

Hazmat Modine

"Bahamut"

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Well, Bohemoth calls us his own
While Bahamut wanders alone
They both go out to play
On that cold and rainy day

And Bohemoth sings us his song
While Bahamut wanders along
But in the glory of this spring
You can hear Bahamut sing

Whoa-ho-ho
Are you as big as me?
Whoa-ho-ho-ho
Way too big to see
Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho
Bahamut he goes so slow
Whoa-ho-ho-ho
Too big a place to go

(Solos)

(Spoken)

The entire known universe
Floats suspended in a thin silver bowl
Which rocks gently on the back
Of an immense blue-green tortuga
And the tortuga's scaly feet
Are firmly placed on the topmost
Of seven craggy mountains
Which arise from a vast and arid plain
Of drifting, fetid, yellow dust
And the plain is balanced precariously
On top of a small thin green acacia tree?
Which grows from the snout
Of a giant blood red ox

With 50 eyes that breathes flame
The color of the midnight sky
And the ox's hooves are firmly placed
On the single grain of sand
Which floats in the eye of Bahamut
Like a mote of dust
No one has ever seen Bahamut
Some think it's a fish
Some think it's a newt
All we know is that the lonely Bahamut
Floats endlessly through all time and all space
With all of us and everything
Floating in a single tear
Of his eye

Well, Bohemoth calls us his own
While Bahamut wanders alone
When they both go out to play
On that cold and rainy day

And Bohemoth sings us his song
While Bahamut wanders alone
But in the glory of their fall
You can hear Bahamut call

Whoa-ho-ho
Are you as big as me?
Whoa-ho-ho-ho
Way too big to see
Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho
Bahamut he goes so slow
Whoa-ho-ho-ho
Too big a place to go

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