

## ASOM OCTOBER 2004

Man, did we just have a school  
What an awesome apostolic tool  
We have just done number nine  
And God has brought us more in line

We have heard some awesome word  
Showing more of Him who is Lord  
We were hit by some serious revelation  
Making us feel we've lost the station

From the outset it was rough  
We were in for some serious stuff  
God was still fine-tuning us  
Not to miss the apostolic bus

But through it all we've seen the One  
Who builds His church and forms His Son  
Christ was really glorified  
The One in whom all else is tied

Christ is us will always be  
The focal point of our decree  
The school has helped us all to see  
That reformation starts with "ME"

We heard about the great "dabar"  
God's word is near, and not afar  
But the church will give a great reception  
To a lying spirit called deception

We will have immunity  
Producing in line with our unity  
Staying alert not to jump into bed  
With Adam, the flesh, and not Christ the Head

The full plan of God was starting to dawn  
When the "OLAM" was shown and the circle was drawn  
Then we knew something special was near  
So we have to be careful how we hear

We are now the mansion of God  
Who carry the ark and the budding rod  
Not validated by physical position  
But rather engaged in constant transition

Having much, but never possessed  
Giving our all as though obsessed  
Heaven and earth in unison

Letting go of your Harley Davidson

We even met a man called Tobiah  
Whose effect is the same as the wife of Uriah  
Sanballat and Geshem are all his friends  
Where they operate the river ends

This Arab is just something else  
He will dry up all the wells  
Pretending to serve with great affection  
His goal is to keep us from reaching perfection

But praise the Lord, there is a solution  
To free the church from the Arab's pollution  
Just start to work from a place of rest  
And you'll see God's Sabbath is still the best

So what is the moral of the story  
Leave the flesh and live in the glory  
For walking in the newness of life  
Will end all sweat and toil and strife

School number nine has come and gone  
Now God says: "Press on, press on, press on"  
You will come into houses and land  
But always remember, it's not done by your hand

I am the Great El Shaddai  
In Me the river will never run dry  
In Me the storehouse will have enough  
For you to access all of My stuff