

# Frank Black And The Catholics, Cult Of Ray

What is there to say ?

Still I can't be silent

Hear the cult of Ray

And you'll be enlightened

People, they're no fun

I saw Raymond speak one time, he said hello

And as he opened up my mind, so fried and battered

I heard his words so very fine so high above this constant dripping chatter

Young sharks feeding on the scrapple

And upstarts feeding on your Adam's apple

And you can't hear yourself in all this babble

And are you feeling role strain

Melting rock into metal

Melting rock into metal

Melting rock into metal again ?

In a dark place

In the deep sky

Is an old man

Is an old man

In a coffee can

And he's waiting

In the old rain

In the dep sky

And he's waiting

Hear the cult of Ray

Fear the boy as tyrant

People have a way

When their mood is violent

People, They're no fun

I have a century in mind, wait, oh no

At least two centuries in mind, say, it doesn't matter

This rock is turning into sand while we are drowning here in our own shatter

You can't eat dirt cause it tastes so awful

Like no sugar in your Turkish coffee

And can't smile cause I got me a mouthful

And I've been grinding this grain

Melting rock into metal

Melting rock into metal

Melting rock into metal again

In a dark place

In the deep water

Is an old man

In a coffee can

And he's waiting

In the old rain