

## Track 69

Tool

Track 69, (Cries Of The Carrots/This Is Necessary/  
Phone Call)

..And the Angel Of The Lord came unto me, snatching me up from  
my place of  
slumber. And took me on high, and higher still, until we moved  
through the  
spaces 'betwixt the air itself. And he brought me unto a vast f  
armland of our  
own midwest. And as we decended, cries of impending doom rose f  
rom the soil.

One thousand, 'nay, a million voices, full of fear. And terror  
posessed me

then. And I begged, "Angel Of The Lord, what are these totured  
screams?" and

the Angel said unto me, "These are the Cries Of The Carrots. Th  
e Cries Of The  
Carrots, Y'see Reverend Maynard, tomorrow is Harvest Day, and t  
o them, it is  
The Holocaust."

..And I sprang from my slumber, drenched in sweat, like the tea  
rs of a  
million terrified brothers. And, Lord, Hear me now, I have seen  
the light,

They have a conciousness, They have a life, They have a soul. D  
amn You! Let

the rabbits wear glasses! Save our brothers!

Can I get an "Amen?"

(collective "AMEN!")

Can I get a Hallelujah?

(collective "HALLELUJAH!")

Thank you, Jesus!

This. Is. Necessary.

This. Is. Necessary.

Life. Feeds on life.

Feeds on life.

Feeds on life.

Feeds on This. Is. Necessary.

(etc. until 69 06.05)

(cricket sounds until 69 13.51, then:)

It was daylight when you woke up in Your ditch. You looked up a  
t Your sky.

That, that made Blue be your color. You had your knife ther wit  
h you, too.

When you stood up, there was goo all over your clothes. Your ha  
nds were

sticky. You wiped them on Your grass. So now your color was Gre  
en. Oh, Lord,

why did everything have to keep changing like this? You were al

ready getting  
nervous again. Your head hurt and it rang when you stood up. Your head was  
almost empty. It always hurt you when you woke up like this. You crawled up  
out of your ditch onto your gravel road. You began to walk, waiting for your  
mind to come back to you. You could see the car parked far down the road, and  
you walked toward it. "If God is our father," you thought, "Then Satan must be  
our cousin. Why didn't anyone else understand these important things?" When  
you got to your car, you tried all the doors. They were locked.  
It was a red  
car and it was new. There was an expensive leather camera case laying on the  
seat. Out across your field, you could see two tiny people walking by your  
woods. You began to walk towards them. Now red was your color, and of course,  
the little people out there were yours, too. (...click)