

Hand Of God (When You Breathe... Breathe)

Kevin Devine

In the hand of God there's a cattle prod
That keeps shocking us along
Until we're flung from roofs without parachutes
Filling patches on His lawnAnd there's an iron gate where patrolmen wait
To keep the chosen people safe
From the infidels in their terror cells
Rifles blessed by God's good graceAnd there's a shining path strewn with shattered glass
And hemmed in with barbed wire
So you can skim your feet but you can't come free
Oh hallelujah higher and higherAnd all those foxhole prayers full of fear you share
With a bored and and distant son
While you held your will while killing time until
Answers came for anyoneAnd you curse their Lord for all He ignored
In His flawed and vengeful plan
Cut yourself some slack against a deck so stacked
I mean come on now you're just one manAnd maybe after all when your conscience calls
You might prove the missing link
And all that white hot air you sprayed around out there
Might have meant more than you thinkSo when you breathe, breathe deep
Breathe in greedily like you might never breathe again
Go and tell the truth of all the work you do
It won't be worthless in the end

Songwriters

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