

**All Creatures**  
**Josh Garrels**

No Capo

Key: **Em**

Chorus

**Em G D2 A2 Em**  
All creatures of our God and King  
**G D2 A2 Em**  
Lift up your voice and let us sing  
**G D2 A2 Em**  
O Praise Him! O Praise Him!  
**G D2 A2 Em**  
Alleluia

(Same chord progression continues all the way thru... You ll just have to listen to the song for the full rhythm.)

Creation sent to me the centipede  
to witness the complexity  
of one hundred legs that were moving unexpectedly  
ironically  
just as they were meant to be,  
they re fearfully and wonderfully made;  
An organism praised in circadian rhythms:  
sun will rise and then the sun will set, and then the sun will rise again,  
so lift up your head!  
this is life: not a static object preserved and displayed like a relic from the  
dead  
You are not a fruitless tree with a rootless disease  
growin in a bucket in a rich man s home  
next to the TV tamed and alone  
learnin to lust for the things you don t own  
like an arm chair warrior who s been dethroned, declawed and fixed  
fighting for you life with unattended slit wrists.  
Don t let your name get intermingled with the number cause its time to awaken  
from  
the devilish slumber,  
to freely follow the Forerunner  
to the fatherland and rally round the renaissance man  
and the wisdom of His ways  
and all the work of His hands  
catch come as catch can  
concentrating on the good words of the Son of Man,  
the plan is to withstand the demands of a confused oppressor:  
a wolf in sheep s clothes

with monotonous lectures  
and questionable gestures  
unequal measures  
cultural pressures  
and synthetic textures  
force fed instead of the most beautiful architecture  
of our long lost, forgotten origins:  
Unseen fiber in the blood of my King  
And that old rock where we confessed our sins

Oh, my God, fellow man  
in this great land they all cry out for  
full restoration  
and this will take patience  
And this will take the tribes  
and the tongues of all the nations  
and all of creation groans in anticipation  
Waitin for the Son of God to be manifest  
I can feel it burnin in my chest  
The liberation for the oppressed

And it s beautiful like the feet that bring good news...  
Its beautiful like this freedom tune  
Its beautiful like the power to choose... to change  
Beautiful like the long awaited rain  
Beautiful like the healing pains  
Beautiful like the holy flames... coming down!

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