

Oh My God

Jars of Clay

Oh, my God, look around this place
Your fingers reach around the bone
You set the break and set the tone
Flights of grace and future falls
In present pain, all fools say, "Oh, my God" Oh, my God, why are we so afraid?
We make it worse when we don't bleed
There is no cure for our disease
Turn a phrase and rise again
Or fake your death and only tell
Your closest friends, oh, my God Oh, my God, can I complain?
You take away my firm belief
And graft my soul upon your grief
Weddings, boats and alibis
All drift away and a mother cries Liars and fools, sons and failures
Thieves will always say
Lost and found, ailing wanderers
Healers always say Whores and angels, men with problems
Leavers always say
Broken hearted, separated
Orphans always say War creators, racial haters
Preachers always say
Distant fathers, fallen warriors
Givers always say Pilgrim saints, lonely widows
Users always say
Fearful mothers, watchful doubters
Saviors always say Sometimes I can not forgive
These days mercy cuts so deep
If the world was how it should be
Maybe I could get some sleep While I lay, I'd dream we're better
Scales were gone and faces lighter
When we wake, we hate our brother
We still move to hurt each other Sometimes I can close my eyes
And all the fear that keeps me silent
Falls below my heavy breathing
What makes me so badly bent? We all have a chance to murder
We all have the need for wonder
We still want to be reminded
That the pain is worth the plunder Sometimes when I lose my grip
I wonder what to make of Heaven

All the times I thought to reach up
All the times I had to give up Babies underneath their beds
Hospitals that cannot treat them
All the wounds that money causes
All the comforts of cathedrals All the cries of thirsty children
This is our inheritance
All the rage of watching mothers
This is our greatest offense Oh, my God
Oh, my God
Oh, my God

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>