Art Of Dying, Dog is My Copilot

You could offer me patients or violence You could offer me blood or peace In a letter let me know when it's over Just keep it far away from me You could end him, you could let him go He's just a criminal I don't know You could hang him, you could set him free As long as he don't sit next to me God is gracious, god is good, he'll understand God is gracious, god is good, it's in his hands God is gracious, god is good, this god of mine And if your god met my god we'd be alright You could fill every mouth on the planet Or send me news of death toll highs You could tell me how to make a difference Not now, I've got plans tonight You could swing from an arrow or olive branch You could hang from the status quo You could offer me a heart for bravery As long as I don't have to go God is gracious, god is good, he'll understand God is gracious, god is good, it's in his hands God is gracious, god is good, this god of mine And if your god met my god we'd be all right