

When the God of Love Returns There'll Be Hell to Pay

Father John Misty

When the god of love returns
There'll be hell to pay
Though the world may be out of excuse
I know just what I would say
That the seven trumpets sound
As a locust sky grows dark
But first let's take you on a quick tour of your creation's handiwork

Billy got through the prisons and stores
And the pale horse looks a little sick
Says, "Jesus, you didn't leave a whole lot for me
If this isn't hell already then tell me what the hell is?"

And we say it's just human, human nature
This place is savage and unjust
We crawled out of the darkness
And endured your impatience
We're more than willing to adjust
And now you've got the gall to judge us

The spider spins his web
The tiger stalks his prey
And we steal fire from the heavens to try to keep the night at bay
Every monster has a code
One that steadies the shaking hand
And he's determined to accrue more capital by whatever means he can

Oh, it's just human, human nature
We've got these appetites to serve
You must not know the first thing about human beings
We're the earth's most soulful predator
Try something less ambitious the next time you get bored

Oh, my Lord
We just want light in the dark
Some warmth in the cold
And to make something out of nothing sounds like someone else I know