

Greet the Sacred Cow

Primus

Slice me up a big slab of that sympathetic cheer.
If I'm zapped with radiation they say I'll last another year.

Line 'em up now to greet the sacred cow.

My hands are full of protein, my arms are made of fire.
If you're calling me a diplomat, I'll be calling you a liar.

Line 'em up now to greet the sacred cow.

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