

# Hand of God

Kevin Devine

In the hand of God there's a cattle prod  
That keeps shocking us along  
Until we're flung from roofs without parachutes  
Filling patches on His lawn And there's an iron gate where patrolmen wait  
To keep the chosen people safe  
From the infidels in their terror cells  
Rifles blessed by God's good grace And there's a shining path strewn with shattered glass  
And hemmed in with barbed wire  
So you can skim your feet but you can't come free  
Oh hallelujah higher and higher And all those foxhole prayers full of fear you share  
With a bored and and distant son  
While you held your will while killing time until  
Answers came for anyone And 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 And maybe after all when your conscience calls  
You might prove the missing link  
And all that white hot air you sprayed around out there  
Might have meant more than you think So when you breathe, breathe deep  
Breathe in greedily like you might never breathe again  
Go and tell the truth of all the work you do  
It won't be worthless in the end

Songwriters

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