Sheep

Slow Children

Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away
Only dimly aware of a certain unease in the airYou better watch out
There may be dogs about
I've looked over Jordan, and I have seen
Things are not what they seemWhat do you get for pretending the danger's not real
Meek and obedient you follow the leader
Down well trodden corridors into the valley of steelWhat a surprise
A look of terminal shock in your eyes
Now things are really what they seem
No, this is no bad dreamThe Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want
He makes me down to lie
Through pastures green He leadeth me the silent waters by
With bright knives He releaseth my soul
He maketh me to hang on hooks in high places
He converteth me to lamb cutletsFor lo, He hath great power, and great hunger
When cometh the day we lowly ones
Through quiet reflection, and great dedication
Master the art of karate
Lo, we shall rise up
And then we'll make the bugger's eyes waterBleating and babbling we fell on his neck with a scream
Wave upon wave of demented avengers
March cheerfully out of obscurity into the dreamHave you heard the news?
The dogs are dead
You better stay home and do as you're told
Get out of the road if you want to grow old

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