

Hand Of God

Kevin Devine

In the hand of God there's a cattle prod
That keeps shocking us along
'Til we're flung from roofs without parachutes
To fill the patches on his lawn

There's an iron gate where patrolmen wait
To keep the chosen people safe
From the infidels and their terror cells
Rebels blessed with God's good grace

There's a shining half jewel that's shattered glass
Hemmed in with barbed wire
You can skin your feet but you can't climb free
Oh hallelujah, hot and hard

All your fox-hole prayers full of fear you share
With a bored and distant son
While you held your will, killing time until
Answers came from anyone

You curse their Lord for all he ignored
In his flawed and vengeful plan
Cut yourself some slack against a deck so stacked
I mean come on now, you're just one man

Maybe after all when your conscience calls
You might throw the missing link
And all that white hot air you sprayed around out there
Might have led to more than you think

So when you breathe, breathe deep, breathe in greedily
Like you might never breathe again
Tell yourself the truth so all that work you do
Won't be worthless in the end