

# PIG, Volcano

And the river will rise up  
And heal all the scars  
On this broken skin  
And drown in this cup  
And the flies, they will flock  
And throw into the dock  
And listen with a crooked ear  
And they cackle and they sneer  
And the river will rise up

And the river will rise up  
And the matter of murder  
Sits on my shoulder  
And whispers to me  
That I will be free

God Volcano!  
Give me my self respect, I plead  
God Volcano!  
This one thing I can believe

And the river will rise up  
And in your lonely, dark designs  
Feel the cut and scaly rind  
The malice and the wicked crimes  
Of the sordid daily grind  
And the river will rise up  
And the river will rise up  
And the river will rise up  
And the words, they spit with hate  
Will never mitigate  
Any semblance of the truth  
That's broken or despised

God Volcano!  
Give me my self respect, I plead  
God Volcano!  
This one thing I can believe  
God Volcano!  
Bring your flesh right into me  
God Volcano!  
You are the air that I can breathe  
God Volcano!

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