

# The Cult Of Ray

## Frank Black

What is there to say, still I can't be silent  
Hear the cult of Ray  
And you'll be enlightened

People, they're no funI saw Raymond speak one time, he said, "Hello"  
And as he opened up my mind, [Incomprehensible] so fried and battered  
I heard his words so very fine, so high above  
This constant dripping chatterYoung sharks feeding on the scrapple  
And upstarts on your Adam's apple  
And you can't hear yourself in all this babble  
And are you feeling role strainMelting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal againMelting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal againIn a dark place, in the deep sky  
Is an old man in a coffee can  
And he's waiting in the old rain  
In the deep sky, he's leaning  
He's leaning, he's leaning  
He's leaning, he's leaningHear the cult of Ray  
Fear the boy as tyrant  
People have a way when their mood is violent

People, they're no funI have a century in mind, wait, oh no  
At least two centuries in mind, wait, it does not matter  
And this rock is turning into sand while we are drowning  
Here in our own shatterYou can't eat dirt 'cause it tastes so awful  
Like no sugar in your Turkish coffee  
And I can't smile 'cause I got me a mouthful  
And I've been grinding this grainMelting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal

Melting rock into metal againIn a dark place in the deep water  
Is an old man in a coffee can  
And he's waiting in the old rain

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