

## 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.)