

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>