It's feedtime every dog has its day the hand that feeds you is the hand that can take it away blind leads blind leads so die away you can float in your endless sea we're past prime-evil we're way past pleasantries blind leads blind leads the choir has a song ready that I know many of you've heard before on a plate entity's forgotten you eat anyhow in a war reason's not important you kill anyhow in a jam you get out that's how it is why should you care? I dont know anymoreit's feedtime, man

The thorough rape.....