

Striking at mental apparitions
Like a drunk on a vacant street
Silently beset by the hands of time
Indelicate in its fury
An aberrant crack as skeletons yield
To unrelenting gravity
While viruses prowl for helpless victims
Who succumb rapidly

(Tell me!) Tell me; where is the love?
In a careless creation
When there's no "above"
There's no justice
Just a cause and a cure
And a bounty of suffering
It seems we all endure
And what I'm frightened of
Is that they call it "God's love"

Twisted torment, make-believe
There's a truth and we all submit
"Believe my eyes," my brain complies
To all that they interpret

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I know there's no reason for alarm
But who needs perspective when it comes to pain and harm
We can change our minds; there's a better prize

But first you've got to...

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They call it God's love
My pain is God's love