People say the lord works In mysterious ways But there is no mystery All we see is

War, famine, death, disease
Slavery, genocide, radioactive seas
War, famine, death, disease
Giving the gift of suffering
War, famine, death, disease
Slavery, genocide, radioactive seas
War, famine, death, and disease
It's all part of the masterplan
Masterplan
The masterplan

Why do people bother praying
If he's got a masterplan?
You don't get out what you put in
Otherwise we'd be free of

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Two hands hard at work accomplish more than a million Clasped in prayer, for a god who simply doesn't care How does all the misery fit into the masterplan? Could it be that the idea of a loving god was created by man? Think of all the time that's wasted Letting religion fill All of the empty spaces Some say it's "God's will"

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