

# Softer Sounds

## HORSE the band

The sheep ----- tonight they weep

FEAR ----- for the feeding

GASP ----- clutched in groups

No they don't

No they don't hope

[x2]

These poor sheep tonight they weep

Begging for death but they settle for sleep

Sound of grinding metals always looming near by

Their bodies are caged and now so are their minds

Ooh. these trembling things

These poor sheep cant lay their heads down...

(no dreams of softer sounds)

Blood is in the mud

Trampled by hooves

That constantly shake

And nervously move

No hope or ambition

They stay with the group

These filthy fucking animals

They're just like you

Animals

Were animals

Animals

Were animals

Animals

Were animals

And in the twilight swoon

Under an empty moon

The creatures stop their shake

And plan a quick escape

They're dancing on barbwire

Fraught with curdled screams

Messy skins and messy fluids

Pave a road to golden dreams

They move in a frenzy

Across their mothers backs

Out into the open

They don't look back

SOUNDS. it rots their minds - leaves them blind  
NO DREAMING OF SOFTER  
SOUNDS. it rots their brains - drives them insane  
NO DREAMING OF SOFTER  
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