Animals

Algiers

They used to wear the sign on the right hand side
But now they send you letters asking you to subscribe
So they can bow their heads while he hates so loud
And say, “You don't say. No, you don't say. You don't say.”

Switching hands to show its freedom of choice
You better speak now before you confuse the voices

Don't feed the animals, they'll only take you in

They planted all the corpses on the side of the house
And now they act surprised that they're beginning to sprout

And now the old man's walking around and around

Screaming, “It's my turn! Now it's my turn! It's MY turn!”

While he conspires with the pig who's been ousted
They're hoping that you never figure it out now
Don't feed the animals, they'll only come back again

They're hiding in all the corners and the cracks of the culture

Then they stay there and hide until it's just the right cult
Of personality to power and absorb all their shame
And say, “It's OK now. It's OK. It's OK.”

And promises to send the problems away
So they can wash their hands when they discover the mass graves

Don't feed the animals, they only feign innocence

They are the judge and jury once they've finally found you

Once they send out the skeletons to go out and round up
All the prophets and the powerless to put them on trial
Before they're shot down. You get shot down. You're shot down

Or else they're gonna try to get you to join them

But just don't try to say that we didn't warn you
Don't feed the animals, you could become one of them

This is a final round up This is a heart attack

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