

our ship is enveloped by the shadow
of the spaceship that's adrift overhead
it cuts through the cosmos like we through the sea
on solemn sails of stoic lead
soon will they descend on us like fissured masks of clouded jewels
and i proclaim that i'm lord of myself and become the lord of fools

the crowns that sing the song of sirens, drifting shadows in the deep
anticipating our arrival like eyes within its murky keep

do you have a hand in it?
is yours the only hand in it?
are we to believe there's really no evil, it's just made to look like it?
do you had a hand in it?
is yours the only hand in it?

and i can't help but wonder if we were helpless to resist
is a God that is so sovereign also a God that takes no risks?
i am haunted by the specter of possibilities escaping

if what God does is always good and could happen no other way
then it would not be good if one less died or if one more soul was saved

if my actions are all orchestrated according to holy design
why is it that wars, gas chambers and the raping of women are not divine?
if the almighty forced our hands and lined us all up into place
how can he then look upon this evil with contempt and turn away his face?
Augustine wrote it in a book and dragged Calvin and Luther along
suffice it to say the wisest of wise can be so disastrously wrong