

# 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

