God

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I can only feel and think in the language of
Clinches others have concocted for you
Pre-fabricated, pre-conception
Worn like the walls all around you, all around youHow good to walk with the caprice of God?
How good to talk with the caprice of God?
Build your ivory tower so you can scratch the skyHow now could I forget to that, you're not finished yet tonight
All that you have done, still adding up for the sum
This totem has some use, this total of abuse
Real life is never used as truthAngry artillery on your tongue
Bows and arrows highly strung
Same shadows I can see right through
Whenever I, I picture youHow good to walk with the caprice of God?
How good to talk with the caprice of God?
An ordinary human, an ordinary mortal, an ordinary model
Build your ivory tower so you can touch the skyBuild your ivory tower so you can touch the sky
The sky, touch the skyBuild your ivory tower so you can scratch the skyAnd don't hide inside the sentiment
The real test is never finished yet
Face up, collect the interest
Of all the idiots you should detestHow good to walk with the caprice of God?
How good to talk with the caprice of God?
An ordinary human, an ordinary mortal, an ordinary modelBuild your ivory tower so you can screw up the sky
No ordinary mortal, no ordinary model

Songwriters
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