Edge of the fence

I want to do what's right

but my flesh calls out for more

I reach for the good of **looks** and feel

 to satisfy what my mind thinks I need

Back and forth the thoughts do race

playing games with freely given grace

Closer to the fire saying

I'll not get burned

I've been here before and I've learned

surely it no longer affects me

I ride on the waves of promises

I fully intend to keep

but undermined the real truth denied

negating the principles I keep

Knowing all too well where the boundary lies

I walk on the edge of the fence

I lean over the side

to snag some of the night

a drink or two couldn't hurt!

but later-on during the upcoming days

the rope gets thinner

and begins to fray

I'm hanging by a thread of which I've carved my way to dangling

Oh how miserable unrighteousness is

the holiness quickly denied

I look at the tree

in the middle of the garden

and say this will go in my fruit pie