The nature of divinity is often hard to find.

As the kindred Sisyphus will tell,

To search can make one often lose their mind.

And while their days of wondering may be very far behind,

Let it be scrawled in every prison cell:

The nature of divinity is often hard to find.

And while searching for Her in the broken glass may well leave them blind,

Let it be known that God fares them well.

To search can make one often lose their mind.

And while in these hallowed halls you may never be enshrined,

Let it be said that you raised some hell;

The nature of divinity is often hard to find.

And while Her gentle, soothing, voice is so often undermined,

Let it be that you find a voice that speaks to you, a holy William Tell.

To search can make one often lose their mind.

The holy man who speaks to you is scantly intertwined,

His saccharine sermons are but a charlatanic carousel.

The nature of divinity is often hard to find,

To search can make one often lose their mind.