

# God Song

## Jim Collins

And did those feet in ancient times trod on America's pastures of green?  
And did that anthropocentric God wane with their thoughts and  
Beliefs all unseen?  
I don't think so, he's up there with the others layin' low  
Vying with those, who you've traded your life too to bless your soul  
And have they told you how to think  
Cleansed your mind of sepsis and autonomy  
Or have you escaped scrutiny, and regaled yourself with depravity?  
Now we all see, religion's just synthetic frippery  
Unnecessary in our expanding global cultural unefficiency  
Now we all see fear this impasse we have built to our future  
(Ever so near)  
Ever so near  
And oh so austere

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