

# Adonai

## Hurt

Ever since the dawning age  
All our very lives were shaped  
And worshiped to our Lord  
Well, heaven helped  
Heaven held  
Helped himself just  
Helped themselves  
Do what the hell they want  
Until we reach the age of reason

If God is here  
And God is love  
Was he there when I got touched?  
While I was calling out his name?

I call it real tough love  
Unless you love to pick your bodies up  
And tow them to the graves  
Although it really isn't likely  
That you exist at all  
I'm asking most politely  
To the one who made it all

Would you want me to  
Do unto you  
What we do  
To you too  
If what we do  
Still want to

Everyday billions pray  
To all of your different names  
"Shelter me from harm"  
Well, your earthquakes make tidal waves  
Hurricanes will batter people till they starve  
Yet there is no eternal reason  
The wars are waged  
Women raped  
Children in your very shape  
Stripped and sold for porn  
I guess disease means love  
That's why you don't pick them bodies up  
The bodies that you made

So what really is the answer  
Presume that it's your own  
Because I'm asking most politely  
To the one who made it up

Would you want me to  
Do unto you  
What we do  
To you too  
If what we do  
Still want to you  
What we do  
Why, Adonai?

Turned aside

So would you want me to  
Do unto you  
What we do  
Would you want me to  
Do unto you  
What we do  
Why, Adonai?  
Turn aside