

Dead Meat

D.R.I.

You don't see the blood
You don't see the pain
You don't see the bolt
Going through their brain
You don't smell the death
You don't hear their cries
You don't see the fear
Flashing in their eyes
You feed upon the meat of the weak
The weak must die to satisfy
The needs of the strong
Their purpose in life
Can't be to make you fat
We've got to stop thinking like that!
You don't see the blood
You don't see the pain
You don't see the bolt
Going through their brain
You don't smell the death
You don't hear their cries
You don't see the fear
Flashing in their eyes
They laugh as they sharpen their knives
It's party time and something has to die
The meek must die to stock you fridge
And the full freezers of the bloody steak house
You feed upon the meat of the weak
The weak must die to satisfy
The needs of the strong
Their purpose in life
Can't be to make you fat
We've got to stop thinking like that!
The sacrificial lamb
Offered to a blood-thirsty god
Throat cut, oceans of blood
Let in guild and fear
No more, all of your sins
Have been paid for in prayer
Knowing this, I'm sure we should honor
No with death, but with life
You don't see the blood
You don't see the pain
You don't see the bolt
Going through their brain
You don't smell the death
You don't hear their cries
You don't see the fear
Flashing in their eyes
Carnivores congregate to partake in
The feeding, feasting on the flesh
Civilized citizens gather 'round the table
Ready for the sacrifice
They laugh as they sharpen their knives
It's party time and something has to die
The meek must die to stock your fridge
And the full freezers of the bloody steak house
You feed upon the meat of the weak

The weak must die to satisfy
The needs of the strong
Their purpose in life
Can't be to make you fat
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