

The Quest For God



I don't believe there is a God, and that I firmly say
I look for Him, I search for Him, in every single way
And all the evidence I find convinces me I'm right
For those who do believe in such, they simply need more light.

I simply know there is no God, because, because, because
He just does not reveal himself according to my laws.
The future holds no fears for me, I'll live just as I want
There is no God who's telling me what I can do, and can't.

For every intellectual knows that we are here by chance
Across the whole wide world it's known, from Hebrides to France
There is no heaven, and no hell, there's nought beyond the grave
There is no eternal punishment, no Jesus needs to save.

Oh my good friend, and clever sir, may I a question ask
The question which I beg of you, "This is your present task.
No God! Where is your evidence? I ask you do declare
Are you a chance filled accident, or God's creation fair.

Well, we all know, the great big bang, began it long ago
Dear sir, where is your evidence I ask for saying so
For even if there was a bang, it simply was effect
But what's the cause, I'm asking sir, that's something now you lack.

Well, man he came from monkeys, that's what our teachers say
Again good sir, I ask again, show evidence I pray
And what of birds from dinosaurs, where is the missing link?
Produce the evidence dear sir, come on now, think, think, think.

To get something from nothing, answer this question true
Can something come from nothing, or colors come from no hue?
And what about a conscience, that tells me when I'm wrong?
Is this a more developed thing from some ancestral thorn?

I'm looking at my dinner plate, potatoes, meat and rolls
Did it just come by accident, or by someone who knows?
Then what of all the universe, so orderly so vast.
I ask good sir, think logically, was this by some great blast?

And now I ask you sir again, "Where is your evidence?"
To simply say, because, because, that makes no common sense.
Can order come from chaos, or living from the dead?
What constitutes the balance, that gives to you your breath?

I tell you true, I speak no lies, the proof you have sought
Is clearly right in front of you, all this results from thought.
For every shred of evidence that opens up the fog
Will cry to every opened ear, dear sir, there is a God.

The evidence is in the sea, the land and in the air
From the tiny little microbe to stunning peacock fair.
The orderliness of all the world, from mighty to the small
How foolish of blind man to say, there is no God at all.