

Soundgarden, Hand Of God

Now I would like friends if this evening
We should stand there with all other of God's
Creatures on the curbstone and watch this
March of time. Let us take our stand with them
And as we stand there I here one of them whispering
He is a Hebrew sage, he says 'vanity of vanities the
whole thing is a vain parade. It has no meaning'

The hand of God lays high above me
I'll be so good if you really love me
Let me feel your mighty crunch
As you rub me out like water, fire, coal, etc.

Let it be known today, if you got two hands
You're supposed to pray
Fingers of fire, coal, and lead
Fondly love me 'til I'm dead

The hand of God is thick and callous
Bruised and torn from stones and sticks
The hand of God has got a ring about the size of Texas
Made of sweet, smelly stuff
My fingers never smell

Let me try on your hand and see if it fits
Don't worry I won't touch anything unholy with it
Let it be known today, if you got two hands
You're supposed to pray