

Mr. Bungle, Sleep (Part I): Slowly Growing Deaf

As the congregation grows
The lung of solitude deflates
To my ears the greatest sin
Feel a bit like Beethoven

Simultaneous they speak unbeknownst
Exiled to the inner voice, difference is...
He had no choice

We can't seem to find the air
To get our message through your heads
Poor respiration is sure
To keep clear communication obscure

As if I should care
As if you are listening out there

The louder you speak the more I can hear
The less I can understand
Pound on it, pound it in
To my ears the greatest sin
Feel a bit like Beethoven

Paint my lungs so silently
The darkest color of your noise
A crowd will contradict it's own audibility
Can't hear the dialogue for the voice

No one is listening
Yet ears are ringing

Ears are ringing...

In the morning I will see
What you were trying to say to me
As I respond into the sink
Need not again hear myself think

Ears are ringing...

Wax within my ears has grown
Just like the snot inside my nose
My interpretation of distorted conversation

I will kill for isolation
Sacrifice the energy
To enjoy the breath of silence
When the blood comes naturally

I have chosen to plug my nose
Before the threshold of pain has grown
Mole out from society
Survive off my soliloquy

Removed I can speak as he has
Bleeding from nose throat and ears