

# All Creatures

Josh Garrels

All creatures of our God and King  
Lift up your voice and let us sing  
O praise Him! O praise Him!  
Alleluia.  
Creation sent to me the centipede  
To witness the complexity  
Of one hundred legs that were moving unexpectedly  
Ironically, just as they were meant to be  
They're fearfully and wonderfully made  
An organism prays in circadian rhythms  
The sun will rise, and the sun will set  
The sun will rise again so lift up your head  
This is life, not a static object preserved and displayed  
Like a relic of the dead  
You are not a fruitless tree with a rootless disease  
Growin' in a bucket in a rich man's home  
Next to the TV, tamed and alone  
Learnin' to lust for the things you don't own  
Like an armchair warrior who's been dethroned  
Declawed and fixed  
Fightin' for your life with unattended slit wrists  
Don't let your name get intermingled with a number  
Cause it's time to awaken from the devilish slumber  
And freely follow the forerunner to the Fatherland  
And rally 'round the Renaissance man  
And the wisdom of His ways  
And all the work of His hands  
Catch come as catch can  
Concentrating on the good words of the Son of Man  
The plan is to withstand the demands of a confused oppressor  
A wolf in sheep's clothes with monotonous lectures  
And questionable gestures  
Unequal measures  
Cultural pressures  
And synthetic textures  
Force fed instead of the most beautiful architecture  
Of our long lost, forgotten origins  
Earth, seed, fiber and the blood of my kin  
And that old rock where we confessed our sins  
Oh, my God, fellow man, and this great land  
They all cry out for full restoration  
And this will take patience  
And this will take the tribes and tongues of all the nations  
And all of creation groans in anticipation  
Waitin' for the Son of God to be manifest  
And I can feel it burnin' in my chest  
The liberation for the oppressed  
And it's beautiful like the feet that bring good news  
It's beautiful like this freedom tune  
It's beautiful like the power to choose, to change  
Beautiful like the long awaited rain  
Beautiful like the healing pains  
Beautiful like the holy flames  
Coming down  
All creatures of our God and King  
Lift up your voice and let us sing  
O praise Him! O Praise Him!

Alleluia