

Mike Doughty, His Truth Is Marching On

They say that God is great
They say that God is love
And I believe them
Don't fear the random fate;
I trust the hand of the almighty and the infinite

His truth
Is marching on
His truth is marching on

Let me know your enormity and my tininess and
Help me see your infinity and my finite-ness and

I'm fucking starved for love
I deeply need to feel connection with the infinite
I want the nourishment
I need to drink it just like water, and it will sustain me

My heart is yearning now
My arms are aching for some girl or other, didn't want me
And still I need you more
Need you to soothe this searing sadness, and the nameless gnawing