

**THIS IS IT**  
HEARING FROM THE KING OF KINGS  
IN THE MUSIC OF THE KING OF POP



## *The Way You Make Me Feel*

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### LYRICS:

*The Way You Make Me Feel  
You Really Turn Me On  
You Knock Me Off Of My Feet  
My Lonely Days Are Gone*

The truth is that for the married couple there is no sexual expression which is \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, or \_\_\_\_\_.

There are however two guiding principles for that sexual expression inside the covenant of marriage:

1. That it be agreeable to \_\_\_\_\_ partners—not just one.
2. That it meets both partners' \_\_\_\_\_.

Song of Solomon 2:1-7 NLT:

*“I am the spring crocus blooming on the Sharon Plain, the lily of the valley. Like a lily among thistles is my darling among young women. Like the finest apple tree in the orchard is my lover among other young men. I sit in his delightful shade and taste his delicious fruit. He escorts me to the banquet hall; it’s obvious how much he loves me. Strengthen me with raisin cakes, refresh me with apples, for I am weak with love. His left arm is under my head, and his right arm embraces me. Promise me, O women of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and wild deer, not to awaken love until the time is right.”*

### SUMMARY:

### APPLICATION:

## Song of Solomon 5:2-6 NLT:

*“I slept, but my heart was awake, when I heard my lover knocking and calling: “Open to me, my treasure, my darling, my dove, my perfect one. My head is drenched with dew, my hair with the dampness of the night.” But I responded, “I have taken off my robe. Should I get dressed again? I have washed my feet. Should I get them soiled?” My lover tried to unlatch the door, and my heart thrilled within me. I jumped up to open the door for my love, and my hands dripped with perfume. My fingers dripped with lovely myrrh as I pulled back the bolt. I opened to my lover, but he was gone! My heart sank. I searched for him but could not find him anywhere. I called to him, but there was no reply.”*

### **SUMMARY:**

### **APPLICATION:**

## Song of Solomon 7:11-8:4NLT:

*“Come, my love, let us go out to the fields and spend the night among the wildflowers. Let us get up early and go to the vineyards to see if the grapevines have budded, if the blossoms have opened, and if the pomegranates have bloomed. There I will give you my love. There the mandrakes give off their fragrance, and the finest fruits are at our door, new delights as well as old, which I have saved for you, my lover. Oh, I wish you were my brother, who nursed at my mother’s breasts. Then I could kiss you no matter who was watching, and no one would criticize me. I would bring you to my childhood home, and there you would teach me. I would give you spiced wine to drink, my sweet pomegranate wine. Your left arm would be under my head, and your right arm would embrace me. Promise me, O women of Jerusalem, not to awaken love until the time is right.”*

### **SUMMARY:**

### **APPLICATION:**