

Disgustipated

Tool

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? Can I get a hallelujah? Thank you JesusThis is necessary
This is necessary
Life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on
This is necessary
This is necessary
Life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on lifeThis is necessary
This is necessary
Life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on
This is necessary
This is necessary
Life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on lifeThis is necessary
This is necessary
Life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on
This is necessary
This is necessary
Life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on lifeThis is necessary
This is necessary
Life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on
This is necessary
This is necessary
Life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on lifeIt 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

Songwriters

ADAM JONES, DANIEL CAREY, MAYNARD KEENAN, PAUL D'AMOUR
Published by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>