

Slowly Growing Deaf

Mr. Bungle

As the congregation grows
To my ears the greatest sin
The lung of solitude deflates
Feel a bit like Beethoven Exiled to the inner voice, difference is...
Simultaneous they speak unbeknownst
He had no choice We can't seem to find the air
To get our message through your heads
Poor respiration is sure
To keep clear communication obscure
As if I should care As if you are listening out there The louder you speak the more I can hear
The less I can understand
Pound on it, pound it in
To my ears the greatest sin
Feel a bit like Beethoven
Paint my lungs so silently The darkest color of your noise
A crowd will contradict its own audibility
Can't hear the dialogue for the voice No one is listening
Ears are ringing
Yet ears are ringing In the morning I will see
What you were trying to say to me
As I respond into the sink
Need not again hear myself think
Ears are ringing Wax within my ears has grown
Just like the snot inside my nose
My interpretation of distorted conversation I will kill for isolation
To enjoy the breath of silence
When the blood comes naturally
Sacrifice the energy Before the threshold of pain has grown
I have chosen to plug my nose
Mole out from society
Survive off my soliloquy Bleeding from nose, throat & ears Removed I can speak as he has

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