

Moment Of Silence

Bear Hands

Oh holy man, feed the Volcano.
So, I abandon my call for reign.
NO, this is not what the God's made us for... little sacrificia
l animals.

In the store all caged up. Pre-paid at the door.
Don't wait up. I'll join you tomorrow right here, right now. Le
t the weaklings drown.

Oh, let the water wash me away so I can live with the innocent.
No, I'm a butcher, the bible says so. In the kitchen for a cann
ibal.

Oh, let the birds of a feather sing of the pain that the pleasu
re brings,
of the change in the western wind and the changed direction.

In the store all caged up. Pre-paid at the door. Don't wait up.
I'll join you tomorrow right here, right now. Death to sacred c
ows.

The ghost in the machine, I feel it open up to me.
I feel the ocean swallowing everything, every breed, every bein
g. (Oh holy man, feed the Volcano. So, I abandon my call for re
ign.
NO, this is not what the God's made us for... little sacrificia
l animals.

In the store all caged up. Pre-paid at the door.
Don't wait up. I'll join you tomorrow right here, right now. On
ly one way out.)