

# Sheep

## Slow Children

Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away  
Only dimly aware of a certain unease in the air  
You better watch out  
There may be dogs about  
I've looked over Jordan, and I have seen  
Things are not what they seem  
What 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 steel  
What a surprise  
A look of terminal shock in your eyes  
Now things are really what they seem  
No, this is no bad dream  
The 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 cutlets  
For 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 water  
Bleating and babbling we fell on his neck with a scream  
Wave upon wave of demented avengers  
March cheerfully out of obscurity into the dream  
Have 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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