

# Dri, Dead Meat

You don't see the blood  
You don't see the pain  
You don't see the bolt  
Going through their brain  
You don't smell the death  
You don't hear their cries  
You don't see the fear  
Flashing in their eyes  
You feed upon the meat of the weak  
The weak must die to satisfy  
The needs of the strong  
Their purpose in life  
Can't be to make you fat  
We've got to stop thinking like that!  
You don't see the blood  
You don't see the pain  
You don't see the bolt  
Going through their brain  
You don't smell the death  
You don't hear their cries  
You don't see the fear  
Flashing in their eyes  
They laugh as they sharpen their knives  
It's party time and something has to die  
The meek must die to stock you fridge  
And the full freezers of the bloody steak house  
You feed upon the meat of the weak  
The weak must die to satisfy  
The needs of the strong  
Their purpose in life  
Can't be to make you fat  
We've got to stop thinking like that!  
The sacrificial lamb  
Offered to a blood-thirsty god  
Throat cut, oceans of blood  
Let in guild and fear  
No more, all of your sins  
Have been paid for in prayer  
Knowing this, I'm sure we should honor  
No with death, but with life  
You don't see the blood  
You don't see the pain  
You don't see the bolt  
Going through their brain  
You don't smell the death  
You don't hear their cries  
You don't see the fear  
Flashing in their eyes  
Carnivores congregate to partake in  
The feeding, feasting on the flesh  
Civilized citizens gather 'round the table  
Ready for the sacrifice  
They laugh as they sharpen their knives  
It's party time and something has to die  
The meek must die to stock your fridge  
And the full freezers of the bloody steak house  
You feed upon the meat of the weak  
The weak must die to satisfy  
The needs of the strong  
Their purpose in life  
Can't be to make you fat  
We've got to stop thinking like that!

[Lyrics: brecht]

