

# Tool, Track 69

Title: Disgustipated [track 69]

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 to the spaces betwixt the air itself.  
And he brought me into a vast farmlands of our own midwest.  
And as we descended,  
cries of impending doom rose from the soil.  
One thousand, nay a million voices full of fear.  
And terror possessed me then.  
And I begged, "Angel of the Lord,  
what are these tortured screams?"  
And the angel said unto me,  
"These are the cries of the carrots,  
the cries of the carrots!  
You see, Reverend Maynard,  
tomorrow is harvest day and to them it is the holocaust."  
And I sprang from my slumber drenched in sweat  
like the tears of one million terrified brothers and roared,  
"Hear me now, I have seen the light!  
They have a consciousness, they have a life, they have a soul!  
Damn you! Let the rabbits wear glasses! Save our brothers!"  
Can I get an amen? (baaaaaaaaaa)  
Can I get a hallelujah? (baaaaaaaaaa)  
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 at your sky then.  
That made blue be your color.  
You had your knife there with you too.  
When you stood up there was goo all over your clothes.  
Your hands were sticky.  
You wiped them on your grass, so now your color was green.  
Oh Lord, why did everything always have to keep changing like this.  
You were already 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 and began to walk,  
waiting for the rest of your mind to come back to you.  
You can 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?  
You got to your car and 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,  
those little people out there were yours too.