

## Hand Of God

Kevin Devine

In the hand of God there's a cattle prod  
That keeps shocking us along  
'Til we're flung from roofs without parachutes  
To fill the patches on his lawn

There's an iron gate where patrolmen wait  
To keep the chosen people safe  
From the infidels and their terror cells  
Rebels blessed with God's good grace

There's a shining half jewel that's shattered glass  
Hemmed in with barbed wire  
You can skin your feet but you can't climb free  
Oh hallelujah, hot and hard

All your fox-hole prayers full of fear you share  
With a bored and distant son  
While you held your will, killing time until  
Answers came from anyone

You curse their Lord for all he ignored  
In his flawed and vengeful plan  
Cut yourself some slack against a deck so stacked  
I mean come on now, you're just one man

Maybe after all when your conscience calls  
You might throw the missing link  
And all that white hot air you sprayed around out there  
Might have led to more than you think

So when you breathe, breathe deep, breathe in greedily  
Like you might never breathe again  
Tell yourself the truth so all that work you do  
Won't be worthless in the end