

What It Took To Be God

by Jerry Ratch

They borrowed birds from the trees
And forced me to sing along with them
You could say they made my heart burn
But we all know some of that was fake

It was a direct route
From sleep walking
To sleep shopping
To this

I guess I lived a
Pretty dangerous life
I was like a human pigeon who's busy
Avoiding footsteps in hell

Well, the devil
Needs a date
Too
So ...

This is what it took to be God

Next they let the angels out at twilight
The dark twins of bats and
Their troubled undersides
Forgotten

Now flying low over the rooftops
Drying out their new wings
In the silvery light
Like moths reborn
Out of dust

