God Is Alive, Magic Is Afoot

Buffy Sainte-Marie

God is alive, magic is afoot
God is alive, magic is afoot
God is afoot, magic is alive
Alive is afoot, magic never diedGod never sickened
Many poor men lied
Many sick men lied
Magic never weakenedMagic never hid
Magic always ruled
God is afoot
God never diedGod was ruler
Though his funeral lengthened
Though his mourners thickened
Magic never fledThough his shrouds were hoisted
The naked God did live
Though his words were twisted
The naked magic thrivedThough his death was published
Round and round the world
The heart did not believeMany hurt men wondered
Many struck men bled
Magic never faltered
Magic always ledMany stones were rolled
But God would not lie down
Many wild men lied
Many fat men listenedThough they offered stones
Magic still was fed
Though they locked their coffers
God was always servedMagic is afoot, God rules
Alive is afoot, alive is in command
Many weak men hungered
Many strong men thrivedThough they boasted solitude
God was at their side
Nor the dreamer in his cell
Nor the captain on the hillMagic is alive
Though his death was pardoned
Round and round the world
The heart did not believeThough laws were carved in marble
They could not shelter men
Though altars built in parliaments
They could not order menPolice arrested magic

And magic went with them
For magic loves the hungryBut magic would not tarry
It moves from arm to arm
It would not stay with them
Magic is afootIt cannot come to harm
It rests in an empty palm
It spawns in an empty mind
But magic is no instrument
Magic is the endMany men drove magic
But Magic stayed behind
Many strong men lied
They only passed through magicAnd out the other side
Many weak men lied
They came to God in secret
And though they left him nourishedThey would not say who healed
Though mountains danced before them
They said that God was dead
Though his shrouds were hoisted
The naked God did liveThis I mean to whisper to my mind
This I mean to laugh with in my mind
This I mean my mind to serve 'til
Service is but magicMoving through the world
And mind itself is magic
Coursing through the flesh
And flesh itself is magicDancing on a clock
And time itself
The magic length of God

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