I can't figure the Lord down in funereal gravity
One finishing touch and the creature is coming alive
As I kneel down and pray
I know God is watching over me
Is He's Knocking me out of my stride

And on day number eight
When the sun is about to go down
Here we go, what a show
What a nose for blow

You're alive said the maker and smiled at the artwork You're divine by the grace of the master above You're alive said the maker and smiled at the artwork You're divine by the grace of the master above

Hey Frankenstein are you the one I think you are Godfather If we're divine you are bizarre I hear you laughing from the loge above At my expense for your entertainment

Hey lord above why don't your armies ever smile Gotfather why don't they ever dress in style And never share the humor that you surely have Creating me for your entertainment

Why do they have to get married Before they do what they do Everyday anyway, when there's hell to pay

You're alive said the maker and smiled at the artwork You're divine by the grace of the master above You're alive said the maker and smiled at the artwork You're divine by the grace of the master above

We fold our hands afraid of what we've done Fear is the key to you-thy kingdome come You shake your head and have another wine Dont't you almost die laughing wondering why

Running in the dust, running in the dust Afraid of the hail stones cold as ice Running in the dust, running in the dust Straight to the waselands We'll never read your sings

Running in the dust, running in the dust
Afraid of tomorrow
Afraid of what we've done
Running in the dust, running in the dust
You're the disciples of the big bad wolf or what

You're alive said the maker and smiled at the artwork You're divine by the grace of the master above You're alive said the maker and smiled at the artwork You're divine by the grace of the master above You're alive, oh you're alive

You're alive, the pride of creation

Oh you're the pride of creation, yes you are Oh you're the pride of creation