
Ain't just a curse, or just a word, the Holy Scripture, add the depth, perspective
for it
And I don't have to visualize, too much, still got the Lord commending
Dandelions, flutter-bys, I'm volcanos and blizzard weather, in the sunny skies
Got my eyes on stables, this really better, different measure
Rhythms and medleys like I'm different peppers, heavy `gainst the Lord, might've
seemed alright
Til the scripture's settled, filled with treasure, presents in heaven, it's like a
celebration...
I'm the template, for some worshipped stuff, no, just worship YHWH
4/10/20

Dexsta Ray

Terra-Cotta Plant Hanger Painting

Realizations

Exceptions, whatever, left the legions

Helpful

Felt the season, was special, I mean

To build our patience

Nets

Withheld of reason, I thread my needles

With words

A sequel, in mahogany, trenchcoat, see coffee

Steam and sand, equal chances, fictional

Things projected, being detected

But my themes inspecting, pings and presence

Needed miracles, spot me being shot down

For righteousness, evil hot now, my dreams were spiritual

In a pot, sprouts, of lots, of flowers, blossoming

I know I'm in the valley by the plots amidst

Something meant to overshadow

I'm inflicted, and harassed, for not acknowledging

Their intention is for God to end, when it's clear in Scripture

Since I'm prophets, they ain't rogering

Even still, fulfilling, are the prophecies

That manifests

Race ain't mean a thing to me, a lot concealed, let man digress

What angst would teach a lot to see

Unfrocking God, and stopping me, for God's the source of everything

I'm nothing, but it'd plot for me, for opting God into

Equations, though that's my origin

And I probably got to lose for things to go back to normal

And that's the same as dropping truth

Embracing lies

Higher levels even, lots are being misled

Pigment said, esteemed beyond it's measure

When it's nothing clever, Light is simple

God ain't biased period

And the beast's the devil, things developed to

Obscure the Light, obscure the sight, obscure the Christ

Embracing sin, erase the win, bases, skin

Replace the Scripture

Merge with rights, in turn, the Light's distasteful then

As a person killed by hatred in this kind of plight
The evil's purpose is to turn the worth of Christ to satan...
To remake the end, and misportraying God as raising sin
Cunningly, what loves the beast, the money keep
To make it big
It's forsaken God, but God has not forsaken His
Pray, repent, in case, the waiting, bring the major trick and snare
That get to where, some play a game that end with rangeless
Sent despair, because the Light of God has shown
But ain't consist with the cares, of wickedness
Won't call it what it is, just diminishing
The Cross and all it
Represent, subliminally, 'cause truth is different...
Race involve, and many things have benefit
By erasing God, just physically, 'cause spiritually
The place some gained is great in blazing fire
In the afterlife, 'cause God remains way higher still
All that's changed is propaganda, satan made to hide His will
Though sophisticated, elaborate, to God, it's light is dim
God ain't fond of evil, and cannot be fooled, psyched, or killed
As His vessels, we only pursue the Light He gives
The righteous just transform, but the evil will truly die for real
In the lake, of the Revelations, you find the seals
Everything appointed, His martyrs, someday, reside with Him
So I'm holding the faith... although, my time was killed
Consistent with some malice or hatred with no outline to build...
He makes no copies, a lot be, but mine ain't like the chide
That's why I take the sorrays, as hobbies, amok, but opposite
Because it's like what nike, except I ain't been victorious from it
All I live, God is given glory of it, story humbling...
Plus some warnings from up there 'cause they destroy accomplished
I ain't even know that I was targets of art
To always following me around
Without a spark to embark
But ain't no one to check that, so I should accept that, respect
Canvas of my dead face, my grave as celebrations too
With justice being denied to me because the Lord was faithful
True...
It ain't all about the life, but sometimes, what prevaieth you

Not an ode

12/15/18

Dexsta Ray

Tesseract And Cyclones

Many years ago, my collection of poems
Was infantile, quality or quantity, probably
'Cause of obloquy
Targeted, "suggestion", to congest, to collect
The balms, qualms, that's in psalms
To calm, the appetite of evil, alms, that are palm tree leaves
Well, that's for any fears
The pages in the Scripture, bind the fragments of the damaged
Light's a resin, YHWH's sight, all inclusive
And space proof
Boundless, facets, foundry fashioned, comprising
The mountain passage, fountains, tacits, in the natural
Grounded on basis, in the sky, many sacred places in heaven
Where Jesus place is, passion, that's unending
Significant in the physical, and infinite, but since I'm in the earth
The conditions been contentious, sent, unfitting
Consistent with figments, then exacted, when it isn't hidden
The ending is meant to mix the practice, lifting it against it
The picture is then presented backwards
To convince the ceiling to disinvent what it builded brands with...
Oh my, oh my goodness, broken flow, goodness, it can't hold
Of my, peradventure, semovedly, roses on my chisels
Stones, boulders, clovers and posies enrobe the only thistles
Broken pencils, stencils to mope about it, putcoats around it
Jokes amounted, cymbals, the yokes abounding
I no account it, demons got in pemdas
The measure that's back in Jericho
Circled 'round enough, wasn't evil, like things are generalized
More than Roman numerals, beautiful, more
The Lord of hosts, glory, to the chords
Of the instruments of the separate strings
Ever praising YHWH
My pleasure, who better, can't discern, fetters in the spiritual
Treasure to some, the devil come, but Jesus is my Shepherd
In YHWH I place my hope and faith, plus I still approve
Something better to come, some extra stuff, even in the strong wind
YHWH is in control then, darkness sought to end me for righteousness
That's the most faced, picking up from where all the previous stuff
Was mold then, to own glistening

Fabrics, and quilts of mine
That I still design, writing is my thing, still ending them with my old sayings
"No way", the devil exclaims, because the glow fades falsehoods
Was never contained, but just was crossed good
I figured, I was better in this shape, disembodied even
Silhouette, ribbons in my hat, like back in 15', with the Scripture
Faith was in my grasp, still support the ailing
Melancholy, in my mahogany
Got the hot machines before, pierced, for the righteous path
Clear, the Lord is still my Savior, disembodied even
On the step with you, in Light
Know yourself, in the land of living, hands can fit each other's
Still, YHWH loves the saints, build that close relationship with Him
While in your younger days, that's the best foundation
All who knock it just ain't done the same, but the souls you find that know the
Lord
Is the ones relate, we can conversate about this life
In the beyond some day, the journey ain't the easiest, I promise
It's the one to take, Tesseract and cyclone, visualized, like it's just a shape...
Dimensions of the Light that's accessible to the innovative
Copying won't cut it like opposites, want to opt in this
Wishing that I wrote incognito
So they can bop from this, prop it on some standard, and drop it
So I'll acknowledge then, I'm incognizant, of the features
Of any box they in, mentally confined, now there's many schemes
So I'm stopped or dimmed, while I live for God, just to interbreed
Or get got for building castles of the substance I'm making
With stuff that God commends, simply, different brackets
Invade me, been getting watched and hid, plots concealed in wickedness
Hateful, because I innovate, and God within
I'm maimed to assimilate
All that I begin
Some committed to being the greatest one, I forgot to win
Bored with all that wealth
Stuff just racist, and buying time again, confirmation biases
Framing, that they disguise it with...
Secretly preparing arrangements, they know their lies are killed
Buying time, perpetuating folly
Haters trying to
Rig, more, devising pasting stuff, sorry, couldn't do it for me
YHWH know the bad stuff that happened
Never acted up

But I was only dragged to the bracket so they'd add my stuff
To whatever path they confab to had established but
I was something hazardous to baphomet and that was what...
My habits plush, geysers
And lightning
Advent gusts, though the devil smite me, to psyche me
Ain't been impacted much...
Hiding the Light under savage attachments that combusts
To subtract the trust, it don't matter though
YHWH still the greatest...
Got my lantern rose...
Heighty legions reaching down to bite me while my sight on Jesus
Making up some reasons, just saw green, upon my disposition
Teething on the tactics, til my teefus' come
The seasons rough
My wings can move through darkness though
I bring the tactics with me, just like pieces in my bag of pampers
With my treats and swaddle
In the heavens, where these things emblazoned
Seasons
Ain't my fault, what evil did against me, clean replaced it
Praise the Lord on mountaintops
Praise the Lord when things are painful, raise my Sword of Spirit
Got a Tesseract of wings
That's radial

O, praise ye Elohim
Forever and forever!
The Lord grace is sufficient
Eternally
12/22/19

Dexsta Ray

Thank The Lord

I would like to thank the Lord for life
Health and strength
Thanks...

We've come a very long way
Everything and everyone in my life
Is great...

I would like to thank the Lord for my
Blessings and all
Thank you Lord for the mistakes as well
They only shape us not break us
I ask you to continue to bless us
The future's looking
Promising...

Help me make a way for my family and
Create the best atmosphere for my own youngsters
All at Your appointed time

Thanks for all you've done, Father
I appreciate You to the fullest

Dexsta Ray

Thankful Eyes

'I stay amused
Say...
The Light's so faithful
And the Christ don't waver
Vacant tombs like the
Saints that ain't
Goneee! '

Thanking you
I aimed to use the tune a while back
Which had came to me by way of Your Spirit
And from that day I knew that You remained the Truth
Before I ever got it, pray to hear the rest
I bet the angels know the psalm
Sang in heaven, what the mind cannot decipher
Time and measure stopping
Fearing spirit tests until Your presence came to hang with me...
I remember different times of life You'd guide me right
Humbling and stumbling, then, comforted, to shining bright...
I didn't understand a lot, You'd bring me understanding
I'm a shot
And God acknowledge me, I'm from His cannon
Some understandings of what blessings are...
It ain't always something tangible
See, cherishables ain't just a car
The treasures come from up above
Like with hope and faith
I pleasure in the meditation so I know which road to take (guide me, Lord)
Some broken chains and souls awake...
See, Lord, my persecution's great
And satan hates when I disclose this pain...
But the goal and aim is only to evoke Your praise!
By quoting doctrine from the heavens
With the wholeness of Your Name!
Mixed with testaments You've 'given' me as remedies
For the pros-pects that are curious of You
That is good...
Had I stood aside from You, I'd die from Truth
Like damaged goods

Was damaged good but Light supplies the time with ties to You...
Tolerance and obedience, eating kindness soup, even in the wildest of seasons
It's a chilling world...
The harassment's egregious
I believe in You, even demon tactics are weakness
Light's proceeded through
Gleaming hues of numerous colors
Like God's reminder
Trying to live a life that's not about me
Aligned to Bible wisdom...
Evil's hands are outreached, and now, deep
Into the spirit killing fields, spilling, healings of millions everyday
For there's more than what's noticed...
I pray that illness lift for each and every one of Your people
That keep your bless-ed way...
And thanking you for deliverance 'til the settings change
Learned to lay a claim on the benefits of the spirit sort...
The wicked hates me and envious
Satan tries to interfere with even giving You praise, but, Father, You deserve it...
You encourage when I'm down
You removed the burdens, smoothed my worries out
Limits drowned, You turned the curse around
It didn't have the right to be there
And I discern it now, and wouldn't have the right to be spared
Times of wheat, tare...
I've concluded that it's not about a soul but You
And what Your will is, to, I submit, and grow through You
Supposed to choose without a fence
Or doubt, repent for both, I send You notes, I hope to make You proud, as far as
living goes
The Scripture sows...
I ain't the strongest but I'm strong enough
I ain't the boldest but I'm bold enough
I ain't the closest, but I'm closer, and I'm close enough
He's focused on who knows what's up
Lord, show me stuff
Let me open up, receive Your harvest...
I deserved to be successful so You made me that
And even worldly things are special since He treasures You
But that's in certain things, I'm pressured underneath the measured
Faith, standards taken to another level
Praying we say these things because they happened, and the righteous prayers

availeth much
Spirit understanding present
Life is where the sail is
Nudged, or gusts, and rushed for such a tide...
Nothing slides, You see everything
O, Most High, close by or so wide from me, don't hide from me
O, Lord, incline Your eye on me
Was blind but now I think, now I drink, I thirst for righteousness

'I stay amused
Say...
The Light's so faithful
And the Christ don't waver
Vacant tombs like the
Saints that ain't
Goneee! '

Lord, You are more than awesome

Dexsta Ray

That Building

I opened up the door...
Broke wood and full of termites and mold with
The bottom of it wet by the flood
The month before...
See...
This is what's considered the mud
Because the poor lived
Burdensome...
I took a steady walk in the hall
You can see this
Here...
Was old from the painting and the fact
Get too close and they may
Fall off the wall!
Reticulation on the lamps
Oy the outdated stalls
A little worrisome
Myself...
Wishing... I changed it all!
Then I'd make it to the back step
An elder was waiting
They were smiling
I can see conviction scripted in faces
Signifying that thee was
Settled...
Into their ages but this is
Vibrant though...
Spiritually she'd stick with her faith and
Went the highest road
But I tell her please
Wait until-
Because we might've grown spiritually
I'm now finding out that this was...
Spiritual?
An ethereal 'time'
Shaped
Defined within the mind of the 'blind'
Trying to find another
Miracle!

So I couldn't clear up this fog without a
Different way of looking at it
Even still...
I don't think I really took advantage
When the spirit revealed...
That spirit took some damage right there
Along with the building and it was
Shook from granite

Dexsta Ray

That Church On The Rock

Glory! Glory! Glory! Lord above the world!

Place of worship

Praise

Slay the works of the devil

Father, help your

People lift

Your name up

Just a building, but Your glory surely fill it

Contemplating on the long

Way it came

Tough circumstances may have formed but it never claimed thus

But it made us, River running through hill

Or the rock

On the Rock, of the dove

One Lord, one faith, one baptism

Trust, in the only One

Up above

An ode to my home church

Riverhill Missionary Baptist Church

Dexsta Ray

That Day

And I say, I say, I say, what I say?
I say the skies
The stars and the moon
When I'm outside
O, the waves!
That are so close away
And out my mind
And the blades of the grasses
The air of the night
But are restrained from the casket
Right there
On my time
It's amazing
Turning in my test and hope I ace it
Judgement day is after while
I've no confidence in satan
Praise the Lord
Ecclesiastes
The truth absorbed
For it's better when we die and we should cry when one is born
Seven one

Why fear freedom and completion?
By happy and rejoice
Stay encouraged

Dexsta Ray

That Hot Air Balloon

With a straight face love...
I promise if you make that arrangement
I'll be joining you this
Time...
Yea I know...
I was saying that last time
But think about
This...
It was past nine and the person who's
Supposed to fly us had a bad vibe
You're beautiful...
Drop dead gorgeous... on a funeral
Ever since I met you
You were special and I...
Knew it too...
But the most important thing I like is your loyalty
Since before we were together
You have always supported me
Ribbons...
With a new day, city, and a dear one
Looking at the road ahead with the past in
Rearview mirrors
Since you'd like to take flight
Let's tonight... love I'm serious
See the stars are in the sky and shining brighter
Let's get nearer in that
Hot air balloon

Alright we will, love

Dexsta Ray

That Third Party Is... False (A Spirit Trap)

Just an observation...

A lie of the devil are those lies deeply
Ingrained in society that's accepted without question concerning
People or situations
For an example of that
Okay
You have three individual parties
Two of those parties are having or have had some type
Of disagreement
with each other
One of those two parties aren't
In line with satan and what he wants
To impose on society
The other one is
And the third may be
Who knows
Now the third party has no personal knowledge of neither party
It doesn't know a thing
This is one perspective
Now
Obviously the first and second party had some static that they dealt with The
third party
Unable to discern
Hear the wind surrounding the whole situation and observe
Now, this where satan comes in
The third party
Without thorough understanding of the situation
Peep an equal amount of rebuttal from both parties, which it doesn't know
anything about, but
Commit wholly to one side Now
At this point we can take two different directions
With this parable
One being the possibility that the third party just might know the first one
The other being the one idea we started with
Well, I'll stick with this for now
So, the third party decides, without question or full understanding
That this second party is in the wrong
Now, consider satan's feeling towards Christ and how the world

Mirrors these things

If it makes no sense whatsoever then it's satan It's his attack on an individual
Why would the word of one uncommon party be anymore 'true' than that of the
Next? What if the second party striving for success?

Is that the reason why? You nailed it

Success in anything will automatically 'antagonize' you in a twisted society

Satan don't want any will of God to prosper so when it starts

He attack it through his tool called society

Now the other scenario, say if the third party did know the first

By it being some type of relationship or connection Whatever that party say is
automatically owned and accepted by the third

Even if it's complete fabrication

Now, it get deep in the sense that

We know the heart of all confusion is satan

Which is a spirit

But these physical manifestations of his 'presence', like envy and hatred

Are directly evident to us

Diguisd...

As sometimes a false sense of 'loyalty' to a party

But if loyalty ain't 'pure' then it ain't real

And if the first party ever switched positions with the second

The third party will turn against that one as well

But by it being a majority it's actions will be easily

Justified

The third party is low-key satan

Literally

In the mentals

If the third party expresses loyalty like that or can write people and things off
before confronting, personal involvement, or speaking with, that's cool

You can't be mad at that That's what

you'd expect and respect it for what it is

But, one thing the third party can never do, ever

Ever, is refer to itself as REAL 'cause ain't nothing real about it

If the third part call itself 'real' then it's trying to be something it's not

But, understand, that

also a majority so only one other party will see it for what it is

The third party is the true definition of fake

But it attempt to hide that fact by putting the attention on another party

What can you say to a party like that?

It's irrational hatred

Satanic hatred

You'll be fighting it forever if that's all you focus on

That's the bigger picture, man
Ain't no time for that

Dexsta Ray

That's A Sheep

That's a sheep, that's a sheep
Undeserving of evil
Look at the heart, that's a sheep
Undisturbing of
Creatures
An absentee, at the things, that lead to
Harm and confusion
Let not the face of apathy display a scar on the new ones
'Cause, in the stable, happily
We're all a part of the beauty
Just, with the Savior's staff, He keeps us
With His rod, He corrects
And when one in the pack has leave us
He stops, track, and collects
No problem
Praise the Name of Jesus
In the stable, sheep at
I need that
And seen, what faith can do, throughseasons
In life, in Light
10/14/18

Dexsta Ray

That's Just A Perspective

Hourglasses

Fast, sand seep, devouring, damage

Flowers, madness, towers, either obscurity

Sat me on the desert, manage to establish

Measures, pressure, dragging lies, pleasures

Appetites, misapplicate, ain't branded right

But tagged, tele-munication, drab, where the muse is faded

Truth is grated, though it soon return

How I used to say it

Too, behaving, still, if I turn my proses, into urns

And just to fill, with the burning curses, words

And doubt of self, just found of there, thrust clouds in air

If bound to snare, amount despair

I found my care

Though wisely distributed

Biased disillusion, lounge or chair

The ground is snared if now it's fair, and that's the serpent's way

Legions that be mad because you're better than what's hailed

Threatened my domain, setting my whole name

Etched, inside, broken crates, defied those mazes

With construction, lines, on pages, lies won't change this
satan in some places, saying that I be killed
Tells me through sophisticated methods, envy 'cause I shine
I till, for YHWH, like before they aimed, entire lanes
My fireplace, the score had changed, and such is green
Buffet me, entire lanes, that gun for me
'Cause I was great
But wasn't being their type of way
Plus wasn't scheme
My conscious does esteem the coming Judgement
See...
Run to me, like reading, and
cover me, in your company
A bunch of things might seem it
But nothing keep the conjunctions linked
Won the beat, she doesn't need
To conquer, just to be, a wonder, constantly
Plus, need of law, seem greater, 'cause the evil bugging me
But comfortably, I cannot live, 'cause what I speak is troubling
Although it's true, stuff I been through
I'm torn between

To conquer me, although it's He, the Holy One
That helped me make it this far
And those that persecuting me have surely known
But still scar, so this part of life, I call the pre-revelations
The antichrist spirit obvious, the beast hailers raising
It seem as though nobody notice that the details are weighty
I'm still intruding on in real time so dreams never make it
Although, it's nothing unfamiliar, than what's normal in life
To see society, backtrack, to see the source of this strife
The evil force of the night, plus stuff that's still unconstitutional
Bolder now, the evil colder now
Because the Bible true
Some sides coercing me to silence Christ
I grind and fight
Complaining, plus corruption through some artists
Still devising plights, it's satan, in collusion
Only God can save me, even though it long as been proven
Ain't nobody angry, obviously the end
Any day, but that ain't just
Perspective...
Neglect, abandonment, in livelihood 'cause witches

Jealous...

Admitting lying to hoods, but never checked

About this sin they deviled...

Demons trying to get me to the point I'm in some desert

Lacking all necessities

Since the Lord, replenished extra...

They tell me "run";

But I don't that I should

For all the crime I been exposed

I know what can't

Happen

Good...

But demons stay yapping, slander just so I ain't happy

Badgered, some systems can't control the lands

Unless it's satanic standards

I'm hopeful still...

And that's in spite of, to accepting my fate

And even if I died today, backtrack, don't let the liars change

The page, for the fire, they're destined, for trying to maim the Lord

But such may not believe it now

In spite of seeing the blatant

Proof, and stuff is just perspectives

But what's evil just can't

Take the truth

I'm subject to these things that other dreamers

Never came into...

The Lord is on the brink, this ain't right

Long as they stay attuned

The Light shall usher justice, I'm fine with that

All my stuff is proved

Whether or not ignored ain't my problem

So I ain't touching snooze

Whether or not it spores like some pollen

The future up to who

2/20/19

Dexsta Ray

That's Weird

It is evening
The district is screaming a deepening silence
Which...
Unlikely, since the kids of the Keepings had
Normally
Arrived, from school around this time of the day
He came outside to look
43
Elver Booking
Rookie diner cook
Made it off the porch and came to stop before he reached the curb
That's weird...
Shirley's sprinkler system never worked
Looked across the street and saw the door of Mrs. Williams open
She was elderly and people tried to keep her posted
Since she couldn't ever leave
Disabled
Seated on the sofa
Elver thought he'd check to see if she's okay
The screen door was propped open
Quiet as a rock
Seeming more than strange
Gotten violent with the lock
Someone...
'Is anybody here? '
Looking at the scene
He stepped in the living room and witnessed anarchy
The lamps and everything was floating
The door behind him started
Closing...
At first he thought that someone else was joking
He's pulling on the door but it won't open
You know...
The lock was broken
He heard a voice from up the stairs approaching
Saying, 'Please don't take my chair'
It's Mrs. Williams
But she's eerily different
It's mysterious

For her eyes would never blink
Man, he's got to get away
But Elver can't
Then something touched him
Turned to look but there's was nothing in his face
Turned back...
And Mrs. Williams there, awaits
Here eyes were yellow
And the voice
Like a couple of people speaking
Then he ran into the kitchen
This is creepy
The door was open
Then the voice was like, 'My find is now to smoking'
Then the house went up in flames
He started choking
The lamps was... laughing
They came and bumped
Him
So he kicked them down and bust the glasses
Then there was a speedy rush of madness
He ran towards the door but just before he made it Mrs. Williams slammed it
Then he felt himself to rising
Something grabbed him
And that was
Chilling...
But before he died he ain't discover magic
But awoke to everything the way it was
Unto the porch...
And accepted
That
Maybe, in the order, only noticed after stepping back
Sometimes...

Dexsta Ray

The Battle Is Not Yours

Don't let the devil fool you
This battle...
Is not between you and me
It's between the unseen forces
The spiritual
Satan knows the truth
He knows that God's in charge
He's afraid of everything
He tries to sound enlarged
Don't let him fool you
Don't believe his lies
The only way that he can harm you
Believe his lies...
See the bible is the truth
Satan knows that
That's why he tries to keep us from it
With distractions
If you've accepted Christ
He really has your back
Nothing satan tries will ever hurt you
That's a fact...
Unless you start believing
You have something to prove
Satan tries provoking you through people he can use
Because if you retaliate...
Jesus can't protect you
Once you leave the Arc of God
Anything can happen
You don't have to fight period
God will do that for you
Everything is just a test
Don't stoop down to a level satan holds
God is stronger than satan

Dexsta Ray

The Bible Has The Answers

This life...
Tell me is it really complicated?
The answer key...
Is it really underrated?
Ask me...
I'll tell you that's an understatement
We can follow sin and drugs
But the bible...
What's the pages?
How do we expect to live if we can't adjust to changes?
I don't know...
What does changes include?
For a better understanding...
Let us take it school
So...
Remember when the teacher'd hand out a test?
Like God did when He went and granted us breath
Now we had to choose wisely...
Which answer is best?
Until we'd finished up the work and turned it in on the desk
But the difference is this...
That teacher's desk
Is our deaths...
Then God will grade the actions of our lives in the flesh
And is it hard to fail with an open book test?
See the bible is the cheat sheet for life!
You don't have to worry!
Know that all the answers right
Not to mention that we have tutoring with Christ!
Return to the bible...
None of us should go to hell
The answers right here!
None of us should chose to fail
But if we go to hell it's because we wanted to
Trust in the Lord...
Only He can show you through

Dexsta Ray

The Bold Smoke

There's a rigid kind of darkness mixed with many lines
Meant to squint the eyes
And see it
In the mind and even body, soul, the spirit
If we didn't know The Holy one
Product of the sinning
Coming in...
We could quickly miss it
A deep and mystic
Situation
Sent to be intrinsic
Demons hidden in your inner being
Leeching off the dreams of freedom
Anything, the means to beat them
And receiving peace
To see it leave
Reveals the extra sands, like receding seas
Yes, there is a lesson plan in everything we do
I watched the message pan out
They're walking with angels...
It's to the point I gain a shiny new perspective
See, the truth is special
Finding me, with priceless timing
Guiding even useless
Treasure
Losing pressure...
God reveals what I ask
Some due to heaven
But some others bring His silence...
Even still intact
But only for His will to be applied
I can see a difference...
With auras 'round the people's minds who having Jesus near them
Passing up the carnal sight
Grabbing for immortal life
Laughing at the trashy tactics
Passion for the Lord and Light

Looking far pass the

Bold smoke

It's just obscurity

Dexsta Ray

The Book Of Proverbs Is Good

I am grateful for the
Word
I appreciate each
And every book
See, I'm always learning
Something
New...
Proverbs... it's the wisdom of God
Imparted to His people
By His
Spirit of Wisdom
That indeed...
So to seek understanding
Knowledge
Riches... THERE
Try and tell me that it isn't charismatic
For the Spirit can express Himself
And proved it pretty well
In this book
Now, if we take the truth and use it
We'll prevail and soon dwell
Near the Lord

Dexsta Ray

The Bottle On The Curb

Look!

There's a bottle on the curb

Clear out of place

Danger-some and undisturbed

Apparently abandoned once it's purpose was complete

Sucked dry of it's product and then bedridden to the streets

There I saw a broken bottle

And as stagnant as it seemed

If you dare to impede

Bleed

Agony a gleam

I wonder if that bottle there was meant for me to see

Stereotypical image

Negatively preconceived

They claim it was the bottle fabricating squalid scenes

Only needless conceit and overweening self esteem

The owner of the bottle that was broken on the street

Crashed into a tree

Alcoholic histories

And I wonder if that bottle's still sleeping on it's side

Who should care of the world?

Hankering a better time

Dexsta Ray

The Breeze

Grave serendipity
Happenstance
Elusive chances at victory
I could feel the gentle breeze
Rekindled dreams of ambiguity
Such relentless aggravation from above
The misery stalled and for a second there was love
And that was fair enough but the air stayed tight on my chest
The constant struggle of a child being born into less
I've been informed of the stress
The air is feeling sort of thick
My soul is unscathed but physically I'm sort of sick
And I want no more of this but
I'm stuck in a phase I look towards the fluffy clouds as I tuck the pain away
I think it should've came today but I'm not worried
The breeze carries me to places here
That's not as surly

Dexsta Ray

The Bully

Growing up
I would take an outsider's position
The quiet one
Other outsiders would mention
I never said a word but I quietly listened
And I didn't get disturbed
They inspired ambition
Man
I got judged when my attire was different
Everybody must've thought I desired affliction
Honestly
That's exactly what inspired my vision
I was focused on myself instead of trying to fit in
Yes
The bully came up disguised as a friend
At first I didn't know because they'd hide it within
Now they get exposed because they lied to me then
If I couldn't beat them all
I tried it again
But
The better feeling doesn't lie in revenge
Please call every bully out to God
Be not afraid and don't you ever try to hide
When you relax is when the Lord can have a shot
And I promise you soon
They'll be going through a lot

Dexsta Ray

The Bystander (Inches Away)

'Tis a very busy day
The traffic is
Thick...
The air is like an oven switched up to broil
Or something
Oh
Do move tortoise!
For this traffic is a burden to... see
I say...
Move along!
Lest we surely be roasted!
Smoking...
Spoken attitudes and blasphemous words
Uttered from the car behind
This... it's dying to merge
First
I can see the supermarket up there
Now, if only I could make this, right
Before another car'd turn out in front of me
Inches away
Screeches... so I had to stop...
And.. she's still speeding
Fortunate for me though
I threaded the
Needle...
Pulled into the parking lot... looking for a parking spot
Up close.. I'd circle five times
To say the least, though
But I'd find mine in the back by a tree
On the left side
Stepped out... walking
To the store
I'd walk in and go straight to customer
Support...
Outdoor life, I need a cartridge, two oh four
Big game hunting, now, we're about to do some more
She pointed
So...
I'd get em' and was finished within minutes

And then it's to where we are
Hunting and the fishing
Limits...
I'm rolling, and back in motion on the road
It won't be long now
Something is approaching, oh my soul is going...
Slow down!
Stopped...
I heard some siren sounds in the distance
Oh look... there's a truck
What really grabbed my attention was the... scent
A nuclear waste truck in the mix
Leaking...
All types of radioactive stuff and then
A wheel busted
Stop
Spinned out and started to smoke
That was pretty much all she wrote
For the paroxysm
Grabbed...
Everyone and everything in the area
Man, that miasmatic cloud could
Scare you...
The awareness froze
Please forgive me... that's as far as the chimera goes
I've a case of writer's
Block...
I'm sure you'd write a better close

Dexsta Ray

The Captured Return

I was in the fire like in Daniel's story
He untied me
Extra person was present
The wicked king said to, "Burn him"
This translates into "Test him", but in the flames
When they saw me
'Twas no trace of oppression...
With Jesus with you in the midst of trials
He'll split the wiles
All the things that we have witnessed had been written down
The wicked crowned said to, "Turn up the furnace! "
"And make it hotter than it normally is! "
Endured as a servant
To He alone, at His feet and Throne, until deceased and gone
I know one day I'll see the perfect One that feeds my soul
Because of that
He hugs me close as a diamond
Not everybody can discern but I ain't hopeless behind it
I saw too many miracles, and tough circumstances, were advancing
Man, it pays to know the Lord
Especially, to learn commandments
He speaks to me...
And He definitely can turn the madness
Into something good and I see it
From my birth to
Now...
A lot of things seem worthless now
No more being jerked around
Cursed and downed, but His presence brings a perfect smile
Forget what flesh perceives
"You don't want to die"
The way I see it, He's progressing me, I won't go abide
By all attempts to try oppressing me
The ill-advised and wretched things
Staying focused on the journey that I started on...
With God's new visions
Got a plot of true spirit
And if it's music, then why couldn't I be a gospel musician?
I stay with God loose physics

So unaccepted by a dying world
I'm "not"; or "too christian";
That's just the devil trying to bite a pearl...
Babylon the great
Seems to be the finest girl
In the Revelations, I see it burn the brightest
I succeed and serve the Highest
And His bride is New Jerusalem
We are with the Lord, you are blind if you're accusing Him...
Reducing Him...
Never that, His glory lasts forever

Dexsta Ray

The Classic Oil Painting

Tis perfect fit in the wall...
Emerging rifts...
The currents
Lifting off the still life
Resolve
Consistent, pitch converted
Wish to listen
It's a shrill sight
Simply rigid is it?
Real time
Minutes shatter, last, after crafters...
Fitting...
Black slabs of this sit
Orange mixed in
Which lit the sky
With a pinch of green
Absorbed
Mixed in and then a singe of cream
Lightens
Clench the eye
'Gainst the sails
Mostly night, without the stars, but the image showed It well
Ocean sells!
Maybe literal
The broken shells could tell a story
Sold to blowing breeze
Own and held
Coast and sea, to unveil the glory
Something from it
Like a ghost
Art
Froze, tumbling, know it fell, whether
Static or the type that repeats
The oil passes hope

Dexsta Ray

The Context Of It (Missing Piece)

I would call the puzzle perfect
Yet...
A chunk was missing
Certain
Would I call it
But...
It's incomplete
Need the piece to heed and solve it
That you ran across...
Ran across
Within the 6: 25
It was taken out of context and got mixed in with lies
Then it's eyne
How it's taken makes the gist hint pathetic
For they ain't understand exactly what I meant when I said it
For instance...
Like the act of playing a game of flapdragon
I'll stick my hands into a flame to 'raise' the low 'in' mad crisis
For there's a tactic...
To trying to make a difference
'Cause if it ain't sincere then ain't no truers trying to hear it
And that's the true ones
For society is old
A constant...
And always trying to make the bodies sell the souls and for nothing
And then I talked about society and trying to fit in
I just said it 'cause I know that folks won't say if they did
So that put you in place where you'll 'remain' in a sense
From the leverage you will gain because no fake would admit
You get it?
See it's rarely ever anything you see at face
Every move is orchestrated
Taken for a reason
And ain't even for the recent but the long term
We can choose to think ahead or let our goals burn
We have to learn the art of 'steering' when the 'road' turns
Misinterpretations ain't your statement
That's a 'ghost urn'
But, you know, we may've found the missing piece

But if haters would've found it we would never get to see
Slowly scoping for a statement that could maybe be 'diseased'
Then to take it out of context and just run it to the streets
The puzzle...
Don't you ever let the devil keep you muzzled
Befuddled...
Is how he feel when you praise God humbled
It's true
And wine ages even if we're determined
And ain't a need of being in waiting for a thing
We can earn it
What's the point of living life if we don't live in the fight?
So I'd turned the tide against me
Oh, I did that on purpose
But for the good

Ha ha ha
But these pieces are not ours to keep
Regardless of how we feel
They will keep getting
Lost
Just to say 'I lived'
Do something everyone is capable of
And break the fear of judgement
From society

That's freedom

Dexsta Ray

The Crooked Bubble

Looking like the sound of a bell
Added madness grasp the fabrics of it's boundary veil
And it's tragic...
Crooked glassy bubble of backwards
And full of trouble and the rubble of damage
Some'll muffle the candid
But that's within though...
See, light is on the out
Anything inside the bubble fight with only flout
'Cause the 'eye' defines too blind to mind and know about
Pass the outer lines and behind the times of broken routes
For society is under a spell
Nothing physical is promised but the suffering felt
God is trying to save a sundry but we're running to hell!
And the soul is irreplaceable
That's nothing to sell!
The bubble...
Like the water when you throw in a stone
Ripples fill the outer surface from the blows of the wrong
And who? The devil
Imagine watching this in the distance
Set apart and watching from our God given positions
About the same size as earth except the bubble is different
And all kinds of color drama'd beams shooting within it
Its spirit...
Now the devil is behind the confusion
And the bubble is the place where he can blind who he chooses
His limit...
For the Lord has separated us from him
Two Corinthians six seventeen ends rebuttals
But still...
Even though we're far apart we can see
Satan throws stones even though he know they won't reach
Unless the Lord allows the pass of one to mold or to teach
All the ruckus from the bubble aimed at you won't be seen
Or even heeded... if seen
And this a final truth
Anything that's aimed towards you don't apply to you
Society will use a lie to try to find the proof

Only in the bubble is the evil like a diamond jewel
So I'm speaking as a servant and Christian
Oh it doesn't mean you're blind but could've heard it and didn't
Ain't a point of even trying to clarify what is real
Because nothing in the bubble can discern through the fiction
And the devil is denied and then referred to the scripture
Praise God always...
All days...
Forget the bubble
I used to live according to evil eyes
For all who goes against the Lord's will is living some lies
That bubble...
Very crooked and the wile of the snake
Who behind your back will diss you but will smile in your face
The devil's fake
But never sweating his formed weapons
I don't know, maybe it's Philippians four seven
Out the bubble...

You come to Jesus and see the unseen
You finally see through
The bubble...
That's the only way to get OUTSIDE of the bubble
But once there...
A soul is attached to the bubble no more

Come out here with the dreamers...

Dexsta Ray

The Deepest Darkness (Vampires And Light)

In with eternal heat...
A means to light the path...
Clinging to this Holy Book...
Of which I need to...
Guide me...
Like I had my only look, at dreams...
What's a game? ...
Although I know it makes...
You sad, it shouldn't...
Lights and
Vampires...

Illing

I against my depth
Hightened striking
At night
I'm in your chair
Bible times and watches
On towers
Ignited powers, stepping
Sanballat and miscue, some products
With half or not
Against retinue, traps aside
The overballast, showers, covert malice
Need a broken light...
Appetizers present, a waiter stationed
In the tunnels under
Here...
Ingested minds, aside from colors
Thunder rumbles, fear...
But if this...
Was coming near, a stumble destined
From the clear...
How we toughened up with light supplies...
Helmet of Salvation
I'm wearing
Prepare for messy age
The Belt of Truth

Making sure the pants carress the waist
Breastplate of Righteousness
The sight of sin is just vain
Shoes of Peace, a new release, as you can see
The best thing
To move the feet...
Profess Faith
The Holy Armor's so immortal
Eager to connect 'Weh so the mortals won't extort you
Though export you, let's say
Vampires
Will, speaking light can scorch the rules
Of satan's, brand fired steel on higher squires
Up in satan's ranks, in the flesh, complacent hate...
Widespread demons coalesce to make my patience
Shake
I praise the Name though, from Jesus up to Weh's Throne
Extra picky what I change
I've been and rushed some things so, I pray long
Before I go with chances, under no advances
Keep away a touch and
Save the trust unless the soul rebut Abaddon
Man, I'm focused
It's like never before, and hocus pocus goes against
The holy values that's teeming
And so enrobes us...
Vampires hate the Light, when we speak it
'Cause they can't beat it, satan reaches for the strife
To deplete us, through making legions high
Exalting needless things like it's worth it
But with discern, any seed can see how much it makes sense
Perceiving testimonies where some people see a great miss
And I survived it all, every form of hate been exhumed
First, in the Bible's laws, then I used my pain as tool
So I survived the falls, which I resolved
The sign of Cross proves the binds are false
Take reciprocating blows, the spirit shows me
Blind and all... it strives to hold me, passed around
Like damaged crowds, the truth reveals the Light
Some of us never had the crown...
My passion sounds unmatched and loud
Because I know the Lord, nothing that the evil do can change the

Route of souls
Restored... Replacing clout and drowning out the flout
I'm round about, battling with mirrors and the handling of spirits
Evil staying up all night trying to fight against the Lord
Framing stuff to change me up
But I didn't fall
Staying steady though the wicked trying to get into the broad
Day Light
See I mention cause it pays, right? If it's spirit riches then
You get it
That's my faith, Christ knows, and He gave me strength
To hold a light load, so I'm telling everybody
Real time, the Light shows! In the darkness even
Vampires heart are bleeding, I be on a different note
Wisdom more than silver, gold! Any stone
The mission on
Well aware I'm meant to grow, words are reflections
But to vamps, see the image gone, to err our progression
Leeching on us, trying to drink our dreams
Just to stay alive, there's no cure or complexion
I'm taking up the theme
Cloves of garlic, translate to stuff I need
In the bible, holy hearken, just enough to trump the sleaze...
I find it funny how my lines lining up
It seems the Spirit think alike
Adjust with time
It's a plus, some kind of dummy, demons crashed up
It seems I'm having bad luck, with humbleness in Christ
I ain't saying I never had much, a promise to suffice
Where nothing's right, unconsented watches
See the Sparrow, and the products of the Christian knowledge
If we had Love...
And hidden lockets, sit in closets, praying
It takes me back to all the old days, the old age
Of strong faith and bold praise, for nothing can resist the
Father...
In His holy place, the hold of pain has gone away
So that's where my hope is made
Unbroken faith is known to pay, it's on the way
Like a blessing
Won't you stay encouraged, if you don't degrade
Profess the Savior, and refrain from worrying

The wicked twist and say I'm slick
But it's really hating
They just wish the great will stay content
Within this sinful age, when I discover, when it's cover lifts
And the tricks of satan, get revealed
Ending crazy
Mainly, I ain't fixed on them, but they stuck on me
I'm stuck on trying to make the healing
Heal, and live for real in zeal, just for something
That could double me
Vampires and the evil have a lot in common
Rather feed in darkness
When they see you, hating, hot for nothing
Far from arrogant, I know my Savior's got me covered
Looking for ladder with the largest fence from out the ruckus...
I notice every time I cling to God the devil comes
Some people see a weakness in humility
The devil's ones, and I be chilling, but they willfully be
Shelling guns, I heard I actually knew who do
But all I know is lowly souls, I never was a snake at heart
That hell would run to break apart, the sail adjust
To make me smart, to guard the heart
Forever won...
I love the Light like the night sky, I die to lying
Put time into the Scripture, living right, why?
'Cause Christ died...
On the other side, our fate will be our life's course
Sometimes it's not ironic, just the product of a blind sort
And fake report, taken highly as a way of smiting
Scripture be a bright light, brighter than the Sun
But the difference is it's higher in dimensions
Evil try to run but nothing can escape the sword
It's holy and a faithful torch... A major force
Sure to crumble all of satan's ports...
I've been awakened for a while now, I thank the Lord
While trying to be aligned so He can smile down
I'll praise Him for it...
If any blame me for the state of what I can't control
It's only been arranged to seem like that to try to take their souls
The bigger picture
See vampires, and you may be wrong
The mission is resistance

Thing ain't always like the hate impose
I'm looking different but ain't nothing changed about my spirit
On the revolution note, but it's not the usual
They love to speculate that I don't know what I'm into
I'm for the same type of things that I started on and rooted of
So.. it doesn't really matter what the nuisance was
Jesus is my Master, and the Spirit, so the ruses crushed
I ain't afraid, don't want to hear it
I don't care who mad
To please the Lord is all that's in my vision
I'm forever happy
And glad to be annoying, to villians from the devil's side
My feelings, ain't my treasure mine
I'm strictly of eternity
And don't follow satan, always been with the divergent scene
Lets do our best in hellish times
A spiritual insurgency...
No one has to take it serious for a curse released
Jesus on the highest place, the Word converted perfectly

My words aren't to tear down sheep
Or overthrow lambs

We war against the darkness of this age
Any evil, can, will, and must be disbanded

Dexsta Ray

The Devil's Foot Soldiers (The Rise Up)

I sit back
Just look and listen to people
A situation like ants blitzing a beetle
So called friends are addicted to evil
Why bite those hands that intended to feed you?
Aye...
Come to me for anything you need to say
I'll provide the facts
Don't be quick to heed the fake
People spreaded rumors
They were hoping he would break
But I can't yall...
May've gotten weary but I can't fall
They'll label me an enemy unless I think small
They were looking for a reason to hate
To cover up a jealous heart
So no one sees they were fake
Just the devil's foot soldiers...
I was meaning to state I tried to help you
I was always there
I never left you
Disliking me for what?
I was dying to accept you...
When I rose up and started chasing my dreams
A lot of people changed
They were making it seem like it was me
They would celebrate in my defeat
Same ones angry if I make it or succeed
The devil's foot soldiers...
Those who hate inordinately are motivation

Dexsta Ray

The Fakest One You Know

See the curtain... take a picture
Missing liberties
In order, sit beneath your feet, everything I did for you
Scandalous world
I'd throw my words to encourage you
The intention
Lift a burden if a human could, learning
To review the missions...
Don't accept the values
The darkness wait until you lose your step to try and grab you
Fakest one you know
Like illusions of a long silence
Fine delusions, eyed a true one, if condone violence
Even though you strong-minded
Knowing I was there...
Turned against me, hurts, and quickly
All I been, was a friend
To you...
But I understand, we conform unaware
Acting different, no one perfect, shifting
All i sent up, was prayers
For you...
But the sway of satan truly grappled the earth
To capture saints, to turn them dark again, and hate that we departing sin
Hanging it in portraits, like a constant reminder
Placing us against distortion
From the stuff that's
Behind us
Every plus is a minus in the eyes of the society
Who don't know me but it claim to be defining me
Judging, we some soldiers
How deemphasize the turmoil, that a single little soul could be enrobed in
It's wanting more
Only when it's noting score
In Lucifer's favor
We follow Light, ain't no such thing as a truth that's in satan
And he's blinding all the sight
All the right is switched to
Wrong

And the trifle amplified as a bind to get you gone
And it's petty when it's you but it's real against your foes
Throw confetti on the truth
Since it live within the
Soul...
Real and fake is like a concept through the eye of which beholds
Like a tree that's full of evil...
Kind of vision is what's grown
Sometimes, you can't go on energy,
Or rush to vibes
'Cause the perspective that we see is just reflecting what's inside
For real...
Touching logic mix
Such as, nothing stopping this
Fakest one you know
But never spoke, I'd never option it
Love to write a lot, for today
What the topic is?
I may embrace this phrase but those who know me say the opposite

Society don't know me
Don't let the devil fool you
I don't allow society
That close to
Me...

Tried to ostracize me
Because you know I'm the truth
Ain't want my light to
Get out

Hahaha

It could never know the real me, it ain't no other versions

I don't trust society

Don't you get it?
Satan doesn't know us + society doesn't know us
God knows us + the godly know us

Dexsta Ray

The Forceful Butterfly

Matters of cocoons
This committee...
Sitting in the trees
Higher to the high
That much brighter to the sky
In the midst of wondering
When it's done? But hate to be too forceful
Just in pain
What's a change? But to be to morph
For full
Order is paramount
The normal flow and functions
Of the nature
And the planet made to understand it
Sure, the life is short
For butterflies
But the name is pure, thinking, that's the purpose
That's for certain
Soon will be the time
To finally be aligned and flying somewhere in the
Strangest place...

Dexsta Ray

The Hammer

Though in the flesh
I have the card of the Spirit
Bold stones holding mallets
Mold strong in the
Word
Emoting scripture
Though I visit long to live
As the wicked listen
Maybe dissing
Which is only most absurd
Rogues
Itching for a coal to plug within the hole within the soul
Open to the ruckus of this world
That's the dungeons
To be honest
That it's probably crossed my mind
Throwing blows
But why dish it when the dross is not aligned with Him who holds control?
This a spirit war
The wicked only the puppets
Trusting in the carnal stuff
But us? We're covered and robed
I send a word to the evil spirits lurking
In Jesus name
You ain't controlling me
Fear ain't even in the frame
See, it's like a hammer
Be the Word
Mainly
If you talking of a battle, it's the birthday scheme
For all the wicked value riches and are cursed
And turn to violence anytime they hear the truth within the verse
Psalm thirty seven
David witnessed first
Jude eleven scripted after ten
Truth as it occurs
But the world'll listen
We ain't trying to get the 'world's' attention
It'll never happen

Unless we talk about the dirt in the swell'est fashion
This is not a game
These are souls we are talking 'bout
Persecute us but I'm hoping don't see hell
Abaddon
Heavy but I'm never mad
God blessed me like I never had
My weapon be the scripture
Satan talking but I'm
Settled, laugh
The truth is not accepted
I ain't welcome but I never was
It's not about the self
But just God and His helpful love
I ain't afraid of death
For that is gain in
Christ
Philippians one twenty one
He paid the price!
If people take your life for standing bold
Even when they threaten
Don't move and act like God ain't really in the method
Single and I'm happy
For relationships invented second
Working on your own soul before we try to till the next one
Considering our own toil
Don't let it be to get possessions
Focus on the spirit riches
Then He'll give the rest in seconds
Spirit war requires spirit things
It's society
All around us
Ain't the humans that's conspiring
Got to drop the hammer on the nuisance
Never get it twisted, living strictly, by the vision God instilled in Christians
Not to see as weakness but as power
Lord, I ask you lead me
Please don't let no one deceive me
You are my reasons
For my dreams
And the means of making everything happen
You're my peace

You're my understanding
You're the piece to the puzzle and the reason we can see and understand it
Father, break up anything that's underhanded
In the name of Jesus
And if the enemy conspires
Keep the thing from
Reaching
Weaponizing prayer is what I'm preaching
Remain unshaken
It doesn't matter what is said
'Cause can't nothing fade
You
Either way it go, the darkness, eh, never heed the Light
I ask you to enrobe the willing and just free their sight
I ain't looking for a fleshly thing
For I'm in the Spirit
Let me dwell there, may the little children hear it
Let the parents feel the spirit
And let the wicked
Stumble
And let the children never be a part of this corruption
If it be your will
Let your will manifest and freely
To drop the hammer
More than once
If You see it need be
And continue lead me, I'm reading
Book of John and then the Matthew, everything is mapped proof
Let your glory shine upon your children
'Til the end of days
And free all the spirit prisoners on the maze
Don't let me be misunderstood but focused
With the card of Spirit
Heart is fearless
Show me where You want the larger picture
Lifted
Satan still aiming but his targets busy
Long as I'm with God, I ain't worried about a part of living
And I ain't trying to be forgiven by the wicked
Since I didn't hit or trick them
It's the wicked twisting fiction, but I'm saved
Like Elisha looking at the plays

Though His servant couldn't see it but the chariots were framed
Like an army all around
Witnessed angels and some flames
You can try to bore me down
But you'll be scraping up
Your grave
God has got me, I hope the message clear for all tots
See you are just a child today but He is faithful and He's watching
False prophets coming for me
Even princes
Trying to stop me
And I don't marvel, for the scripture, told me all the prospects
You ain't got to fight
The devil ain't gone cross his box
And I ain't the biggest living but promise I will falter not!
Is this my destiny? Jesus 'til my coffin drop!
Anything oppressing each...
Rejected 'til it's off
It rots!
In Jesus name, ain't a question of a loss or tie
Satan was defeated at the Cross
He paid the cost for
I....

Dexsta Ray

The Hammer 2

I reflect to second Timothy three...
A message etched into the destinies
A glimpse of the beast, fulfilled
Spirit? Full filled
Wool ripped from the sheep
Affected homes, schools, possessions
Plead the fifth for the streets
A shallow lesson
Equal addle questions
Misleading adolescents
A battle present
You can see it on the channels, press it
Around regression
Lounge the moves for the next
Just think...
Of how we could progres if people'd do for the rest
Abound regression
Aimed the wretched way
The flames of death engraved
Carress the age
No protection for unless they're saved
And blessings came
Breath and presence of the flesh is praise!
The heavens x the pain!
And press 'cause even death is gain!
I never been too caught up on the false stuff
The Cross is to exalt and debase all that befalls us
So I call crushed!
All of the evil!
Attest, the vision isn't fogged up
The Spirit ain't feeble!
Show me the target and it get discarded
You try to puzzle me
With missing rudders though...
Upping holds I been departed
So you could get regarded
How would you change?
I played it true
A loyal slave of Truth but drowned in your lake

But now regrounded my faith
The shaky souls trying to take me home
There ain't no division in between the being that made a poem
Snapshots
No mention
It's just a way to grow
Everything could top, go fishing, and stop filleting souls
I see the mission of the darkness, very vivid
And I'm sickened
But not of that smoldering dart from the wicked's cards
Manipulation
Fields awakened got me in my heart
Stubborn for the right things
Willing just to be impart
Imperfection at it's finest
Look what Jesus did
Pleading to His highness
For He still considers me His kid
I may be low to the globe
But to He I'm rich
Trying to make a difference in this life so I can leave the mix
Be sober

Dexsta Ray

The Hat Maker

Deep into the forest
Sat the hat maker's lair
Wooden cabin
That's the fortress
Fabrics stand at the door
Every time the eye would witness
Grasping
Night
Dark clouds formed
Crowing from the corn field
Birds without a scarecrow
Every now and then
The air blows
But the hat maker's never 'round it
The lair
Closed
Busy stitching something
Threading all the loops
After readying the molds
Trying to figure out the news from the etchings of the soul
That hat maker's cabin caught fire though
The hats were damaged
Trash is not the final state
Desire for the ashes
Lasts
Trees all around the corn field started screaming "Smoke! "
Fire from the scene just started yelling that it "Need to cope! "
Looking at the cabin you would think you'd never see it broke
There you find the hat maker standing with a piece of rope

Dexsta Ray

The Hobby's Secret

All my words are my property
I reserve the rights, to take them off of platforms
As I see fit...
But as for now, I'm in a bad storm
Preoccupied with staying warm
The devil's been in reckon mode ever since my plans formed
And any way we go...
Let's take us a ride
And I just only want to see your soul, no make up is fine
And name the major things that He controls...
And even though we may adjust
That little piece of happiness we seen before enslaving us
Was needing hope what made us trust?
Satan stole my folder
Using tests and major sin, I actively didn't even know of...
Some people laughed with me but have me peeking over shoulders
Hearing rumors that some schemes
Are planned for me, and creeping closer... but these are all thoughts
The speech of free is all talked
The freezing breeze creates an exit, after reason falls off
And all who stalk me, and saw me needing
All cost, the secret's hobby is the question, in the fall
Of all false

It seems like a petition or something
I mean, all to expect of me is...
What I embrace, nothing else, like with other artists

Yet...

The very same thing that gave hope
Seem to be taking it
Or, at least, the illusion of it

I don't understand that

Dexsta Ray

The Jealous Gatekeeper

My life been like an earthquake
Fashioned
Aligned to stuff unseen, and what, degree
With much, coveting, and stuff to trouble me
But comfort, peace, remained
From the LORD
Though schemes encumbered me, to crush the Kingdom's doctrine
And curse things, undeserved, to touch it...
First, comes to serve the occasion
Went out the way like
Falling...
Perfect reach, to underneath, the plushes leaning down
Springs surround with bounties and countless tables with candlelight
Feasts and fountains graven with gold and mammon as napkins
Shown to be of value, lasting in tacit as long as people shout you out
But if the flout was amassing, about how doubters planned it
Crowded and enshrouding all the truth
Without an ounce of standing
Sound and pageants
Such involve the muse, to dissolve the proof
Using counterfeits to hide the facts with
But they falter too
Bags of gags, infringe on what's authentic, cant relate to that
Bags of masks, consistent, glad it had, the definition
Bags impact the image, flashy glass, and pacts that just are gimmicks
Managed, from the falsehood, bags, subtract from what's authentic
By the definition, time, inflation, issues maybe later
I'm embracing, like it's patience, like it's basic
Which it is, witch, it is, which pretend like this a different placement
Different name, witch, is distasteful
She's existed, nonetheless, in a different nature though
That ain't controlled, some figment, major pro-tagonist
In made up, whole tragedies, a made up throne
That's actually satan's own
Counterfeits for artificial parts, no way to counter this
Fantasy I'd rather see in art, that's a character, fictional
Ain't nothing real about it, cept' the hair
It's just robotics
Jezebel spirit seeketh to be exalted, but the legacy a joke

No consistency, colder than a droid, mash-up, only finicky to the public
And that's a ploy
That's a fan fic, which existed, but just a muse that formed
From using other torches, and gluing them with untruth to warm...
Baphomet is fictions, jealousy is their tool and sword
I try my best to help see the methods and ruse the cruel are armed with
So the glory carriers, and sheep embracing the Light
Absorb not, nor alarmed
If you keep the truth, satan's souls rebuke you
Plus I'm still some glasses
Take me off so the proof consume you...
Stuck behind that shadow, 'can't get ahead, 'cause your truth dispute you...
All enshroud in prattle, can't get ahead 'cause your rules reproved you...

Get behind God's work, Jezebel

In Jesus Name

10/4/19

Dexsta Ray

The Jealous Gatekeeper 2

Here's that validation
You seek so

Fan fict, it's too good, you overachieve in everything (congrats)
Then everything became abominable, the very, same time
Truth was settings, the questions, the change
Insurmountable
Fan, spinned, lethargy
From screaming and being ignored
So much
Filthy, fine, reject truth, guilty, some tied a net to
To shield the lies from justice
And thrifty, some binds progressed through though
I'm vermin, I affect you though
Burdened
'Cause my success, who knows, the serpents actions wholly
The devil's tactics, and clever
Madness
Hell been at my life for minute, without substantial cause
So was chose for death since I'm living for YHWH and the Cross
Which ain't thought significant
Even weaknesses
Dragged for naught, evil sought some leverage
To drop, they flops, they flops, they flops
Such concoct developments
Locking the false in true reality, so they pockets froth
From the blasphemy, which is constant anarchy
One o'clock a.m., I begin this sequence, illuminating
Truth, against influence, that's stagnant, some other places
That violated all my spaces, for others, portraying the truancy role
All involved, in hateful disasters, but back to smaller stuff
Orchestrate enactments
To graft me, and cover Light with that
I been actually trekking for
Longer, behind the desert's back, in the strongest winds
With the majesty of my holy birds, just like an ancient pamphlet
Or hieroglyphics, or primitive mountains
So obsessed, my vehicles
On their check lists, to fold successes, same as with my homes

If a throne is envious, then so expect this...
I ain't asked to be killed or hidden
By Babylon, the antichrists, mad that I, embrace the LORD
And I still was building
Biases irrational, tell that fashion to realms that fit it
Liars, hit my bracket, with extra tactics for real to steal it...
Hackers capitalize, and some witches subtract what's real to mimic
I embrace Leviticus, killed or not, eighteen twenty two
Still was hot, though demons tried to steal my spot
To kill what's God's...
Corinthians the reason, chapter four, verses four and five
I ain't did no evil, I'm just anointed
The LORD is Thine, for seasons, as I witnessed
Recorded faith, not extort to rise, some immortal shine
From Greatest, above, the LORD's my Guide
The same embrace illegal stuff
Forcing the hate, and racial crime, upon me
That I seen since recording
And it's becoming normal, though I'm not the same
As the stories they use to normalize it
Trying to cover quickly, to hide the proof, then ignore the
Crisis
Hoarding me, in secret, distort my substance
With forms of violence
Babylon conclusions, unwelcome
Perspective, LORD supplied it
Judging by the fruits, and the proof of truth, pitches, torches
Fiery
Trying to kill His messenger, really
Just took the LORD from
By it, now the lands can't ever be of Him, though certainly
Such was from Him
Sought abridge my right to express about it
Creatively, plenty proven crimes
Unresolved, but still they wasting me, as if it wasn't shown
Years ago, still such embraced the reach
Something kill you once
Things repeat, with opportunities
Coercing through blackmail of some substance that they create
Themselves
Fabricated hatred, for nothing, but many know about it
Hiked a bunch of miles through the jungle, and through the valley

With my staff, to find the mountaintop
Being harassed, it's sophisticated, benefits influences
Framings and stuff, I spayed and faded, still remained engaging
The strangest, that been enthralled
With everything I do
They've evil intentions, since I was even younger
These aren't only stories, but patterns, it shows the answers though
(10/17/19)

Dexsta Ray

The Least Of My Concerns

I guess they mad they want to be me
Excluding the
Love...
To say my name with praise
I don't condone it
But I'm thankful for the faithful
Maybe time ain't really
Changed...
The wicked resisting holy doctrine
Lowly goblins
Growing products of the villian's haze
Least of my concerns are twisted words from the devil's servants
In the music
Aimed at me, I rebuke it, ain't rapping
For the villians stay acting
As I stay laughing
I ain't heard a track, disrespectful
Satan got confused
Trying to place me in the categories to degrade my light
I don't concern them
But they aiming at my light
I ain't even dissing
I just want the world to see the truth
What's on my mind
Is a life of kindness, Jesus' cue
Say it trine like Beetle Juice
Collapsing the order
How can we obviously be hating and still have some supporters?
That should tell you 'bout the order
Say, it's fake to be that way
But it's normal
I ain't on it, I'm concerned with more important
Ain't a thing the devil say to me shall change to where my fate will be
Praises to the Lord
Trying to stay with where He taking me
I do it for the kingdom not perceived by the fleshly eyes
So it's crazy to be working for a fleshly prize
Deading and confessing mine
Rising far above the darkness

I ain't heartless
But, since birth, I've become a target
Judged the hardest
Fighting the invisible, not windmills
We continue to promote some values though they been killed
It ain't a game, in the spirit battle, it's real
All the extra flak ain't never been a
Factor
Missions captured
Living life untouchable but only for the higher picture
Try to war according to the flesh and watch
I dismiss you
I don't get the indirect, or threats, so just hold them in
I serve the Lord, the very One who's breath your soul is live
So He's on my side
Coincides with the scripture
Much love to the just ones, stay full of wisdom
Though it's hard
We adjust, won, fate has been written
Fell off?
Yea, the edges of the world and I'm winning
Ditched society and it don't understand
What it underhand
I ain't playing no games
I'll be writing to the death of me
And probably changed, from the flames, either ash or gold
Jesus knows my lasting roads
I ain't got to do what humans say
Secret little weapons
Satan's rather see me lose my way
But God is guiding me
I am not concerned with rules that's strange
God does not confuse
So if it do
It's not ordained
It's a beautiful, creativity is not portrayed
It's not a certain time limit
Usually, sporadic plays, forget the nuisance
False accusers, how they bash my lane
Mad that they ain't walking in it, but'd hate to even grasp the pain
Stepped up and I ain't never going down again
If I'm writing every day or every now and then

You can try to throw the hate but I'm surrounded, friend
Jesus made the way and you can't change it
Why be bound to sin? If He made us
Free?
No complacency, but careful planning
I worked hard... want to take my dreams and burn them badly
The majority joined forces like something out a
Movie
Commanding that I give back what I never grabbed to fool me
Even when I don't know
They just lie, claim I'm acting stupid
I'm supposed to be painting pictures
Not rapping, packing Uzi's
I don't even know what they want, I'm far from rich in flesh
They leaning down... all I can think of is... this a test
So I'm standing firm!
Give me all, I can fix this mess!
I rehash the Word, the villians fall while I'm sitting blessed!
Though I lack concern
For darkness, I'm turned into the Light
No matter what it is
I embrace the Truth and right, no matter where it is
I'm covered so I'll do alright
Not because of my
Strength
Just above, where the view and sight, rest

Dexsta Ray

The Missing Years

Then I heard you
Through telepathy
Consumes the mind
If you knew
That for years, you are trapped in here... (Taps chest)
Searching for a better dream
Is silly
Globs of books and locks
Telling me to soothe the mind
Caught between the truth
And lies
Two combined
I heard you looking, loudly
Shook and
Dailing
Trying to muster up the same feeling
That was took from out me
Who could say it ain't killing?
In this faith building
Anything you want, repetition, it's the same difference
You confused as me
They'd hate us together
Ruthlessly
I'm moving desperately to set you free
But maybe devils
Rooted in a destiny
That gave us
Forever
Reversed positions, way before I knew
Portray us as settled...
It's human nature that the table turns
You know, the trade of words
Occuring first as unemotive then a pain's observed
Focused on you for a moment
Trying to think of words
Knowing that you won't listen if you're smitten
By the things you heard...
The possibilities are ending, that I hate to see...
Because I know the Lord's in that

I stayed to see you form
With class
You know your name? See, I aim to add some more to that
Tell your mama, 'Hey! ' and your dad,
I'll bring his daughter
Back
And not a game, what I'm stating is immortals facts
Ending the missing, wishing, years,
Switching fears and ditching
Tears

Dexsta Ray

The Murderous

John eight, forty four
He murdered from the beginning...
Matthew ten twenty eight...
I still embrace, I feel engaged
Spirit warfare...
Innocent, but rigged, and for nix
I was a target 'cause my spirit-filled potential was big
A mistake is a mistake but some decisions
Just persisted on
Just like the persecution
Being intentional, conventional
My interest don't include
To judge
Who live right and wrong
My life and goals weighed on my shoulders
'Twas enough fight alone, just like in Psalms
The knife to David, lies and plights to disclose
Some rights were gone, my light's Jehovah
Even chiders had known, but kept the iron up
Signs of arrowheads upon my ringmail vest
And breastplate, of righteousness, the nets came to sequel
Death
In spite of this...
It always was some kind of heightened guise of sin
The timing was irrelevant unless the extra tied me in...
Spirit warfare
Matthew eighteen, verse five and six
Seven, eight and nine
Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen
Light remits...
Babylonian characteristic, times we in
Terrorized my life while I'm chastened
For what they trying to
Steal
Stayed to myself and own bracket
The evil find me then
Like a privilege for some advancement and for my right to live
And I can feel, hope, pray, and someday, maybe
I'll forgive

Experienced all these things
And ain't promised that I'll survive for real
And what is fronting?
Some subjects could not apply to here
Even persecutions, computed, when they devised to kill me
Innocent and was blameless
But it ain't matter though, and if I did the sin
I would claim it, but ain't a factor though
Mammon stronghold
The society, and the Master know
Remembering cold years, and the fire reached
It don't matter who
Conspired each, of these, it's a hierarchy
I ain't scared to prove
Ain't dare included me in the slightest thing
'Less a snare to fool...
Normalizing, such waiting, until the air is smooth
No intentions to get me justice until awareness lose...
But it ain't nice, it ain't right
Just ain't nowhere to move
Ain't do it to myself, I said, Judges, is like my preference, true...
This very cool to me
Scripture life, what my muse should be
If I can't trust a thing
I can energize on the fruit I need
Some choosing me
For framings, and stages, and still can do the thing
In spite of being disproven, delusions, and this approve my speech...
I cue for seasons, illumination, to loose the grievance
Spread it far and wide
This the cruel I'm facing for choosing Jesus...
And just the fact that it choose to stay with the rule of demons
Shew the proof it's legions, when God returns
It'd reduce to seedlings
But, then again, for the moment, some might accuse the grieving
To produce a reason, with ruse of treason
Subduing Jesus...
It's not discerned, satan seek a way so that doom repeated...
Blessed from up above is more like my favor
And tools I lead with, dreaming still
Although I'm threatened, 'cause it's for God
I keep it real

Below the Throne, especially 'cause it's a lot
I've seen villain worketh evil
But I gravitate to Light and hope, speaking peace in persecution
Activate the final code, evil seen and learned of beauty
But it wasn't like it's own
So there's schemes to curse the truth because it shine
In spite of strongholds, making sure my own soul
Stay in staunch alignment
If clothed wrong, nothing hide it, shunning guidance
Wicked...
And persecutors want to see me so I die reticent
Angry at success, but I ain't stunting, I'm just trying to get it...
The life I'm given
Never thinking to survive pretending
I'm preoccupied with watching God
Though legions rise against me...
Jesus Christ is with me
Even if some iron hit me, everywhere I turn
Steps obscured, by evil's high dominions
Like the Bible mentioned
Still I have faith
The devil always was a murderer but Christ actually saves
And that's my bandwidth today
Forevermore
Into eternity, I'm slashing the chains
That, for no reason, came
To burden me, attachment to faith
Distorted seasons
This occurs to me, not planning to play
For vengeance is the Lord's alone
I'm not established in hate
12/27/18

Dexsta Ray

The Perennials

From childhood to smiles, stood
Dead stop
Imagined dreams
Still appear
From time to time
Memories
Like them machines with the clear plastic things with red tops
Asking for a quarter, haha
But 'tis, it's misery
Really, it's the floor or the ceiling
Or the door
The perennials will find it
If resigning
From the normal, the perennials are timeless
To incline us, binding many
Things...
Many strings tied to many leaves
Witness many trees
Deep in the
Abyss...
Eye the trife lie in wait, light might escape
But what's the point?
If the writes might decay, like time
Fine, hickory,
Smoke
Apple wood, oak, and various others
Fire, strike a fume
Mind consume, kind resumes, I'm the blue
Take before
Wishing all the thoughts were as smooth
Like these other poets
Living in another
Void
Scripting in a color chord, fond memories
And nostalgic writings
Finding Northern Lights, beauty in the sky that forms
Never could imagine it was poisonous
With gases
That's the atmospheric

Ghost...
Eerie, bleary, dreary, hearing nearly
Hope is getting roped...
Count on the perennials, the heros in the children's visions
Whether it's the right kind, whether it's the light
Type
Down fell the space rock
Making ripples throughout the earth
Learning that the Genesis
Re-create
Redo the first
All the largest lizards, meeting fate, are now removed from dirt
Courtesy of satan, trying to take his wasn't due
He's cursed
I'm looking at the sun through
The blinds, through the trees, cool, a silhouette
Still affects the time
I feel...
If I have a youngster, running 'round the constant juncture
I ain't see, taking me, from positions to
Uphold, in the case
The perennials, to frame and keep the posture, so to stand
Every single youngster need his father
Leading proper
Be the way, perennials, and clouds, giving up their rain
By the pitter patter, music, oozing
Sounds...

Dexsta Ray

The Prairie Temple

I heard, about a temple, in the prairie
Rumor has it...
It is old
Chipping gold, fairly vivid,
Sooner, haven't
Eagles,
Opened up the floor? Or the door, trying to soar to Zion
A fleet of eagleees...
Order sent
The forming vital, beams and idle message
Trifle lights in the window
Came upon the single
Steeple... people finding, with equipment
The technology, applying
Methods
Excavating regions of it's truest nature, vacant
Dirt, or earth, no longer...
Heard that, did, the temple in the prairie
Lift the little
Very foggy, unimportant to the simple prairie dogs
Given hope and wonders!
Whether any
Gold rest below within the dungeons
Matter not, 'cause after
Hot
And searing
Constants, caused the lifting up, simple, doves
Passed the little temple, never kindle
Dust
Carry prairie wishes, to the visiting, and then to us
The preciousness, a something, for the
Glory of some abolition
Graphed, Chrysanthemums reflect the Light that
Evil masks were missing
Living neigh the
Prairie
Not the tundra, there, the grass was frigid
Warm, the little temples, though the rest of which
Were actually hidden

Dexsta Ray

The Proverb

Fence-sitting ain't welcome
The fencing sticks be the physic since the spirit is metal
Positioned, fixed
By the vision of the Most High God
That's been resented by the wicked
Comatose minds
Odd...
But strictly to the devil's
I get the roots and lift the truth
As the views develop
Flipping through the Christian muse
Scription that the Lord said
Then include
I been a fool
Already
But that form's dead
Numbers on the forehead, ain't six six six
The triple sevens
For the Lord's hand
Prevalent
The Lord's plans, and with this sense
I lift the margins
He restores land, departed territory, marked
Regarded all the carnal works
The darkness ain't abhorred by the parts that's in accordance
And, mark the blameless man
For his future is peace
But transgressors can't withstand, been removed from the sheet
Within the pages of that book of life
Ain't understood the
Price...
A time of goodness in the flesh
But their spirit smite
Plus they never hear the Light, soon is the Day
Appear to God to try to clear their crimes
He'll shoo them away
Because He gave them plenty chances, but they're root in the age
Deluded but... pray
Unaware the roof's in the way

Even if they went outside He never knew what they'd say
The views are a shame
The reason He don't move when they think
The 'blessings' they receive are just an evil ruse from the snake
That dress it up
And destined for a febrile pew in the lake
Unless, of course, egress the course, and be in-tune with the saved
A border of grace
Explains why I haven't degrade
The devil's tactics ain't replaced our sure happiness, ay
The passage is great
I live within the savvy He states
And if I ever slip, repent, and don't get back in the chains
I'm in a different type of lens
Can't degrade me
Though they're wanting to
How can I behold a fight from in when I've broken through?
The wicked ropes would strike again
And been broke in two
But ain't no logic in the life of sin so they don't recluse
But they know rebuke
Sleep in a storm
In the proverbs, with the 'know' of fools, evil is sport
Wise people store up knowledge but the evil abhor it
Love covers multitudes of sin but evil's discord
The labor of a righteous man leads to life
But wages of the wicked breeds misery and strife
The memory of the righteous is
Blessed
But the name of the wicked will be likened to death
A wise man trying to argue with some fools is insane
'Cause even if it was the truth
It won't take root in their brains
The only thing you hear is laughter or some flukes to your name
Which is only a distraction from the view of the Way
Satan thrives on the subliminal
Disguising all the little stuff
Set to misalign all the Christians in the middle rush
I'm lifting us
Up, from the dungeons
Got some stuff to accomplish, and ain't studying the ruckus from the venom
It never touches

No one gets away with nothing
Jesus keeps...
Reserves the wicked, it may seem like they win it
Just until that Day
True souls keep your head high
We're killing snakes
With a grinning face, saying do it, don't be sending hate!
Jezebel, I see you, and it's still in range
To the depths of hell are your schemings, and your vessel's maimed!
Hexes, chains
Well aware that Jesus hates the occult
Him and God are still the same
And this takes me back to Romans chapter one verses twenty eight
Through thirty two
I ain't hating on you, my concentration's higher
But they want to orchestrate and make it seem like saints desire
All the normal things
We ain't even forcing change
Devil liars
Expose my holds from the cold! Now my steps are fire!
Treat me like you please, you just teach me how to step the mire
And I ain't looking for no hugs
Still, the troubadour
I ain't out here looking for no love unless it's from the Lord
I ain't lusting
And the type of women I like love the scripture more than me
And sure to see through Christ's sight
I want to see the Light life
Far aside the darkness, God put me up when everybody else
Was trying to scar me
And it marked me but I use it for a higher target
Light the cards and burn them
On the type of ride that Christ would pardon, and I'm strange
Ain't the same around a crowd
Until I pray, ion back, and contemplate what they about
Because I've seen a bunch of things I know satan placed in route
So I chill, and conversate, with the angels
Before a stranger
That's just my nature, in the crazy world we occupy
I live in accordance to the Lord and not just for I, call me names
Sit back and watch a blessed one fly
I'm like a little kid

God's my Father and my questions high
Forget about the stink opinions
Come and get the dump, and pick up the sins
Here! I'll chuck them
Now His people building! We're in the Light, they have some traps
On my means of healing
But I have some faith! Disappointing all that seem to drill us
Borrowed time, fearing God 'cause only He can kill us
Satan's very fake
We're outshining all the evil, chilling
What's an ugly soul?
Something that gives me the feeling that the front is gold
But just under is a creepy minion...
We're a royal priesthood
Like when Jesus lived here
This is truth
Not a fiction, diction with the proverbs in it, out to witness
Not to envy, not to even care
Don't manipulate it into something that's not even there
Make your no's no, striving not to even swear
Writing down the photos
Trying to find the freedom spared, in another mind space, away from what they
say
Being who I really am, regardless, nothing change
Don't tell me what you would do
The darts are done in
Vain
I'm constant, like muse and truth, no cards, ain't no one playing
It's larger than the little tunes and
Movements on the evil sides, proverbs are forever, like the ink aligned

Dexsta Ray

The Pumpkin Patch

Even in the lack of sunshine in the sky
The plush vines
Something in the pumpkin patch
Ain't a trace of witches
Brooms, ghouls, or skeletons, this fruit
Ain't connected
But a blessing like the rest of essence grew
Like the vegetables...
And evil spirits tried to change the
Rules...
Pagan holidays
Never did suffice
Though they rule upon the sight
For the night
See the truth through the ruse
Never worship demons
As they yearn to dress it up as just a turn of seasons
Know the Word?
Let's keep it, preach and read it
'Til the Lord returns
Discern the pumpkin patch as but the reason it was formed
To eat
Not to slash and bash
I'm just saying
We are more than free
Never use the pagan things to stand
Or we'll fall of course
More to see
Haven't really vanished from the faces of
Children know the villain as depicted
On the television
Little, soon, to learn, that's it's more than a devil grinning
Wielding pitchforks, dressed in red
Tsk...
He has seven heads
Trying to kill your family, subliminally,
Infirmities and worrying
Fighting for your soul
Trying to bury

It
In the fire, smoke, when he can't escape
To break away is only through
The Light
Through the Christ, through the Bible, where it never mentioned
Idolatry as something to excite
All the masses
Fall and vanish if continue in the strife
Hell has nothing for you
Forget the pagan
Pumpkin seeds ain't a shell to warn you
Cutting out the flesh like
Society does
Then try to give to you it's light so you shine when she does
But get too bright and you get smite
Even if you ain't the shiniest
Still, you have it's light
So, you still will have this sight, crooked, tarnished,
Like a diamond took
Careful not to break, but if so
It's a minor nook
Funny...
Like some eggs with a bunny, taught, a crimeless look
What indoctrination
Like a prime consenter hiding books
In the pumpkin patch
Only nature is witnessed
Unaffected by the human hands
Or strangers that did it

Dexsta Ray

The Rainy Beach At Night

How I wish that things were different...
How I kiss your shadow, crowded by some
Darkness, even still, I'd see you...
The love have within is sharpened
When I grabbed you in my heart
This happened...
I can't say exactly what, can't exactly front
Had me done
Stunned, of course, I know the cards are damaged
But the love of God
Can only be
True...
Agape love, from the stars above the sea
To this
Clue, the eyes are windows, as you'd climb into my mind
Bringing binders with you
Happy for the sadness
Stored
To multiply the Light, we find
Eh...
Time has changed up a lot but not the pain and torment
Every time I see her face
A fable, none
A sea of faith, a need to pray
That things okay
Stuff I need to
Say, but once you exit from my mind, and world
I don't see a
Trace... And once again, I'm stunned again
Still can see your face, with whispers of the, 'What it could've beens'
If my dreams were made... I see the waves
In the distance, why I'm keeping faith?
I weep and pray, while knowing I was a figment of your 'pieces' days...

I hope to only see you together...
I hope the same's for me

Dexsta Ray

The Real Reason

Nit-picking, wicked things, dismissed
With literature
It seems, if wisdom, been embraced, abusers of the saved continue
Witches with impossible implications, to ridicule
Somehow it got accepted, 'cause some saw how God was present
Which, if rational, it should've made somebody say different
But what they seek, a craft to kill, because I'm great with this rhythm
All of sudden, evidence destroyed, heavily implemented
Tactics, being manifested, though I show it, it ain't even captured
Only things to throw it off just so it seem I'm scheming malice
In reality, I'm broken, knowing Jesus, even after...
Look at how I still would manage though
Through all the evil
Saw the truth take root and sprout that's founded in the Cross of Jesus
Such won't apologize 'cause they the ones ain't taught in Ephesians
But they're found in Romans chapter one
Without a cause, they'd seek me...
YHWH lead me though, through pastures, fields that teem and grow
Eternity, in heaven's fragrance, living by the streets of gold
Where that which hate the Light will never get to see or go
But those who do the Father's will
Shall bring their glory with their soul
9/10/19

Dexsta Ray

The Real Side Of Me

You see...

The real side of me

But... not really

Just maybe the pieces glued together

I'm through forever

But my steel drive proceeds!

Crush me underneath the bludgeons called falsehood and hate

All costs good as ate

So no wonder why the value's missing

Stabbing visions

Torn asunder

Grabbing clippings trying to piece

But after getting all that together

Ain't really craft a thing

I leave the dreams to God's work

That's as a passing being

Stamped into the culture of the vultures who would laugh at me

I'm immature' cause I ain't with them

Sure, forget them

All the scandal on the rise

On a side

With the scripture

In the winter

Time glides by fast, for real

The last mission

I was scammed

By the minions

But the Spirit saying I wasn't harmed

Though the weapon sent was formed

Now I lessen haters

Angry at the great ones 'cause they can't degrade the destined favor

Stress is what they want me on

When the Savior seem silent

Hope is gone

But to never throw the soul but mosey on...

Evil spirit women

That planned conspiracies

On my life

Angry MC's feeling like I stole their limelight

Wishing I was hurting
But I'm certain that my eyes dry
Never let them err me
I'm determined until I die
Go to hell
All the demons leech off my mind
Life is just a sequel
Plus the evil can't survive time
You have some creatures being disguised as the Light
With lots of tenor
Jocularly
It's dinner for the villain and the victim
Ain't a split of individuality within a wicked sort of sense
But in the difference of the strength against the forces of society
Colliding things and values heightened to the right esteem
Strike me while I'm wide awake
Don't wait until I'm blind and sleep
A concept I ain't trying to see because the lazy fall...
Mrs. Potiphar and then Joseph
A blot, a sore, the repulsive, abhorred
And witnessed all around in the sin that walk the ground
I'm convinced that Christ'll get any sight offending Him
Up out for sure
I hear a source or course presented
How some wicked men are out to get me
They're in danger but too prideful so they can't see
Just hitting out
You don't know me but you hate me?
I don't know you
See how it's crazy when you chase dreams
Daniels four two and rejoice concerning God
Demons tried to break me but my sword is burning hot
I earned the spot
Firm
The rock, got me crossed thinking you'd prevail
You don't even know me but to try me
See the Truth excel
And it ain't a real me
I just use this shell
If you kill me I still won't be down there where you will dwell
I barely even talk to folks
We were never close

I'd show love to anybody in a snare or rope
But that got me crossed so I'll never ever go and share my soul
Again
Evil spirits trying to rape the souls of men while they sleep
I recommend
You beat the wiles deceased!
We ain't never different people
Just the different trials we meet

That's some low

Dexsta Ray

The Seventh Sliver

Having a common enemy makes
Everything easier
Surely...
But having an enemy
The commonplace can't see?
(Snickers)

I love my Christian brothers and sisters in the Light
Which is the scripture's writing
With plenty others
Lifting troubles
From the misaligned
Vivid
Given messages
Envy
Consists of pleasant covers
That did appeal
All the witness, fiction
Real? Isn't
Witch ascended (I'm not afraid)
Muzzles exposed
To get control? No!
Just to rip the wicked's gimmick from my own soul
'Find a new profession'
I'm a watchman
Not snitch
And sent to script the view from heaven
And to spot what you hid...
The mission of a cold heart with a fixation
I wonder if the darts
Or shots missed
Fixed your situation, say
No wonder...
No wonder...
Cold as ice
No summer
But in this frozen time
Guess it's tight to be a shunner
While you wandered

To and fro
Like the devil did
When God asked where he was
Her voice developed sin
Telling men and women both
O, to hit me really low
I ain't in the mix alone at all
Jesus in my post!
I can see you getting ghost before the role get exposed
That ain't living
Mad at winning
I don't even know you
Satan doesn't know truth
It takes some hate to go through with
Trying to get somebody killed
With some faking
Told news...
I'm a racist? That'd maybe get me beat
To claim I'm gay?
You tasteless!
Just 'cause you ain't 'it' to me?
But then you switch the scene
Say I've wickedness to babies
And that contradicts
My dreams
Witch, you lying, kid of satan!
Now I get why you on me
'Cause your temperament is snaking
No relationships
That's fake
Didn't exist, I didn't play you (Yea right)
Evil tries to flip the script
So the tracks could be
Enclosed
So that's why you try to get me killed so facts don't be exposed!
Say I lie to try to shield peeps
Battered but I still keep going
Plaques to heal don't matter
Father, shields these storms!
Live Lord!
All I see
Falter proof, still for it, talk of grief

But inside
I just feel reborn!
Tall and free!
Crawl to Jesus
Costing demons all types of things
Can't kill them
But they're fleeing if they caught the Name!
Praise!
Scratch that, the main focus,
To build His hall of fame!
Snatch back, the brains choking on sin or caught in chains...
I don't care who wants who
That ain't my
Business
Just know I don't want you, and I don't do
The game attempted
Major whistles, ribbons, flags, whatever
Penalty, get back'a stepping, a sack can't be a sack before the
Play
That ain't no bad protection! That's just sad aggression
At a man that pass the message
Pack the stands
Attack the
Plans
What happened is the pact was destined
This God's will...
Not a try to be or acting presence
Learning as we go
Though imperfect
We adapt
And question, having stamps affected
Conquer, survive
There ain't a struggle God can't handle
Trust me, nothing'd surprise
Longsuffering, kind, we must repent and turn away from sin
Or risk hell
Got to tell no matter what they did, forget an image

No golden
Idols, or graven figures
Praise the Spirit
Raise His

Name, forever

Evil Spirits tried to starve me
But I don't feed on
Bread alone...

Dexsta Ray

The Sheep Were Counting Something Else

Stars are only bantum holes
Enrobing the
Sky
The heavens shining down
May this tapestry
Of God
Take this waken nature
For it's late
And the sheep were counting something else
Over thinking under odd
The night betrays
Oy

Dexsta Ray

The Soaring Of The Slave

Hating ain't my thing
I'm holding on to goals
And staying straight with the Lord
My stolen growth
Is woe
Faithful is alright
Let me soar
Until these wings are stronger
Don't want nobody praising me
Just try to please Jehovah!
Pray until you just can't no more
The present days are damaged
I look to God
Because the flesh has never gave a chance
Equally, so bittersweet to me
Thrown decietfully
Soaring like a slave, and I'm singing
Because the dream is free
Clinging to the peace
For a season...
For one that doesn't end
I must admit, constants bend, but doesn't rust, again
I find my entrusted to much
But I ain't running from it
One audience is better than a lot within the traps
Of satan, who is hating, though vaguely
May sin collapse
For light...
You might get weary, oh trust, but that's alright
If appetites remain endearing, for us
We'll find our inner power
As a people
Glad to hear the path of Light, impact the sight
Or sin devours everything
Gets attached to
Strife
Clipping every wing, flying by attacking Life
Seductions... poisons, even bludgeons
Hours, masking cries, appointments

Nothing's on the rise
I ain't tell no one to devil me, still I fail to see
The constants of the Sun
'I could've killed them all' I see the utters
From the wonders of society
Imagined if I took opinions seriously
I'm different, see
I'm nothing like the judgers, so they hate that I'm lover
Not a fighter, in this way, of evil days
Because I don't do what you want
Some people think I'm
Weakness
Ay, believe just what you want...
The darkness blind
If it targets, I'm replying, in a totally different world
Got two options, why pursue the prophets?
When God is watching, told the truth
If God acknowledges our
Time here?
Anything against it, is the opposite of God
With the villian
Must repent, at once, not messing with His children
Wise, the wicked shun, perdition won...
Authentic ones
It's sick to judge another for their bliss
What they don't know...
That is why God remains
The Most!
With Angel host and saints Who praise the Ghost
Ain't complacent, no
You don't have to prove a thing to people as the day is long
I see the hidden networks of the devil
Extra clearly too
I see the secret things, every net and leery ruse of spirit
Such delusion and illusion and deception
Present
Makes me cringe, I'm pathetic since I live The Message
Man, forget the folly, serve the Light
And try to help
Forever

The Stamp Ain'T Exclusive

Success is just a state of mind
Like religious
Debate
Turned solid, into reality, like fictional plays
Firm knowledge renamed the casualty
Subliminally
Or mock coincidentally, aimed toward the mind undertaking it
The little dress of time caresses actions like motives
Ripped messages
Ostentatious rhymes
Abandoned on
Shoulders
Adolescents attacked by inner passions, owned
Spray painted, caught and muzzled
Without a voice
Spoken, stagnant enterprise
To keep it, although the obstacles, dropped mental prospects
I got to see, like locked riddles topped
Deciphered cases
Blueprints changed to color
Architecture like
Masons
In the mind from limit lines disguised as dexterous statements
That, at first, resist damnation, say,
The stamp ain't exclusive
See me seated
Out by the books holding graphs, retributions
Social media scrapped for
Nooks
Basement lamps and vacant paths with aging tapestry and grasses
Meaning fate can be a tangent
This contingency
For all, canny answers? Uncanny rather
Sandy batter called culture
Up for grabs
Interpretations, selfish spirits, unmasked, helpful hearing
Disturbed, displacement
Is it wisdom or bad? Trying to pass by what has break you
Due to clear underhand?

Labeled scandalous, but extortion
In the hands
Certain order for you, more reports against us
Better days, like well wishing
Hell ditching
Arraign, right enlighten but, like indictment, tell of which is in vain
Time deserting, fine without carnal mercy
Let the dead rest
Not to juxtapose, because they gone, let them said best
Check to keep a red x next to my name
Reflects the world eye
Why? Keep your morals and receive what's for you
Skewed understanding, seeing half
Of a picture
Like foreshadowing, or in plays, like that mask in the theater
See more channeling, altruism
Staunchly listen to
Good
Ignore manner less disrespect, while emitting the well
Withstood, and care

Dexsta Ray

The Stolen Willow

While the world's wind whirl...
It's perplexing
Saw
The curse ripping, through the essence
Flesh, and questions
Second guessing, how I'm stolen from
I long to live to be connected, dreams
Broken on the touch
It's messy
Seem like the scene, smite, with frozen
Dust, suppressing
Chosen fronts, bringing thieves, to eat the means
Of my hard work, just to get a piece
While being the reason for
The mark, cursed...
Although at first, the earth was singing, the free
A serge of mirth, blinking, beauty
Too, a burden, to see
I mean...
The thief, screened through sandalwood
Alack, ain't mean abandon
Good
Clawing, 'tis the streams, fallen dreams
Empty handed, nothing
Fleeing, from the
Life changing blessings, gang of flight
I save...
A token of appreciation
Open to the current, flowing, hoping, you discern it
Though I won't give you the burden
'Fore I seen...
With my own eyes, queen, witnessed
Those tries
O, rise! The golden trumpets
Glowing something
Chosen, mine, potent, circumnavigation
Though, why we have to face it?
Games on the stage
Of the earth, asked imaginations, but I rather break it

Map displacement, just to keep it right
Even if it's all wrong
That ain't fixing leave the sight, missing, you with me tonight
Strictly for a cleaner sight
Peace and light
Free emissions, rigid, we can see it twice
Bringing bright basics, binding, back broke belata
Captured, cringy? Christ's claiming
Climbing... crash cold
Cabala
Sapwood, stingy sight, stagnant, shining, slack sow sub rosa
No close some
Peer
Neigh the fire's pit, Weh' transpires this, latent wisdom
Snakes, a bilking, face a dealing
Of it's own nature
Praying in the spirit, not for fear, but for souls safety
Vision of a Throne waiting
Brimstone and smoke, blazing, can't
Really sleep, when you know, the minutes gone, save it
Dissing ain't for me
True, scripting, only true feel it, two many youth, hear
Hatred ain't between
Few
Millions on the roof, sneer... then it's all gone... applause smite
Even if it's all wrong, I tell her that it's alright
Because it is...
See, the message way before, but the love of sin
Cuff the kids, and plus the end is nothing big to drugging men
Try to stop the truth
Then you better come with it
Jesus on my side and who lusts to stop His promises?
I apply the view
Propped up in a newer age
I ain't used to this and the devil try abusing grace, I ain't got to shoot the flame
Of a carnal nature, holding up the cross, dissing satan
With the star of David!
And departing
Nathan'
Other than evil, and tell the ones with some heart to raise!
Don't stumble the seedlings
But smother the

Legions

We're covered like the smut on the wheat is

The grain, fungus, plush diseases, clunch together like cement

The whole heaven I'm referring to!

And since the birth of

Truth

I'm all for it 'til I'm gone like divergent views

Satan only come to steal, kill

But Jesus love me, here still, I see the ruckus

But I'm full of mirth, and oooo!

I rejoice! In the face of my faith, because oppression don't exist

And I claim it today!

It ain't a way to break a soul down

No aim of arraign

But just engravements for the whole count, remain and sustain

And do forever... see, I'm like a fan

I cool and settle

But, surrounding by the heat, I can melt the truth of devil

Yelling praise, for better days, crying

'Cause I'm welcomed

Neigh

Shedding extra tears, O my God, what a metal fate! Joy

Great is Yahweh's love and compassion

Dexsta Ray

The Tale Of Something Zero

'But papa, why they left? '
'I can see the green flashes! '
'Papa, look right over there! '
'By the people being ravished! '
'I know... I see it..'
Looking through the glasses
Or binoculars
He replied
'No, they couldn't had forgotten us'
Thus, the tale of something
Deep and shrouded in rottens
Left a point of desperation to the mountains and lodges
But just a couple ones escaped though
All can't go
The green slime covered everything and all was broke
It's like the fifth year coming up around
Talemnpheew and Rosaline was just a country down
It ain't Hamlet or a place like that
'Hey, pa, I found your knife, take.'
He gave the blade right back
'You better stay... protect your sister, son.'
'Ain't no way those things ain't gone come.'
'They've taken every other place.'
'In the buildings, son, where every other's slain.'
'Some were taken.'
'Witnessed several others change.'
'I need to hit the streets just to scavenge any food that has remains.'
Papa scaling the mountain
Around the corner and the brush that shielded
And for the first time in two months
He touched a building
With a Geiger meter
Slime had covered the ground
It was a product of the infestation shuffling around
But all of town was, for the most part,
Empty
Like a barren wasteland or ghost park, icky
Since the slime was sticky
Beggars can't be picky

He bashed in a store
A gas station with a bunch of food and cash on the floor
But what's the value of the money now?
Ain't nowhere to go
They had an pallet at the mountain full of relics and more
But ain't a point
His gas mask was not of the best
The oxygen was not as full
He gave the children the rest.....

Dexsta Ray

The Trap And Deceptions (Offense)

The greek word for 'offend'
In Luke seventeen one
Hist!
Comes from that root word...
It's referred... 'Skandalon'
This'd originally advert to the part of the trap
Like if you were going to fish
Where the larvae'd attach
Hence...
This word signifies the use of a nuse
Net, ruse, concrete boots... inveiglement too
Encapsulated...
It's a tool of entrapment from satan
Paul instructed young Timothy
He practically stated...
That a servant of the Lord mustn't quarrel
Be patient...
And able to display humility reclaiming assailants
If that God will grant repentance
So they may know the
Truth...
They may come back to their senses
Like the prodigal child
Awakening to their conditions
Yea... the Father'd be
Proud!
And we don't know that we are spewing out
More bitter than pure!
But if a soul is being deceived then it's vision's obscured
It doesn't matter what he sees...
He believes and is sure
That everything he does is clean and cannot see it's a lure
Of satan...
Dead wrong but still he'll have you thinking
There's a logical excuse for all the
Wicked things we're saying
See...
No matter the scenario... there is always two sections
Those who have been treated wrongly and the ones who suspect it

The first group may have proof but the second one's guessing
Unless they have some information that was not copacetic
Or if it circumstantiated but their vision was slanted
Either way... we end up hurt with some
Misunderstandings...
It's my prayer that God's Word will light the eyes
To see our true conditions and be
Free of satan's lies...
Don't let a false suspicion take position with some pride
Causing meaningless dissension... being offended is a wile of satan
It's like a way to lure you in to do his will
Just pray... don't take offense and God said be still

I don't write to bash, criticize or put anyone down
For if a person feels as such... that is just a trick of satan
Let's see through satan's traps and deception

Much love to all

Dexsta Ray

The Truth Isn'T Popular

For the Lord warns all to repent
Turn away from wickedness
And for all to resist!
Temptation...
Now until the day our Father kills satan
Criminality is here
Evil doing is still famous!
So the truth is rebuked and it's viewed as lame
If we choose to recluse and review the sayings
In the Bible...
We'd understand that Jesus is reliable
He will raise you up!
But we have to be compliable
The whole entire world's been subjected to lies
So we have the wrong things to expect when we die
A lot of people think we go to heaven and fly
But not yet!
We just rest until the judgement arrives
Ecclesiastes nine five...
I didn't believe this
Occupying the other side are just angels and demons
When a human being dies we continue to sleep in
Until God says rise at second coming of Jesus!
It's the truth...
Read the Bible if you want to see the proof
If we walk away from God we are easy to confuse
Find God!
Satan wins if he can get into our minds
He's polluting through the music...
Television's wasting time and our lives
It hurts to see my generation blind
To the point of shedding light through my undissembled rhymes
Weary eyes...
Still moving just like I was told
Praise God and state facts through my craft 'til I'm gone
Still living for the Lord...
I don't have to be known!
If we don't ever try to listen satan captures our souls
And the worse part is...

People wouldn't even know if they were on the road to hell

Dexsta Ray

The Wicked Puppet Master Of Earth

Satan...

He's the reason people libel and lie

He's the reason people stop talking when you arrive

He's the reason for the violence

And the sin

And the pride

Ever wonder why it's cool living life on a high?

Because he's entered the minds...

To cauterize the eye of souls

He's the reason why people cannot admit when they are wrong

Same song...

The wicked puppet master of earth

And the devil specialize in crushing laughter with hurt

If a person follows God those disasters are worse

But

The Lord protects His squad so attackers are cursed

Tribulations...

I know it's kind of tough but I can take it

Satan really does exist!

But he hates when people say it

He'd rather people stay oblivious to his presence

That would make it easy keeping people from heaven

Sometimes...

People have to stop to see where they're standing

If we really honor God

We would keep His commandments

In the flesh...

We really need to keep our sins confessed

See

That's the only thing protecting us from second death

Dexsta Ray

The Wilderness

In the wilderness with sticks
And tag alongs
Sit bewilderment
A ditch, or a trench, where the grass is gone...
Unestablished shoe strings
And a slew of plastic
Classic souls
In glasses
Frigid soup, deems, who drinks
Deep
Like broken mask molds
That never set before
Open to the package, whole-heartedly, that's at the door
A most exacting source...
Flashes of conjoining plights
Whole parts are key
Time's reaction to a moissanite
Roads are a means
Too
Speed through if you want to crash
Or think, to redo, and ease through
Then you won't collapse...
It's will in the wilderness
Forget the fairytales
You better not fear or you'll merely be a scary she'll
Never lose sight
Stay full of swell vision
And enthusiast like children with a new bike
No matter how tough it get
Just try to soothe Christ
And choose light
A new life
Even if you knew strife
Consumation above
We contemplate a lot
Mainly concentration on was
The confrontation spot
And amazing watch
Night time sight finds

Nine to nine, light shines, prayers
Of the high kind
That can strike binds
Where we can't reach
God bless the cities and communities
I'm cherished to see
And it's a treasure to breathe
I thank the Spirit for the mini blessings
If I never said... Believe!
Never let the world change you into something different
Than who you are
'Cause the spiritual is unremmiting
And don't lose sight of your heart because it's unfulling
Know until the day you depart that you are just beginning

Dexsta Ray

There's A Difference

Toothbrushes, and sandalwood, and the soothe
Tools to start a day upon, candles could be something
The mood, plus, the tunes, therapeutics
Mahogany, crops, I watch, in socks in nature
Not consumed, by acknowledgements, plots presumed to buffet
But, and nonetheless, blocked the malice out, 'til bout after 9
Prophecies, I'm broken, beholding, the Throne
The appetizers holiness, and battle wise, the standards I, embolden been
The Master's kind, even if my lantern died, it matters why?
'Cause half the time, smoke and mirrors, clothe the peerless
And I don't have to lie on flows to win or bloat appearance up
I visual the empyreals...
Even, in temporal seasons, and dimension
Harder to, describe
I just sit and picture some figments hither, plus the devil mad
But tranquility, that sublime connection, heal the peace
I know the Light is whole
And love is still
In me, to fill the trees with poems, in winter even
YHWH never sleeps, if something sound familiar, time and dated for
Whatever reason, I was concentrated on, but I ain't what the devil needed
Still infringed upon my Light, because of greatness
Never ceasing...
Never mean it for degrading, shame nor extra leeching
Focused, my reality, enough, and plus was heavy
Evenings...
Bantam singularities, floating notes, with the notions branded
Wondered why I write?
If I can't, it seem like I ghosted planets
Though, no hocus pocus
See life
I seek the Father still, lots of questions, when I feel the atmosphere
Illogic sessions, that is clear, harassment near, examine if
My craft veneer the Lamb's reverse
Entrapped for sure, for artists, still the part of that which scar
The pure
My heart, relate, I'm challenged, but my art engage
From start to waves of changing matters, like a light, some sparks and flames
In mazes, labyrinths, scarred the same, with passages the dark arranged

To tarp my days...
Hid and battered, hate'd enlarge to place my shards on tapes
To glory in the suffering, of the fragmented already, such ain't so straight
forward
Though...
Les majesty, a pain on my side
But may align, I'd grind til' happiness thething on my mind
For any strategies, I been defined, the absent isn't always that
Attacks can range from anything, I been premiered in many ways
And wisdom, is the value sought, that's found in God
In Scripture pages...
And things I want to say, the Lord take me to different wavelengths
Must inhabit that resolve, though sabotaged, I'm healed and gracious...
Stuff require certain intellect, what's ill don't claim it
There's direct proportionality
I never err the view, and see for what things always been
And not what it's been turned into
It's laughable to think the proven guilty could disturb the truth
Not everything I say combative
Love myself
Not cursed my muse...
Like I said, I'm not with what some try to turn me to
Nothing short of war crime
To silence Light, the work resume, but only for the Lord, I'm
Striving right, no serpent moves
But still, I do implore
God
His righteous stripes, emerge the proof
4/17/19

Dexsta Ray

These Are Trash

These are trash... just ejections of thoughts
Might can be effective
Never know, only hoping, taking off the trash heap
And opened up and looked upon
Hopefully, the floating
Poem, in the
Bottles
Be a bottle, see a time, or a line, flying above
To desire to inspire, through the mire, soon, ages
All dwindle out and books shall be
No more...
Just the things not seen or touched, shall live forever
These are trash.... Just ejections of thoughts

Dexsta Ray

These Days (See Cross)

I fear the Lord
These days, that I don't do the stupidest stuff
The angst ain't got me up no tree either
Leave the Arc, then re-enter, see the stars and dream bigger
Losing the touch
Be neither current or the current
Of the river
Nor emerging
First... He burned the curse away from our families
So I'm glad for that
I see reality
So have the rosy glasses back
I'm sanding facts
The evil can't exact it's tacky disposition
Against my manners, see
Imagining a peaceful
Ending
Even if the Lord still has some challenges
I speak existence
In three dimensions, demons listen but we be consistent
I'm thinking different...
With a care in both pockets
And finding time, to sit, just scripting life but ever so often
Now I'm aligned...
To be a child of Light
So I ain't wild at night
Bottles broken open when those values fell
It sounded like... a smiling ocean
No more staying awake
The wiles are broken
Never playing it fake
Like the devil's hand today
That's with every chance I take
Because I know about the frigid functions
I don't care whatever said
Forever fled, like I'm resisting something
Scripture letters read
I'm busy, lift the extra constants
Or the variables

The parables declaring truth to me
From my own mind
I think
Barrens are no use to me
Some fruits just chew like brew you drink
Despair is what presumes of these...
Extra desperate for the holiness that comes with life
Anyone can do it
Only few will say they done it right
These days, listen to the Light, they judge your life
I don't even care, peace pays, and the plus is nice
I rose above, grief, hate, that tried to bring me down
Each day I'm praising Yahweh
Nothing can defy His love...
My mind above
Keep faith because it's time for gloves
Swing the Spirit sword at each snake that try to climb your scrubbs...
Jehovah Jireh
One God of battle, spoken fiery
All I am reside in this
Focused, prattle don't inspire...

These days, I hope on the
Lord

Dexsta Ray

They Want To Know

They telling me questions

Now...

They want to know like

'Are you 'for' and are you 'about' the cause you are 'for'?

Well partner that shall amount to another picture

Depending on the context

Of which

I interpret as being meant in a way that

Solidifies whether or not I'm willing to partake

Or handle conflict according to the flesh

The way I see it...

After spiritual awakening

To Christ

We die to self and our fate is sealed (Matthew 24: 9)

This is a true blessing

And at heart

It's more of a spiritual thing than physical

For whatever situations we come in contact with

Is what was already ok'd by God

Satan must ask Him before

Anything

So, to me, ain't no surprises or fear of this world

Because to die in Christ is gain

If it's God will that we shall

Face anything or anyone

Here...

Bring it on

Because if God ALLOWS something to happen

Then that's just your destiny

That's just His plan

So that, no matter what it is, shall be dealt with

Even if it's to our own deaths

Truth

But ONLY if the Spirit tell you so

Don't entangle yourself with the small affairs of this world (2 Tim.2: 4)

So when humans try to taunt you through words

That's satan

That's folly and a trap

And the thing about following Christ is

If He ain't call for it.. it will never even get close to you
So I'm saying...
I'll never back down from no evil
And I'll stand up, fight, and defend with my life
Because there's absolutely nothing to lose
And all to gain

I'm 'for' and 'about' the spiritual progression of people
That'll dictate the physical
If the devil try you
Right
Drag him in the ground! Because it was meant!

Dexsta Ray

Third Eyes

Of course, it seems like something to be
I recall
When I was young, I thought those forces were neat
The ESP, triple cyclops perspectives
Telekinesis, clairvoyance
See the dead through the
Eyes...
Of the flesh and reason, now, it's not a secret
That humans aren't allowed on the
Deeper sect.
Spiritual in nature, have laws, that human beings respect
Demons and the angels are the only occupants
Surrounding
Self-deceiving, not of God, if a man's about it
Leviticus tells the truth
In Chapter nineteen, verse thirty one, extra sensory ain't the right thing
In this type of light
Psychics, mediums, see, the Bible notes
The Holy Ghost is given to all accepting Christ's throne
The Spirit guides us
Separating right and wrongs
Only listen to what's straight from God because the fight is on!
Third eyes are something deceptive
Just leave that bind alone

Dexsta Ray

This Is My Life

This is, my, life
Though unfolded
Like so
Hist...
Smoking scrolls
On a road
Life of lowly
Like most
Just trying to find an exit
Where we utilize
Molten stones
And grind the mind to weapons
Ghost and magic
Napkins that vanish
Erasing holy
Fabrics
Saddened... at the time and the age
Remaining optimistic
Satan cannot stop and visit
Breaking the frame
And pick the locks then twist the knob
Promptly tainting the
Ways...
They try to lessen what I love to do
...to get a 'W'
Oppression like a troubled youth
Although I wasn't moved
Strange arrangement and a boring routine
But like the spiritual in nature
There is more than you see
I like to write
I find some pleasure
Just chilling...
While getting close to God
A billion lives are
'Better'
But ever, the villain, joke on mine
I resists the fetters
So grateful...

But satan still pathetic
Since I live my life a bit different
They hate to give me
Credit
But I don't do this to fulfill them, I'm living this for me
They say a bunch of false things but
It don't get to me
They don't understand and don't know me, and try to limit my potential
And my wages, watch and see just where that get you
This is my life...
No one has a reason to be aiming for it
And just because I'm not like you does not degrade my story
I don't need the fame and glory, praises to God
And I will do what make me happy
If you hate it or not
My lesson, this society is setting, traps, setting love on fire
Set me on the borders of your graphs
Called 'The ONES Are Liars'
Set me out of order, with Divergents, on the corner, trying to get a couple
secrets
On the formal
Things...
Conspiring, trying to bury light and dreams
I just talk about the pain
Want to see a fighting scene? Watch, at Jesus' life and ways
Highest name and rightest things
Scratch the olden
Get away from me, you're trying to play with me, and I ain't on it
I would scope for months
Know what you're about, trying to set me in a broken font
I'm discriminated too
In the past, I just had a problem with some people switching on me
Now it's like the whole world
Hating now and getting on me
I can't fret...
I remember what the scriptures told me
I can't even rest, now, the story is I'm spitting on them (really)
In reality, I'm focused on heaven
I feel emotion, so I wrote, and now I'm told I'm
Oppressing...
It's like a stigma to be human here, I cry about the world
Ditching all the anger

You criticize my life but I am what you call a stranger, I don't really care about that
My figurative confuse them, you don't put a person down and then
Try to use them
This is really truly my life
I like the dream world better than the physical
Dreams are fairly spiritual
I don't like to feel
Played
So I rarely Interpol, see, these are the real days
Everything is pick and choose
I say, forget those
Rules...
I'm lost in the plight, I pray to God I ain't slipping, Lord, I fall in Your sight
What if Yolanda would've ditched me
Switch and left up out the
Door
Doctors did my un-existence and I never felt no more
Thank you mama
Then I finally had an option, go to heaven, hell
Understanding life as something you can never fail, if you're really happy
Knowing God, I know a couple of folks, I grew up with
That's now successful, proud of that
I one them up
The poverty of spirit used to have a brother stuck
Now it's insignificant who don't care
I'm just enough...
This is my life and my truth, so just unhand me, my story ain't about you
So just unman me
You can tell me that I ain't..... You
But it'd make you pansy
This is my life, it ain't true what you think
I'm steady

This is my life
I can live it how I choose

Why does it concern you?
You don't know me

I love myself and this life of mine
In the Light

And honestly, the possibilities are
Still endless

Dexsta Ray

This Is My Personality

This is who I am
Not something that I saw in the world
That in the future, looking back on this, I can always be content
Knowing I ain't believe in sin
Although I'm sinner
Forget the scandalous, let's come together, better earth
To handle this abandonment
Of children
In a figurative sense, or even literal
More important leading in the spiritual
For this is just our essence
Doesn't change
While looking out for blessings but that doesn't mean
The presence crushes pain
What's the rather?
Seek alignment, keep the mind on all the meaningful
Even reading books about the times
I guess it's little
Difference ain't as drastic
Using pens to establish, 'cause there's a bunch of other formulas with the
advantage
But we can change another course to trust
And if you need
Steps
I may not have all the answers but I'll be there
If it be the Lord's will
Pray every form
Heals
So many tribulations in the earth, can't forget a soul
Forever giving thanks for the support
Thus I'm scripting on
I don't have to tell another person on another person
'Cause in the end, everything developed
Works for the good of all the
Souls who love the
Lord
That's your testimony, I know for certain, only self is the best opponent
Why us humans fretting over death? That's just transformation
And the war is not according to the flesh

How can we forget about the bible's pages?
I don't know
But I desire that, strive to live the way that leads to heaven
I'm a crazy for the Lord
In and out of the struggle
Pushed me from the comfort zone
Sent me out of the bubble
The devil did destroyed me once but He crowded the rubble
Recreate a poise synonym without any trouble
And so I am...
Simply who I am
No one has to like it
And if I feel the need to bleed then I have to write it
'Til I'm all consumed because I'm free
Within this assignment
Unconventional, unprofessional, untitled

Dexsta Ray

This Is Who I Am Part Two

Questions, who am I?

But, I said it, quite simple, 'fore the voice of satan's raised

Portraying things as what they are not...

I had a vision, steady, Spirit, searing through the yokes

A mirror, in the Scripture

Truth exposed, I'm never moved by all the silly extra

Soon, I'd fine, the sickest devils, wishing I live

Like I was someone else, I'm too unique, myself, releasing revelations, special things, that never made it

From other dentals, just like right now, the Father separated, me, from devils, major, just the basics

Jezebels would step in motion

Lest' I'm hailed, in greatness, saw an opportunity to 'froze' me, right, a hellion takes it...

Forgotten rubies is the old me, confirmation bais, stating like they know me, to control me

Mixing hate with kindness...

Nonetheless, I'm writing like nothing happen

Exciting, lightning, is my flow, a constant, shining on monsters, lamps and dozens of the angels

Higher than all the talk

Imagine if I ain't afraid

Some stand to ravish through comparison, the standards of deception

Failing, unto greater things, attaching, stuff to ignorance, what benefits it'd be to me

And pride is not a factor, just collision with some envious beings

Ain't big enough for me, to get upset about, dismissing sleeze, my enemies

Whoever put that hand in count, deaded down, to me, steady praying for them, tried but didn't prosper

You can tell by how I'm heavy with my words now, about how much the damage weighed...

The attempt, disbanding rays of light instead of marveling

See, I'm just a slave to righteousness, the law of sin is broke

The wisdom of the wicked, comprehend not the Spirit, and my intentions

Like I'd actually be that foolish, being illusion's fall, the sin deluding all, profusely, then, a bit of false accusing

Switching, twisting, misappoint the depth of what they saw me doing

And some perceptions just a lure...

Who are these? I double, then I just forget I asked, ponder what's in heaven's

light

Amusing things for getting attacked, one demon sought to hook on something
That it feels would challenge me, after slandering, in major ways, so I ain't remain
So my page erased, I have a choice to choose what course I used
But the more important, what so many tainted, claimed and lied, just a wile of
satan

So that when he actually came, he find the libelous remainder

Files and paper, many claim Elijah

But it's not a name, but it's a stage within the Great Revival, place is in the Bible
See, the strategy to ravish me was larger than my carnal knowledge, and it's
strange to capture dreams

But my identity and that ain't compliment each other, rather than a conscious
thought

God would wait, and make it plain, in His own time, displaying something
humans can't contain

Not just anybody, staying humble, doing what Weh' has made manifest

Though man will test His power continuously...

And funny thing, of course

Elijah would be in flesh, but when he be the final, how Elijah

Could be in flesh? (living sinfully)

A mess, of liars, nets conspired by the devil, being death, though extra clever
It was me against campaigns by myself, I'm just a vessel, Jezebel's devil
worshipping women

Been real obsessed with me

But it ain't nothing friendly, it's dealt, to kill what's left in me, with little
comprehension

Themselves, of what's a destiny

It's dead to me, but steady oppressing, like other methods be

These demons triple sixes, I'm different

I let my sevens gleam! I'm blessed, and still protected, from stress

I just undress the schemes, isolationism, my set, until my Yeshua speaks...

So, you see, there are no question

That's only plots and stuff, it's obvious

That God acknowledge what He has prospered from

Plus all I really want to do is why His prophets come

Ain't much that's what's expected

Stuff been rushing me since I was young...

Malachai, find my portion, only claiming justice

Masters lied, correspondence, but their fruit, ain't changing nothing...

So repent, all that extra noise can't change a constant, see, the sun persists

If it's welcomed or if blazing, bugging

Staying honest, 'til the end, it just intensifies...

I suffered something, but the pain was like initiation, so I think my testimonies
fondly
Loyalty to God...
And don't toy with me
The boy has joined the sea, with cod, and other forms of YHWH's nature
Learning how to coin alot, 'cause, before, the plots would overtake, every game
the devil plays
God just redirect it, ain't forget the things experienced
Since the methods used are too unfair
He sees the need for intervention...
Who am I? Just something that's mentioned in the Scripture, branch, but He's
the Main Vine
Jesus, a Spirit, my Savior, uphold the standard
Wanting me to spread His fame, and I'm fine with that
Three in the same, I marvel, screaming praise!
Lightning, flash
Some don't understand, it's alright though, it's a light show

The third

Dexsta Ray

This Is Why I Lie

Because the blinded minds can't realize the truth
You can't see and 'cause you dark
That's what it feel like
To you...
And all along
There's a Helper in your presence
But you too caught on gold, being accepted, and 'connected'
This the reason why I lieee
Listen demons
Know God is watching
You shake and shiver
It's the season
Covered like hand paper on clenching fingers
Taking scripture
Twisting words to lead them astray
And ain't too different
Heard the serpent
Schemed on Jesus the same
And things are fine
If I'm low
So happy
Nobody speaks of static
Leaving it behind
While I'm dying
But God forbid I'm laughing...
And I don't get it
So you know what type of picture taken
It's in the spirit
Evil actions of the kids of satan
And I ain't picking
I ain't picking
Told the Lord I'm hated
Will You take me out of the flout?
But I was meant to face it
If the eye is dark
Filled with lies describes the heart
When you look into my face
I can see your dying
Spark

Mainly what you trying to guard...
Energy doesn't lie
But still, sometimes, it's the result of what you're keeping inside
Seeing darkness ain't too strange, the inner beings
That are blind...
Who's pointing fingers, joining winking, 'cause they need a disguise
And it ain't 'bout a single soul with soul
Slipped, you missed, your
Chosen blows
We ain't shadow boxing, two Corinthians, we know the whole!
I lie because I tell the truths the wicked hates to own and hold
Even though the hellions knew
They purposely had spoke it wrong!
Seeing undisputed truths
But twist it up and roll it on! Happy with these actions, whew
Witness masks and gloating known!
So I guess I'll just manage until
The hope is
Gone...
No one wants me inking my tablets, that's why I wrote this poem

Excepting all souls with some soul
Keep doing you

Writing is the only thing that
Gives me peace

Sometimes

Dexsta Ray

This Society...(Light Life)

Don't try to break me and then hate how I adapt
This society
Try to crush it's people
And then bash them
When they
Down
Let us help each other while we trying to make it
Instead of saying, 'Look at how they are.'
Or, 'This person here is changing.'
Everybody have a time
When they are
Growing
And couple of blunders
Let the perfect of us be the ones to judge another
Don't look at me the same because I'm not
We are always changing
With the pressure
Forced to bend but not to break
And lately, being misunderstood ain't been like gravy
Now I'm called mean
Which is false
I just talk about the pain it's caused
With positive intentions
Light life 'til the death of life
I'm forever in it
Right sight
Father, help us fight
Cool, I'm fake, I'm hating, I am weird and a fraud
But the ones who try to say that ain't superior
To God
It ain't nothing fake about it
I just hear all the odds
Just trying to grow until I see who in the mirror and nod
Just like everybody
Living in the crazy place
You could call oppressed
This the message: To repent and hope you all confessed!
Society even tell folks to off themselves
Instead, I'll keep on killing you

With all this success
Evil is the devil and his ways just make a fall progress
Ain't living my rule, trust me, since His will right
As Christian, my food come from whence He lives... Light
And this ain't high school, buddy, this is real life
Don't worry 'bout the past
Just in front of you
That's real sight
And I ain't nothing but I promise I will still write
The dungeons crowded real tight
I hustle for those still blind
And I refused to be subdued and kneel to satan's feet
And I ain't boosted, viewed the real, so they relate to me
And if the truth's to be concealed
Then the hatred' breed
Only way is take the heat
Society ain't breaking
Me

Tsk..
Society don't have nothing to say to me
Or vice versa

John 13: 18

Dexsta Ray

Threatened By Babylon For Praising God

How I feel about threats
God is bigger than

I don't fear you

I ain't new to persecution, kill me
Now that's out the way, I'm found today
Something got me from around the way
Somehow, in faith
Still, I'm jotting, getting pound the same
Even if they did it
Still ain't conquering the crown of Weh'...
At the Throne, expand my soul
Think Revelations
Babylon has killed some prophets, cause they ain't the devil slaves and
Mammon runs the free world, I ain't scared of the evil
I saw the Lord too many times
He prepared me for either...
I'm getting threats without cause by people I do not know
According to the evil stuff on roads that I did not go
To intimidate me from praising God
It'll never happen
Underestimating Him, it'll never manage
Long term, ever happy
Even though
Demons long for my soul, I'm different
Than what used to be
In spite, impositions, sick of it, disproven so many times
Still, assimilated, flipping scripts
Fake stuff, I die, hot sauce, ascending with me
It was not consented, God's sufficient for me
They can talk and say whatever
God's provision will teem, I'm in His wing
In the Name of Jesus
Envious leave, I finish this, many weapons formed
But faith defeat it all
And plus the devil won't protect the Lord
So brace to see it's to fall
Ultimately

Fear no evil
12/26/18

Dexsta Ray

Time Might Exist

Life of imperfections
But love
Is not
Recognizing, whole, I know the truth
That's why I ain't play
Slueth has distorted more, the core
Set aside
I ain't say
But gave away the taste of pain
The haste erase
Sustained flame, and traced the edge
Of sadness
How it be expressed
In real world
Though maintaining, phase changing
Days chasing the nights
Lights on our inner longings
Minus signs
Forgotten, like crying and sighing
Consumed by moods
Usuals
Suspected of stressing hope
Coalescing growth
Smoldering abodes that are passions
That had attached and
Stuff
Branding one, but wholesome, collective
Pieces establish
Meaning, after dreaming, leading, exacting
But ain't opposing that, imagining, thus passages
Hieroglyphics, and ancient etchings, longing in some eyes
Stolen focus, it ain't, to loath and press it
Broken stones already
Except, the roses, I know, unsettling
Too familiar
Healed, and aligned, tilled, message filled
With lines
Helming mine, with differences, feeling
That kind, the flutter-bys

Summer skies, the symphonies, come alive
Ain't enough of time
Crushing lies, ain't fielding me, just the minds
With befuddled eyes
But nothing blinds the Spirit's keep
Not heresy nor misery
Confusion
Have to understand there's nuisance in the centripetal
Using
Trying to underhand the musics that our spirits be
Some puzzles, some illusions
Other trouble
Something's brewing
No disturbance on the
Surface
What's discovered, own discernment
Though attuning
Through solidity, love, that I ain't never
Lack
In ending me, I'm fine, being requited
Seems like
A peace accepted
Claddaghs
That's cyclopean, meadows, where my completion's
Welcomed, letters
Hello
Emotions, notions, and bright perspectives

9/7/18

Dexsta Ray

Times Like These

Well, He told me, in advance, I'd experience these
Seriously, ahead, time behind me
Like it's all the same, falling rain
Thinking about Job...
Feeling close to that
Feeling Moses' path
Not knowing to praise or curse the Light...
Times like these
Hurts the sight but the journey's right
Learn to find the peace inside
While it toss and turn
At night

Dexsta Ray

Tintinnabulation

The fire was a method
Collected, because, some knew I cherished
Measures, being unnecessary
On a sheep, ain't jokes, the yokes, are ever present
Several months after
I seen the devil, setting, matters in positions
To overshadow the heavy
Tactic, evil just abandoned, by mostly
But I can feel it still
Closely, 'cause the toll, unto you, the ancient notions
O, the same things matter
This usually contain my brokenness, the muses, like this is
But the truth is I'm longing stronger, when the bruises running
Deeper, than features, of superficialities
Misconfigured
My only focus, the right thing
Feeling discontentment, the fields and sunlight behind the grasses
Slap me with intensity, feelings absence, a normal thing
Fabrics that's distorted, and been subtracted with scorn and hate
Then exacted, meant to refract it
So different stories
Came, forcing, I'm aware of gigantic forces
That stab the Lord, catalysts
In search of, a battle since, satan had absorbed, patented
Exploits, used for mammon, and satan at they source
Demons, but my faith still in Jesus
My space impacted more, slithering, and sneaky like creepy things
Still allowed to eavesdrop, with subliminal messages
Such just want my seed, stop
Which ain't my predilection, wasn't competing, sought to bring me
In their culture, to maime me, in hopes to beat me
Fine growth, tintinnabulation, the lines broke, to hide me
Filth already happened
I witnessed, so I know, the strife connected, like a fixture
The bless-ed, your vibes glow, like lightning, time stole, alrighly
Aware of stuff I consented to, mentioned all of this
'Cause that fire, was being specific
True, it didn't smudge reality, not our fault what the envy do
The world just love it's own

Evil critical of authentic stuff, soughting compromising positions
Still got the crime persisting, sovereignty been given
For ending the Light of Christ, consistent, I don't want the devil
That's misery, so despised my writings, grinding to my own drum
Really, what's on my mind, I scripted, anyone who get close
Really, be holding lies against me
Nothing to expose, but wishing it, so they shine and glisten
My impact expanded much further
Like it was kinds of sickness
But just for the Light, most resented it just 'cause I was different
Demons noticed early but twisted it so they rise from stealing
I was full of love but they
Spit on me, like when Christ was in it
Such don't know morality
Loyalty, anything like that, give them recognition, they morph it into a frame for
cash
Nothing you can do
Saying supportive things even make them mad
Before you even know it
They'll cut you with blades that's in your back...
Already, I expect that, from the grave I was left at
I love, even though it hurt, because heaven is where my bed at...
Some stuff is minuscule
But you're planted
And I respect that, the soil that God prepared
In the masterpiece where we stand at
Is just that
12/24/19

Dexsta Ray

'Tis A Way Of Life

Safe to say, insane, crazy maze, stay replayed in the brain
I'm guessing poetry is
Outdated
Now
They say the strangest things
Crazy ways to phrase major frames
But it ain't like it's made
Changes came in ways latent
Route
And it ain't like a game
'Tis a way of life
Dating back to slave and archaic times
Society today want to take it and just reshape the lines
Of purity, replace it, control and constrain it
Into a certain hemisphere
Or a mold to contain it
But poetry ain't limited in any way
Can't nothing seal
It
'Cause if it could, then the name would be a contradiction
Breathing and alive, abstract attachments
Mapped deepening inside
Graph this, perhaps it's more than seeing with the eyes
But the minds, for a higher climbing
Order for a lighter
Silence
The needing of it, owned by a couple of kindred souls
In quest for freedom, leaving all the cold and woes
If just for a minute
Never shall it die or be eradicated, ever, only spirituality could make it better
Poet's life
Maintain the stage through any weather
Never let it settle
Because it's flowing within the veins, bestowing faith
Poetry's a word that's holding feathers
Getting linked together
Solely floating to a plane to be a thing developed, ink
And onionskins produce the method
Then it fly away

Sure it fades, but still you're planted, if you die today
Some will find relief and understanding
Keep the cries at bay
So it is forever the elected on the side of paint, dealt to be connected
No regression though the times'll change
Can't nobody wreck it, it was set, before our eyes were made

Poetry is scrapbooking that could never be a hobby

No matter what society think about me
Or what it say about me
This is my
Life
I'm doing this forever

Dexsta Ray

Titus Three Five

Give praise to our Holy Father
He gave His only son to die for our sins
Stay brave hold no focus on tomorrow
Accept the Lord for our lives to begin

Now...

Thank God for this beautiful morning
Thank God for His grace...
Don't choose to ignore Him
Show Him love...
Because the blessings coming from above
Only rain because of mercy
Not because of what we've done
He is kind...
To the wicked just as well as the just
Circumstances sort of shifted when developing trust
Then my burdens started lifting...
No more hell and a rush!
Now I'm making that decision
Keep my fellas in touch with the Lord
Sunday...
May we go to church for sure
Giving glory to the Lord
Just accept His promises and...
Stay strong

Dexsta Ray

To Be On A Spectrum

Several differences
The gift of special children...
It's not a hindrance
They're just that complete
And personalities will differ, that's a constant regardless
Abnormalities official
Thus becomes of an artist
A mental illness or a social life? Well, then, forgive me
Never really been the social type
With all the social hype
I keep my distance, with repeated behavior
From finding something that would interest
Like the ink to the paper
And if I ever known the spectrum
I can mindfully see it, undiagnosed with anything
Plus, in Christ, it's a win
And Light within
Supernatural purpose, high above the curses
The mind transcends lies and sin from the tragic burdens
Evil spirits vessels slander the chose
But what's ironic
They're the victim of the slander they told
One fully functional if on the spectrum
The was is spiritual, the evil, we debunk the weapons
Now we're stuck regressing
Stumped progression, mentally, like I'm under nets
A rushed perspective but I'm really free
Like another's pets...
My symphony's high, I'm scripturally fine, embrace His promises
If I were, then I'm autistically fly
A bunch of confidence, because the One was sent
With compliments, the Covenants
Praise the Lord until the end, in spite of any subtle diss
And I'm for the Truth to win
Mortal battles have no fruit within, the normal roots of sin
Ravished out, sort of challenged
Now

'We' is always true Light

Dexsta Ray

To See You Everyday

Oh my gosh
I feel behind, so much time, I write
That you comprehend me, Light is still our Alpha and origins
Of course, I more than, think of kinds, of formulas
Ain't inordinate, but absorbing us, Lord entrusted us with each other
While He restore a bunch, of torn and crushed abstractions
Of yestreen ages, in ancient places, valley adoration
Of just the cabin with nothing damaged, playful rages
So much attraction, with peace, amazing graces, the commandments
Naming the beasts, with tons of fragrant plants and
Absence of, been painful to me...
To depths, you can't imagine, vases, baskets full of your favorite
Plants, to embrace the patent
Praying candid, hope where you go, in faith
You safe and happy, elevate my fashion, getting with the times
So I ain't enchantments, got a weighty jacket, mahogany
Venerating the fabric, plus I'm seeing the heavens
And faceless beings, with amazing landscape, God allowing me insights
And honest angels are closer now, spiritual but visible
Praise the Lord, He control me, wow
Everything is pure, ain't no evil, within my soul, and house
Never got the mountaintop
But with Jesus, there more abound, in the upper region
Where the cherubim exists
The Light, conversation, sequels, of our dream of being at peace with
Stuff, talk about the wings and how those creatures
Thrice as big as us, YHWH the Pantakrator, spread the love
He ain't tricking us, Scripture trusting, until the Kingdom come
With the clearest conscious
7/30/19

Dexsta Ray

To That Akimbo

Yes

Just let this go viral

But not for condemnation, plus, no other placement

No one else can

Have me, that's a fact, passions matched

The grasses, honeycombs

Glasses, honey on, where honey flows

With milk

Silk, it's sunny, fields and hills, real appeal

To troubling souls

Fum-fumbling poems in, my, freetime, hotel room

Out east, I wrote, telling you, beneath skies

Of roseweld jewels, to keep flying, or be mine

Like sequins, both wings shine, and the dreams thrive

Wonderfully, you love me, I'm stumbling

But I keep trying

Gliding by the sunset, pondering, just those deep eyes

Peace, dying for that, strong and bold enough to die about it

Tucked me in with psalm, like snuggling, with some Light around me

Stuck amidst the ups, just the highs, no lows and downs

Fans, not just a, fans, okay, if I expanded

Definitely, Weh' advanced it

Can't disband it, humility, days of mass enchantments

Braids, or plaits, or wavy, lashes even, craft in harmony

Thinking, that mechanic, never rigged, tsk

And that's volcanic

Made it 'round the mountaintop, and still kissed

We live sent, healings,

Found the time to shroud the hive I'm in the fields with

If this confounded flops, without design, then I feels it

When it's loud or not, does flout define?

Not a lil bit

Who got the real sense, bee beetles, leave the buildings...

I'm out the lines, baby wouldn't you say it's bout the time?

A threefold cord's not easily broken, no matter the trials

Or how presented...

Counterfeited, lots of stuff pursuing, YHWH's business

There's a better way, I'd be blessed to say

You found it with me...

And that's a hard claim to make just from the grounds I'm sitting
Poetry ain't popular, and I ain't short on trials
It's plenty...
But I'm a firm believer, if you don't give Yawh specifics
Difficult to learn to see through though we been around for centuries
Crowns, dimensions, I can't let you fall
The ground's obsidian
We can fix each other's wings
With Yawh's assistance, now is different
I write a couple of things
Ain't boastful, til the vials are empty
I don't care what trouble came
I'm broken but ain't out of spirit
Floating, wholesome
Lowly, coasting with some flowers with me
Only, only love, know the nature, ain't seen a crown as pretty
Wow, mysterious, real, and amazing
1/16/19

Dexsta Ray

Today

All I have is some faith
Today
Stabally unshaken
In the cabin of praise
'Cause maybe if a mustard seed could go and represent the meaning of faith
Well, then, perhaps another leaning being'd persist in the grace
And in the faith...
Won't you supplicate now?
So many tragic endings...
Make us feel unable to pray
A bunch of breakdowns
But today
I raise my hand towards the great crowns!
And I ain't afraid
I've slain the snake and still it ain't found!
Talk of silly zombies of such
I throw a spirit arrow
Looking at the sparrow
Today
I stole the villian's marrow
Most of this society is coated in darkness
Subtracting piety
Even if it don't make sense
In that conspiring
They quote it regardless
O, which is fine to see
Except when it's enclosing the targets
That ain't a part of sleaze...
But today
I take the payments of the latent thoughts
I saw enchained to Satan's wall
Depart of peace
Engraved
Minor tablets made to break and toss
Today
I lack the words to off my love and it costs me
Across the ranges where the angels dwell
My love has revolted
I'd take it well

If the Savior helped
My aim dissolved from taking steps
Above into the fog
It's a drug to be enthralled with
The clocks broken up
Crushed the glass
I turn to Psalms six
I don't need their sympathy
My disposition's written, free!
Enmity between Light and dark...
I take my scars with me
I write to self because I'm whom of which the cards given
Marred for hard living
Sharks, visions, lions, shells incubate
Spell hidden hate
For races ain't the dwelling pain that we begin to shape
Shaking off the devil
Stepping on him
'Cause he's in the way
A seven headed beast from sea
Soon to eat some spirits
Or they heard the horn
The Christians
Not subjected to surprise at all
A lot of hidden cloaks
Set
The snares but missed the soul
Striking for a fall
The lightening of the angels fare
The blessings flow
Even in the mess it grow
Learning how to place a spare
Jesus in the motion now
Writing for some closure for the cold life
The long fight
Throwing blow for blow
For the gold crown of known Light
Don't drown
A boat for scapegoats
And maimed wild...
Dark sheep
Armed with broken sharp teeth

Today
It seemed the Lord would choose to test me
Fools oppress me
Never fails
But true progression drew the message
Smooth and reckless
Fetters fell
I'm on the Rock and I uphold my position
I'll drag a demon through the quondum to impose my ascension
The devil probably got a claw on me
With my unawareness
Plus God ok'ed it so I take it as another snare is
But today, I stand prepared
With He Who runs the Cherubs...
Any opposites that touch disbanded like rebutting matter
I'm with the Light
I'm in the Fight
I have couple of soldiers
Jump and get dumped on your head
I guess you tumbled over
I hear I got a time limit like uncovered soda
I ain't going flat until the perfect vision of Jehovah
So today
I'm standing firm even if I'm weary
All the wicked sentenced to be burned for their evil steering
I write for self
But in case it's seen or people hear it
They remember me as strictly being a seed of Jesus Spirit
For I'm trying to live right although the odds against me
Generation curses ain't my destiny
But testing see...

Today...
We'll find the strength to make it
Don't you fret
But smile more than you do
Be blessed

Only satan mad but he can't do a thing to me
The Lord rebukes all persecutors

Toddlers Lives Do Matter

Settlements, just relative, this supremacy still to buffet
Though I'm doing the right things, got militias that's backed by
Influential figures, knit my survival with unrelated people
Stuff premeditated, the evil, some violence for my kindness
Something that I'm used to, permanent and illegal measures
Was already setteth, so now, for that, I can't have a right
Citizenships informally, stripped away, and without a cause
Virally, the criminals, witnessed, still undermine my life
Sabotaged, I never was loved, although a minor tike
Toddler lives do matter, been ousting me out because of talent
Envious, I could write, still allowed, persisting, a broader hate
Lying and saying friendship, prying and spying for my race
Dying for my place, even finding ways to devise more frames
Consistent, through the years, since my rhyming put lies and stuff
To shame, events that's even staged just to have a reason to
Smudge my name, 'cause such is antichrists, all day and night
They disrupt my praise
Vicious innuendo, that's unprovoked, when I just maintain
Evils in proximity, everyday, for injustice made
Then I'm still in danger, afraid that I'll go to heaven
Want to keep the Lord contained
So the Light of the truth, is limited to few, trying to kill me 'fore this grew
Because my talent great, implications, of the completion
Of proven hateful crime, threatening me, in three days
By militias, that proof against, tampering with my life
While I'm seeking justice, I'm used to this
Plus influences, that was scheming what this confusion been
Benefit as well, from destructions, of who they've stolen from
Super sized collusions, tween different cultures and countries
Not the stuff that love me, baphomet cunning, had someone trying to run me
That's on top of all of this
Manifested, and long prevented, proven, soaking in it
Delusions, told for pennies by lonely witches, jokes unnoticed
Really, and trying to yoke so I'm close to finish
So the plots are never added up
It ain't my fault, the frames was false, forever had it tough
But not misfortune, got this fortune, born within
The literary skill, they sent a lot to harm me for, the visibility of it
Forcing me to prove myself, I don't have a thought of them

Taking that advantage to exploit, the other stuff they broke
Really, from the start, the Lord was hated, and was sabotaged
Toddler lives do matter though
Resisting that too strong for me, witches, and conflations
Only safety come from faith in God
2/22/20

Dexsta Ray

Tomorrow Is The Sabbath

Tomorrow is the Sabbath
Day
Originally
Holiness was the
Saturday
The Catholic would change it and make it up but a latter day
The mark of the beast
When it's a law to only serve on then
Soon the Lord return again
To burn the sin
Tomorrow is the Sabbath
Meditation
And tactics
Of mindfulness and self-awareness
Introspection imagined
The very moment
Holiness is paramount
And need to grasp it
To stay aligned for every other time we leave the mattress
Forgive my bitterness and error made
Father up above
May my path be of the Light and steps that's done in love
Tomorrow is the Sabbath
It's a blessing wasn't promised to us
You ain't have to spare me
But I'm thankful and not just
Because
It's Sabbath
Exalt the coming Kingdom 'til it's clear for all
And then, with glorified bodies, see Him, fear, then fall
Promising of faithfulness fulfilled
A covenant unbroken
Thank the Lord for the Sabbath
And things He's spoken

Dexsta Ray

Transparent Armor (I Write Long)

Bullet proof
I like to pull and view a couple of segments
From this life line
God has set as my time
Angels all around
Not the darkness
I think of maze and maize
How I started out in the field
Then regarded grains
To guard our brains
From evil
Faith attained
To learn the ways to fight
Warnings from the Father
Plays of death
For the heaven's sake
I walk away from haughtiness
If such that I've learned
It ain't because of this flesh that I'm bludgeoned but firm...
I used to think of certain concepts and it bothered a bunch
Reflect the prophecies of one step
The un-kept
To dream with tact
Leaving masks
The unaccepted, needless bags
I pause for angels
O, my faithful comrades!
It's me
And praise the One on high
Saving me from one tracked, slavery, a depraving mind!
I can see your glory!
Not physically lest it claim the eye
I know that it was your wings that shielded me from the aiming binds!
Walking well aware
Tossing caution
I stick with Jesus
Coordination seems like something
Distortion
That devil's lair...

Loss for ink
Crossed in sin on all sides
I wasn't free
I didn't get it wasn't fitting for eyes
But what's in me
Is more than able to contend with the lies
And sordid beings
Applause the Christians
Not a friend of disguise
The Lord can see!
The wicked order me to quit or I'm dying
But that's a blinding help
'Cause I've dwelled beside the bows
And my shine tell it
Satan throws a snare behind who grows
But my ions melt it
His lions felt it
Smite a celtic
I deny accepting...
The trying welcome
Light has nailed it
Plots to see one killed
But obviously, the only way I'd drop is like how Peter slipped
See, I have Jesus near
They just don't know... How He can shift!
That's the Master schemer
But He's seeking just your peace and cheer!
And i don't see the fear
Standing firm like 'bring them here! '
Fighting with the angels is to turn what you can't even steer!
And it couldn't be a greater One than Jesus Christ
That's why I try to do the right thing so I can be in Light
And even though it might seem doesn't mean it is
False values teem but that don't mean that's how we need to live
All I'm seeing is the other world
So keep the hills
He's squeezing all the demons from your soul
It's time to be for real
I know He fulfills
The art is aligned
Different books, and let's give heart to what we're marking in time
I have to write

Before I know it, I'm departing the lines
I feel the scripture and keep going with no heart to resign!
I'm writing long...
I'll continue to 'til life is gone
I know what Jesus told
Me... so that's what my mind is on
Openly, ignite the soul
No slowing me, or frozen thinking, no degrading
Own arrangement in the Light and heart
Even scars are open pages... like the sun
Let me glow and things but no relation
Poetry don't end, every soul it breathes, like oceans, lakes, and flowing streams
My armor is enrobing me, a stronger being
Than I was
Thank you for exposing me, transparent

Dexsta Ray

Tree Of The Void

One faith, beyond
The pain, trust, what YHWH tells me
Just praise
Uncontained, 'cause ain't a reason for it...
Some days...
I struggle, remaining humble though
A couple of prayers
Before
The Lord's there, ain't taking other roads
Righteousness is right
Finding Light, and climbing plights
With it
The dramas goes and get me, chose and pick me
Christ, just guide my life, I stumble
Though committed
I'm sitting, by pillars, fire by night
Clouds, in the day time
Exodus, Father, save lives, so spiritually
Some mountains may rise
Although, mysteriously, appear to be
Some mounds in the valley
Beneath the grapevine, sheep, anyways
Count the tallys
The end of days signs, times that are perilous
Seeing it in everything now
I remember challenges, after this
Father, change mine! Reality
Be grabbing my neckties, out of breath
Same time
Just engraving, for heaven, messages
From the Spirit
In Light, some pain, I can't hide
A different stage now
I can fight, the Scripture's page my, weapon
Still restored by His stripes
So I don't fear the
Sight...
Impositions, misrepresenting, to build contention
'gainst me, with intentions, simply to end the mention

Of Christian rhythm
Wickedness
That pick me, resist the devil, and then he'll flee
Ephesians within distance
The same embracement consistently
To this degree
I look to the hills
Wence comes my help someday
Unfair
To the fullest extent
When nothing cares, I pray, prepared
Sure, the Lord is aware
That's all I need to know
He there
Spirit sword in the air, until I see the Throne
The snares, meant to merge me in their
Realities, to observe me, and reserve me
And scare
But, still, I trust the Lord
Passionately
10/12/18

Dexsta Ray

Trespasses

Never ever, I'm good, just as with anybody, witnessed fixed
Realities, meant to diminish, spirit truth, when in tune
To challenge, for battling, that lack a substance though...
Sabotaging, trapped in positions, one'd have no choice but go
But implications slam impositions, in front, that's just as cold
Waiting in advance, either way, for Jesus, such is so
No hope escaping nothing, indiscreet, even if it gleam
Specifically, I think it's called loyalty, to toil with me
Don't trust the soils, foiled plots, from antichrists
Ain't of a team, regardless, still imposing, but no love
Like the scorn of dreams
Which forces me, illuminating, but they never mention that
But only if I had react, not what they did to fashion that
Discussions of it, bugging, but I'm done with, but much love for real
Was sabotaged, and in advance, such knew I walked with
Christ, but still, unreal, done still, to justify is not a possibility
Considering the time amount, some friendsbetray if plans arranged by satan
Fall, and light shine out, just Light I'm 'bout, like all these years
And my character's attacked so some lies seem real...
The evil shadows me to snatch all divine things still
To hide, disguise, and keep, detach, from the original
That God ordain, that ain't a side of me, perhaps
It ain't the kind of thing you at, this case is for a higher rank
But ain't no one in engaging that
The lines were all distorted, and smudged, throughout the years
So the Lord don't benefit, and on the lowest of keys
Can't claim Him, blaspheming, His Spirit, no peace then
But I know Christ, allowed to be attacked in plain sight
In spite of my allegiance to Him, truly, something ain't right
People missing blocks for me on purpose...
So I turn to God, my guard
Whatever still against me, antichrists, just a band of cowards
Preying on the vulnerable, and bullying the Lord's servants...
I remember old schemes
On my sense of peace, look for ways to crowd me into
Anyone who cults deceived...
And by the time I learn about it, just some older things
Intentionally trespassing
Forgiven though, so I get to heaven

Trying to twist the Lord's stuff
As a way to dismiss His Precious, extra smooth and cunning
Just blend it like this some Christian weapon
Just to kill the Light He appointed
Which ain't who kick
His vessels...
True, I'm not that, only what my God saying
Holiness important to Him
So that's why I'm trying then
Trespasses break my heart, with all the tim-ings
But I never hate a human, God create
6/16/19

Dexsta Ray

Trial And Error

Just an observation...

I am constantly looking for ways to
Better myself as a person and
Writer...

I strive to experiment with different genres
As well as topics

Some of it might work...

Some of it might

Not...

The bitter truth about life is we are destined
To make such mistakes

Most of which we could look back at in
Laughter...

I used to think of my mistakes as failures

I used to believe every one of satan's lies

They will plant a seed into our

Minds...

When they should only be examples

Well, in time I'll probably use this

To be established

Error...

Yea, I love em' and I love those mistakes

For if it wasn't the trials I'd be stuck in one place

So I am grateful

Dexsta Ray

Trifecta

Valuable, significance, palpable, that consistent truth, subtracted limits
Differences, bastions, for passions that begin in
Spiritual, expansion is happiness, that begin within, existences, I'll clap to the
gamma active in atmospheres
Brackets, lanterns courtside, capture the candle's light later
'Vantages of hard work, high tables, with lanterns, for the night time
The corpus, sodality, in the right mind, the right kind
Important, like habits, according to the goal, the brackets in
With passes, in practices, with the normal ropes, establishing an ethic
And dragging it 'til the sort can grow, fields and prairies
I was a minister for the Lord of hosts, ripped and tearing, scripture clarity is why
my wheel aware
The vision's bottom heavy
In consistence, when perspective is
Which is solely relative, depending on, whatever sought
Scraping up the grass and stuff
With tacit powered by the Lord, the opposite
Of absence, paces manifest for years already, clocking stuff embedded
Armed with just the Cross, with my bottle full of olive oil
And holy water, through the Holy Ghost
Of the Holy Scripture, satan place me with the unrelated, to fulfill the will of that
which coveted my Light for God
I ain't here for them, I ain't live for them
The same allowed to try to kill me still, I'm preoccupied with praising YAWH
Some want me disappearing, so my rhythm gimmicks
It's impossible, I'm still resisting
It's persistent, but what's really wholesome, being authentic
Helped me see what matter, mostly, in the physic
This dimension get me, busy, for the righteous, of the Bible stuff
I write enough, I like to love, I minus all that's trifle
For exciting stuff, the skies above, consent the substance
Basis meant, an atheist, embracing this, the same as if, a rapists went, to state,
to lift a case, against the things they did
Who don't want to find God would hate the kid
It's basic sense, but saints that really know the Lord, is safe from
Being erased for sin, the day He picked to make
The end of things, commence, to make again, the hateful can't discern
Find it in Corinthians, ain't late, for Weh, I wait my turn
But this could not diminish

The imperial, spirit benefit, the lot, of plenty afflicted, sometimes, I pivot side to side

The heavens get me fermented, there's many different
Spots and places, and up there, ain't no limits, for even buildings are alive
But in the physic, stuff rigid...

I love to listen, when it's worth it, love to listen when it's purpose
Plus my yellow tape intact still, I wish some had disturbed it, where my
fragments be identified

And slathered with detergent, after gathered from the scattered state
And placed into it's dirges, I ain't ever been a racist

I'm being bade concerning surges, which is long anticipated, as a way to finish
perfect crime...

But YHWH see it, whether or not, some even think He live, murdered for my
faithfulness to Light

Where some proclaimed He's Thine...

I ain't have a fair chance, evil framed me in early times

Then blame me for my feeling the hurt that came even merged with God

But I don't want to break even

Wondered where all the chaste being

Cut off without a cause, but you know, that this all the same Jesus

Exposed in chronological, how the yoking

With race constraints, schemes from higher up, to control if my dreams would
make it great

And once the evil realized, the wholeness would see it ain't same

But can't no one get mad `cause they focused on me

In case the range of what has truly happened is notice, and why the frame
arranged...

There was no justice before this

Because the same remained, my focus on the Lord though

And the substance that's more important

That the Light be manifest, in life or death, still Christ is there

1/17/20

Dexsta Ray

Trouble Maker...Maker... Maker... Maker...No

Some make, seem I'm on a renegade
Punishment needed
'One day he'll get the right one! '
Like I'm troubling people
But really ain't
Concealing hate
Just some dwindling angst
Observed, and learned about this wicked world
Pain is not so unfamiliar...
I saw what fame and cash can do
Slays and avenues
The aim and fact is solely conclusion
With change and happy endings
Families in it, such confusion as the planet's spinning
Sending us to fusions, Light and darkness
Twisting, accidentally
I never thought that writing poems
Would get me where I am
Heightened notoriety
Right and wrong dividing peace
Maybe that's the way it's made...
Nothing's sadder
Up the ladders, with the scars you're dealt
Intentions not to judge
Not to shun, not to run a block
Not to say it's going to stop
But faith can make one drop the guns
I pray, embrace to say this in an age it blots the sun
Just concern and strictly change
Not to curse and not for fun...
Like a movie with the different sagas all in one
Story lines switch
Different lifestyles and cultures present
And then it's try mine, you might find
Some type of balance
I forgive but some ain't repentant
And since a kid, I had visions of a meadow
That I can't even see
Sunlight, gold fields, I know real

Looking at the business part of all these different situations
Getting crossed is easy
Got to put some thought into connection
In this spirit battle
Every fall is hectic, all collected
Never tried to be, sarcastic carnal weapons
Marked acceptance in a lost perception...
And to this day, I see that meadow
When I'm needing peace, every now and then
Now again, or about to sin
Don't need to drink...
I'm sensitive, but in the lame, and not the evil way
Waking up, I think I seen her face
And got the dream engaged
On this journey
It get rough, faced with plenty
Trials
Living in the Light
So you know you have your limitations
And then it's Satan, waiting for a chance
To tempt creations, if it didn't work
Then he'll twist it up to fix his aim
Contorting stands
To bring some sort of hand in these sordid plans
To restore his brand, for his order
Of distorted land...
You can't understand me before you know the Lord
Or it won't absorb
Only forcing the motive wrong...
I remember time was riddles to me
My mistakes
Mixed in with misinformation
But I know what I
Have faced
Cold world, people coping to survive the place
Drugs become a factor when we don't pray
Disguise in vain, and things the constant battles
Never stay...
Don't define yourself, by the thoughts of broken
Psyches
Liabilities create the strength...
I'm not ashamed of Christ because I know too much about Him

Living spiritually and physically
I couldn't budge without Him
The crutch of doubt can leave us dying on a
Busted route, and on the other side
We can't repent, so we just stuck wherever
We go, fetter ego, it's for better
Beneficial, clever, then we reminisc
About the struggle, and get with the devil
Many souls still suffer in the hard life
And I ain't far from it
Even though I played my cards right
Sitting in the yard, scarred by the star light
Beauty as it glisten
Light from heaven, through a dark kite...
Class wars can diminish like apartheid
Words, I learned to use less torque
When I mark mine, but when I start crying
It's because of all the torment
Not for knowing self
But what the devil's done to God's creations
Non-verbalized, until the confidence
Is circumsized, like the circumstances
God had meant to bring His Word alive...
No compromise, so trouble lies...
Evil causes trouble
But then again, so does Light
But just because we love Him
satan hates and envies Christ
But He won the scuffle
Not conforming to the sins of life
So our spirits rise...
So for that, we have trouble in the dragon's maze
Automatically, just a constant
One should stand and
Praise!
Because if you ain't facing something
Satan has you chained
Praise until your latern fades
Embracing all the Master gave us
Even if we're scraping change or bludgeoned bad
With payments
I'm familiar with a struggle

Others in don't validated it...
And ones ascend
Don't have to say it, like they activate
Regardless, what they think
I've gained greatly from my path of pain...
Plastic silver spoons, to make it like we had the same
A lie to say that God did not sustain but
We ain't have it made...
I got a little older, little colder
I ain't saying I dropped the Christian ways
For all of satan, cocked a gauge and started mobbing
Ain't embrace
What I'm referring to is problems in the conscious
The mindstate, mentality...
That I been tossed
Some back trace to battle me for my pitfalls
I saw the picture at early age
In what to get involved
A grown man, the devil's tricks
That only ends in falls... I'm not with it
I got vision, plots against me
If you don't embrace it then they're going to say you're not winning
Instead of got wisdom, if you do, they'll pursue
Until they got victims, if it ain't a reason
They'll confuse the world surrounding you...
Innocent, still they choose to put their mouth on you
Until you die in it, if you don't, they are not quitting
Normally, if the devil gets expose
They will not mention, all the wicked lows
Only hide you, and the blotched missions, wiping out the Lord
Like He wasn't on the spot hitting
But I am not finished, if it be His holy will...
Some people turn against you only if they can't
Control you still...
Flip the script, play the victim
Then you known to
Squeal
If they already said they don't respect you
Why uphold their will?
Why be throned and feel you sitting on a throne
Of filth?
Because what they condone you 'as' is nothing like

What's on the reel?
I revoke the seal, aqua pura, soap appeal
If you consult with souls who hate you
You'll just end up on the reel...
Especially, if you have something that you can't lose
Without the Lord
I'd been in dungeons or the grave too...
And to this day, the same evils have my place cued
It ain't about incarceration
Satan gave some pain
Juice
My eye is on the spirit springs that His presence
Gathers...
And demons call me many things 'cause Weh' ain't let them trap me...
Why is it so important that I be in ostricism?
Don't embrace the carnal forces and I'm in a prophet's
Rhythm
And God is watching, really, I ain't causing any trouble
Some harrass and bother me
I speak, then I must fall and crumble...
Still I aim to bear my Cross without a bawling mumble
Writing everything down, scrawling
Every page weigh pounds

No, I'm not doing nothing wrong

Dexsta Ray

True, Know All About It

May the message be to warn and inform
The thorns in the flesh relieve
All mess to wreck the themes
Or the dreams
Of the Most High
Schemes before we opined
In Romans chapter one...
It's seen by even closed eyes
So no, it's not a secret
Time raffles
And minds are grappled
Try to attribute my thoughts but lose for naught
Because this all me
Only blind lying involves this prattle
Let the devil hate
The goal is getting souls to the Master from the devil's plate
Trying to lack the devil's traits
The answers we will never state
Hell is not a man's place of dwelling
Tell the meddling that we can devastate
A fail
With shattered schemes swelling
Amplified by the evil
Slather ink
On the laughter
Febrile matters
Blink
Just as fast
Crush the math, bust the masks, happy
No respect for the extra dealings
Extra minions
Trying to overkill
Yes, I'm winning
Bless extending far past all the glass and the pleasant buildings
People don't confess
But condone other sin and gloat
No, it's not a secret that those hypocrites are broke
Spiritually
The devil got his ropes on their ears and feet

They can't hear a thing
Though they enrobe the lowly souls with spokens...
Can't nothing be too cool if contradicting God
For a name, be deemed a fool, in unconditioned times
You know all about it
Read dissociation in my eyes
Nothing's more important than to own acquaintance with the God
Praise Him just because
For the grace and faith that shape the Way
A great arrangement
Just like the layouts that He gave me
And made, raised, and saved me...
Surely, I'm grateful
And if you really knew about it
You'd detur all your statements
He's able...
Strangers, disdain us, and want to see us slain
What's the rating by the streets when I said it don't contain us?
Nothing to explain but the Gospel of heaven
That's in the bible
It's the Way
All apostles be steady, forget the trifle
It's a chain, and the obstacles
Heavy
In this survival
Hit the frame and paint the maze with an exit present
Don't just take what they allot you
Stake the graven images
And burn them
Through discernment, you can tell which villians satan's kids
It's a crazy twist...
I witness wicked snakes consent with satan
Sell their souls
Nailing growth to a tree
Got some quotes thrown at me, to joke on me
I don't take it serious
In the spirit, God already stole those seats
Praying they won't go to Hell, hopefully
Psalmatry corrupted, instruments to cut with, limit nothing
Disappointing
God
Constantly, that's why it try to come for each

Locked into the Promised dreams of the bible
Some'll feast, some'll libel
Conjured rivals
Unfamiliar with a couple of things, muzzled springs
Hiding Life from some others...
I tell you all shall receive a sure reward according to their actions
Even through the smooth entrapments
I ain't looking like a fool, don't want to eye the truth
So they long to look aside the muse...
But I ain't trying to hide the
View
Plus I'm never tied to you, I slice the ruse
And dice the rune
I don't have my eye on you
Higher moves...
I know that Light consumes my entire life
So I never fear
Time recluse until the fire die, minor fumes
Smoke suffice, sulfer grinds the finer minds
I don't envy here
Nor do I depend on cheer
Jesus is the validator
So I'm sitting in the clear, scripting through illaminators
Lacking pride...
The absent shine, I don't even have a rhyme
I just put the mind on papers but that seems to scare the haters
So that's why they
After mine
But I'm unbothered by that
I mean, besides, look where they lying
I'm accomplished by that
Conjunctions
Bind us to the right tracks and paths, I will fight back
From last into the first, equals bad into the lovely
Funny...
Fall for that? The falter pack, and faults that's fabricated
If I have it waiting...
When I make it, then I know who shaped it...
Not the one that Satan claim made the whole arrangement
Why to think I'm
Stupid?
Ain't nobody make you do it, but the usual

But Jesus sit and rules the whole world
On behalf of all of His sheep, and nobody gets eaten
Behind the fence, I sit with these, winner copies with beacons
Revoking traps, and getting dreams, dishing knowledge to demons
A lot of things we got the keys to but bring a lot of sleaze too
The speech within the scripture are the things that we should cling to
Don't judge me from a
Witten
And write off all the bulk, a slick decision
But it's see through, I'm like all my stuff
And not just one or two, I take the shun from you
Through the bludgeoned rules, don't say I'm hating on you when you hate and I
respond to you
I'm trying to see the Son in truth
And all the pure know about
It
And now we enter something new, which is the cure, no confoundment.

Dexsta Ray

Truer Grace

Duplicity is not accepted in this walk
Hate to talk
Like
I got it all together
Paying attention to counsel
Sufficient grace, sound
To integrate
Conditions unremitting
I'm suspicious of religions
Shrouded
With the names, or aims
Paradisiacal rainbows, crooked murmurs
Signed to light
Only leading to flames though
Make us question what is
Right
False doctrine, double knowledge prompting
Walls for stopping progress
Harmless banter on the side of buildings
Marred, villain scars, steel answers
On plywood
Like anvils, living, on the scaffold
Trying to hand up a knife, for more destruction
Cutting down the normal trusses
The immortal structure
Seem to be corrupted but the Lord is far above construction
O, fallen star, can't you see?
All the swords are
Spirit
Praise the Father, every creature can afford to fear Him
Acting through our circumstances
Taking out or birthing
Candid
Verses full of Truth, and the earth is full of proof
No, don't worry where I am
I'm not expecting any visitors
I can't hide
But the Lord will sure deliver us, and I ain't snide
Vingt-et-un

Another twenty one
The world'll save higher, but the saints escape fire
Judge not, only give the one shot
See the spirit truth
Ain't no other way to get to heaven
Than the scripture views
The day the trumpets play, bound to crush us
If we wasn't wake
Child
Keep the wisdom, while you try to keep the tongue contained
Not because of physic
But the One who sit above the rains
Only He's the mission
Though the earth'll seem against it...
And hell is very focused
Dying to crawl up
Against me
Satan aims a couple of things that God resolves though it hit me
Satan claim to send the slugs, falter proof,
I resisted
So it's like you're sending shells that are already empty
I don't care, rose above, all despair
Only positive
The mean mugging just evokes the peace loving
He promised not to leave or forsake the righteous on the earth
And still I see it to this day
Truer grace unnoticed, what's promoted ain't the
Same as the stuff to grow us
Humans must refrain
Take the Cross and trust His name

Dexsta Ray

Truth Serum

First things first
Call it what you want but love is a curse
A fated expiration date
And no escape from the hurt
And it's sad cause' some people do deserve it
Duplicity's resurgent
Staying faithful wasn't working
So the people who were hurting made a vow
It'd never happen again
No one they came in contact with now
Would surpass being a friend
Welcome to the end of laudable behavior
The closest ones betray ya
Rendezvous then see you later
And it's true they weren't as grateful
Everlasting grief
Fill in the void
With trivial attachment and fabricated remorse
Not many people these days are staying true
The best things to do
Honestly
Keep your focus just on YOU

Dexsta Ray

Type One

Chariots of fire
Fairy mists
Barely lifted, perfect, pairing this
Time's aware of it
Finally...
Flying lightning like plights bite, hurts
We discern, Elisha's servant like
Javolins, and mandolins
Just rattling
The curses, mirth
Converting worth from dirt and worse hurts
First, unearth the cackling
The battles ends with
Certain raffling, that grapple me
The birth of urgent learnings turned to early circus earnings
Churning words
Discerning savagery and casualties
But, see, he paid attention to tenses
Mentions of this business
Visions of missions
Until was big enough to get them
On up, cho-sen, bows sunt
Ridiculous consistency, but it can be
'Cause in the sea was drowned talk
Around the fallen prospects
The receded keys ones now walk
No calling done yet
The beach was teeming still without dross
Fallen concepts...
Wisdom sent into the pit and then resented like offenses
With the quickness
'Til a ton fell
And oh, I'm not excited by iron
These purple ribbons
Tied and twisted, sitting and positioned in this
Spirit battle, ripping shrapnel
Wicked sights in the midst
The sneering cattle, clearing channels
Merely dross, fearing naught

Searing bolts, of hightened
Voltage, angels blow
Smoking maple trees
Folding up like paper, something major
Cupped by the range of peace, Holy Ghost and
Savior
No remainders, choked polyphagous
Containers, ancient painting
Peeling off the wall
Villians fall, as often as some children, playing
Fielding land... been lifted from caves
If you're conditioned as the planet
Physic patterns and, you speak the same
You live within the clutter of the bubble
From the reach of 'Weh, to be the slave of
Conquered values, heaving swings
At pondered shadows, mad at all the
Dreams attains, and it needs to change
These are days where hate's embraced
Some wonder if thunder is just a nature thing
I'm in it for the fateful race of faith, major
Great, danger, flak impact with cracks and
Discrepancies, maps and Anglo Saxons
And it go back in weaponry, facts, with slings
I'm stinging rocks, that seek and knocks
Predestined see, keeping in all that's left
Of me, the legions, even winged
Seeing beings, that gleam and, yes, it's we
My helmet of Salvation, bow hastily
Get wiles to safety...
Sounds of tracing, twisted and crumbled
Metals, and other treasures, subtle measures
How entertaining like browser pages
Age of blasphemy, the hellions spew, what hails their dooms
In hell, the pitch will overtake the jokers thinking
Bats, and sower grain, like the parable, overlap
Souls in lowercase
I'm caps
That had to be what it meant
I'm prominent
For Jesus
Bats, thrower swing, and like that scratching

Sound on a chalk board, evil shrieks
Til' some catch is found, I represent the Light
And forgetting all that just drag me down
My temperament's alright, the wicked did it
I had to smile, ain't snatching up my joy
And it lasts a while like it's branded now
Backwards salutations, wow
Straighten
And file the full potential....
Sick impersonators, ver batim
Take, influence, this
Attempt is chipped like cards
I sift, the jealous live
Reducing...
The jealous deal confusion, never will I hiss
No splitting, tongue, must sipping something
But I'm sober, with the Heavenly
It's over, the oppression be, don't know them
Demons mess with me, I'm golden like a necklace piece
It's war, different form
As it's exhorted, hard to live your life
With folks outside your house to kill you
While I'm in between these lines
I want it be known, that I won't be controlled
I make my own choices, up against some legions
Sick of silly significant, pass appointed seasons
No one needs me, only reasons to conjoin to schemings
Wanting me to sleep before I'm tired
Throwing the whole empire...
Serious battles on
The hand
Want apportion sneaking..

Dexsta Ray

Type Three

I'm feeling grounded in my real world
I still hurl, at the thought of rounding seasons
Product of surrounding
Found a reason
Let me fly
Fly
Endowed
Devout
A mound of legions
Why do people write poems?
It's life's arms
The Light's warm
Distortions
Fine disambiguation?
'Cause while it's chiding me
Impact of uprisings
In fact, it's half in compliance
With normalizing
Now my craft's bad
But no one even looks at crooks
Cooking of the world, laughs slam
Evils looking at me
Hands of time, sands decline
And leading's looking
Shabby
I accept the call, steps and all
Swept it off, for treading
Heavy
Yahweh speaks, I'm quiet, rites of guidance
Bless-ed presence, questions second knowledge
'Cause the Spirit is the first, I thirst for Light
And righteousness, and writing this
Still disturbs the problem, words and objects
Other shininess, comfort might not fix
And I emit a different type ascetic
I ain't like the rich
Time is worth a lot, aligning methods
To untying fetters, climbing higher up
No grimy treasures...

Junk and stuff corrupt like dumps
Of waste and trucks containing
Letters, lost along the lowest roads
A longing gone, forever, sown
But it's golden to
Development that opened it...
I cherish this
When I was broken, holding facts
And hoping that it's different...
The growing tracks and passages
The lowly path is this
Lonely on occasion
Though elation, shows the wholest sight
Broken ice, the spoken consummation
I could see it then
Spirit life
The clearest
Nearest crisis, nice just being friends
Themes again
Defining thesis, pens, some stuff divides in me
Lust is out, luck is not, trust is plots
Love is potted in
Among these very things, why poets write
Watching props and sins
Mushrooms on the ground
We used to kick them
Kick them
From the dust plooms, something found
But we ain't sniffing, sniffing
A just move sticks
Around
And I would know, 'cause really
If it's isn't understood
The worse is always first assumed
The birth of clues, imperfect shoes
And it hurts, the truths
But learning to embrace the picture
Furthers fools from certain doom...
Burning fumes
Hellish pits of dissension
And one could say it's too dramatic
Til' they've felt where it's vivid

A question, why would it be willingly?
Just cursed and confused
If letting demons in the inner realm
But who's to say that was the plan?
Insinuations...
Used to oppress and crush a man
No proof of what's conceived
But still in engagement
Just for
Fans
I ain't trust my hand though, so I'm praying more
Visualize the prophecies and running
When the sand's gone
Or when the Best spoke, in Heaven
Holy sevens noted...
A lot more serious than the word is itself
Some honeycomb unto the Spirit
With discernment
It helps...
For sins are on a rain check like deferment
But repentance does diminish that
A train wrecks is certain
If we ain't with God...
I see the devil seeming clever
Scheming ever more
Trying to take me, using contradicting
Degrees, but nothing gets to me
Or sticks to me, I ain't sweating
See, I'm living Jesus life, what He did experience
Is the same where it positions me...
I don't complain, I just state, arranged for misery
Forgive what ain't forgotten, but forget it
After spilling ink
So many others say a lot more than
I have said, emotional distress, first
But why I'm in the nets, worse?
I don't grab for unrelated things
It strikes, I hold it...
Until the craft is used to drain the pain
It's caused me...
Stalked me, promised greater things
If fall deep

I can't explain, the hateful chains
Shouldn't have involved me
It's fog-gy
But the Lord is near and called me
So I arm my spirit sword, to cure the pure
Through what He's given...
Another mission
Never giving up 'cause something's missing
I just want the presence of the Lord
And not some 'religion'
If there's a log in our own eyes
Why judge a brother? That ain't never wrong us
That log obscures the love for others...
And I'm not shady
Some are critical for how they done me
And anticipating vengeance but that's not
How Yahweh functions...
So I don't want it, but I'm still lifted a heel against
Killed in the iller sense, healed then the guilds commence
It's my opponents
But I'm focused on a different mix
Shifted from the carnal but it still sends a film of mists
But I'm for real with this...
That extra
I don't know about it
Never been a fan
If it ain't Dexsta, I ain't open 'round it
If it ain't measured in forevers that Jehovah founded
I ain't on the cards in parts or wholly
And I don't be counting
I know it seems as if it's selfish but it's
Only wise, hellish molds had overtake me
Severed souls with smoldering lies
So instead of hooked and dead
I'd be sole but flying, the devil looks to roll
My head, but Jehovah on my mind...
Anything that don't align
I'm in somewhere
Else
I need Jehovah's guidance
Praising God
I thank the Lord for that, and more in fact

Type three, Light defy speed
Yellow colours just
Because
Times of kindness, deeply needed
Deeply seated hate and rage need to cease and leave for eons
In this age and day of time, for the whole
Globe...
Lasting catalysts, imagine this
I see it too
Eggshells and nails rusted, shattered glass
In tracks and paths, lots of careful treading
Evil stand, with it's hands set
In case I hug the valley
See it matters that I be detain
For what reason
I don't know, trying to take away my range
Another person's happiness don't constitute
Another's pain...
See, there's no reason for the ways
Evil treats the Light
Let me at the breeze, then it's calm
Then it'd be alright...
Keep the fight up, until we seat with Christ
Encouragement, forsake the worldly end

Type three

Dexsta Ray

Type Two

I'm the opposite equivalent
My life is fixed
And strictly for exhorting stuff
No time for the sin
And lately, satan's matrix wasting mine
Instead of faith and saving lives
Contemplate my testimonies, messing
Over me...
I stay aligned though
Ghost, I'm not so close to most
Addressing loathsome darts til' broke apart
A smoldering commune...
Don't need no maps to evil traps
That I don't care about
Despair around the demons
Looking for
It
But I'm far ahead of time, you're less defined
Depressed design
Scared to face your own sins
And the ways you've gone in
Ain't the steps I'm
Climbing, No...
Dried my productions, I'm persecuted
Pressed, consignment, I don't need to rest
My tiredness, is a pest connected to
A net...
I'm lessened by you
Seen oppression by you, second guessing rivals
Should've recollected thoughts
Examined actions, more
I've treaded quite lightly, it don't excite me
To address the wiles, enticing evils
Peck around my dreaming, just depleting key
Elements, that'll help in this battle
Seeing 'better than' but, really, I'm just
Lettered in, and measuring the clean solutions
Plotting on my light, but I see conclusions
Spiritually, I'm glad to see, the demons mad

Cracking once again, pictures on my screens
Secret hazards...
Redacting something big
Hacking as I write
Appetites for malice and damaging
The passionate display of His grace
Just trash the scandalous
From blasphemous, compassionless snakes and demons
My faith defeats them!
Global is the place that I'm sitting
I use it for His glory
To the mountaintops from the trenches
No reminiscing...
They can't mimic me or mock of me
It's not as clean, did not succeed
I look at persecutors how a brand new parent
Watch their seeds, their children
Little ones, stop? The tittle runs
But not for me, and I'm not hypocritic
For unveiling stuff that blots the means
I got the King, with me, anything that's not agreeing
If it be a stumbling block
The sea, with blocks around the neck
It's better...
Evil's speechless, and blinded like I'm infatuated
Stuck in carnal values, and factors
And standards, demons love
Their troubles ain't
Effective at all
Why when I get involved, the evils that's expressed
That oppress, just gets respected?
'Til it get dissolved by truth, that I poof!
And then I'm through, although I fold the flow of hated
Like paper, exposed to juice and chasers
I ain't under stress or rejection
That I can know about, I close it out
The methods and word curses I don't accept
No shackles for me, terms of respect
The least of my concerns
If measured by the physical observations
That teach the seeds the evils being the pinnacle
Proper basics, I got disturbed

We're leading not to burn, as an occupation
I had a lot of test to come, it's crazy, inbetween
Debuts, that dropped complacency
Changing up my way, taking name of me
Portraying things with satan's face
That never did display his themes
Death came upon it though, letting phonics flow
Just breaking
Free...
I never thought of myself as someone who sits above
Promises to help, in depth, when in position to
Unbeknownst to me, distortion had formed, but now I get it
Forces that abhor me, had tore me down in my light ascension
Finally absorbed...
If I'm more around or if I had flinted
Seeing science in it
And rhythm, the venom, instrumentals
Tagged to be a means of my own pain
When there's no gain...
Understanding of my wrongdoing in trying to sow faith
Spoke plain, finally understanding why I'm rolled against
With no suspense
In the open, within holiness and lowliness
It doesn't really matter, don't exists
In the whole of this, most only chips and slivers
Lips that quiver, from how cold it is
And frozen quick, frigid and emotionless
The holes we dig...
Many sick spiritually, appear to me
As we speak in these dreams
I wonder if it's hearing
Me
With a picture clear as peace
The winter stickers
And I didn't
Brag...
I'm meant to snatch victims from the villian's grasp
Never puffed up on much, just a constant
Diminished facts
But a conscious, clear as glass
Empty flasks, concealment hat
Wasn't really filled with that

Just the Spirit sent
I trust the Scriptures
Witnessed some delivered
From what's really bad...
Majorities, now, determines lives
Ha, some urgent times
Words to justify the curses, hurts compiled to I
Without a
Find...
Whole places stated how I'm 'bound to die
Looking for a way to break me
God told me I'll survive...
A couple of years ago, one couldn't tell me
What it was
Now I have a periscope, I run to welcome stuff
With love
I ditched my feelings...
Dwell in Light while the devil bugs
So much mentioned, twisted
The hell I fight is forever shunned
'Cause it didn't end me, the nails in Christ
Is my health and buzz... I swept the rug
That I was underneath, left a puzzle piece
Stuck between the thought
Should I vaunt about what was done to me?
Or should I just recede?
Because much has been done to honor things
But I love the Lord, not myself as much
Altogether stunned...
Fetters to forget, ever since
You had killed a lamb
Hate me for the testimonies that you created
As if a tactic, after being exposed
Can't be evaded...
Then reinstated after dishes cold
Hastily erasing
With hidden praises in the wicked's home
Framing in phases
I'm wilding, no I'm filing, Truth
Within sublimation
I'm smiling, to show the wiles didn't
End confirmation...

It's great...
And just amusing, as I just let acumen lead me
Best set delusions left the rest just confused
But eating...
I'm not for sale, I'm a human in the mood for dreaming
Knowing that nets are held until we truly do these moves for Jesus...
Light and truth receive us
Type two
The time flew
Praying you develop in the step that God
Assigned you...
Cycles, Bibles, and the uncompromised proofs
My Guide knew
Everything, and every plane arranged...
Writing stuff, before I get it out
Some light it up
So now I have to figure out if I should still supply
Or bluff
That's why I feel like I made it
Sometimes, don't try enough
It's time that I adjust
The intention has never been derision
I don't live with evil
But it seems as if I'm branded that
Will I keep the courage?
If my dreams had all been handed back?
It doesn't take much to fall down
And I landed flat...
But God sees our contrition
He brought 'round
Angel hands, I stand, until it's time for praying
So full of joy, full of gratefulness
Disbanding hatefulness, any fault that's found
Long has been forgiven
Every soul that's in
Existence
Yes, I'm bold, yes, I'm cold, but it's only for this
Business
Now I'm strong, out the lows
And I'm focused on
The visions

Type two

Dexsta Ray

Ufos

Life-size wax figures
Shady... painted backgrounds
Diorama
Creepy visions
Hist! The strangest act now
Know grotesque and free suspicion
The flamboyant and odd
Collocating the attention
No linguistics...
Lixical items that spawn of alien existence
The truth is... they're real
But they ain't really on a mission
A language of difference
Only darkness there
Crazy how we stay blind and signs and wonders amaze us
Unaware that they signs...
Disguised distractions to chain us
Flying in the nights as a baiting for Mesphistopheles
End time delusions
Undisputed biblical prophecies
Fulfilling properly
We shall try look the other way
Matthew twenty four twenty four
And any other phrase
Stating that today is deceptive and it's in every form
So many schemes and conspiracy theories have been born
Just a way to keep us focused on a barren thorn
Satan's way to give him more attention than we have the Lord
So we have to be careful
If it makes you wonder...
And no matter what you do you can't explain that puzzle
If the answer isn't clear and is too vague to ponder
If it's something addling and mysterious...
One of satan's covers
That's in reference to these aliens and addling monsters
I wouldn't doubt that some are stationed among us
But don't pay that no attention
The space ships or nothing
I remember reading how a person fled an abduction

Said Jesus and trusted
So they were freed and they wasn't even harmed

Dexsta Ray

Underground (To Me) Snapshot

Like a poem
Time is factored
A distance
Of more
Attachment
Light adorn
Myna get to enjoy
And write as well
For the passions
Underground Distance Traveled
The E.L. Baby flow
Firebyrd
Day To Day...Reflections
Can't they though!
No Air
I'm In It For The Poetry like Let It Be
I can't find Adele
But your poems affected me!
Man And Women Must Connect
Master of Assumption
Artkyteck had a bunch of depth
Some ballads with some substance
Lana, by reading 3 AM, reality is something
But honest...
Others Is A Weird Word
Quoting Jonrot
So is 'censorship'
Choose that's wrote by Jon's hot!
And Morning To Me
Brilliant flowing
The Refined Poet
JSpeaks
I Am Gospel
And your lines show it
Lovey spoke the truth
She wrote and told us What Our Eyes See
Years ago
So all this loathing don't surprise me
And focused...

Everyone ain't coming from the same places
Some are pushed but we are coming from the dang basement
Writing not to be the recognized
Reading Cripple Creek
Lightbaron
Mae's Song was quite a trip to me
Atiki's a legend
Minus Five is from a different world
Looking at the message for the rime I'm needing in a girl
Lepperochan's perspective
Pantoum-Mime
I see this in the world
A little Insight
Emo one
Was a scripted pearl
And I saw The Night...
Reading One Right by S.N.P.
Taking in the truth from the poem Time by Susan Lee
United world of writers
From the dungeons of the crooked land
And we probably ain't the wisest ones but took a stand
Prayer To Carry Me, A Poet's Walk, Dejavu For Two
Aleasha Martin born to walk, talk, and speak the truth
Katherine's so poetic
Spoken word artists dominating
Poetry With Purpose got the darkness suffocating
Ashley Love's amazing
It's a blessing trying to make a difference
Forget the bullies, internationally, and staying fearless!
Look at all the diamonds underground
That can't be taken up
Like the stars in the dark sky that can't be counted
All of who are impossible to name
You can barely see them
Shining brighter than Canopus
With a glare

Yeaaa

What can you say about the underground?
It's the foundation
The utmost love and respect to all it's occupation
This poem is

Nothing

The entire English language wouldn't be enough to express all appreciation
Just a couple here

The underground

Ain't about money but passion

To me

But the thing is

It can always go further

Just a snapshot

I love you

Dexsta Ray

Underground Above (Design Piece)

Hugged the corner from the portal
Glancing at the walls
Facts and damages, and catches
Forms of cactus'
Enwrapping this with thorns torn
I'm pacifists...
The flipping stones, and missing homes, for tragedies
That activists envisioned wrong
On the seventh floor, Light fortress, second door, right, normal times
Spored a lot of life into the air
Truth, and proof it's there
Lucid stare
Where illusions tear
Rubies bloom
The muses care, soothing fumes
Into the air
Refuse the dare, I used the faith, poofed away
Landing near some new addition
In a chair of cooling flames
Looming praise
Truth in spirit, and a pair of fruits to take
Cues to bring who's in the mirror to a fair and truer state...
Underneath the stone
Bugs and other creatures roam
Feeling kind of similar
We both don't need to see the cold...
And if we're glimpsed upon
Then some will see we be disposed
But, we still are different 'cause, a bug is sleep but His are souls...
Looking at the spirit realm
With my tablet open
I ain't big on acting, if I had, the sin would have exposed me
Flapping different feathers
Happy since I'm in forever
That's it, tactics slander you unless you're standing with the devil...
I have to sacrifice a lot, and got some concrete
Lather down my arms until my happiness' beyond reach...
Embrace a maverick life or not
Ribbons, ribbons, ribbons, unseen

The touch of one sleeve isn't really simple...
Backpacks full of frozen water
On arid nights, Book of smoldering knowledge, igniting, with fire, in Decembers
Many symbols, unscripted desire...
While being aligned in final ways which isn't conspired, replenished...
Sitting, smitten, in position, picked and then it's finished
Figments
Still incognizant of anything that, then, revisits
Love of God, immense, emits, persisting
Still extended
Watching from the wilderness, with my faith in hand
I think, He got this, 'cause the Spirit lives
I'd take a stand
If He had prompted, which had got to be a prospect, or an object
Not yet if it's not set
To see the firmaments disclosing, slots checked, veering closer
To Him
I remain, times away, on my own stuff
Thinking of relationships and I don't see the whole rush
And I may not even know trust...
Asking Jesus, 'Raise the Shield' so things can heal and I can sow love
Underground, another mound
From the Light again
Minus ends, nothing found, mustn't hound
Funny doubts and I depend on YHWH
When the binds of sin have run me down
I'm fine within, feeling peace, a healing needed, came
I praise...
In pursuit of education, truly dead to satan
Questions of the humble route
A thunder sound for seven stages, heaven blazes
Pleasant changes, Light affecting daily
Methods of regression, convalescent, so, I'm blessed and angry...
Easter lillies, cedar chips, things appealing still
I'm adamant in what it is I'm standing with
Half would fall into a trap, don't you fall in that
Call you back, saw you caught in ruthless tactics craft
As the lantern blackened pass the point of fruit, a tragic pattern
Actually had the truth
What's a man to do? Want my hand to move
To evil, something, conjured up, like screech owls
Focused on myself though I ain't afraid, no peace soured

Steam powered...
Like a lightbulb, the soul light's the human, don't own the right acumen
Won't grow, but find illusions sturdy
True, I've changed but that's expected
And when prophets speak, the stuff is certainly subject
To distortion, and ain't got to see
The portions of the Word, where it's scripted or it's not in key
A prophet teach according to the scripture and not just repeat...
The jealous wicked want derision by misleading many
Instead heeding words
Attention's on the vessel strictly...
The way my testimony works, it's the whole thing
Not limited to segments, I said this, in old days, present, came a long way
Standing on faith, evil steady with it's actions
Actually didn't know Weh'...
Everyday I thank the Lord for life
Lightning boltz over
Stronger than the carnal stuff and more concise
Full of joy that's everlasting, with forever passion, fetters absent
My success is louder than some horsepower, never damaged, or devoured, now,
my ink is coordinated
Sword away...
Now teach me how to make what you drinking
That stuff I really feel...
This information ain't in anyway a leech
Showed love but I innovated plenty ageless things
Jealous evils want to instigate like Mr. Ray's a piece, with this displaying, in the
Spirit's reign
Envy takes from me, so watch it...
Before the words be concocted, and they leave from out it
My prerogative is love, peace, and what He acknowledge...
All my marbles in a mesh bag, intact so
I ain't hid in tact so, I'm blessed back, and tossing carnal...
Stop trying the lying...
Watching sideways, my pain is nothing to it
Circumspect my timeframe
Grinds made of mind games, that ain't my frame
Making nothing stupid, undisputed
Just a jack of all, master one, loving God
At the Cross, I stand and fall...
Bringing up the truth is parlous
Life of learn and go, discern and grow

Not below the ground

But over all the darkness and below the holy Throne of

YHWH

Though my bio illiterate, I'm on spirit rich, a lyric zygote, mixed with spirit lights

Nobody seen before, a king and more

But even more a servant, course to please the Lord

The Kingdom stores our names

It's like a city of poetry, and related things

With buildings made of ethereal substance

Dexsta Ray

Unilateral (Nice Try Though)

I'm some disinfectant, all my rhymes, wipe the dust and such
Kind of touched, my minus was a plus, some strife was conjured but
I love the Son of God, the Light invigorates me
The righteous route was not forsaken, like the Scripture
Stayed key, in faith, I'd search and seek, the Spirit places
Centered, Weh's reign, through times of misery and melancholy
Brightened by the Father's presence, things in spite of widespread
Awareness, snares of antichrists, brackets of reality
The life of one man
But this ain't like for entertainment
Try survive with no chance
Because of lies, an ever-present frame and bait
Since when the devil set it, clever methods, failed
My letters blessing, then, it's racketeering, since my depth embrace
The Light, the false seeketh sin...
To look for anyway to take from God
Because Jesus win
Plus broken promises, forgotten vows, I guess our bond and string
Was popped, imagine growing without each other
Reality the theme I got, oddly, springs, with pots of ferns
And hobbies, trees and swings, I jot, to sketch about in spirit
Realm, and watches, sheets of ink, a lot, I'm deep into the midst of
While it shrink, some seasons, leave me out, the pieces of my own resolve
I'm childlike, and Jesus crowned, for He, I bow
And worship, in thanksgiving, just to see, not proud and arrogant
Whatever has been done, accounts, established in
The world we see, embracing what's important and authentic
Got my cross all in it, envisioning pearls, the gleaming gates
The holy city, things awaiting, which is just the transformation
When we finally do return
And evil spirits wanting that space, that ain't deserved by such
Sabotaging still, trying to drop and seal, passion in some box
So that God's concealed, such is antichrists
With accessories, which does not
Appeal to the Alpha, Omega, Master, helps us
Battles that ain't equal, and based on falsehoods, with patsies present, want to
make it
Seem like I'm making schemes, when the blame on each
Influence, that desire my ruination, perpetuated

They the tools of satan, secretly, attempting the same, all rules forsaken
Who display responsibility, did it to Christ, willfully
And still proceed, pushing false perspectives, just to steal a dream
Still, the thing is, even if one proclaim that they kill a prophet
It ain't just on them, but my blood remain on all society
Isn't Christian, high define the low, some know but still against Him
Been the victim, now, they lie to justify to kill a Christian
Compromise the Scripture, antichrists, the Light is still an issue
Trying to make my life more difficult unless I will submit to
Endings, that diminish me, threatened before my rhythm gleamed
The envious sabotaging and threatening those who more skillful see
It still repeat, unless the devil "win", which ain't real to me
Scripturally, I see the Word fulfill, believing, still with Jesus...
Far too many people'd know for such to persist
And plus I wasn't in the culture of those coveting this
And then, it wasn't like a lawsuit where a bunch was in it
Until after twisted stalking, many years, and getting picked for death
With constant tactics, though I never fit their slander, mix with clever
Stuff, to badger, frame campaigns, which doesn't matter
If you're Christ's, ain't nobody help me, I was blameless
Still they'd crush my lanterns, just distortion, can't discredit
I disbanded such before this, still it's present, but the Master with it
Like He was back then, I don't know the remedy
But I know the source of this, and it was formed for this
So ain't no way I'd be restored from this, because they antichrist
But want to seem as if its more to it, because of what already
Been exposed, in desperation, shows the start of all the baiting and framing
Was just baseless, so when later things transpire
Still I'm hit with things that satan throw, discreetly, being some acts
Of war, but only God, in faith, uphold me, just as He had done
In seasons pass when each day was smoldering, colder
Grief remained, demons reigned, merciless, but seasons changed
The culprits are themselves, but cause I'm great
For thieves, they scheme to fade me...
But too much had been explained see, exposed, they frame scheme
Made by some with power, self inflicted, as a way to maim Jesus...
So enforcing crime is war, for this, an aim at Weh's
Such realities I never knew, nor been a part of, as been proved before
Artists started up some large stuff, but I'd need protection from the terrorists
That be marking such they envy, so success is out their reach
Seeming destined but it's demons playing...
Nice try though

The end of days is when things begin, I always pray for justice
Don't mean I hate those that scheme to win
I hold to faith, and trust in the Most High
Plus, He lead me still
Arranged this situation, staged this situations, did the evil
Not a single person, things were fixed against the Lord of hosts
Specifically, some more exposed, meant to keep His glory
Stole, I don't wish no bad, and spare no story
Since distortion cold...
That I know from experience
And been extorted, o
If anything can happen, the whole society, murdered Christ
Generally, can't say no different, how it was fit to be
Seen it all transpire
Somehow, it still end with killing Jesus
7/28/19

Dexsta Ray

Unilateral (Nice Try Though)2

They intentions, sort of questionable, given the stuff I been revealed
Skipping rationality, temporized until casualty...
Improvising evils, and sequels, of different kinds of means to
Kill the vibes, iconic, with nimble chimes, when I script the lines
Slick, the times is cunning, I'm subject, to rhymes that plunder
Light, because the righteous life is encumbrance
To lies and strife, wine alright, and not supposed to pine my wife
So wiles disguised to find an issue, where some kind that's lighter
Than me, never find such plights, aligning to my life in word and action
From the same basis, and same thinking, such designed it so my name
Hated, the same pages, for genetics, how they ain't angry?
Unaware that YHWH's powers range beyond the main basics...
Seeketh by satanic cults
For parrying evil, was set against me, ages old
Like the Pharisees, Jesus embraced the doctrine of the Throne
Misrepresented, for a spot to show, a lot the Ghost
Was something that it wasn't, so what's fraud could gloat
And plots could grow
Abundantly, for darkness, this ain't just begin
Regardless of the evidence
The target is what blesses Him, but larger than the devil lists
Could margin, stuff the devil did, to relish in, through vessels tricked
By settled sin, fell in, and guarded...
Instead of departed...
But my interests was the same attack, on character, integrity
Was with me since my trade advanced...
Intrinsically, and heavy
So my legacy degrade from that
To misportray what's wrought in God as less esteem that satan
Plan, the antichrists remain with me in spite of seeing
My Savior hand...
Indifferent to what's entertainment
The Spirit truths, I'm still engaged with, many clues
No hidden ruse, I live the proof
The villian hates it
Still negate, tremendous snakes still, stencil frames
To steal what Weh' give...
Manipulative harassment, with nobody to stop it
I'm like a toddler in these tactics, with my blocks being

Toppled, God lifted me, and raised me up, the supernatural
Witnessed things was done, that was years ago though
Amazing now, but they been known, my Savior Yahw
But things exposed remained, to constrain, control, so that faith is
Yoked, to things unknown, that ain't the same as shown
And ain't the same as sown
So babies wrong, and in this case, condoned
Though I ain't alone
Change ain't happened yet, pain the only thing embraced that's
Wrong, since I made it pass, many evil lies to take my soul
But that's my Savior's grass
Acapella
Testimony is the thing I had, wings expand, I mentioned my experiences
Not claim a culprit, but some maybe owned it, but ignored because it's satan
Age and satan flourish, ain't too many brave enough
To stand up for the Savior, Lord is Christ, I'm still with Light
Against the antichrists, and certainly not docility
My craft can fight, the Scripture with, I'm standing high
Ain't worried 'bout no evil, I won't panic now
The Lord is still more powerful, in spite of, whatever, satan side does...
Unilateral, Holy Spirit, I might be small, but greater is the One
That's within me, such still be stretching bows, near where I can hear
In hopes, I'd fear and regret this poem, expressing still
The Lord remain my refuge still, it's just as clear...

Truth, even without
Profanity
Is accepted as evil punishable by death
In this society
if God is a factor of it

Come Lord Jesus
8/18/19

Dexsta Ray

Unintelligible

I don't want it, protection from, the methods, stuff
Letting up, it ain't, til I'm conquered, but still, I'm covered
Underneath the blood of Jesus
Even if in the Spirit, so some destruction is transition
Even if it's obscured, ain't clear, as it should be, I'm sure
From the trees of the seasons
A deepened, harrowing embrace, narrow route, what I keep
Regardless, dream embarking, optimism, even scarred
By plots and bilking, lots fulfilling, got the pieces kneaded
For my spotted quilt and not appeal, 'less God commends
The broader path I haven't sought, I keep Your Word
My God my shield, and not for laughs, still at the Cross
The damage taught the lessons, call my blessings in
Through all the methods, caught the reckless, hate saw my successes
That's what caused the pressing...
Necklaces of simple stuff, stone rock, that's been prayed upon
Arbitrary evils that long watch 'cause my Savior shun
In favor of some artists, there's no God, in these things that's done
A whole lot, a sundry that I know not, I'm holding out, in hope
Faith, holding on the Most's Name
A cold age...
My enemies are antichrists, in darkness, not Light
And what they dish to me, compared in size, ain't larger than
Mites, compared to God, evil target me, for art in the sight
Of He that started peace, the Prince, Bible, harkened
My plights, I don't desire, evil, sin, or libels, methods all heavy
The same things I fought for years that's been disbanded already
The case ain't cold as long as I can be distressed by false
Essence, that ain't consistent with the lands, and the statutes, was set
And such can't say I lie, I proved when I was savaged to death
The truth, I captured real time, so these factors couldn't spread
And being challenged, how? Beating slander down
With Scripture even babble now
I ain't coming for a fruitless thorn that keep the answer out
Peradventure, all I'm seeking is the Master ground
When all the odds are turned against you, something in you
Have to sprout! So I shout the Name of Jesus in the reign of demons
Satan blinds some minds to Light, the Scripture speak the things we seeing!
And all I did was fight for right when no one else believed me

Now I'm tied to Christ just like I was when all I seen was scheming!
Some envious just wish deletion on me
Saying to "leave"...

They get to stay and they the ones that feed that anarchy
And in the way, 'cause it ain't fair, was God preparing me?
I want that same embrace of peace I earned that they engage for free...
I guess I'll see it in the heavens, I'm okay with that
And saints just passing through, Scripture pages, stated that
I switch my rhyme scheme up and then I bring it back
But really I care less about my style than simply stating facts...
Afraid for me
Don't be, 'cause Weh' remain in me
The faith, they can't defeat, although the flesh is weak, the same agree
Arranged for me, low-key, but Weh' is greatest
He can make or break the thing that plague your thoughts
If you pray, believe...
Anything can happen, anything can fade the beat
The Revelations in the world, the Scripture things replace the grief
And there were witches that the devil sent to take from me
I'm hoping in the Lord still
Even though my space delete, I don't want
If God ain't sent it
Unintelligible

O yea, much love where it's due
Know I'll always be showing love
That support matters a lot
In this world
So all I ask is that you keep the Light

And stay uplifted
4/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Universal Language

Say, the Bible is the Truth
The Heir above smites the stress
And where you from is trifle too
'Cause it's the same
Type of Light
A bunch of text, the Message calms
Regressing qualms
A disciple might...
Dynamite a blessing
Finalize the spread of pleasantries
And idolized oppression
Liken fireflies to
Catchers
Might survive the nets of palms...
But just to shine inside on dressers
Cabinets, snatched advantagesss...
Talk about a truth
Foolish damages
To ravish ain't it's proper use
Because it's not for fools
Ways like a hypotenuse, the 'right' angle's opposite
But grace what makes it not to move
A lot of tunes
No I ain't complacent
Spot a cube...
The only way the statements can remain and stay is by the root...
Which defines the truth
Added up and time withdrew
Pythagora concluded that two sides would be that line
Combined
Proverbs helped this
Chapter fourteen and verse twelve did
We can go on any road aside from Christ that leads to hell
And, like the Pharisees and scribes, the very lies and evil welcomed
And those lines of three derived and from that angle's pre-conception
We unveiling
Satan's blinding misconceptions sent to fill his dwelling
But God desires all repent and be accepted with Him
Not to be in sin and death, with fire,

There's no pleasure in it
What souls within the mire think of as forever winning
Must get it together quickly
Waking up ain't even promised
And with the rose-colored lens
Wisdom seem like nothing
Universal language, free restrictions and resisted customs
And truth refers to all the Scripture and prolithic judgment...
That men are judged with...
By God since we are
Unfit
Applied by mortal minds equals only sickened stomachs
And so we must align in more than speech
He's for His sheep
The door and key He's given promptly
If we trust Him normally
It's official
The wicked get this issues since this sin offends You, Lord
I commend You and uplift Your ordinances
Blessings to immortal Christians
Death to any form of lawlessness
I make the right decisions
I'm not focused on the fogginess
I'm living by the real stuff
Jesus made me real tough
Satan want to kill us
I just want to heal junk
On some prophecy fulfill junk
The zeal upped
Representing Light, and making building block
Creating concepts
Representing
Right
I can't even feel stuck
We live because the Lord's eternal
Giving out our filled cups...
No more poverty and struggle on the other side
Universal language talks survival of another kind
Focused...

Dexsta Ray

Unlucky

I wasn't handsome enough
I wasn't smart enough, large enough to understand
I wasn't yet, I didn't get it
But respect, reserved for essence, I couldn't fathom
Somehow, I felt like I belonged
To some existence, that was somewhere else
Not too many years in the earth
Back then
I couldn't fight the plights, of higher caliber
I'm five or six, impressionable
I'm kind of tense
I wonder what'd survive from being up under stuff that time and silence kill
But didn't heal
Ain't nothing what it seemed...
Royalty depends on loads of stuff, perhaps a stroke of luck
Within society, I'm unattractive, I've too many scars
From limited amounts of cards, and injuries early
If it wasn't for perspective, flight'd diminished me certainly
Dying, intrinsically, found, endowed, unsound, to be cool
I'd think, but all along, wasn't taught the whole, nor educated on it
Could've been a joke, or just to see if I was good enough
Still, I wasn't shown, so I guess, it meant that it was no
Hit the most, considering, that I wish whoever'd sit and spoke
With me, alone, instead of being dismissed from all the precious silks
With just my quilt, withholds, on pleasant hope that'd have me less
Than meant, or was this just the way it was supposed to be
Omens, broken, poetry
Or prose, I guess whatever better clothed the piece or fragment
Mentioned, multifarious image, all holy though
From the Master's Spirit, abstract, the handle, tacit, rhythm
But, the patience, for how long it'd taketh, made for dissipation
That I feel, that I heal from not
This day in age, is different, from the wavelength
Then, eras, things positioned, for my heavy weight ascension
And my everyday condition, ever changed, by measures
Aforementioned, years before the times, like twenty
Soon, a bruise, to scourge my mind, that happened
Ancient times, but "re-inacted", days I kind of get it
In consistence through the years, and were this all a serious chance

If it was, I understand, why given nothing in advance
While many others'd get to dance, but I was stuck
Like in a trance, which was designed, to end me back
Before beginning, end the path, with other endings
Something different, similar, to what's envisioned, for the Light
Perhaps endowed to such by God, while I was children
Then I understand the switch, it'd seem like hope below the
Limit, for those souls, that known, from that particular period
What the Most, intended, first
Be hidden, and defeated, under gold, or was it consolation...
For the troubled souls
That loved the Most, but difficult protecting such a throne
That's unrelated, from the code, negated, but the Holy Ghost
Appraised it to the Father's standard
Crosses, saved it
That you know the origins of all behavior, faulted later
Talk is stranger, sought an angel, called it, YHWH bought it later
To you, as you prayed, so technically, He didn't ignore the prayers
Of ancient days, remember, all the faithful things, He stayed the same
He knows of how the devil interfered to take your praise away...
But, if you notice, what you see, is what your faith had made
The seed that you invested in, although, it's cut with heavy rips
Proceeded, best it could've, if considering, all the death it's in
For Jesus, it's a lesson then, no secret for some special kids
It's deeper, meaning, eager, to complete, although already
Light...
Sequels, even, like sequins even, then the legions beat it
But the Scripture keep the reason manifest for all receptive
Something funny, rustic, I'm unlucky, but the love become me
Time is YHWH's playground
I lay down, prostrate, unto the glorious Throne of the Almighty
Fear no evil, follow God, the Pantokrator
Regardless, how it seem
Now you see

Well, maybe I seem unlucky

8/25/19

Dexsta Ray

Unrelated

I never cared about
If groups, or not, to loose and bind, the wisdom
Fruits, producing kinds of roots and ruses
Used for killing, spirit lives, and confidence, by snipping ties to consequence
Beyond the sense of this dimension
What it is, some group accused, at different times, establishing connections
Tools materialized, to battle, shatter lanterns, hammer standards, meant for
battering the essence
Of it
But, I hateth not the flesh, just the sin within it
And it is that, the catalysts, changed to what it's not, the same
The main prerogative was different, made the pattern shift, with malice, I don't
long to grasp it
Matches for the tactics, antics, standing still, with plants, and wilderness, feel the
transatlantic
Breezes, never that, pretend
Distended Light
Conditioned
Sight...
I ain't never heard of some groups, nor learned the flukes, my interest in it
Won't exists, if it hurteth the works of Truth, I observe it, find a purpose for it
Merged into questions
It truly matters how you act within the earth when you tested
It's just the furnace, for the upright, worth it, normally, if done right
Perversity is common, worried for every young life
I run Light to darkness, some groups, with heartless fruits or something
Never was a part of my watch, 'til infiltration happened, challenge situations
Adament demons, crafted, schemes, I task it, then I'm crazy
Acquiescent seasons
Sands seeping, and actually amazing
Not today, lots of faith, knocked away, like namaste, the waves of stress, be
disbanded
Some hours made, the power, shame, my craft ain't in a media, no hazard,
reason to, attach it
Comfirmation bias
I supply the meat and sandwhich, I comply with Kingdom rules
Not confined to keeping answers, not implying, evil standards

Only focus on what know me

YHWH

Dexsta Ray

Until That Time

I'd rather die, than compromise (God)
I don't get it
There ain't no loathing in me, closest to unrighteousness
Innocence, been exposing crime, long before
This minute
Seasons, indicate the guilty, best that I could do
Fear for life, countless testimonies
Trying to silence me from my pursuit of some justice
The strangest thing is, it wasn't just arranged with
The hatred, mammon, played a major part
I showed the framings in progress
That correlate with other stuff, events, a form of angst
Some envied me, and thorns were raised
To later get me in bad positions
But I knew and saw it coming so I'd get that diminished
Madness, plenty plots and schemes, I witnessed murderers
Arranging dirt, that threaten me with bondage
Or with death, if I explain my hurt, embrace my work
The envy is what made some evil place the curse
It's antichrist that's after me, the days have come
This ain't the worst, replace the drink with blood
The Father will, Revelation verse, to drink the same that which was shed
Of innocent, with knowledge of it, hobbies
Substances
Some communication, I ain't sorry, suffered
Wrongly at the hands of what is evil for a many year
On top of that, still threatened, tries to sequel
Lord, ain't really clear, I'm living pure, from then to here
Ain't really sure, the Light is deeper
Tons of evidence...
Ain't know the whos but write the features
So I'm learning with the world
In real time, my Bible, neater, this has been my testament
Left no other options, somebody picked me out to pick on me
And no other prophet, or that I know of
It's shocking
The moment that I thought I found some peace
After all the causeless hate surrounded me
Some wiles proceed...

Signs of times, stuff ain't start 'til some was proud of me
But reasons I ain't know, I thought that it was 'cause of YHWH's dream
Now, hearing voices, saying things that shouldn't account to me
The moment that I moved for God
To glorify His ground
I see...
From the beginning, I observed, a lot of evil things
Sophisticated plots of demons dished that I ain't even bring
And out of desperation, script, to see if things'll change
It did, but not like you'd expect, especially
If I lead for 'WEH...
My livelihoods were still attacked as proved in prior seasons
Without no justice, and in fact, some ruse defying Jesus
And not to mention I'm still hacked by who had eye me grieving
Simultaneously to traps, with violence, prior times
Conceding...
As a writer, all I had was God and writing even
When I had to cry, I managed, why, I asking God
While seeing...
Seeking Light still, and fearing no evil
Domestic terrorism, recognized, I guess if God desire it
Protection from the wicked
I'll recieve
A lot conspired this, I documented real time
Somehow I'm still conspired 'gainst...
They calling God a liar
Any who take light of this, in spite of knowing the Light
Was showing, the fight, I'm bowing my Bible in
See, the plights amidst, are bigger than my time in this
Organized
Structures of darkness, bitter, 'cause Christ within...
The whole time, I been center of those binds and yokes
Which clearly was acknowledged, ignored, told, it was my time to float...
But God observes
God is watching, through all the highs and lows
Trying to find some kind of hold
To hide the Father's shining glow...
I know the wishing that's bad
But that's impossible, war on God declared
Jealous legions still on my side to poke
They'll call you crazy after they do undisclosed evil
Then try to maime you so the truth don't get exposed neither

First Chronicles sixteen twenty two
I'm still a chronicle
In spite of all this absence
Claim it's all in theory, just the fact that I'm trashed
Is one resolve I'm clearing
Well, until that time
2/26/19

Dexsta Ray

Untold

Fighting who? I'm writing truth
The Light has moved me
Fighting roots
Through timeless proof, and trying to tell somebody
Veils and sails, the depths of hell keep expanding
An essence headed out to dusk
Bound to fuss and stuff I don't embrace
On the case, like a germ, and really messing up
It's on my name, molds that's arranged
But I ain't fitting in them
Dust assumptions abruptly, but when in terms of war
I burn chords extended intrinsically, plugged in murder forms
'Cause the Gospel is love and Light
If it's uttered right
Luster, might for the spirit war and storms raging
Lord, take it...
Poor hatred, faith is more patient
Ordained it
Narcissism is an ever present part of art
But if heart depart, and start embarking, larger sparks
What I'm saying, arrogance ain't complete
I jumped up out my own way, a long space, from my own aim
And way of trying to do things and let YHWH rule
It's not as new to a broken broken spirit
What I got prove?
A lot will fued with God for satan
Time is wasting...
I embrace the spirit mountaintops and focused on that
When satan hear it
His surroundings propped on holding me back
Will change appearance, from the clouds to ground
To stopped, rolling, dropped motion
While I'm focused on the spirit lives of sulking souls, open knows
Materialized, in goals that's wrong
Let the undiscerning souls go from demon doctrine
Spearing binds...
They just don't know
Jehovah Jireh
Lives

He will provide, so I ain't frozen if the fire big
I spoke on many times before on how I feel about it
I guess, the devil uses time to deteriorate...
But truth is never moved, inclined, to the scripture's place
Why? Everything I say aligns to what the villain think?
Looking at what's left of Chixulub
That hit my life, in almost every sense...
Somehow, I'm lifted, better than, evil never did on purpose
I just weathered sin, left the ends of earth
To get with heaven, sent the message then
But before these persecutions I was still committed
Praises to the Lord, still contending, pray for wisdom in it...
I'd never give the recognition or the credit
Nor the methods form
'Cause it only happened if the Lord saw where He could use it
Ink and open tablets, holy passages
I reject whatever, blessings better
Ghosts are talking to me, instigators talk it to me, faults to fool me
Old to me, died away, a long time ago
Considering my testimonies, how widely witnessed, it was
Supplying the vision
God is living, and He's blessed and holy
It's time to live in His love, above the carnal things, technology
And all, best acknowledge He, the true God, the One
I was killed to subdue God, reprove God...
Not a prophecy, a miracle, it's spiritual
And this was where a lot could see
But not for me, 'twas to show the One who got the key
Lifted it for His own glory and I didn't plot a thing
And that seems to make the devil mad...
I got a big enough fight already, evil come, I tell my Dad
Which is Alpha and Omega Who resides in heaven
Some need to shatter up whoever had prescribed the 'lesson'
But it don't matter 'cause the second people find the question
Mavericks are distracted, and the bags are slashed
To hide the Message...
God promotes and only God does
Rotten jokes, and lots of ropes to try to hide one, but Light evokes
A shiny show, it comes to find us
So minds crushed...
Leave them standing sideways so Light just incites dust...
And time hushed

Disguises...

Christ stands with open arms

To follow God meticulously, physically, it ain't no rewards

To feed my people

With energy, from the Throne, of course

Only good intentions, vehemently...

Fight the good fight, and it looks like, today, the lightning could strike

Exciting! Scud Lights of faith describes the right assignments...

Defying science, eye on Zion

I ain't bite or buying

Sneaky stuff but I'm a lion, and a sheep

Stand for peace, not anarchy, but not the lands we see

We're only here for God

And speak from this perspective 'cause it's all that I know

I caught the lows, and blows, and cold times

No lying, I'm a threat, I'm a mess

Something else entirely, want for help

But some digress, 'He be just conspiring'

It's fiery, but I ain't building hierarchies to harm another...

But arm a brother, or a sister, spirit forms of scuffles

Wield the Sword, the cover, shield the others if they can't see...

Some little dramas, tempting young ones, really make me want to take some action

So I kneel to God and pray He take reign

In that, the mortal's life, and crack the normal sight, collapse the forms of strife

And that's a normal

Night

They slashed Him for the price

Laughed, and crafted thorns that sliced

Stabbed Him with a spear or something

Wrapped Him up before He'd rise

So eternal life is possible, and logical

Carnal status means nothing

I just want the obstacles

Untold

Dexsta Ray

Veins, Vines, And Vineyard Sweepings

Night never needs neoterism nor noesis
Sight severed...
See sea otters shifting, soaring, speechless
Life letters leaking
Lost loriner lording legions
Find fetters
Free!
Feodosiya 'fore Kipchak's attack
I'm feeling
Crumble up the rose and put a spark to a heart
I blame the rush on something else
A different route
I just don't know so lonely soul come help me figure out
A trouble doubled through a dosage close to the start
I thought it too
Even as the passion broke
Even passing up the questions on the side
Thus obloquy is everlasting though
That's enough of seeing streaking from the devil dragging folks
Innate...
Can't escape the grape plantation for real
Cut the branches off the branch and light them up
Looking for another form of wattage
Avid deals...
Check back definitely
Label hatred as the set back recipe
Fret that prattle
And we would never rest at destiny
Truly... and in time, maybe
Two can be defined
Maybe
For the groceries, on the grind, and focused times eighty
You were broken 'fore I showed and still you
Opened up your soul and can't explain it
But you still remaining
My crazy
Empyreal with a flammable resin
Burning hope and optimism in a leisurely custom
Even light the white flowers at the top of the beach

So I got the pencil out for an eager adjustment
But I mustn't trust what's out of a dream
Because it's off
Every bend and declination I see
So now I'm lost
Wide awake...
So to check and see what lied in the cannon
Just a lot of powdered ashes and some misunderstanding
What could I do?
If can't nobody see that but you?
I'm told... it's best to hold your words and leave it be and unscrewed
But that's not me... but it's cool

Dexsta Ray

Velcro

Well, the range of means extend pass the sight
Like the light
In that it's constant
Plus it's tough trying to write
But belief
It be attachment
Intermingled and hooked
To grasp the thought of such
Shook
See a book
To water down the clear
Of broken clippings
Empty bottles of glue
How some attachment ain't the rock but probably different
Then to see, hear, ripping, off but with resistance
Like self-expression
Never knowing to stop until it's finished
Ain't that a rain
The quicker then the less of the desisting
Just a strip of Velcro
One half always getting lifted
While the other pulls
Let it that fabric go but it don't listen
That's just what happen when it get too close
That's just physic that can't change at all

Dexsta Ray

Victim Of It

Now, I find myself returning back to my roots
That been the Scripture
Only difference is, perhaps, wicked ruse, that been consumed
By YHWH's righteous Light...
So stuff can threaten me, I have a mind of Christ
And fight the strife, through writing, smiting lies
It's striking, just like lightning, almighty...
Then...
Let me find my friends, angels by the thousands
Since satan outnumbered, God is greater though
Even at my death and demise, that sever separate ties, I'm forever
Global, I'm focal points, of the devil's wiles, but never, I won't
Fret, antichrists, my face against the sort, display my Spirit sword
Not alone, my Savior, been the Lord, the hatred misinforms
If I lose it, yes, the wisdom soar, and things had been recorded...
Arbitration, framings, trying to silence a crime
Satanic values been embraced, so God was targeted, why...
And large as I, it's hard to find, substantial reasons
I'm a hostage though
The implications, meaning, for my grieving, I'm the aim of more
Vagueness, no...
Instruction is needed, the commonplace can know
Publically, is what I'm agreeing to, for the age is cold
As much has been made manifest, plus I'm weakened
Satanic cults, playing a role, was legions of demons, that chose
To plan the yokes, and strongholds, to band my hopes
Believe me, I'll win
So let it bolden, though some lie on me, for Jesus, I'm in
Exposed the timing, odes behind me, showed me violence
Peace still...
I'll throw the pictures of default settings, anything
Focus off stressing, for what I actually say, and not many things
That some brought, every second that I rested
Specifically of the Cross, caught a lot of stuff unfolding
The misery, just a blessing
If stuff switch on me, from envy, to get me into positions
Undeserved, for being great, I still will be with Scripture
What discern can see the hate, I'm simply dishing the wisdom
It's sufficient, not a way...

And such have plot around my life and stuff
I ain't participating
Got no time for fake, the Light's enough, I'm rising up
With Christ, and that is why the violent smite the love...
I can hear them say,
"Won't nothing happen if we do him bad"
"He's all alone, just kidnap him, or just shoot his fam"
"'Cause either way, it don't matter, he can't move or pass"
"Make him lose his cash, they will think he did our ruler's plans..."
It'd be difficult for me if this was something new
And ain't no way to make this up just like some trust is once it's bruised...
And for my talent, 'twas collusions, just to stomp my muse
The culprits clear as day, instead, they crumble those that
Love the truth....
I've been victim, corporate crimes, seasons passed and such
Never got why I was target 'til I learned how artists are
It take far more than one event
Analysis if stuff is that, enough is did, what ain't a matter in
I'm just after Light...
I fear no evil, but I'm wise enough to know what's right
Trying to threaten what I love unless I don't script rhymes
Or die...
And it's of biblical proportions, been devised, and sly
Incorporating aspects of survival, temporized, and lie...
I been described the times, and things that was designed to hide
The wicked be disguising stuff for killing all that God supplied...
The devil send a messenger for all my increase
And hackers warn the blessing killers when my Cross is in key
But that is all that's in me
I followed Light, and that's from the beginning
The advantage, off, by myself, I cannot scuffle with it...
It's satanic cults, I can't survive 'cause they ain't comfortable with it
Undermining everything, on higher levels, such is twisted...
But I succeeded, followed God and I was humble with it
Still, what envy lie in wait, abusing what the drama give them
Then it'd continue, I be forced to be accustomed in it
Even at this moment, such is slick and sly, because of envy...
I didn't ask for it, nor was I an origin in it
When it ain't perceivable
The devil sort just formed it different...
No I won't forsake my blessings
Satan go to hell

And if there's reason why, then fine, I see and formally tell
Because I know the source behind the dreams the scornful sell
If I did that, I'll look crazy, and my story'd fail...
The only thing I speak is truth
False ain't a fault of mine, so leave me be, satan move, and that's in Jesus Name
I've wait too long, I won't give up because some evil strange
I shouldn't have to forfeit when I know they know what demon frame
Displayed in chronological, the nature ain't what satan say
This stuff was diabolical, I'm a victim only...
Ain't my fault a lot of stuff
Was did and ended wrongly, I still don't know the devil period
But I know the wicked on me, vision on me, different longings
I'm fine without the evil, downing either, and from past experience
I don't judge but I don't trust, every little thing
4/13/19

Dexsta Ray

Victorious

Committed to my craft and my passion
Still...
Light, aligned, the time
Designed
To shine on lies, intertwining
My mind on
Kites
Fireflies
Squires
Trying, to undermine, but declining
And lying on me without my knowledge
Justifying the spying
I, climb, for Weh', hate conspired, knew
That chide, wasn't true
There ain't way, to unify, some things too grimy
And rude...
An age, inclined to
Fornication, I can't like what I choose
But, if defy
The force of satan
Then combine
To undo...
I see their, wiles and formulations
That's falsehood
Talks of me a lot, ain't all good, according
To speech
I see they're untrue..
Just sluth, imagined, subtracting them
From when stuff
Grew
My humbleness, was noticed, it wasn't filth
Like this uncool...
God had given wisdom, so stealing some lint
Unnecessary
When, I be, sheep, freezing, fleece when
Needed, ain't deceived
Reading...
All the energy, demons, enthralled, my misery
Increase in numbers so I'll be timid so Saul has ended me

I'd seek adjustment, nothing, distortion next
I'm victorious, never feared the devil
Behind my back
To destroy my steps, speaking death and blessings
Deception of self, some total strangers
Said a friend, to devil
I never
I measure weather better, precious plans developed
The jealous been trying to get with me
Through special fans
And methods, such zealous
Don't want me being
Complete...
They been deleted, from life, the strife
I don't embrace
My wife, the light, alignment
Those liars
Mad, that I shined still, I feel, as long as I live
I'll never vibe them
Undeserving evil, can't heal
Expressing...
Trying still
Favoritism, nothing was present when I was dying
Still
Higher than the stuff that reject me, or wouldn't be snide
Still...
Forgotten, then, no one would have said it
I keep my mind clear
10/11/18

Dexsta Ray

Vinculum

What I find, I think, the chemistry
Ain't too much that would get to me (meaningful)
And spiritually
I "feel" the theme of other people's atmosphere
And I ain't need some lift to build a dynasty (neither)
My guild appealed (too)
Even if inclined to things like fields and hills that's filled with
Flowers
Sitting at my typewriter, scripting, sound like a tape recorder
Pre-existing bias, from liars disproved, ain't change my story
Ruined my reputations, I loved that, humble, help you state it
While the jealous waiting for confirmation to devastate me
Trying to help the hating
But YHWH, are all, my actions wrought, there's a major difference
'Tween watching stuff, and getting crafts involved...
If art forbidden, why not inform all the fans that's lost
Before it get to triggers of gaudy weapons
And threatening psalm
Season after season, obscurity, unawareness, falls
Countless persecution, that's underserved, and was never sought
Needed some escape, or something other than grief
So every now and then, embrace some ageless stuff
On repeat, and it was melodies and instruments
Some stuff is some heat, and I imagine that's a problem
'Cause my substance unique
And to make room for themselves some tried to conquer my dreams
Regardless of whatever happened
I'm still trusting in
Jesus
Some wishing bad on me, evil things would last longer
Than the good, when it's finally looking up, things arranged to slash hope
Ain't did anything but walk with God, to evil, that's loathesome
Every single day, beeps and things, beeps to shrink my praise
For keeping Weh as Savior to me, evil age, today
It's gruesome, either way, when evil seen my face
From distance, legions aim
Seeming like a movie, but for nothing done, the schemes remain
Patterns shown to make it easy for what's right to be engaged
But ain't much could save me, cause I'm of Christ's

Seen as in the way
The whole society knew, I'm in danger still though the Scripture stayed
My main source, and portion, what I did embrace
Back in the day, the Lord just get the glory, I revealed the things
That satan made, blaspheming the Spirit, when they misportray
What's sent from Weh', on purpose and intentionally
So sin embraced, they get away with everything
Consistently, I been explained, from in the maze...
Still with that indie though, floating gold in dimension four
Goodness I had reaped
Because, in righteousness, it was sown, the Light that eternal
My sight had glimpsed
It was just a peek, but sticks with me forever, I'm just with Jesus
He bless His sheep
In life, there's some vinculum
Archetypes, concepts
Such my vibe, but nothing sly to bludgeon time
Or compromise integrity
In depth, I dream, but naught, if God ain't helping me
I never seen, a veil to reach, for, there's better things
That I would never think the devil's
Means, of meddling with greatness, just to sell machine
Made things that never leave
To devil me...
Any new developments facilitate that clever scheme
To place me in positions for conspiracies to better teem
But ain't no way I'll help it
That'd be foolish, I beheld the scenes, way before it snowballed
Until a point of everything, imposed, but I think the way I know
That it's supposed to go, with everything considered
Or it's framed for Christ and from a whole, my soul embrace the fellowship
Of the Lamb, present times, to old, scripting innovation still
Spiritual, in those pages still
Abstract
8/10/19

Dexsta Ray

Visions Of Flight

They walked around Jericho for seven days
Praised
And tumbled down the wall
God's the better post
'Cause the fetters broke, chains, brought to nothingness
A page
Left for confidence, kept to help the coming live
Generations come to fix the places up
And take positions
Promised to them, but somebody had to make the jump...
I'm straight because the Faith and stuff is shapened by such
The righteous fire withinside may rise the day that I hush
Remain unshaken by the strangest things
Satan's ways, upon the earth
If it stayed the same
A rain of flames will crush and burn it
Which shall come to pass because it's worse
And cursed
Everyday is suffering
Tragic madness, but unmatched to what's established there...
In Abaddon
Hatred grabs it, envy nabs the gates
Say nobody cares as a way to break and agitate (I care)
But I have to say today
That they probably should
For it ain't the holy souls at stake
Even Hollywood
Condoned the truth, that God is good
I pray, everybody would
Confess the Son as God and being the Savior
So they never die...
To undress the devil's pride
Trying to hide the Lord
Attention for the messenger, not listen to his higher Source...
The whole society's a vegetable
From top to bottom
That ain't no excuse though
He's graced us with a new soul
Seeing disrespect and praising God!

It's my new home
The devil hates you if you not within his loopholes
Jumped up out my sleep
Seeing visions of heaven
Ain't even noticed how he got me trapped
Scheming
With some hidden weapons
'Reason' are their names
No one sees how God established maps
And we adapt to crap
So the villian has been ineffective
Sitting back and thinking
While they're so obsessed with me
Demon tactics ain't as crafty anymore
Every man can see
But still the plans proceed
The lands is watching with it's hands at me
Pistols cocked for what?
I just spread the speech to stand with Jesus
Evil rulers being abusive
It's a spirit battle
Carnal minds are blind
Some just figure only here it matters
I have a voice now
So I want to use it right, turn around, refuse the hype
Trying to graft the course down
For the revolution
Light
Something, with the swords ground
Ignoring counts of foolishness
'Til heeding how the Lord sounds...
I guess I come off with a passive demeanor
I ain't passive
I just have to see the path to completion
I seen the way the stage will play out
We're craft for the deepest
Unseasoned darkness shall enwrap many
Trapped by the Benjis
The future's dark and all the prophecies will come
I'm not a shaken dude, stay erasing rules
That could make us stay a fool
The greatest root in is the spiritual

A part that's not a thing to some
But Kingdom comes
Without a warning
Some won't even be 'til dusk
And focused on the wrong thing
Trying to see me beaten
But even with your soul maimed
You have seen the evening
God has given time, but instead,
You strive to beef with
Jesus
Seven seven seven...
All the day long
They had their trumpets with them, and the Ark
Don't falter, stay strong!
And when they uttered out the praise to God
That wall was, say... Gone!
It fell, it's fallen,
We rejoice, can't put it all in a poem
But, yes, be zealous

Dexsta Ray

Visions Of The Living

Martyrs, sparsils, and Lightnings, and scars, unlikely
Hard to fight, the heart, I harken, to Christ's Light
On the right of God
Writing down my weaknesses
Smiling, the sky ain't shy away, life is like a string
With some margins, without a knot or tie, dotted lines
The farthest, my witness, it seems at times, the meanings
Different, than the pieces, consistent with lots conventional
I seen it, as the scripture and spiritual seasons
Intermingle, then the line continued but physical breezes
Can't define, painting the skies, imperial, only YHWH
Amazing times, power to the cosmos, clocks slow
And my God, the gold, lots go, and got those roads, known, whole
The streets of heaven, watch though
The prophecies, not slow, even disembodied
Simple things, with rhythm
Christian hobby, none silly copy, even after that
The flesh was broken
But the soul was God's, stole my cries and sold them
Hope resided in my Master's hand, He ain't holding lies
Wintry nights, that's starry, different vibes, intertwined
I felt this, left, you never did, Jesus wept, that year
But kept me, steps be swell to dwell upon
It ain't them, that tell me I'm loved
And it ain't even come from this realm...
Just like other stuff, still, rip this literature, never did fit in
Cliques and such, but still enough, the devils want to harm me
It just build me up, visions though...
The angels, nothing close, to the videos
Stereo, the nature, spread my hand
Feel a hand in mine
Every single time, but the darkness ain't work
It's something else, guiding me in paths of righteousness
Recalling, inside stuff, that only one would even care to know
The extra stalked to kill...
But the angel helps me grow, and still
The Bible holds true, and it's God's compassion
Not a stagnant fruit to overshadow, avenues, but the Lord is with me
Looking at the clouds, it matter too, when damaged

You can look for God in challenges, He hasn't moved...
When I was trying to give y'all better life
Some masks were used, and I was with my Bible and my Cross
And getting slasheth too...
For many years, I told the world, about the tactics soon
Before it even happened
Now they hack my facts to wax the truth...
I went away to shape a path
And demons tracked me through
And ravished me from all sides around the time subtracting you...
In God my faith remain in spite of what a man can do
My focus still on greater things just like the Heavens
Playing the muse
12/6/19

Dexsta Ray

Voodoo

Normal things, I can't do, no longer
And I don't know why
Can't have a picnic, without derision on my, tick list
Pickwikian passions
Nobody understands me
For some benefits, the envious had underhand
Excuse me, I don't know what you mean? Not all for everybody
Some make it seem like I speak to who I'd never topic
Situations twisted like crazy
I'm like 'What's going on? ' A team of demons just manipulate my sowing, cold
Blame me for not being what they lied about
Hide a lot of flout
How I'm supposed to know? Acting like I do is sowing wrong
Ain't no pretending
Being jealous equals gold and riches
And for staying true to what I started on, I'm 'so religious'
Nobody has the right to stick their hands and plan a life
Other than their own
Or their kids, ain't no saying it's right
A lot of sneaky things happened recently, I ain't sow failure
With organized harrassment
Man, it ain't no telling, ain't no one I've been attached with
In my conscious mind
Try to make me guilt trip, just for being an honest guy
I promise I'm not a milk spill
There's a lot of filfth built, around by jealous haters, never break us
So I'm still here...
I wonder what investivations, must've been the nets of satan
Tangled in a web of lies
The spider is the wretched hatred
I never got a needed message 'less I beat the system
Run across some breathing room
A point where I can see the picture
Praying that I be delivered, 'cause I ain't deserve it
But I never claimed I'm perfect
I just had a dream of bigger things, I brought to pass
I saw the plans
Through Jesus' grace and mercy
You can't make it if you toss the chance and lead the way of serpents

To the heavens
True progression, think there's voodoo
But if it is, then they'll eat the fruit too, on the other side
If they ain't repent now
I never knew the questions, you can guess that this was stuff designed
I don't trust this
Unlike the stupid or the foolish kind
When I tell you God is close
It's not cliché
I feel the Holy Ghost living in me, when I did say something to the Spirit
Holy smokes! He answers, yes or no
And my soul's protected
So it can't be a loathsome host, I plead the blood of Jesus
Over me and all I know, and own
There's a bunch of schemes and sleaziness, the broken's thrown
To completion from a broken home
One day, if I plant a seedling, I'll be there to see them grow
To keep from going wrong
Because there's certain things we need the most
Without them, there's no telling where we'd be, wearing felonies
No one cares to teach
The Gospel is the power, and the carnal stuff is where we see
The tare and wheat
I know one day the voodoo will be disbanded
It's already done
So I'll use this for dream enhancement, peace established
And the truth is I wouldn't had been entrapped in tactics
If I wouldn't had followed God and chased dreams, hurting...
But this thing is worth it...
Pain is certain, can't sleep, will hatred take me?
Shooting birds at memories
I'm sane but things are crazy, the bible says a fool rage with God for what they
do
Evil set against me
Some despise my words because they're true
So turn away, since the bible burned and busts the ruse
I don't care if I support myself
I will write the blues, and lows, and highs
Few soldiers have some open eyes, for things ain't what they seem
Come to Jesus, see the hope's alive...
Realize
Even though you try to speak to me, electronic, demons on it

Trying to block the things we see (but sometimes it's framed)
I'm not appeasing
Light words are shot to sheep, obviously, and I ain't reaching
I just clock what plots on me
Light burns any mind churning evil, even if denied
I see the truth, sleeping on me
Though it be advised, before demons molded, voodoo
For it was noted
Discredit all my words like you do
But this opponent, never quits, or gives it up
They want to take attention off of me
Before I saw complete pictures, knowing it all will be written
All their things fiction...
Why they single me out like this? Want to see me fall
Diminished, I am here to stay
It's not debatable, I write the truth, with bible proof, I feel a lot like Sampson

I don't care what the carnal world think or say about me
I have no image to lose or anything
After all this foolishness....
It only propelled me more into my purpose

No one to please
Or appease
My life just in the Lord's hand

Dexsta Ray

Wack

Everybody's wack...
Everybody that'll stand up to your giant dragon
Heightening facts... not applying magic
Like I established, many writings before
Galaxies and planets, after me
But cannot master, shattered false values
And tactics, which all are backwards
As it were, called a harzard 'cause you do admire
But truly, due to fire, flap jacks, to me
Flopping like fish...
In traps that we're mapped by demons
Deceitfully
These are wings you seen those braces on
And faith is strong, maiming evil beings
I'm the opposite equivalent, taken from his home...
I ain't got to be a chip of it, to top degrees
And bitter ends, don't knock the breeze
Before you even feel it, that's your chapter ninety...
I'm riding lightening, haps to find me
Like on chapter five, and still defined a problem
Yea, my Savior is greater, with only one God
The Psalms, could replace all the satan
And all are fading
But I'm getting stronger, brighter
Than I ever was...
I'm thanking you for hell because
Now I got to grow, forgotten knows of wickedness
I got to show
You not encloded, but lots imposed
Jezebel and false prophets...
They do her dirty work while she sit back
Declaring false knowledge
I be the early bird
Surfaced, worms, after storms and curses spurn, I learned to earn
Even in the worse of these situations
God does uphold His servants, the worthless instigation...
Hoping that's a bolder I can't roll
But it's broke and gone... With just illusions left
Now substance from the ruses dealt

The nuisance swept under rugs
To study and rebuke my steps
But I'm ruler kept by the True and Holy One
Joy survives, and ploys divide, the blessed are welcomed
Join my lines
If I wasn't good enough right now
Still the boy can rise
See me growing around your empires like some Poison Ivy
I may not win immediately
But I definitely will
Slaying all the dragons, all the tactics
Looking for some more
The wickedness in all the high places
Aiming down at me
Even if there's thousands that have ended up surrounding me...
There ain't no counting me out
'Cause I'm endowed a king
Of a different kind, the clean route
Inclined to peace and kindness
But the devil stuck on the beast
And keeps releasing blindness, mindless contributions
Irrelevance, like some Pelicans
Glide across sea, trying to feed
But I've developed fin, just along the spine
And I leap, to feast, on the devil's tricks
In Jesus name, declining of the foolishness
That keep us maimed...
And I don't think that I'm bad
I just can't be contained
If it don't include you
Who mad? If you ain't feed my pain
And laugh at the fact, of my bad days
And traps that got me

Tsk...
I guess any right thing is the wrong thing
Typical
Plus I'm living what I'm scripting
So I know I'm good

Back the heck up off of me
You don't know who I am

Dexsta Ray

Want No Trouble

No, the devil don't want no trouble
'Cause I don't fear it from him
My faith in God is super strong
I ain't here to scuffle, but clear the rubble
And debris that cover up the eyes
Ain't nothing been directed or respected
But was just implied...
It's a big deal to hate and try to be a name
But what's understood ain't really got to be explained...
'Cause to the world
Some may see issues different
But for me
I'm staying true to what I know be the business, just huff and puff
And blow and blow, but I grow in His image
And all that silly stuff is gone
Back below from who sent it...
'Cause, in this world, you're on your own
Trust can only go a certain distance
Rather throw away everything than burn forever...
I turn the pressure into stuff that inspires
My persecutors watching closely as I burst through the fire!
And it's the perfect empire!
We built, conspired, with the Father's help
And there's an army rising up
From the Father's
Death
Now I understand
Caught me sleeping, that ain't honorable
Face me like a man
In that season, not abominable
The legions watch me close
Saying, the demons watch me close

Tsk...
I see the devil watching me
Waiting for the time to pounce down
Stalking and whatnot...
I guess doing the right thing is a red flag for demons
Nonetheless...

I still stand by the Lord
No fear of the sword

If I go...
I'll get to heaven
Never cowering

Dexsta Ray

Was Not A Piece Of Darkness

Outsiders know all about being withdrawn
Drown fires, these withdrawals
Pounds lighter, confounded
I see down, falling
Weight...
Walls at stake, and all escape
Because I'm taught
Of such a matter, all the ailing are equal...
The strangest sequels
Evils, strange enough for me
But I may adjust
Refused to stay a dunce and take a plus
Shaking dust and grief off...
Faking what? Hatred, lust, a recall
I brush the pebbles from the doormat
Never swept by the devil, breaching
Clever, better reaches, that's forced back
Wishing never see it...
The proxy objects, abolished hopes
Leave one blind to something
So not to see how far they've come
Trying to scar they're love, but yet, it's obvious still
With terror threats to silence, violence
Reading harder...
Even sharper
But I know Someone Who's smarterrrr
Jesus for real, the neatest deal is sealed
My mark is full homeliness, I'm lowly, I'm trouble
And start, to improvise, discarded
Pulling ropes we discovered, with dreams
And pondering of the envious beings
To look for information, I'll present them with
Books though, satan's schnooks
But I'm, mainly, concentrating on this
Like satan knows already
I don't recommend, to flash or mold traps
I don't need support from apathy
Blown glass, when I'm broke
All the paths I crossed just sought my destruction

Literal or not, don't respect and so it's chose oppression
But I'm wholesome, even when it's open-heartedly, see, I write for me
To bridle all the spiteful little liars that confide of me
The libel means, I'm higher than that
Minus vital things, according to the mortal value
I'm verting words, like I rap or something
Portal grabs you, until the craft's accomplished
Traps and such, collapsed and done with...
The first poem in a while without carcinogens
Broken hearts are Needed, when you smile
The scars are hidden then though...
I'm harkening the info, that, sparks and feeds
The terrors, thank God, the vision is quite alright
But darkness keeps developed, treasures
Only stuff painted over, plush in the limelight
Time's right, and come praise Jehovah
The One designed the Light...
And I can't benefit, period from any wickedness, and sins in this reality
Fearless, conditions, I can't even feel the same
Derision, I get it, and when it's battering
I channel, thus, in healing and gain
The wicked feel the reign...
Misrepresented
Even still, like I give a crap about the heels of flak
Without a real impact, and insufficient
Still intact, contrition, building back
The sense to live in wisdom
Time to deal with that, His will, perhaps
Life and scripture, not to title issues
Writing where I been
In lines
And in-between the blinds, I find it, minds
Twisted up by rentinue, of lies the devil lives
Cries, unmeasured, still, but to me
This indicates fulfillment...
Links of unrelated components
The maze of understatements, and lakes become
The places, faded, for what's done away with
Shaking up the basis, and changes
Engaged with other placements, praises, patience
Phases, enthralled, uncompromised resolves...
The underlying

Above divine, something Weh' re-phrases!
Taking satan's methods of disguise
And setting stuff aside, that makes it wretched
Hectic, observations, divide...
I find a sign
That no longer opts complacence
Box of obstacles, dropped and toppled over
Watched, but locked in vacant lots
With blazes
Ah, the prophecies, hot, and not forgotten
Like homage, latent
Bottled conversation, not modeled
Or blot nor coddled, followed...
Borrowed consummation
Unsafely wasted but hastened to
Riddled paths with tracks of lasting apathy
Forsaken doom, for passion
After masterpieces
Made some
Room, it's fading soon
As weight consumed amasses
Guess an exit was broken...
But, nonetheless, to one affect
In the message denoted, what's still suggested, is motives
Of what humility is opened next
Frozen codes, so broken odes, one noted those, but wrote it wrong...
That's why I hope that all my fruits don't
Neglect
The Throned can see the whole globe
His holy peace consoles those who hold their seats, extolling each
Who grow with Jesus, souls on gold roads...
I see, that number
Trying to make it in, away from sin
The hateful can't escape the satan's fate
As long as they can't see it
But, if, repent to
Be forgiven, then, we'll see more riches
Spiritual in nature, God's the greatest reward...
The age is short and coming to a steady end
Let confetti spin, the realm of celebration
Thank the Lord for His people!
When this begin, I went to get my pen

Instead of a carcinogen, but ending this
I shifted when I finished on a different day
Lest' I be a liar, forget it, before it gets away, I had to mention such
But I've come along and made some progress...
I figured, 'something's wrong'
I upped a poem displaying
Topics
From the dungeon's zone, or the wilderness
Embraced the knowledge
Then I watched some filters lift
That I ain't build or pick, learned about the major stoppages
Rocks would just unveiled themselves
but God is there on days I'm not with it
Proclaim the opposite...
Props of sticks in symbols
Miniscule assumptions
Sent...
That was damaged energy and fun
As I was center-pieced, in tactics
Malice, interceding, 'run', is what the sinners
Schemed
And glittered me in madness
That is really nowhere
Near to me...
The Spirit deemed me worthy, as this was happening
I'd hear the 'screams', that'd keep me surly
I didn't imagined this...
The evil found my location
The envy took a
Stand
Out in the countryside where nobody looked or scanned...
But when I raised
Nothing changed it, the hate was shook instead
Then haters'd take an aim at my life
On multiple occasions
I won't embrace the carnal battles
No, I won't, I don't, evil long to have something on me
With hopes to gloat and vaunt...
For we are holy
Souls
Evils even faking deaths
But I ain't even focused on them

I ain't even so implosive...
But, still, I'm wise enough to know I coast
Amazing depths
So though I can't control my life
I can control what place it reps...
I'm taking steps to be a better me
It'd never cease
The evil claim I'm 'extra' as a way to try to measure me
But I ain't Yahweh, I'm just Dexsta
So I'm not the realest, not the biggest
God's position is the spot we watch and mimic
God's provisions
The supplements of the good souls
Some devils 'help' from up under me like some footnotes
But I welcome some other beings that's withstood blows
Pulling back the stones so they cover me but it's good though

I know I'm so withdrawn...

Dexsta Ray

Watch Out!

Watch out
The clock sounded, alas
And, of it's own power, long hours, counted
Just minutes, I mean, it's temporary
In the earth
Plenty of perils, without the Arc of God
Spiritual, in concept
The presence, that I remain aware, pages tear
The physical context
Begin a spark, if not, residual affects
Being rejected
But, then, collectively, effective
Nothing else that I want
Aside from bliss
Imagining that secret place that I go
That Light is in
Let's, like pretend, the energy that I know reside within
You
Mend again, and fix the fragments
I ain't toxic
You ain't backwards either...
Hourglasses, sand and hours passing
We just saddened people
With attachment, in the atmosphere
Ancient, had to meet up
Purity forever, no travesty when
Were at the hills
Watch out
For the signs, of the times
And even traps
To kill...
Don't be trusting too much 'cause even that will shield
A real one from their blessings, stuff built upon
What the devil did, as hindrances
And obstacles
See through all that, and catch the feels
As I wind this clock back
And forward, not saying it actually will...
Watch out

10/24/18

Dexsta Ray

Water To Watermelons

To understand another can in other spans
Nothing shines from a double mind
Such has compromised
Loving hands from above the lands with a couple of plans
Undefined, puzzles just designed for the butterflies
Align, the humble rise
Minus caution
What Zion taught me
Lions fall if they get caught in the traps
That all collapse
I ruminate those muddy days quite fondly
At night, troubling, crumbling mazes
Lights buzzing, snipes, er, the spirit strikes
'Twas hearing chide that I can't make wise money
Though near the Light, and all legit
And all of this had brought the sense
That's only common though
But, at the time, I wasn't slow
Looking at the night sky
I'd like to take a night glide
I might find a life time of staunch revelations
Which ain't too much to have
I grab reality, avid channeling, when tablets sing
Captures me, you can't just continue
Without the gravity of values
That redacts what's within you
Since it's a battle scene, no amnesty in Light
Planted seeds alight
We're fighting over sin and evil
A persisting sequel, ousted doubts, and flout
Alignment is important, in accordance to the soundest route
Bondage round about
To be honest, I don't care who makes it
I just stand for truth, founded constants
Never variable, to realize the function
Time is nothing, lives are something
In the shell, which is subject to the ruckus in detail
Picking well
But to conquer by the Spirit, sight is clearest

Wiping mirrors, there's a lot to be unveiled
Even felt...
We can feel emotions, evil notions try to hinder
Peace will keep one focused
Not between religions though
Just with the Throne of the Highest
Holiest, lowiest, 'cause when you think about it
God ain't forsake
The sure way to great Salvation
Anything but what's simple
Just this complexity's above where heads can reach
Until nets released
Spirit things upsetting me
Praise! 'Cause death's deceased
Instead of lessening leaks
We're best complete with whole wineskin...
I depend on God for my daily bread
I'll never starve from racketeering
I feel like David said...
And when it's dark with traps appearing
Don't feel like a heart in half's impure
Was seeking for a spark
But didn't see the start I had in here...
I gave love before, and was from the heart
And ain't nothing unauthentic when I manifests
I'm like a kid, Light is big while the dark is small
With illusions, I ain't failed, I ain't fell yet
Just blooming, metals booming at me, even though I stand for Light
It's alright, read my Bible verses, then I ink all night, it's still all mine though...
I always been reserved, and ain't fit in on earth
And I can see how silence bring an equal ground to wise and foolish
I ain't rude it's life accruing, mind subduing
Certain Jezebels just target me, and out of nowhere, like their ruins...
Nets of hell in the form of word curses, dressed and veiled, truth is lies
To the seven headed dragon
That's harassing still...
Passion sealed, but too far out
And that's for real, I do start count
Remove our doubt, in Jesus Name
The damage heals
Satan servants still attacking the foundations
Nothing's mutual, and love is beautiful

And when salvation enters in equations, not to crush
But it's displaying grace of YHWH, perfect...
Phone calls to sow falls and control all
But the Kingdom of the Lord ain't on earth...
And it can't be delusional when you see, hear and know the truth
But the devil only wants for funerals
Praise the living God of life in every type of journey!
Living water, giving mortals an eternal sight
While I can only speak for me and what Jehovah's done
The Throne upon, my hopes begun
And I can finally see...
To fly on wings of eagles soaring, I recline my feet, focused on the Father's
house
Nothing more
No time to sleep
The kind of peace you have when evil torments you
And you'll no longer even see the scabs
Just keep the Lord with you
A time of need for all across the world
Let's define success
Delighting in the Lord, minus stress, shining best
I think the strife and force comes from our misaligning
Looking for success in doors that didn't fit in His assignment...
Ranking and prestige, the way perceived
Ain't substantial, to think the answer, only lies in the glory of Him
Can't each see, if we can find the Light, restoral comes, immortal love, formed
above
As normal pieces to
The puzzle... (Ain't just about me)
And technology, I leave, sometimes
And not because of outter factors
Just for me, sometimes, I need to jump into the Word
From off the scene
Sometimes, and gravitate to Light that knows me
Not to breath what's lies
I'm just fine...
Ain't nothing crazy
I mean, ain't nothing shady
I dream, of stuff behaving
I need, to function
Crazy...
For the pattern of the world conforming leads us astray

So if we follow it, we're good
But if we don't we're
Insane...
But, still, the grace of Weh' encircle all
My purple dog, my urn of sins was turned amidst the oceans
Burned against the wind, dispersing, then, stirred within, betoken, of His perfect
will
I'm learning still...
Like water to a watermelon, Light's to life
Exciting, grind, important scriptures
More delivered
Wise survive...
When in circumstances
Different than what usually is
Design in caution
Not timidity, but only scripturally
The innocent and blameless integrated in this
For the Light of God created life
Of each and every kind of form

Dexsta Ray

We (Don't Be Distracted)

I refer to concepts, of "we";
But who is that?
I say...
Well, my foundations, did begin in the Scripture
So, when I mention, I ain't saying
That all is perfect
But, there's common sense, none of this
Consists of being
Assassinated, knowingly, on fields or streets
My body, fall consistently, there's snickering
In my cries for help, there was silence
I ain't hear a peep
Mysteriously
Undefining factors, somehow, spiritually
Like traveling through time
God supplied
So I find the Kingdom...
Who is "we";?
The soul inquire, keeping masks removed
What's manipulated doesn't count
The foe is at the root...
Passing through, but somebody tried to scam my shoes
Take away my heartbeat
Conflate
And then expand the rules...
Playing the fool
I'd practice kindness to all
Honor the commandments
True
While getting violently sought, so ain't a question
Where my loyalty remain
Praise the same God, but from other stuff
I still refrain, still feel the
Same
Evil, masquerade a lot, to make it seem
Like it ain't
I don't associate with plots
I don't speak or think association
For, it's not the way

It seem, I've gotten lied on a lot, so my growth
Would stop
Don't be distracted, that ain't me, invested in these hopes I got
There's even things that I don't know about
Both good and bad
I'll be a liar if I didn't say this, didn't convey
But it's truth, seems more harm was done if it was cool
Being stalked and terrorism
And I ain't give it the room, nor consented to do
Just trying to limit my moves
That ain't "we";
But still, here's exactly who this includes...
The other souls that's living righteously
To represent God
That ain't extorting me, from higher up, nor threaten to rob
That ain't facilitating wider stuff to lessen my shine
In this conspiracy to tie me up unjustly with lies
Because I know and speak the truths and some expect me die
If I stand up, against the wrongs, then I'll be left in the fire
It's real life, real time
Envious nets being aligned
When different cultures
Be conflated
Just to check me like I'm
Some kind of problem, though I'm definitely
A victim, it's a prophecy, look around society
Anarchy, apostasy...
It's prompted me to speak up or their lies overtake me
The closer to the truth we get, the more inclined evil framing
And troll campaigns, talking sick, they all supplying in this hating
A widespreaded situation, from that root
This became it...
There ain't no benefit for me
Some had used me to fade me
Until ain't nothing left
In me
Except what "truths" they engraved in...
That ain't someone who there
For me
But never chewed me like satan
And if someone was misinformed
If they reglued me

It's nathan, but I know what the darkness is
And where it originated...
For that, don't have the heart to live for
For "we"; though
It's straight
Been taking life a day by day, and trying to re-grow the faith
For questions, if I have forgiveness, I don't reload no hate
I ask, to keep away what's guilty, I don't see no debates
Don't want to be whole nor one
For just as long as I live
Nobody helped, when I was dying, but yet believe those that killed
Nobody helped when I was outnumbered
"We" don't appeal
For cowards always join oppressors 'stead, and scheme on the real
But I'm content
Put my life in YHWH's hands, I'm convinced
That a testimony's powerful, that's if the Light permit
Left for dead, by society, for shining light on sin
From my head, to my body
Seen the death
That Christ had lived, and it still continue on
"We" is not alike to "them";
And religion ain't involved
I have love for kindness
Still...

Those who love you would never
Do you like that
Period...
10/24/18

Dexsta Ray

Well, If That's Of The Lord

I see my freewill's restricted
The spirit re-fill...
A fleet of demons positioned
But I can see still
I listen to the speech of those prophets
If iron sharpens iron, the mire's sparking fire
In the soul of broken prospects
So I wrote a note
Just like many
To get one goal accomplished...
To praise the One in that City
With roads of gold
Who sent the Holy Ghost
And sits upon the Throne
Plus He's known as
Most...
High... Who's given souls time
For sin repentance
Throughout the years, I've known blindness
It's a wicked thing
You can be a Christian, soul tied, in a different game
Spiritually, be unconditioned
Thinking gold mines in you
When it's really a deficiency in your own eyes
But God'll fix you
Those kind of binds, are spirit battle
Never to resent you, no lie
If you'll hear His
Answers...
Satan hates to see progression
So my blessings came
Satan hates to see progression
My perspective changed...
Trapped up in the nets
Hidden curses
With sin occurring, sent perversion
Dissertation
Ripping down the misc. for certain
Which besets the wretched plans, regressing sands

For another day
If God wills it, you can see another change...
And other rains to crumble chains
Let me hear the Word
Even if it muddles up my name
Let me still observe
And live in turn, with the things the Scripture urge
Any person looking up to 'Weh certainly will discern
So I don't try to masquerade
To stress and prove
I'm much
I'm focused on the man I am today
Instead of who I was...
I'm having fun and praying for help from 'Weh for who I love
Got tired of backsliding so I turned away to Truth above
I was six when I was baptized
She gave me back...
A stranger prophesied to her, when I was a baby, and...
It's strangely fact
What I'm doing today's the same as that
Word from an evangelist, who prayed for our family back, then
In the nineties
God has eyed me, like a lot of people
It's not my destiny to hop into the pot of evil
And rotten beetles
Lots of creatures, from the down below
Darkness where the evil is
I pray no one is bound to go
Yahweh's Holy....
Is the theme of this
I'm still a target
With everybody trying to scheme to get my reals discarded
But I feel imparted
Ever since the tears departed
You ain't got to hold out on your growth to be still an artist
I was on the same road before the vain known
Just because they hating now
Don't mean I have to change goals...
And It's supernatural how I can't glow
I'll always be the one they grapple up because
My name chosen
And I ain't folding

'Cause I know I came broken
More preoccupied with changing lives than trying to claim goat
The wicked be intimidated so they take blows
But, the evil, I ain't imitating so they can't throw
Even though they may though
But my God's there
I will speak the truth while living holy 'cause I'm not scared
I do not care
Take me out or plot where?
I'm a child of God
All of satan stuff will not fare!
For the world is satan cuffed
I'm objective with it
Let me be delusional, I'll probably get to heaven with it
I ain't messing with it
Living and confessing strictly
In my own realm
With the Truth and no oppressing in it
The wicked pick and choose their battles
Who they fight against
They resent the Truth because every one they like's in sin
Like this life is it
They don't want the time to end
I was blinded too
But I learned the only fight's within...
So I bite with pens
Stopping just if Christ forbids
You don't have to seek attention when you have a light within...
Some things were bearing on my spirit
That I had to speak
If that's of the Lord, I will listen 'cause it's stamped for me

Dexsta Ray

Wet Silence

I never been the shady type
Dissociation
From the shaky type, when discern about this broken age
I talk about the broader route
Ain't even in the open
Pages
Everybody heard about, now the curtain's down
Burdened now
Determined, how?
Divergent grounds, showered by the powers, high,
And out of touch
The circuit's loud, ow, electric speaking
See, around the mound, since I was birthed
In the south, region
Words...
Ah. What's that? I do. Speak. Stop. Go. No. Start. Begin it.
Thanks. Stop. Why not? See? Get it? Who, me?
Well? Is it?
See me.. Who? Read it. What? Really! Why me? So soon?
Do it. Who knew? Enough. What is it? Go now. Ye did. Why not?
So?
Minus all the sixes
Only sevens in attendance
That's the Holy Holy number
Very essence of the Spirit, view an exit, not appearance
For it's destined
Never to escape the fate of lessons
Only get the given
Ripping out the pages of confessions, like forgiving spirits
Time addiction, peerless
Hide a sin within the bosom
Climb against the steepest cliffs
Grinding nails into the
Rocks
Pulling, pebbles, slipping, dropped

Dexsta Ray

What It Is Just Is

It's hot, this not
To just express my weakness
It's a lot though, it'd probably be my most transparent
How it got so, broken, toward my disadvantage...
And considering the circumstances, I choose naught
Not a politician, a dead man, 'cause the truth brought
Whatever reason, was it, doesn't breed
Or produce, the substance
Nothing could've saved me, would've slayed me as well
I said saids, after that, consumed and bludgeoned
'Til my sands bled
Was said dead 'cause I was pecked when I mistrusted someone
Before that happened though
That actually happened though
Pamphlets, scrolls, ever thinking, oy, if grace commanded those
Or, if, somehow, I was damaged, found
In fragments and ain't know
Trials and masses
See, an error travel quick, if child or an adult
I ain't from up there, like in the movies
That I watched in youth
Cool, I'd learn it's proper use, a fool, ma put that rod to use
Reproved, and if I made mistakes
The same ones though I'm not gone do
Refrain from even watching news
Refrain, from even lots of music
Strange, when I start writing poems
That's when some strangers got to grouping
That campaign arrangement, I'd noticed but couldn't say it
Not because I didn't know it, but couldn't see how to face it
But today, I'm afraid, I disappoint
Now I'm awakened...
The universe was turned around, I didn't age quick enough
I prayed then though, and stayed near the Spirit's touch
Some mad that I would never them so blame and bash
For little stuff...
The same, from pasts, still in a buzz, restating trash
'Cause still among, what's lazy, grasping
Piddling drugs, or taped

Don't matter
Still a prong, in the wavering factor, hanging matters
Faker, the paint haters use, with erasers
Still, the same, staple shoes
To the paper, switch I never, I'm a fan of one
Clever, able, extra to disrespect me, ain't this effect
Forever, ain't decide, association, knew that
So strive to waste me, strive to save me
In the same breathe
Have it seeming hectic, while it's really just the same snare...
I ain't there, I ain't tare though, I ain't aware
Angst, despair, many take a share, and let it bank in there...
I ain't spewing sanctimonious
Nor talking worthless, evil, while the haters focused
I was on some more than hurting people, cursing neither
Strictly for T.v., got me dirty, seem emergency was normal
Like they promised, and cannot reverse
I guess if no-one could forget
That is sufficient, for the situation, just a martyr then
In advance, made a horror, sad but that is all
Can be concerning, Savior called on me
My scars to heal
And all of He's eternal, even the ideas and art He in
They gone have to do whatever
I ain't hushing, starting again, in spite of target seeing
Armories, or guards that's in a marksmen fit
Probably tomorrow, I'll be hit, but still my heart with Him
Regard no fear...
And it is what it is
Half a heart in here
Perhaps a smart
Premier, sharp and arduous
I want to write or rap, I don't care
Whichever one deprive
Despair
Though I lose some stuff forever
Still I feel alive in there
Despite emotions, lightning, smoldering

I just progress

1/12/19

What Makes A Man

In the words of mother...

'Knowing that Jesus is the beginning and end of lives
Knowing that the triumph's and hurdles that have been won
Wasn't because of your degrees and your education
But because your thankful for the knowledge given to you by Jesus
A man is made in the image of God to be strong in religion
And faithful in life
Being a man is learning how to love the way Jesus loves us...'

Me...

What makes a man...
Not violence and intimidation
Actually honor, having morals, many situations
Fill us with the enmity imposed by this age
It's up to us to crush the trusses
Holding up disarray
The missing values place us in a state of pain
Of the inner regions
As a whole establishment, the faith awakes in different people
Cultures, places, races, ages, all are the same
Without the Light of God within us
There is naught that
Remains...

Dexsta Ray

What School Didn'T Teach

People say life is this and that
It may be a metaphor
A game of whist perhaps?
Compared to an onion
Some artichokes and alphabets
Interesting allegories but who could really answer that?
At times it's good and bad
Sweet and sad like a long lost love
To where you try to find your way
But things are so crossed up
You learn to live life like a hand in water
I wish I had a quarter for the people not as loyal
Now I've jerry-built a border
Cause' I can't take any deceit
It's not allowed like kids throwing sticks in the street
And addiction is deep
Oh how I wish I had known
Now I'm grown
And my old way of thinking was wrong
I've learned the best teacher really is experience
Aside from yourself
My every step is just as fearless as the last
And learning doesn't stop outside of class

Dexsta Ray

What's An Ugly Soul?

Click! Clack! Crack! Crash! Click!
The pitter patter
Hitting on the side of the wall
And there's a glass attached
Bash!
Fell the shards of a spirit
And you can hear the tone
Listen... low
Is it...
Oh
What's an ugly soul?

One is like a lasting reflection
But not the type of fleshy essence
But oppression, it is trashy, and depressing
For it certainly has a nag for 'image boosting'
Through which it's manifested
Through the eyes, where it only see itself in next ones

In infinity and
Broken
Ain't no help...!
When calling others ugly they just name their inner self
'Cause only satan even shape lips to degrade
Just feel sorry for them
You beautiful in everyway
And every day
Understand the sign of ugly souls and darker inner others
Nothing worse than having ugly hearts and souls with pretty 'covers'
And it's true
God ain't making no mistakes with you
One can be the most attractive but, aye, so was satan too

That's a part of the
Smallest picture
Some project their own
Insecurities on others
Because they can't face them
Misery...

Remember... 'soulflection'

What's said is a mirror of inner self

Laugh at the devil

Dexsta Ray

Whats It To You?

Of course
They can't relate
We're infinitely different
They envy me
But I claim the faith
I listen to the Truth
It's getting to me in the greatest way
I meditate on wisdom
Empty
The villian tempts me
But I dip the darts
Grip the scars
I'm scripting on forever
But I shift the misery
Trying to seal the heart, maybe I would make a difference
Still embarking...
I'd trade the money for my soul in this appealing market
Light binds, financially, but man is it worth it
I'm wasting my time
Perspective
Clean
A plan lifting curses, they come and go
Jus like a runny nose, a type of dominoes
The spite consumes one flesh... the rest is crushed in rows
Dodging bullets
Lord knows I never wanted that
Different type reality envisioned like a battle scene
I'm giving out the secrets...
Found in sequins
Crowded sequences, the mound of pure deception
And a pound of pure rebellion, sure unveiling
Looking for that right love
A white dove
I can write unto, un-pious, that's unbiased
Not the kind that try to snipe the muse
Or spitefully misuse
All the Light
The kindness... wicked fools do corrupt
Evil souls be opposed

Blocking out
Is what I do, what's it to you? Who I choose to consort?
It's like a baby asking you what type of shoes on your Porsche?
I need the make
And model...
A major problem be the righteous ones who try to climb
I ain't start nothing, they just jealous, I'm the fighting kind
Though
What's it to you? Some reciting my flow
Everything God brought me through has made a sightly slideshow
Like gold and precious metals, blessings settle
On me
Tribulations come with pleasure, getting better, closely
Examining, myself, I help a lot of lost loriners
Stealing my credit
With no acknowledgement, try abolishing
All the wise and holy, this is present
Scripture granted
Rising slowly, I confide in other beings
Lies on coligen
Strive to box it in, I was helpless, ah, my misery
Christians must be set a part, God is watching this
Thankful for the praying hands, the sands fled
The hour's up, to nothing, powers crush the conscious
Hope devoured at the touch of flesh of death
Second coming's Towers up...
Passing in between the time, letting go distractions
How can evil live with itself? Setting notions, madness
Tragic
No devotion, patching up the fabrics sewn for passions
I do my own thing, own time in holy fashions
People show compassion, golden note to have
But so it's backwards...
Feel sorry for the lost ones who's souls are damaged
Not the ones who know the Master
Saved from death
The bold
The crafters, who know the answers
Not for show like holy chatter
A cloaking hazard
The motive sander be the Throne
When we spoke He answered! Brokenness or not

No, He won't resist His flock! I know who I'm meant to be
And I've broken in that spot, I'll get to this degree if the globe
Approved
Or not! So zealous

Dexsta Ray

What's The Point?

To retire from writing is like to simply die
Or to retire from life, but while you're still alive
I'm rigid as I listen to scripture
From in the Holy Bible
Adopting all the opposition, as a lowly rival
Maybe that's my problem
I'm thinking
A mind of misery
That's what they're obviously stating to try to get to me
I figure, what's the point?
I see mountains
They say I'll be surrounded
Then I'll retire
Never once again to speak, I found it
Fire crowns His feet
I will bow and sleep, and I'd be astounded
I'll look above
Visualizing til' I see that fountain
Of the living water
It's immortal, and a glorious sight
Imagining the portal from the normal to immortal life
But just immortal light though
Is what to strive for
And I hope when I go
My life's shown what Christ's sown
Because that's all that it's about
Build a lesson on
Stuck between the inspiration route
Or just letting go
I know the Spirit's nature now
Learning what to fight
A puzzle piece to comfort me
Discerning perfect
What is right
The Lord reveals to me the bigger picture
Where abundance dwells
Start off writing different issues but will end in something else
That's how you know the Spirit's in you
God will sit you down

Proverbs three verse thirty four
Discern the Lord resists the proud
So I ain't with the crowd
Manipulation ain't for me
That's why I take a different route
The tricks of satan can't
Succeed
Because my faiths in He
Covered that I may believe
Regardless of the evil legions trying to place some chains on me
No point

Of giving up your dreams.

Dexsta Ray

When I'M Alone

When I'm alone
I sit and visualize a perilous past
Just a finger-breadth away from going mad
A constant recollection
Does it trouble me?
The audience guessed it
I think dishonesty is pretty pathetic
It's not always this dark
Push my mind aside and think from the heart
While I embark on a mission through the park
Wait until night
When everything became a shade out of sight
Where my accomplice is the limpid star light
Look towards the far right
There's a person dressed exactly as me
The shady hue makes it really hard to see
Get wind of white noise
I had to fight for a peace of mind
I find myself finding fault from time to time
Needless to say
I'm fairly paranoid when she's away
I'm not afraid
But I've seen too many games
And she's the same way
There's a storm cloud over my head
I could try to change it
I'll ignore it instead

Dexsta Ray

When It's Time

Human life, the experiences, testimonies, joy
The bright side of this physical realm, the resolutions
Turn the Light up, blinds open, the settings close
Spreading truth alike, be remembered, through minor differences
Timeless, atmospheres, been familiar, strangely
Like classic stuff, damaged, while not too much expanded
The lands of marketing, uncanny
Wasn't too much
Unmanaged, no abdication, major waves, and save the last dance
Later, embrace the race of faith, the same became
The passion, rehashing, origins, the times reminded me...
Fashion, forwarded, fortunate
Facts and former feats, forms of heat
If time is of some essence
It's a mortal thing...
But, then the winding portal's presence where the stories lead
Is more than free, and normal, we absorbed a mutual understanding...
Under heavens
Of glorious light, through the sun, connected
Beauty on the skyline, one it up, like a bunch of sevens
Judgements, lessons
We entered the earth with love and blessings
Spiritual in natural
On temporal terms so others guessing...
Coupled planets, so wearied, empowered by the Light
God is in the humans, He using, can I attuned to that
Deep within my heart
Just endearment, tender and pure affections
And sincere, recognize reality, and plant it here...
But still, on the other side of the same coin
Isn't compromise, crush the lies, with this flame sword
Thunders struck gusts of wind
But, still, some ain't
Know it...
And hate going, or staying, without the flower crowned
In earth, so eternity, I ain't want, eternally
The flames and smoke
And ain't a spark, endowed, supposed to power down and burn
Still I'm desperate for the Light

And the hour
Dials, discern, proper count, ain't even thinking of the opted out
Alloted trials, by something that was larger than
Outside, but in, still YHWH's round, forever
Like the vessels He predestined
And as long as there is life, there is hope to get it right...
Evils times, last days, prophecies in fulfillment
Before I know it, traps change, got to be in the scripture
They cry investigations for me if the field ever even
They fine if nets restrain the glory in the temple for Jesus
Few times, few times
In a dark age, new signs, fruit rise
And cards played recklessly
To scar faith...
Some darts change, this prophetically, can mark waves
Not as in creating, just identifying what parts came...
My heart the same
No subliminal, love, I figure if I'd start to gain stuff
From switching it up
I seal it up, instead, I stay clutch, low vanity
The same us, try me like a sample, or a cactus even
Can't touch, with malice, legions, cults of demonic agenda
And everytime the blessings rose, it be coming to get us
So I can't help but let it go
How to reach for what's in your hand?
Complicated situations
Into other realms, I'm saying, another film
That really double them
That ain't really glad, to comprehend
This stuff distended to the
World, already known...
But, of the flame, no aggression, hatred, nothing cold
Majorly, it's sacred, an impression, antiquated home
Love made but God saw and judged things
Tell me when it's time to be aligned
My grind is sun made
Plus Yawh enabled some replacements in the young days
Society's been hiding God
For centuries
But hugs faiths
O.g.1/25/19
1/28/19

Dexsta Ray

When You Don't Succeed (Unreleased, Finished)

Woke up with my hopes up
By the bedside
Three weeks, and to focus on a set grind
And lo, behold, I'd gone along way from home
The best time was when in motion
I know what satan's goals is
The notions, the cafeteria, I entered in
The campus ain't too bad
I see biscuits, toasts, other different dishes
Then the cold again, to hit the road
And get into these notes
The wind is blowing again, and I'm woke
Thinking how long it's been
Twenty sixteen, and I'm hopeful
This year, I'm 'sposed to win
Wholly being committed, to growth
So no can see me fail
Weh' love it when I get in this mode
I go for CDL, and maybe make a couple of dollars
To move out mama's house
And view a few horizons that I never seen before
I squeeze the door handle shut
Life is crazy
I'm pushing seventy miles, on the interstate
Trying to tame it
Until the exit route, instructor says my efforts are stable
I punch the clutch first, to brake, before I get up on that light
Or cars in front of me
Downshift, a square, I'm turning right
And it's another route, houses, fences, mailboxes
Close to the road...
Narrow lanes, shift it up to 'bout a four, letting it coast
I'm more astounded by the fact I actually had attraction
For it
Made it back into the dorm that night
My roommates snoring
Thought, the written part is hardest, crash course
I passed but did or didn't have some other aspect
Other happenings, much of which, I value the thought

'Cause even when you don't succeed
You still have what you're taught...

(2016)

Dexsta Ray

When You Get The Samples Wrong

Cramming doesn't always
Suffice...
Up 'til seven
Rubbernecking questions all through the night
Plus it's stressing
But I guess this mess is best for the tests
Call it life...
Core classes pour madness on my mental state
Honestly, I'd rather start in my major
But the world is like a...
Staircase
Moil to get to center stage
Leave a mark like putting art on the paper
Tapered...
Things end soon
I'm brooding through the questions
Sitting here thinking
Back
When she reviewed the lesson
I got the first wrong so I had to do the next one
Which was even worse
No use...
So I know it's over
Man, I say... those goals are like a rollercoaster
If you're lucky and your educator don't oppose you
They'll still give you something that will
String you out or overload you...
Nonetheless...
I'm just calling it life
Up 'til seven...
Rubbernecking questions all through the night
Plus it's stressing
But I'm blessed to be involved in this
Plight...
But I guess it's true...
Cramming doesn't always suffice

Dexsta Ray

While The World's Wind Whirl

And I can see the
Canyon...
A lambent darkness shadowing me
Foot soldiers stepping forth
Savage in deeds
Laughing...
Take the matches and make ashes of trees
Hidden damage
Why be saddened if you have
Enemies?
Gladness... tell a maverick that I'm one in the same
Oh, consider these battles just a run in the rain
and the devil is a lie... I'm loving the
Rage
So developed to survive that nothing will change
Victim? Oh victim? Never take that approach
What I say is what it is
No fake in the...
Zone...
tripping... while I listen
To developing lies
I renounce the devil's mission and whatever he's tried
Nothing wrong with being
Different...
So, I hope to be the weirdest one
Life is shorter than a five minute break
Mortals... live life before it's over
WHILE THE WORLD'S WIND
WHIRL...
Everybody has a story to tell
Everybody has experienced disappointments as well
Everybody has a struggle... different portions of hell
Everybody seems to stumble... just give MORE
If you fail...
Yea...
and no, know not everyone will relate
If they didn't know the same predicament
Then they can't
and my eyes are on the Lord

Seeking Jesus is straight
Just because I don't agree with something
Gee, is it fake?
Understand that God is love
Demons is hate
It's amazing how we judge and we're breathing the same
Crazy...
I can't help but script the truth when I write
I'm the type to be accused and tell the truth if it's right
And beware of what we
Say... there's rules in the light
What I am is what I say
The muse is my life
Now I don't focus on the negative
I only speak the spirit's...
Truth...
WHILE THE WORLD'S WIND WHIRL
Let me script the news
Writing gives the soul a voice... just like with the blues
I don't feel the writing anymore...
So I'll end this rune here

Dexsta Ray

Wide Recall

I'm dropping lime on the ossified reaches, dotted lines, creases
Not aligned, I'm a shrink though
Just the godly kind, pre-established, biases, I ain't with, just a hateful take
I'm paper mates, for Light, I'm in I.S.S., for my faith in Weh'
Suspended from the cultures, for my content
My ascetics nice, to this fateful day, that's why, the major play, to pay
The satan, wages, from the lying side, to label
So their lies could thrive, a staple, on some kinds of minds
I'm like a shrink, trifle shrink, widest of assignments, shew, somehow, it's way
too late
The saints, is what my life about, content without the things
They take, because of what was planned against, the snake, desire my talent
Stole, erased, or gone, so they can own the weight
Allowed so YHWH's throne diminished, plenty things extenuated
Knowing that sheep don't have the teeth and claws
That demons ravish with
I don't relate, so scopes are aimed, and schemes are formed, to yoke the name
They longed my pain, my roses wholesome though
Illusions repeat, confusion, muses, fools accusing, moods, they shooting with a
beat
In battles unattended, to have my other visions, YHWH gave
Me tons of rhythms, bits and pieces, liquidated
For what's racial, unconsented, but it's spatial, aid was late on purpose
'Til it's just a tissue, compliments of what don't reverence
YHWH, irreversible, then I'm accepted, probably, such considereth me a demon
While the Most High was watching, close by, over my shoulder
So they'd know He was behind me
Those times, to this present, and whatever happening now, is that weapon
Comprised, of many sides, and wicked tactics
Meant to hide a Christian baptist, 'cause of lies against the standard
Got to die for being obedient, to the Scripture, in the Holy Book, they rather that
Than see the prospering of the righteousness, in talent
Misc. devised again, a trillion times, I'd see it, I ain't bitter, love the vibes this
give
Because the backstory, of testimonies, for loving God
Humbly, some mistakes made on purpose, until the faith break, or faithful
covenant is
Devalued, until it can't change, and things fade, such antagonism
Framed, embrace what God emblazons

'Til the baphoment, can think of ways to damage it
It don't seem familiar though, such wish that God was absent, tsk
I'm sticking with my talons, principalities are lying on me
To perform my murder, being allowed, because their wile folded
Rhymes loaded, with quotes and answers
Like this a slideshow, if I would've said that, and sheltered it, side from my notes
The devil would've cherished it, snagged it, like it's a snide joke
Like many times before, mines enclosed in, not with the Light though
Spiritual inscriptions, I been with namely, the Kingdom doctrine
Demons clock, hypnosis, don't need the praises, plus, YAHW ain't tempted
Goshens in the heavens, it's more than sufficient
For the stable, trusting in the Shepherd, like antiquated
They seek my life, while the ties are tight
Got so normalized, though that dying was life, but crying alright
Tonight, I'm gone celebrate it, confiding in Christ
Want to tie my stripes to what couldn't heal them and naturally, this plan for
subtracting me
Under wraps like some jacking themes
Majesty, just think of the miracles that some hadn't seen
And ask yourself, why any who witnessed it
In the passing seasons, actually'd, commit to resenting it, looking at the things of
Jesus
Made a long line manifest, manifold awareness...
I spreaded though, for the godly purpose, and still on that
Know what's not in favor, from early seasons, of death
And all, envy, don't want who had turned from evil, respecting causes
Of the Most, I've witnessed, and so I know
It don't take a meteorologist, to show, the lowest yokes can go
Hope I wrote, and no had told me that
Was chose to own with cloaks and other measures
But I'm still iambic pentameters
I invented some, but some want that credit for others, that been against the
struggle
Secretly, and indiscreet, puzzles, to smother
Different treasure, clutter stuff intangible, trouble, I hubble out it though
Eternity's forever, if doubled, it's still a win win
Summer in the meadowlands, fleeting, I never could ingest
But pieces, in the presence of YHWH, and with
My godly Helper, shadows in the prairie, the temple of God hath suffer violence
Covetous had stricken the powerful who despise his life
Insecure, with plaques, polyphagous, because they ain't deserved
Knowing deep inside, see, I'm fragments, but some is

Fabrics, like a quilt, knit together, my sewing machine, is fit for such
Close my laboratory doors, stitched together, sealed them shut
Merciless, the wicked, desire glory, and kill the just
Pressed 'cause I ain't pressing play, restless, 'cause I'm still with Weh'
Every evil did didn't make me, stray away from God
Paws of cats with business on them, figments of the same campaigns, of slander,
and destruction
That I knowest not, while smoldering hot, I gathered up my brokenness
And handed all that back to God, my lamentations weren't
Rejected, for the saints, recorded waves, persecutions really flourished
From assimilation agents, just assimilating greatness
Kill what then create basis, in addition to whatever else was happening, in those
stages
Satan lack concern and mercy, 'til what ain't portrayed amazing
If it's you that's being attacked, without a cause, you say a thing, you ain't
behaving
Then deserve demise, 'cause you ain't made by satan
Such don't understand the truth because through grime, some gain the praises
Even Scripture still the proof, no matter what, such killeth you
Because of what such feel they lack, potential stuff, they feel's in you, just simple
stuff
Compared to what God sent me for, It's minuscule, my rhythm booms
Like loony toons, of super sized, conducive
Blooms, that leaveth flowers, after showers, fused with fragrance
Streams of Light, I used to want the mountaintop, in fact, ain't let it leave my
sight
But now, enthralled with heaven only, major difference
Extra cozy, better, 'cause my stuff is natural, I ain't have some hand control me
Strings and brackets over, on me, masters, with some glasses, focusing, on what
factor next
To blow, sneak pieces of it in they stuff, before the land can know what happen
Massive travesties, don't even know me, in my pants with me
That concoct the falsest reasons just to scope my talent, keep me close 'cause
they did massive evil
I ain't even know, need me roped, I got the truth, my creepy notes, I'm locked
into
I'm not amused, I'm dinobytes, and not because your guilt
I ripped a knot from ruses, plots from satan, grazed upon, in graves, my muse
reverberate
The one's in Christ are soon to rise, don't worry, God ain't cursed the saints,
presences that's threatening, implications
Overriding proof, to finish hate and satan crimes, in spite of that

Confirm my words, I'm stalked for evil that was did to me, and hid from me, and
now that truth is found
Such want to disagree
To mirror me, desiring my affliction, I ain't did a thing
Twisting speech, and this repeat
Throughout the years, it's history, devout of fear, my faith in YHWH still
That's not your style...
Stuff out of figure, been since years ago, ain't think I knew
Was squinting though, and not because I heard the hate
But I was being inflicted so, was meant, so I'm diminished, and the Light of God
couldn't get exposure
Witnessed such a trillion times, such saw my shine, was different, poaching...
Hiding in the stigmas, and the stereotypes, that's in the open
Stood behind the wing of God, I praise the Lord, He been my quotient
1/14/20

Dexsta Ray

Widely Unappealing

Learned a lot about the
reaping and the sowing process
Among some other things
All a puzzle of the same
Subtle games...
Crush society's grip
If slow and steady won the race then society's swift
A heightened dynasty of light
Sights binded to a shiny Constant
Bright disruption
Of the grimy nothings
Like the buzzards
Finding comfort in the life of a shadow
Without the bible's lines to bridle minds
We rightfully stumble
It's idle time
You can't fight the fact it's borrowed
Only passing through
And that's the truth
Blasted sorrow
So they're mad at you
We cannot judge the past tomorrow 'cause it hasn't bloomed
Masking lasting rules
Latching on me
And I grab them too
Cueing...
Light is boring
I'm in tune with the 'lesser'
In times of fortune
Answers move, and laughs are cruel
But lamps are cooled
Deny importance
Pride's in tune with the devil
Some minor stories
Written
By the Lord to guide the storms that life can form
A high absorbing wisdom
And slightly abhor it
Its just the flesh of me

Rigid in the core values ripping down the wretched things
Mortal and the poor prattle
Villages before
Cattle
Insignificance, of course, spirit rich and limitless
Can't too many more matter
Cautious, unfooled
The cost of willingness
More appealing than the price of kicks
I'm right besides the misfits and nerds
Because they're uncool
Not knowing they are closer to the victory
Which is more exorbitant than jewels...
Hard labor never hurts...
And that's another
Fact
Preach to seedlings, pass the news
Keeping all the jungle back
Speaking life is but an ax
Now, I'm a lumberjackkkkk...
Cutting off the trees at the root so ain't no coming back...
Clutch and snap it at the ground
As close as you can get
Casting down strongholds, imaginations
Ruses, snipped
You can clip the vain binds
Live the Main Vine
Which will lift you out the dark
Viewed above like hang lines
I can't find a use for folly that ain't waste time

Yea, Light may not be
Appealing on this
side
But we know it's the only thing
That matters

I love to be uncool

Dexsta Ray

Wind In The Consort

Some will give up everything to make you fall
Satan's nature
Little spaces, where he may could fit
He thought he found a weakness
But it costed him a life
The scripture pages, I'm repeating, I'm involved with the Light
To be resolving every piece of falsehood
Trying to trip us up
I write to ghost...
Thoughts should strike a little trust
It's spiritual and stationed
Real amazing
Prophecies fulfilled
Don't mean I'm copying ideas
Because I stop to heed the real
The bible's words are like air
We need it and it's priceless
Nobody owns it
But just Jesus and He's pleased I cry it
Even write it
Making mention which could breed alignment
If were truly Christians
We believe and see and get excited!
Not even fight it
Underminding's what the devil does
I ain't even lying
Thunder, lightening, but it never floods...
God is faithful to His Word
And I see it daily
Wisped into the spiritual, well aware it's seeming crazy...
But won't let it even change me
I'm a feeding baby
Eager for the scripture
Made to lift us from the schemes of satan
I perceive elation...
Crowd or without
I feel sick from time to time
But I'm not down and out
And I don't entertain the hate readers

Who can't respect a person
For who they are
If it's different, they reject for certain
Christ did not reject a person
Just profess them worthy
If they repent of all their sin and then profess His glory
Not offended but they want me upset
They long to take my poems away
With some claims they form in hate
I don't need the patronizing from the lying
But I trust the saved...
And mud my name
I would hate to be enthralled, a constant
But the love is plain...
Nothing change like Holy Father
Who discerns the hearts of all
The darts and walls
The close and farther...
Even shunning shame if we trust and praise
The concept and the aim of 'twin flames' is to crush the target
Which are shallow connotations
Try to handle values
Never put your faith in what you see
It's tough to be a candle
Burn yourself away
Cry into the ocean's current
Anyone who's strong won't allow the snake to fold discernment
Stay awake
I was broken trying to hold the burdens
Go to close the curtains
Like it's better than Light
Of anybody know the verses, striding right
Then that boat is sturdy
For our own sakes, own place within that gold gate
With strong faith
Let the mission continue
And if today's my last day
I pray the vision within you is manifested

Dexsta Ray

Wisdom Calls

I hear the gentle voice of wisdom calling for us
It's complete...
This precedes the time of lightened paths
Reading chapters that
Live
Teaching, the legion might be mad
Breathing in the scripture, believing that all in Writing's facts
Proper in alignment
The Father speaking, Proverbs the first
Chapter, verses twenty through thirty three
Eye observe the birth
It captures
All attention, enrobed in passion, a truth to see
Lukewarm in our actions
Bring torn attractions, rebuke from He
Terror like a storm
Destruction that's like a whirlwind
Shall come if you don't court, sagacity, like your girlfriend
And trample all the folly
Though walking through where the valley grapples
Falling all alone, but all is cool in the rally after, supplicating saints
With lifted voices, unto the Lord
View the true accord
Move the torn, and replace the roots of mourn
Say, 'Whoever listens to me will dwell safely, and will be secure, without fear of
evil.'
Hell's angry...
For complacency will destroy us, if only stuck in sin
Fools don't comprehend what He tell us
But they attack His people... Lord, there's nothing more that I want
Than just to grasp and please You
Trying to know the
Wisdom...
Please forgive me if I ever fail, turn at Your rebuke
Making order of strife
But never quick to point and pick
For that's a scorner's
Delight!
Ain't never better than the next, or the rest of the flesh

To fortify, seeking, just a normal guy!
With some quarters, dimes, nickels, spirits riches
What defines though
So, seeking
That...
You've poured Your Spirit on me, and You've made Your Words known
I ain't slipping, Crony
Even though this verse gone, praises be to Weh'
In perpetuum, the curse folds
I ain't with the
Way...
This society and earth goes... from the first on to that second chapter
Rather'd help in my calamity than, swept, bless-ed
Laughter...
To hear when wisdom calls...
You have a hedge around you, ain't a point of building falls
Pits, we can't listen... can't nothing get within
Those walls...
That we place around ourselves... to prevent it all, unaware, that God can't come
in there
And then wisdom pause...
You 'protected', probably had a couple of risky calls
Living 'unaffected' seems safe
But it present a loss
Of freedom...
Don't let fear of time control you, beat them
Guard that wisdom with our lives, 'til we scope the Throne
And see Him

Dexsta Ray

Witchhunter

Higher up
I dream, over darkness
If Light in
Front, I'm hunting witches
Like I'm hunted
For nothing, my spirit sickle with me
Modern times
Ain't nothing removed
'Cause, then, I had to pan it
No offense to
What is prestigious, the beings with character
I see, thus ain't witches
With casting and asking demons
Spells, gravitating hatred
To aspects, and things, that mean alot
Unassociated though
Still my tribe, but some things were blocked
On the other hand
Another land
We can chill, sit, and listen to instruments
With tremendous speakers
Forget the end
You like yogurt, I like figs and mint tea
Don't, quickly, convince
Yourself, to list me, as risky
I meant, these, colours
Ain't true
Except the ribbons, different, archetypes
'Cause trust is in muses
A shifty day in age, carnal fights, the starry nights
Martyred, by startling sights and pains
Writing pages
Borrow my hearts, intrinsic ties
It rains
Glistening eyes, consistently tried, to ascertain the
Full
If empty, or at least, half that, unchanging lull, if any...
Where's the wool
Map that

So I can craft, and rehash the lenin
Tag, and reknitt it
Sitting, vague in my raggedy chair
And happily
Must be something wrong with me
What's been told
But, see, I don't believe in brokenness longer
Than what Jehovah needs
To help me
Long-suffering, tell me, I know when things are spelling
In my lows, wondering
O...
The road's puzzling, and thundering
Consistent with thee
A whole 'nother realm, so much has though
Desireth my failure, but there's more to the ocean...
Current stirs conditioning me
Before the fire settled
Writers breath some life into ink though
I don't think so...
Green? No
See, it takes conspiring to make a thing go
Fine
Just let Jehovah Jireh design my key notes
I'm...
Still worth it, mealworms, a little turkey
Haven't checked a broadcast
But accurate
Like I still heard it...
Living life for the Lord
One has a real purpose
Putting self aside
Like of mammon, or while we're still searching

I do all I do for the greater

Dexsta Ray

With Wings

If I had wings... I probably wouldn't be writing in the dark
I'd probably go to where I'd like to
See
Praying if I could
Seeing life but from different light
High above the kites
Ay, forget it
Let's ascend, I'm about to jump
You in?
Feel the wind
Some escape, ay
The pigeons, they up here flying with us
Asking questions
How it feel to have a building underneath?
Traffic lessens
Time is deplete, like serendipity
Looking at Jerusalem
Thinking about it's history
Eyene the revolution, and the mind that's driven into me
The bind of retribution, unexclusive
Until the night
Beauty in the heavens...
Not a cloud
Passing by the stars, and I can touch it
I could never picture this
Opportunities and hustles, an investment in wishes
To forget about the struggle
As a youngster with
Visions
Now a grown up, living humble
God exerts
Praise His mighty hand
Trying to live like there's a cost if we cry again
See another nation
Call it blessed, that's my word
Ay, that tower... was of
David!
From the greatness, called the Holy Bible, verse!
Now I thirst for salvation

Heard the servants be quenched
It occurs
Endow patience
Now look
Another way presents, don't be turned, afraid to glimpse
Look around at war
That's emerging from your sense
There's the angels, and the Light is from discernment in your midst
And the darkness is the part of all deturment and the sin
Now, won't, you, flyyyyyy with me...
Right there
That's how a Christian looks
All the darts, burning hot, but she isn't shook!
Pay attention to the bright aura
Yea, I seen that look...
But that's because she's in the Book! And preserved by Christ
Now witness, that, abominations
Blocking angels, willing
What that Christian have is what the angel is equipped with
Helmet of salvation present
Then the demons can't
Conceal it
Blessing that it carries, but some times, the angel get repealed...
What we supplicate is exactly what the
Villain steals!
Satan then replace it with an 'angel' that will give us
Out the answer that we prayed for
Except his angel isn't
Light
But it mimics it, so it makes it's feel like it's alright!
When all alone, we've been deceived...
Because ain't keep our spirit tight, this is warfare...
The physical is just a mirror of
The war there
Radical's the only way, as you see, it's more bare, floating high above the sea
The Bermuda, stare
There's some demons in this area, making signs and wonders
Fly towards the highest mountain
I absorb the energy
An inner peace, experience, each, and every type of season
Look at earth, and all it's glory
See the galaxy

It captures me, the thought of Job, talking to the Lord, it's baffling
But masterly, who can do these things?
Even science answers
Higher Beings... but I know that God's the only Crafter!
Who divided seas, still proof, from the moments after!
If I had some wings
I'd lose them to uphold the Master!

Say, you had a dream

Dexsta Ray

Withdraw-Able

Still a victory
But just a different kind, little mysteries
Sabotages, unequal, still a centerpiece, I call to You, Jesus
Always, I build from root, to figure
Misc. withdraw-able
All this, fall in a separate bracket, not dissolved in slanders
Crosses conquer, the false, encumbered
Paused
To show the truth, which ain't costing nothing, faults
And dungeons, broad assumptions, caught too
God's my balm and unction
I ain't done nothing wrong, if something blow
The culprits ain't a ghost
Whoa, hoping ain't a hole to throw in gold and goals
Not everything a snap
But we some peas, seek the Lord to lead me though
Speech, depletion
Of this, all was said, ain't unread me though, Cross the head
Ain't tossed it yet, in fact, ain't a cause for depth as that
I talk in steps and maps
But only in the Light, tonight, Christ, blessed the craft
Protect the path, I only wish for righteousness, and writing
This, suggest the tablets, scraps and book
Just have a look
No graph I took, like plants, and vegetables, I can
What's natural, the handle
Palpable, with stymies for my bastions, at times, Delphic
But ain't adaptable
Subservient to none, God's my healer, ain't been impractical
Minus all jactation, I'm hindered, but ain't subtracted from
Light is all that made me, unheard of much, not the realer
I be gravy like potatoes, ain't wedging where I'm not meant
The worse, some curse to be attached, witches worketh
Malice, to merge, with crafting, damage through seductions
On spiritual wavelengths, want me gone, so things can teem
That's not true, inauthentic, I got the proof
I'm not a tool, temporizing
On massive scales, so I die, it's hot to do, ain't nothing stand for me
'Cause I'm God's, and it's not a few, whoever watch it was

I was under, the same as satan, ain't embracing
Still I kept all my words, trust in any, I'm done with
'Cause still I die, Cross discerned, the One exception
In these end time pelting, I know He never left me
The world that hateth me 'cause Christ, try to make it seem
The plight somebody else's, why the dragging of the feet
Until another thing is tried to kill me, absent from the reach
Detail, the scheme, unveiled, and rob me of my life
And try to keep me held, for mammon, in some bracket
That is cannibal, with racism a factor, satanic cults, with conflicting interests
I don't want to at, 'cause that mean we yoked, I ain't really finish
Once again, I'm woke and can't move
Anything to prevent my happiness, i don't understand
I don't get it, anything to end and damage this, temporized to death
In the interests of the envious, kill the innocent
God'll clean it all up, like sweep and mop, I don't fear it
Jesus watching me still
I ain't wanted by nobody but the thieves, and demons, art a target
Even if the antichrists succeed, such had still failed...
Jesus more, YHWH greater than that, love withdraw-able
If toxic, as way to stop it, trying to plot, and claim I'm graven into
Stuff I'm not, just to help influences, that envieth me
A child of God...
Ain't a mystery, in advance, not my final spot, like hell to who behind this
Some lying-nesses, trying to silence Yeshua, a victory
Without violence, haters, that's devout pious, portray a good perspective
With the spear, to the Holy Spirit, plan on my demise, in controversy
Like it's a lot going on, but it's the antichrists, no longer
Under God, if so, 'cause I was God's before, since my days of youth
Only harming self, not me, even if my vibes leave back into the heavens
Such is only affirmation of it, ain't a reason, to desire me defeated
Other than a hate for Christ, even demons see it
Things of meaning, noticed, and focused, some need me broken...
'Cause the Lord in me, nothing to defend me, suspect there is
Then the sword for me...
Elaborate set ups, for absorbing me, by distorting things
And more without my knowledge, not my fault
I write accordingly, it's more than me, but He within my soul
Had been restoring me, greater is the Lord, even if the evil corner me
The future look uncertain, so by faith, I still support the dream
Was sabotaged for nothing, so another have some sort of peace
But God had been my power, and His glory, been the source of me...

Still a victory
But not how normal stories be
The moment that I finally felt the calm
It's like a form of grief
Immortal things, larger than life attacks to destroy a seed
It's sort of creepy, knowing I'm the Lord's, but still consort to beat me...
Antichrists did abhor, the Light,
In Bible times
And blaspheming the Spirit is condemnation, eternal
Which don't seem like a big deal, in the flesh, though it's a death
For certain, nets and curses, all bad, personally
God is not joke, call that, urgency, perfectly, all the Word converted
Been through many storms, I was watching, as evil worked to
Burn me, merge me underneath, not belonging
Like plants that's under feet, for all of my existence
But victory is in Christ's abode, His stripes console
And lightning glows, discernment, He's enough for me
His love is free, the touchless reality of the frames and baits
Show incessant antichrists values, to add to, pain and hate
Withdraw-able, it stabs you, then laminate, so your path erased
It'd captivate, but still, I know that His grace, lifts my happy place (smile)
This palliates, within, though reality show contrary things
These matters pale, comparing to, after this, in the paradise
My appetite for righteousness
Grows, in spite of, traps devise, like pantomimes
I rather silence, though not sure, if that is better
Or could be some kind of fetter, so that strife envelopes hope

Don't fret,
'Cause if finessed, I'm sure commitment's withdraw-able..
6/13/19

Dexsta Ray

Won'T You Teach Me How To Paint

Won't you teach me how to paint
The verbs
And every word in immersion
And for a reason
The innate
Implore Ephesians
I seem to be, I'm meaning, leaving need, the fleeting,
Sight of some findings
And not to comprehend the means until a time of refinement
I dream, not to really been dependent
Or find contentment in a
Soul
To listen and just mosey, insufficiently
Without the right perspective on your vision you could get deceived
Like a kiss believed
Though it burn since it ain't close to that
Fold the truth that words can't see
So where I'm posted at?
I can't really call it
I think
I just ain't never seen nothing like that
And not to bleed it but to understand it
Seeing something similar is weird
And you want to know it
So to grow and grow from the openness it glow
But the show doesn't work like that
Although it's seeming like it
Free souls turn back until they see alignment
Innocent or not
Intentions
Pictures of fragility
Ain't a need of hiding it's submission of reality
We have a predilection to fulfillment
Neglect the flesh, I bet, the message pressed reflects the sealant
Airy qualities
And destined as a dollar leaves
Progression of the prophecies
Teach me how to paint just when it seem I've lost my way
Not to need a pocket square

Just the trees is all it take
And to freeze
Then fall awake
Meet the stars up above one
I guess, sometimes, you just relate as to the scars of a loved one
But out of mind and out of place
And space
It ain't so complicated
Bonded with the jazz even though ain't nothing playing
Cursed
But if it's scripture it's not
But just the hurt of every rift just trying to figure you out
Instead of truly understanding
Paint brushing views that's undemanding
That the truth that I can see
Are more than jewels
Are of the planet
No manipulation planted but disbanded never planned or made
Breathing like a can of paint
Sprayed on top of hand grenades
Greatly decorated
'Tis life

Eye patches, back, revealing

Dexsta Ray

Worried 'bout You

Of course, I pray essentials, like basic peace, and that faith
I mean, the paths of life can differ, but, faith is key
Those that stay believing, ain't defeated, utterly
Under pain, and some other things, and some relate
I pray that trouble doesn't reign and love remain
And just the same
In life, and in purpose, whatever works, pursued, perfect news
Discernment, where no curses rule, the surface smooth...
But better yet, the several depths, and mirth that ain't developed yet
God evokes the heart, embark, along the spark, development
That's welcomed, and where measure, couldn't have a step in that
Forever, looking to the Lord for my own instructions...
Never add the devil's plans, I settle, praying, for health and hands
That help your problem areas as well
Beyond my power
'cause everybody going through something
What God esteems just matters most...
Light is not the oddest thing, actually, the broadest plain
A lot is gained, through simply being obedient, it's not deranged...
God shall reign supreme, His name exalted in earth!
From mountaintops unto the valleys, praise, I talk, I thirst for righteousness
Agape type and kind, no grimy mind, these shiny rhymes reflect
Except conditions, like how YHWH, said to live, and bless
Expressing how I'm feeling, heal, I guess, I'm set to catch up
To that healing, that was reached, if that was me
I hear the Lord commend me...
Clearly, more fulfilling, either way, the Lord is with each mortal
Living in this form of mind, that feel His Spirit, more defined
The truth is I ain't bordered lies, it's horrifying...
Still, there's more design, I have a understanding of the portion, even more, the
why's
Just normal times...
But stuff was not accustomed to, 'twas something new

See, there's times, that I would worry 'bout you
On higher levels
But prayer can change a lot
4/23/19

Worried 'bout You 2

Vaguely, redirected to abstract points in a high dimension...
That's if it's really space and time, the Spirit things are Thine's...
Anyway, the tall stalks of straw, and structures that don't exist
Wondering what the chance really is
Indifferent to cliches, willn't, dissipate, then negated
And then a flip of pages, willing, in-exclusive, excluding
Unless some substance with it
Maybe
The betrothments, the ages, phases, the stable quondam
Late, columns, ignite the prior, conundrums, dire functions
Light a constant anyway though
From all that I can tell, epiphanies, some difference
In mysteries, and consistently, but really, things were always quite
Veiled
If not for one, another, inner reaches, scenes, unfulfilling, without
The undiscovered, grounded, by the sound of perfection
Such didn't let me down, astounded, in my gowns, as a peasant
While at the fountain, drown the coins, I found in lessons
Impressioned, a necklace of the Bible, cherished
Lord, abound at discretion, the times I need Your hand...
Fabrics to remember
Factors, planet in my heart, forever, granite that imprints my scars
Implanted in some bark, or letters, branded in with markers
That's imbedded over cars
In weather, settled, though the abstract, encapsulates
And I back-track, reality, that archaic, in a knapsack, part fated
To art, concern surpass that wavelength, evenwhen I'm missing it
Mentioning, might seem, like that behavior
If we're mad, or anger, or slubber
Nawl, we ain't meaningless, cleanliness, impact from the antiquated
To springs as this, all the ancient fields and those breezes
Meant to embrace and heal
Reshape the feel, conflation, was times I wished that those days was here
So I could break the
Wayment, perspective, or me just seeing it different
So I ain't ungrateful, that mean your wife get the leading attention
If I'm ever fables, I dream of Light things, and nightly speak to God
About the right things, guided to make the wise decisions
Plus designs of fragrances

Demons yoke but still Christ replenish
Even so, but it's a different
Evening so

I worry bout you

4/26/19

Dexsta Ray

Writing Class (Prose Writing)

Page 11 #1

The access to electronic information has made it easier for citizens to learn and understand knowledge. The denial of that certainly complicate things because everything goes to and through the internet these days. Electric devices are in direct contact of the information so it's very convenient. The Next Einstein Initiative project has made a way for individuals to be discovered for their talent in third world countries. If the connection to electronic information was cut off a lot opportunities would destroyed. The consequences of development in other places can inspire me and my family and encourage us to further pursue our own projects.

Page 49 #1

If technology continue to progress at the rate it's going today our computers and cellular devices will be very advanced. I believe that video games and virtual communication will get to the point where there may be entire simulations instead of just viewing others through a screen. I don't think desktops will become obsolete but they won't be as needed as they are today.

(2014)

Dexsta Ray

Yammer Whoop! Clamour Whoop!

Yammer whoop! Clamour whoop!
Enthralling...
I guess the talk's aligned
Here...
Take these glasses, they're foggy
The piece of chalk is mine
I draw the line
And it's scrawled, falling, across designed
The tragic be imagined?
Attach it to passion, all the time!
Flabbergasted
Open to me, a dream of formal order
Forms of torture
Feeding people roaches while they're sleep
Hm
Yammer whoop! Clamour whoop!
It's a cloud of speech
Bound to see the wiles released as quoted in the answer book!
Laterns cooked
Who's down with me?
I see a shadow of it all
Screaming glory!
Now complete, a candle, doesn't fall
See the Lord, on grounds of
Peace
Elusive understanding
No suicide
If you alive, then you are blessed
Washed of sin
Though you know discontentment
It's hot within
And blots your skin
Not a product of your own decisions
No conditioning...
The little soldier watch your wins
He'll grow to know what strength is
Mama be a model role
Send growth into your whole provision!
But as for me, I look around and see the road is different...

I'm by a lake
And take a break, and find a stone and skip it...
Then sit and visualize the Throne
Afflicted times are gone
Yammer whoop! Clamour whoop!
This is no religion...
Reminiscing
Back to when I used to whip a van
After this Explorer crashed
I used to bag grocery, spliff a tad
But Jesus said no more of
That...
So He stranded me
The elders used to tell me, 'You won't leave until the task's complete.'
I had a dream
That was given by the Most High
I ain't understand it
But The scripture sitting close by
You can receive if you believe
Jesus won't lie
I know my ratings nosedived along the time I chose God
Because the Light illuminates
Purifying the vessel
Society's in disarray, the cure is dying to special feelings
That we get, lifting pride, we're in our eyes
A treasure
The type of mind, which glide for heaven, then declined
The pleasures
So I Yammer whoop! On this day, just feel enthusiast
Truly tragic, beautifully, renewed and truly Baptist
Approve Evangelists, and everything that's loosing captives
Truth subdue the scandalous
This very change is to
Establish...
For I'm all reserved, it's all superb, you caught my verse
And both of us shall die but the love is
Something
Scrawled in birth
Enthralling...
The clamour whoop, really ain't appalling
Let the love be dressed in promises
Where comfort can't

Dissolve it
Catching up
I'm taking time to catch up
I'm catching up, I'm catching up
I'm taking time to catch up
I'm catching up
With light

Dexsta Ray

Years In The Shadow

No, because... the battle you see
It's not something you
Win...
For it's something through which
You persevere
For fighting him using his own devices
Will do nothing but backfire
Society... the world
As such is his backyard
Either you live with he or you're his neighbor
He throws stones at his neighbor's windows
For the heck of it...
He burns his neighbor's
Grasses
For the fire has spreaded... deeply
Entangled...
In the structures of one's mental processes
Language is a poison
Don't quit me
Yet...
For in time, the broken rock's dust shall whither away
The wind shall take away so's ashes
Who was sitting there?
Grinning?
Positioning... ain't no time to spare!
For this battle is mentally
It's not something that you try to win
Christ already won what's
Being referred to...
It's something that you persevere through
Don't reject the truth... these
Years in the shadow

Dexsta Ray

Yestreen

Now, I can't speak for any other type of author
Yesterday I wrote a poem
Within my head
It's like an opera
Then it hit
Me...
I was trying my best to hand the world myself
And in the sickness of the step
Then I fell and hurled
Constricting what the vision is
I left
To never yearn or learn it's ways
Living in a dying age
A trifling maze
Anytime I write...
I'm translating the truth
The evil minions take my blights and try to damage my proof
I mean the times before I even started writing
That don't apply
'Cause in my life
I'm the only one that know if I
Rose up out the fire
Partly scarred up and scorched
The devil's liars never failed to go to start up discord
And just some clarity and disambiguation
Every single word I ever scripted
Painstaking
To the 'ain't hating'
Ain't phasing me
Yesterday I was blinded
And then I tried my best explaining but they hate when you shining
Even people that you probably did respect
Now they aiming for you
A whole society
Open evil ranking on you
But, you know, that indicates you making a difference
Character assassinating 'cause they
Can't hear the Spirit
And to disguise... no, I'm never ever angry over nothing petty

This society did MORE than hate and just compare me
I remember needing help
It looked on and
Laugh
Ups and downs are just a part of life
Just look on the graphs
Taking from me, stealing from me, trying to kill me, way before
Any darkness hit the Light
Which was just a way to cloak
I ain't talking to communities
I hope to shake the globe
With the truth...
Of what it do to me...
Within the beauty
See
I peep the way it's viewing me
It couldn't be wrong'er
I remember where it started and the book will need closure
But it can't end until the pain within my brain
Is fully drained
From my heart
Freee my chains from the dark
Ain't no other way
Don't believe the kingdom that's against me
I never hate
The devil claim my truth is only fiction
To hell, away!
Some things, and under no condition, I would never say
Some don't understand the way I've written
I never fake
But that's yesterday and ain't no way satan listen
So I learned to only listen to the Lord
And this man who wrote
Long as all the angels and the Lord and REAL family know
I ain't letting nothing close
That don't notice
Me...
Jesus made a way and then He changed it from the broken me
All the dark is gone and what is stationed is the glowing me

Dexsta Ray

You Ain'T Nix But A Hater

I guess, some people think that fame is success
But happiness...
Ain't no taking that away
And I play a
Dice
Snake eyes watching
Don't understand the place of measure, true
In sap, mishap, a losing, laps around the ruse
Captured grief by the teeth
A laugh, for ridicule and shame
Tact and evil at me
Ain't at the pinnacle of things
Waste no time, we know how that go, don't think of flames
And don't blame me if you fall into the pit
That you set
A true wreck
Ain't nobody name
Change is waiting, change is waiting by the train
It's amazing how far, Jesus Christ, has brought a brother
So they hating now
Hark
Seeing Light, exhaust the trouble
So they strike, like the serpent, pouring brine into the purpose
Meaning something uncaged
I don't need you
I can see through the puzzles
Ask me why I'm lying? Like you're the truth
Just give me the cross
You living in false, envisioning Christ as
Miscue...
Just fidgeting
Looking for this havoc I've cause, so I'm the lone villain
With empty palms being exploited
So I'm scripting poems
Voicing to the vacuum, in the vision, calling, 'Go get it! '
Just until the road's ended, and the souls
Living...
Plagiarism ain't involved
In speech, across the sheets of paper, sprawled

And because I'm free, you are just a
Hater, why you bother
Me?

Lying, I would never follow thee, I'm the prodigy, hating on my style and my
smile

And my colloquy

Can't disguise it...

Dexsta Ray

You Are The Best

You are intelligent
Smart...
Sharp and really cherished, and
You are a blessed
More than you can comprehend

You.. you are measured right
You are a pleasant sight
You are a perfect
Strength
You are a freshened night

You are a precious metal
You glisten in the
Light
You are a true survivor
And richest withinside

You are ruby chest
With some gold and teeth
White as wool

Twice as full, cool, you are the best

Dexsta Ray

You Are Very Special

The flowers couldn't say but yet they probably could
What I can't
The cards
May
But I'm sitting, tripping
Vivid are the thoughts
Of those times when I couldn't make it
Dedicate
The most kind
At low tides
Looking out the window
I can see the curious adolescent
But you always seemed to have an answer for the questions
Sacrificing much
The journey that the Lord prepared for us
Multiple examples
Broken into samples
Even though the stairs are something covered with a poison glue
You ain't just surrender us
You cared for us
Even though you sick
Which I hate
You keep your spirit up
Satan don't diminish your faith
And it's revealed as
Such
I don't even know what to say
But you are very special
God used you and couldn't have chose a better vessel

Dexsta Ray

You Have No Right

I see you passing judgment
But no room for
That...
Drowning out all the ruckus
Make my music blast
Always calling something ugly but you're using masks
Always trying to blame the world for something but your views are bad
You have no right
To patronize me
I don't listen...
Unless you're perfect, in the Light scene, life on scripture
I don't get you
Hold and stolen what's mine
And try to keep my blessings from me by the molding of lies
And long to take credit for my sleepless nights
And my bleeding fights
Never have I had an easy life
You just see the strife
Taken by the words of all the picks to control me
And then you have the nerve to say that you are getting to know me
Replace the convo with some silent thoughts
Apologize to Jesus
Then fall away like the rocks when climbers trying to reach up
And with respect
Speak or don't speak at all
For you don't understand the Lord's hand in your things involved
Don't you demonize me for the atrocities that you
Committed...
We are not connected
But you bother me and do resent me
I will not forget it
I don't have to return
I don't hate a single soul
I'm just glad to
Discern...
I used to get mad a lot, I sit back to observe
Sometimes, a promise's broken for you and get splashed on your words
But everybody make decisions
You have no right to

Judge

And you may label me disgrace but to whom? I'm displaced

I represent the heaven kingdom

I'm in view of His grace, don't play two different lanes

Quit grasping for me

I ain't feeling it...

You misjudged me but that don't replace the wickedness

Things are not the same

Don't come at me that

Way

Get your own house in order 'fore you're bashing my lane

Whatever trash that had to happen

Of course

I pray we heal from that

Plus, when humans make bad choices, they have to live with that

Look but do not touch

Turn your flak away, I have grown a lot

Stop the passing judgment on

Me...

Just to console your rottenness

No room for judgment

Dexsta Ray

You Know I Would've Never

Please don't hurt me
Not fragile but just was made to love you
Let me know when it's standard
Or when I go too far
"Let me go" is an answer, never, we placed in stars
Regardless of what happen in ages passed
We're our sole possessions, know it though, we both
Supernatural, eternal, supernatural
Love ain't of the earth
Though we'd grow within it, you entered first
Usually after, all interactions, I feel the longing for you
Strong
Where my heart is, neighbor yours, and they both adore you
Don't
Harm yourself anymore, angelic messenger
I know, through the sun, truth, beyond
I wish that I could say, but, one thing I will
Is filled with death
I want to hear your visions
Mine, to kill myself, is what society'd wish
For mentioning
Insights, arranged before time, specific
This night
Different impositions, for holding hands
Someone then dies
But I loss enough stuff already although some still try it
This plight's unnatural, somebody don't want us kids smiling
This kind of matter has origins of lasting spirit ties
Meant to even shatter, intrinsic, but seeming shallow
But I script it, even after, in indignation, I'm sure of this
Anything exact this unsurly hatred, I'll sure content with
Many false perceptions, and honestly, not sure who begin it
It ain't something separately
Death...
Is why who moved against this, but I think we're broken ourselves
But God has glue and stickers, just for us
No holiness fails
And our origins that, never had forgotten
Nor divorced from that

No hope withheld, though arduous
I never would've...
Never could've...
But I supposed, it's nothing you don't know
We apart of facts
1/21/19

Dexsta Ray

You Live And Learn

I don't get away
It seem like my mistakes are cherished just like pearls
Someone else can do something
But if I do
It's the end of the world
From the perspective of a juvenile
Knowing good and
Well
Hate is what subdues a smile
So to stay away from anything that teaches condemnation
Let the past go and tell yourself you done with satan
Then to learn some concentrations
God up above
And then the bless-ed thing He's done to save our souls
Keep from going hell
Reason
Only knowing, showing love
The blunders of a seedling ain't depleting but
They ain't the fuss
Grown man
Thinking all the folly be a major plus
Just to find out it's just satan
Bringing fables up
Said, 'Moooooove satan' 'Moooooove satan' 'Get back out of my wayyy'
In the name of Jesus
Lack of that neglect
Be blessed
Can't deem a wreck then try to reconnect
Impacted respect
Checked
And pressed between the fence and wall
Intent to fall but the Lord is here...
And the boy devoid of fear
I don't get away

Dexsta Ray

You Tell Me Love Is Knocking

And you tell me love is knocking
They asking
'Who this is at the door? '
But if it's real
I'll just answer
Just to feel that for sure
And here I
Am...
The heart to ask what love's to explain
And then reply to hear the feelings
That rebut the arraign
Anamnesis...
Scabs, the lesions, I'm in touch with your pain
You upped a covenant of truth but yet your trust was betrayed
And that befuddlement was... whew
And was really bluffing you
But a constant, thus us, covenant 'cause, love... this something true
Dandelions
Like the little things
No rejection by a long shot
Make your heart into a home
My own spot
Before I know you I was rolling cold but now my soul hot
Serious like you've wrote love honest like your poem's plot
I can hear it

Dexsta Ray

You've Got To Know

I can hear Proverbs chapter 25 and verses 21-22
So to conquer all of these new things
With love

The greatest attribute...

It ain't hard to be a fool
Passion shattered
Departed peace, slapped and backstabbed
Motives that we own to do wrong
As malice's still an object...
Real deposits of honesty with a bunch of scabs
Covering the lasting components
And that's another passage...
I use my hacked phone so they can see that I'm a prophet
Vacancy is transposed but, stably, like fiber optics...
In Light and progress is the hand of God
That stay at reach, supplying knowledge
Wisdom intertwined with logic, faith completes, the way
That's made to keep
The Savior's sheep from the slaughter
Amazing peace
Though evil prey on each
The Saints... His sons and daughters
Even scheming good, unexplained, combusted pain and rage
I see, the screech owl, the night monster
Was summoned, strange, in the deep hours
I'm thinking that it's someone in need...
But, done in vain, was the feeding and leaving snacks and speaking!
That was actually demon traps and lures, that had me seeking damage
When the lasts occurred, in fact, I'm sure
The witches crafted these enchantments
Only Jesus showed, me peace and love...
Some can get satanic
And so, in this, conviction live within
I still depend, upon the hands of God
With spirit war prayers handy
And plenty more cares
Thunder, lightning'd strike beside the mind that did it

While I'm walking up, caution, uh
Feeling trust had ended, finished, if you will...
I ain't bitter, or just getting brave
Satan, go to hell, I ain't timid, I'm just getting engaged
In this, for a minute I was dim
Now my vision straight
Committed to the Spirit, giving praise, as this indicates...
I was healed, I remember, ripping into shade, from light, and at the night time
Hearing the screeches
And there ain't nothing that's lowkey about me
I'm like the white fire type of hot
And if I'm just alright, that's fine,
'Cause hate ain't even ice in the rock form

Break... see, I hydrolyzed...

Of Living Water, and still absorbing, the right guidelines the Light opined...
Unbridle binds like Christ's sign
And through His precious blood
Cautious what I might can find
I stumbled through the forest
Puzzled... from what I would see
Some type of tracks but there wasn't any sign of feet...
The noise was over there and obviously designed
For me
A lot of weird experience and this 'smearing' had aligned to each...
The Scriptures livened me, without them
I'd be blind, deceased
I'm finally looking forward but there's more to free
Behind the scenes...
Needed Jesus
There's a reason He abides with me
It's not because I'm perfect but His mercy
Serves His Highness' Kingdom...
So that's the root of my dynasty, Light, and fruit aligning
To the truth that's shining through the hue of lying and distortions...
The proof defying all the nuses and ruses, abuses, move aside confusion
And delusions, loosing Light and order...
To rule with Christ, immortal
Hand welcomed choices
My panegyrics, meant to worship
Mixed with angelic voices, the portion...

My enemies witness me in dreams, that Yahweh justice
Still exceeded every string and scheme
So now he bugging...
Which is weird 'cause I ain't interfering or shouting nothing
Shame that people change when they see you clearly crowned
It's something, now, the flout's expanded, demons want me to fold
So I'm attacked by people that I don't even know
Instead of hating back, I flow with love
Ain't faded, ain't afraid to scrap
I'm hated by the jealous, 'cause I made it
But, today, I scrap according to the scripture and the wisdom of God
Not satan...
Placing papers in graveyards
Killing observations
I ain't obligated to incorporate no jealousy
Still I'm dropping basics, any day or time
And stay aligned, just get off my stuff if you hate
Me...
Best that I could do
But for those whom Christ has saved
The blessed along that Avenue, of gold
And precious stones, on above, the Light brigades, the crowns of glory in your
grasps
Eternal Life is the Way, it's great...
What a marvelous perception!
O, the holy Throne!
The target is the mark of this acceptance
You're the Spirit's dwelling...
Forget being twisted up in carnal love
This starting stuff, present ourselves as holy vessels, not a spot the wicked
welcome
And as your wish develops
Never give away your soul
'Cause nothing really matters if your treasure
Never makes it Home

Dexsta Ray

Zoom Into Art

Movie nights, or newly, hikes, at night and by the twilight
Probably played out, from doppelgangers
On the same route
The only difference, aim, clout is why some came about
My faith devout, if it's the Lord's doing, I'm sure
He'll make a way somehow...
Realities that differ, from two separate beginnings
Love ain't always accidental but it's never loose ended
After time, like a pantomime, laughter, kinds of improv
Tarry, dream was to admire art, the other aspect is to carry
To some type of jar, lights and sparks
Neigh the estuary
Tarps to cover makeshift tents, guards amongst the stars upon
Just under where the nature lives, plains and fields
I stay for real
This ain't to build, some connotations
Maybe heal, maybe shield
But ain't to fill with lust of satan
Ain't to prove the basic, tools of faith in what my pages add
In a way, it's mad, treading lightly, amazing vases
Just exciting, if ecstatic, it's abnormal
It's uncool for me to like these
Unattractive
Thinking floral, not in ancient ages, eighty phases
Live for Weh's embracement, not what satan made to think...
I never was those kind of threats
But yet they lie to disprove me, on higher levels
I digress, yet they lie to exclude me, just because they write them checks
People side with delusions, even leaving life for death
Esteeming Christ like some nuisance, I need the Light
I'm the one that need protection
Even crimes exposed, but overlooked to stifle Jesus presence
Though it's snide and low...
Then switch the situations up like I devised the wrongs
In spite of so much evidence
There ain't a need to drive this home
So ride along to this melody
Inside this poem
Ain't another way that I developed peace inside the storms

And people fine 'less they're protecting me from binds and yokes
Some higher up oppressteth me to hide that they're behind the smoke...
And there's mirrors, kind of hated 'cause I'm kind of woke
Persecuted majorly, but faithful, so I got to go...
The stuff against me only satan
Nevermind it though
What God desire for a person cannot be confined or broke...
Don't need new limits, intermissions are deadly
And still, I'm seeing through the business view
That's meant to beset me
And from appearance, fame look harmless
When you get it, it's hectic, and ain't the clearest thing to harness
But I'm still with the blessing

Into the art

1/3/19

Dexsta Ray