

12 Rounds

"Bovine"

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Shattered are the lies that bind us
Blind are all the guides that guide us
Buried are the words that free us
Deaf is who will listen in this night
Deaf is who will listen in this night
Lost is all that I held hope in
Dull is the fire that once was smoking
Gone is the force that kept me free
Put me in the juicer and come drink me
Put me in the juicer and come drink me
Well it feels like this whole party's over
I don't even know my name
Won't you tell me where the next one's headed
I don't even know the game
Mute and numb and struck and stricken
Deaf and dumb and done and sickened
Dead are the gods that made us fine
Spirit's dead I might as well be Bovine
Well it feels like this whole party's over
I don't even know my name
Won't you tell me where the next one's headed
I don't even know the game
Here we stop
We see We stop, Believe Will it end
We'll see We find Relief Relief

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