Theodicy on Trial

Tourniquet

Satan called upon the Lord
"I must perform a test
To prove that fath in God
Is contingent on being blessed"

One of the richest men of the second millennium
Job was stripped of all his wealth
Three daughters and seven sons
He tore his robe
And shaved his head
Fell to the ground, worshipped God and said:

I was neked when I came here
I'll be naked when I leave here
The Lord gave it
So He can take it
All away

Satan called upon the Lord
"Give me one more test
Grant that I may strike his flesh
And at you he'll shake his fist"

From head to toe black boils
Were pregnant on his skin
His breath was super roached
Stomach caving in
Detested and forsaken by family and friends
His wife said, "Curse your God
And let yourself be dead!"

I didn't ask you
If I could come here
So I cannot ask the
Condition that I leave here
I don't remember
Planning my existence
But why have you forsaken me?

Rewarded for his faithfulness
Job was give back his wealth
Twice the riches as before
Then God gave His discourse:

Where were you when I
Laid the foundations
Dug the oceans
And set its limits?
Were you around when I
Plotted constellations?
Answer me!

He who puts the Lord on trial
Puts himself on the stand

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