

# Theodicy on Trial

## Tourniquet

Satan called upon the Lord  
"I must perform a test  
To prove that faith in God  
Is contingent on being blessed" One of the richest men of the second millennium  
Job was stripped of all his wealth  
Three daughters and seven sons  
He tore his robe  
And shaved his head  
Fell to the ground, worshipped God and said: I was naked when I came here  
I'll be naked when I leave here  
The Lord gave it  
So He can take it  
All away Satan called upon the Lord  
"Give me one more test  
Grant that I may strike his flesh  
And at you he'll shake his fist" From head to toe black boils  
Were pregnant on his skin  
His breath was super roached  
Stomach caving in  
Detested and forsaken by family and friends  
His wife said, "Curse your God  
And let yourself be dead!" I didn't ask you  
If I could come here  
So I cannot ask the  
Condition that I leave here  
I don't remember  
Planning my existence  
But why have you forsaken me? Rewarded for his faithfulness  
Job was give back his wealth  
Twice the riches as before  
Then God gave His discourse: Where were you when I  
Laid the foundations  
Dug the oceans  
And set its limits?  
Were you around when I  
Plotted constellations?  
Answer me! He who puts the Lord on trial  
Puts himself on the stand

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