

Geoff Berner "Volcano God"

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Every song is a kind of prayer,
Every prayer is a kind of advertising jingle,
Every jingle is a kind of epitaph,
Song-prayer to the Volcano God.
They say he has an invisible hand
That builds up the wealth of nations
But the hand that I see every day
Takes away From those who can least afford to pay.
Volcano God, Volcano God,
Which one of my treasures will you take from me
today?
Volcano God, Volcano God,
Praise you with my screams as I watch them fall away.
And when Spartacus was up on the cross,
I betcha he had no illusions
What he was an advertisement for,
As he sang his last song-prayer:
Volcano God, Volcano God,
Which one of my treasures will you take from me
today?
Volcano God, Volcano God,
Praise you with my screams as I watch them fall away.
Volcano God, Volcano God,
Your appetite grows stronger with each morsel that
you're fed,
Volcano God, Volcano God,
Praise you with my screams 'til you decide to make
me dead.
V'imru, V'imru amen.

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