

Volcano

Pig

And the river will rise up
And heal all the scars
On this broken skin
And drown in this cup
And the flies they will flock
And throw into the dock
And listen with a crooked ear
And they cackle and they sneer
And the river will rise up And the river will rise up
And the matter of murder
Sits on my shoulder
And whispers to me
That I will be free God Volcano!
Give me my self respect I plead
God Volcano!
This one thing I can believe And the river will rise up
And in your lonely dark designs
Feel the cut and scaly rind
The malice and the wicked crimes
Of the sordid daily grind
And the river will rise up
And the words they spit with hate
Will never mitigate
Any semblance of the truth
That's broken or despised

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