

**Title: Materialism**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Material things,  
What do they bring?  
Sorrow and pain,  
They'll drive us insane.  
Spend all of our time,  
Wondering if that could be mine;  
For things that won't last,  
And worry about the past.  
What have we got?  
Not a lot;  
Except the gifts that God gave,  
That we might be saved;  
Instead of enslaved,  
Until the things are paid.  
Save our lives from this hell,  
Don't worry where we dwell;  
Hope we compel.  
We judge on possessions,  
It's become an obsession;  
This is regression,  
It comes from oppression.  
Have some discretion,  
All that we see,  
Won't last for infinity;  
Thus don't give up our divinity.  
All of this earth,  
What is it worth?  
Everything comes from the dust,  
So will it return;  
Thus stop the yearning;  
Start the learning.  
Don't be tempted by the lure,  
Definitely don't adore;  
Instead choose things that endure.  
Stuff we learn that's pure;  
Only then can we be assured,  
Our lives are worth more.