

# Buffy Sainte-Marie, God Is Alive, Magic Is Afoot

God is alive; Magic is afoot  
God is alive; Magic is afoot  
God is afoot; Magic is alive  
Alive is afoot.  
Magic never died.

God never sickened;  
many poor men lied  
many sick men lied  
Magic never weakened  
Magic never hid  
Magic always ruled  
God is afoot  
God never died.

God was ruler  
Though his funeral lengthened  
Though his mourners thickened  
Magic never fled  
Though his shrouds were hoisted  
the naked God did live  
Though his words were twisted  
the naked Magic thrived  
Though his death was published  
round and round the world  
the heart did not believe

Many hurt men wondered  
many struck men bled  
Magic never faltered  
Magic always led.  
Many stones were rolled  
but God would not lie down  
Many wild men lied  
many fat men listened  
Though they offered stones  
Magic still was fed  
Though they locked their coffers  
God was always served.

Magic is afoot. God rules.  
Alive is afoot. Alive is in command.  
Many weak men hungered  
Many strong men thrived  
Though they boasted solitude  
God was at their side  
Nor the dreamer in his cell  
nor the captain on the hill

Magic is alive  
Though his death was pardoned  
round and round the world  
the heart did not believe.

Though laws were carved in marble  
they could not shelter men  
Though altars built in parliaments  
they could not order men  
Police arrested Magic  
and Magic went with them,  
for Magic loves the hungry.

But Magic would not tarry

it moves from arm to arm  
it would not stay with them  
Magic is afoot  
it cannot come to harm  
it rests in an empty palm  
it spawns in an empty mind  
but Magic is no instrument  
Magic is the end.

Many men drove Magic  
but Magic stayed behind  
Many strong men lied  
they only passed through Magic  
and out the other side  
Many weak men lied  
they came to God in secret  
and though they left him nourished  
they would not tell who healed  
Though mountains danced before them  
they said that God was dead  
Though his shrouds were hoisted  
the naked God did live

This I mean to whisper to my mind  
This I mean to laugh with in my mind  
This I mean my mind to serve 'til  
service is but Magic  
moving through the world  
and mind itself is Magic  
coursing through the flesh  
and flesh itself is Magic  
dancing on a clock  
and time itself the magic length of God