

Moment of Silence

Keith Secola

Oh holy man, feed the Volcano. So, I abandon my call for reign. NO, this is not what the God's made us for... little sacrificial animals.In the store all caged up. Pre-paid at the door. Don't wait up. I'll join you tomorrow right here, right now. Let the weaklings drown.Oh, let the water wash me away so I can live with the innocent. No, I'm a butcher, the bible says so.. In the kitchen for a cannibal.Oh, let the birds of a feather sing of the pain that the pleasure brings, of the change in the western wind and the changed direction.In the store all caged up.

Pre-paid at the door.

Don't wait up.

I'll join you tomorrow right here, right now.

Death to sacred cows.The ghost in the machine, I feel it open up to me.

I feel the ocean swallowing everything, every breed, every being. 4x(Oh holy man, feed the Volcano.

So, I abandon my call for reign.

NO, this is not what the God's made us for... little sacrificial animals.In the store all caged up.

Pre-paid at the door.

Don't wait up.

I'll join you tomorrow right here, right now.

Only one way out.)

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