

# When the God of Love Returns There'll Be Hell to Pay

Father John Misty

When the god of love returns  
There'll be hell to pay  
Though the world may be out of excuse  
I know just what I would say  
That the seven trumpets sound  
As a locust sky grows dark  
But first let's take you on a quick tour of your creation's handiwork

Billy got through the prisons and stores  
And the pale horse looks a little sick  
Says, "Jesus, you didn't leave a whole lot for me  
If this isn't hell already then tell me what the hell is?"

And we say it's just human, human nature  
This place is savage and unjust  
We crawled out of the darkness  
And endured your impatience  
We're more than willing to adjust  
And now you've got the gall to judge us

The spider spins his web  
The tiger stalks his prey  
And we steal fire from the heavens to try to keep the night at bay  
Every monster has a code  
One that steadies the shaking hand  
And he's determined to accrue more capital by whatever means he can

Oh, it's just human, human nature  
We've got these appetites to serve  
You must not know the first thing about human beings  
We're the earth's most soulful predator  
Try something less ambitious the next time you get bored

Oh, my Lord  
We just want light in the dark  
Some warmth in the cold  
And to make something out of nothing sounds like someone else I know