

Horse, Softer Sounds

the sheep----- tonight they weep
FEAR -----for the feeding
GASP-----clutched in groups
no they dont
no they dont hope

X2

these poor sheep tonight they weep
begging for death but they settle for sleep
sound of grinding metals always looming near by
their bodies are caged and now so are their minds
ooh. these trembling thingssssssss
these poor sheep cant lay their heads down.....
(no dreams of softer sounds)

blood is in the mud
trampled by hooves
that constantly shake
and nervously move
no hope or ambition
they stay with the group
these filthy f**king animals
theyre just like you

animals
were animals
animals
were animals
animals
were animals

and in the twilight swoon
under an empty moon
the creatures stop their shake
and plan a quick escape

theyre dancing on barbwire
fraught with curdled screams
messy skins and messy fluids
pave a road to golden dreams
they move in a frenzy
across their mothers backs
out into the open
they dont look back

SOUNDS. it rots their minds- leaves them blind
NO DREAMING OF SOFTER
SOUNDS. it rots their brains- drives them insane
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