

O'Brother "Providence"

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My eyes open up
A sea of faces without names fills the room
And we'll swallow God
Our bread: his body left to rot.
If it's all the same, we'll stay the same

Now hollower eyes allow us to see
Our complacent bodies
And if sight is opinion then how can it be
Grounds for belief?
And we'll blame it on providence
Slipped through fingertips
Stretched out to the splitting
And accuse the thrones of greater men

If pride is a kingly crown
Then on my head it's overturned
I hear the simple swells of grace
Falling down like rain

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