Above, Below

Bronze Radio Return

Up above sitting on his throne
Gates surround the place he calls his home
For saints and crooks he writes the book
And every final page
Every answer, every ageIf what they say, what they say, what they say is true
That a spirit up above watches over you
Then I want to know, what's his cue?
And who is God praying to?Down below he patiently awaits
The hottest fire burns a sinner's fate
Every hole is filled with tortured souls
In a stove with ancient coals of ageless hateIf what they say, what they say, what they say is true
That a spirit down below watches under you
Then I want to know when his fame begins to fade,
What makes the devil afraid?

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