

## I Am Giant "After The War"

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They say we won,  
But we lost so much.  
That all relief,  
Was bitter-sweet.  
It's hard to feel,  
You know the enemy.  
It's hard to feel,  
You live for anything.

My mother said,  
Thank God you're home.  
But I never made,  
It back at all.  
And when you drag,  
Bodies through the mud,  
It's hard for God,  
To bless you with His love.

Does he know you at all?  
And does this 'God' of yours,  
Even know you at all?

To kill a man,  
Is as natural as,  
Falling in love;  
But fashionable.  
It's hard to feel,  
That I belong at home.  
It's hard to feel  
Anything at all.

Does he know you at all?  
And does this 'God' of yours,  
Even know you at all?

Carrying faith,  
Out of the trench.  
Over my shoulder.  
Over and over.  
Over the crumbling walls,  
Of my innocence.

And my savior.

Does he know you at all?  
And does this 'God' of yours,  
Even know you at all?

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