

# Your Faith Shall Be Tested

Those Poor Bastards

Job, I said Job

Have you heard about the man called Job, boys?  
He had wealth and a farm and a family  
Old Satan made a bet with the Lord on high  
He said, "I could make Job curse your name."

But Job could not be swayed  
Satan filled the sky with lightning  
He killed Job's sheep and some of his kin  
Job just turned his cheek away  
His wife said, "Go curse God and die."

But Job could not be swayed  
Job, I said Job  
He worked so hard his entire life  
But God quit listening when he prayed at night  
Then Job took ill got covered with sores  
And Satan put a blight upon his crops  
Still Job could not be swayed

Everything he touched did turn to dust  
His footprints filled with blood and rust  
This torture went on for many years  
Job grew withered but he had no fears

And Job could not be swayed

Job, Job

Now put yourself there in his place  
When bad times come will you keep your faith?  
I bet you'll weep and wail and crawl  
Your dirty rotten soul right down to Hell

But Job could not be swayed

Job