Buffy Sainte-Marie, God Is Alive, Magic Is Afoot

God is alive; Magic is afoot God is alive; Magic is afoot God is afoot; Magic is alive Alive is afoot.

God never sickened; many poor men lied many sick men lied Magic never weakened Magic never hid Magic always ruled God is afoot God never died.

Magic never died.

God was ruler
Though his funeral lengthened
Though his mourners thickened
Magic never fled
Though his shrouds were hoisted
the naked God did live
Though his words were twisted
the naked Magic thrived
Though his death was published
round and round the world
the heart did not believe

Many hurt men wondered many struck men bled Magic never faltered Magic always led. Many stones were rolled but God would not lie down Many wild men lied many fat men listened Though they offered stones Magic still was fed Though they locked their coffers God was always served.

Magic is afoot. God rules.
Alive is afoot. Alive is in command.
Many weak men hungered
Many strong men thrived
Though they boasted solitude
God was at their side
Nor the dreamer in his cell
nor the captain on the hill

Magic is alive Though his death was pardoned round and round the world the heart did not believe.

Though laws were carved in marble they could not shelter men Though altars built in parliaments they could not order men Police arrested Magic and Magic went with them, for Magic loves the hungry.

But Magic would not tarry

it moves from arm to arm it would not stay with them Magic is afoot it cannot come to harm it rests in an empty palm it spawns in an empty mind but Magic is no instrument Magic is the end.

Many men drove Magic
but Magic stayed behind
Many strong men lied
they only passed through Magic
and out the other side
Many weak men lied
they came to God in secret
and though they left him nourished
they would not tell who healed
Though mountains danced before them
they said that God was dead
Though his shrouds were hoisted
the naked God did live

This I mean to whisper to my mind
This I mean to laugh with in my mind
This I mean my mind to serve 'til
service is but Magic
moving through the world
and mind itself is Magic
coursing through the flesh
and flesh itself is Magic
dancing on a clock
and time itself the magic length of God