

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 you
How 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 sky
How 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 truth
Angry artillery on your tongue
Bows and arrows highly strung
Same shadows I can see right through
Whenever I, I picture you
How 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 sky
Build your ivory tower so you can touch the sky
The sky, touch the sky
Build your ivory tower so you can scratch the sky
And don't hide inside the sentiment
The real test is never finished yet
Face up, collect the interest
Of all the idiots you should detest
How 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 screw up the sky
No ordinary mortal, no ordinary model

Songwriters

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